

Distribution of the Paper on Sunday

It has been the custom for a number of years to distribute the **Salemite** on Friday night. Until recently there appeared no reason why this procedure should be changed.

Now, however, a difficulty has arisen. Our paper circulates mainly on campus; it is for the students and we endeavor to make it as satisfactory as possible. The publicity which Salem receives off-campus—in Winston-Salem, in North Carolina, and out of the state—is handled through larger newspapers. These larger papers regularly print very small Saturday editions, and for this reason we think it desirable for Salem news to appear in Sunday editions which are larger and have a greater circulation than the Saturday papers. (The local newspapers have 12,000 greater circulation on Sunday than during the week.)

When big stories appear in the **Salemite** on Friday, they must be released to Saturday papers and will not be accepted in Sunday editions.

In order to make Salem publicity more generally widespread, we are planning temporarily to distribute the **Salemite** on Saturday. We hope that our readers will understand the problem and cooperate with us. Other plans may be made in the future.

Anyone desiring further explanation should see either Miss Kirkland, Public Relations Officer, or the **Salemite** Editor.

—Mary Ellen Byrd, Ed.

Headline Headaches

A glance of the careful observer at the front page of the **Salemite** last week must have created a sensation! We would like to say that, just as all newspapers do, we like to publish a sensational front page. But it has never been our idea to startle by printing misspelled headlines!

The errors which stared you in the face last week do not indicate any terrific vacuum in the spelling ability of your staff. Thanks to Freshman English (with a little extra help on PIERRETTES) we can spell enough words to write fairly intelligible headlines.

—Ed.

We want to remind you that this is the last issue of the paper before Easter vacation. The next paper will be on Saturday, April 14.

The **Salemite** staff takes this opportunity to wish you all of the joy, peace, happiness, and rest which your Easter may bring.

The Staff.

The Salemite

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"If Winter Comes. . ."

by Marianne Everett

Yellowbells . . . quick, fresh 'April showers', March winds tossing the budding trees . . . puffy clouds in a soft blue sky—oh, it's hard to keep your feet on the ground, your head out of the clouds! The warmth of the sun . . . the intoxication of jonquils. Spring fever—what can you do? They used to give molasses and soda . . .

The Freshmen are putting the Spring in their hearts into a new Date Room . . . Why, we won't even know Old Clewell Basement! With the help of the administration and Miss Allen . . . Why, we'll be able to keep up the old traditions . . . keep smilin'!

And the singin' we used to do . . . on warm Spring nights out on the terrace as soon as ten o'clock rolled 'round . . . and in the Smokehouse with that newly tuned piano . . . Let's sing over here while the boys over there make "G. I. Jazz"—song sessions accompanied by harmonica and jew's-harp are filling the foxholes!

It couldn't be Spring that lures the art teachers away . . . they leave at all seasons! We had at last heaved a sigh of relief. that Miss Kark would stay—But she's bound for South Africa! Even the party she gave the Art Students doesn't compensate for her leaving—we sure will miss her!!

It's good to see the May Day practices begin again! For what is Spring without May Day? . . . an ancient Greek custom, older than the written word? With the fresh, green newness of life, there comes a renewal of hope . . . so we hail the Spring on May Day! If you have such Spring fever that you feel like one of William Steig's *Lonely Ones*—you "can't express it"—then come on out into the sun and dance around the maypole!

Isn't this a grand time to have religious emphasis week! We'll even leave the cool Spring twilight and the Smokehouse to go to the Day Student's Center . . . for Dr. Mauze' has something to say.

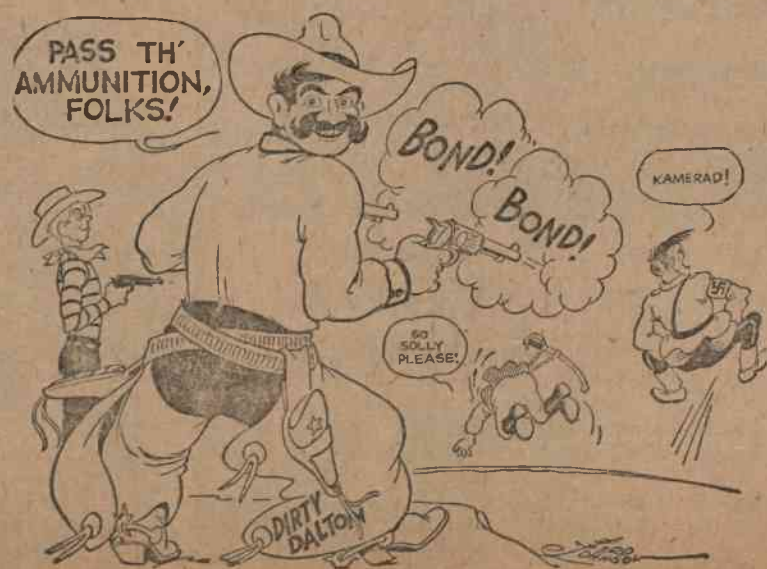
And here's something we found while browsing through the newspaper—Japan has closed all schools except the first grade, to help with the war effort! But we know better than Japan—we know there's more to the war than the mere winning. As the green Spring breaks through the cold winter earth, so there will be peace after the war . . . who prepares for the peace? Maybe you've had a pang of conscious, a desperate desire to join something . . . Well, stop and think a minute—don't you already belong to something? You belong to a student body. Just think . . . civilization . . . all that man has thought and believed through thousands of years. History . . . it helps us to understand the present. English lit. . . it has enriched man's heart through the ages. Yes, we know . . . there's more to war than just winning . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

¡La Primavera! Por lo común en la primavera del año, las muchachas tienen fiebre primaveral. Es un tiempo muy hermoso cuando los árboles se ponen verdes y los pájaros cantan. Las señoritas piensan que ellas tienen que estar tostadas por el sol, y reposan por la piscina de natación. Entonces no pueden estudiar porque los hombros se hacen daño y las caras están demasiado feverosas. Sin embargo, es un tiempo muy agradable, porque quién quiere estudiar de todos modos!

War Bonds Will Finish Them

By Ferd Johnson
Chicago Tribune—New York News Syndicate, Inc.



It's Tennis Time

Spring is here. Can the tennis courts be far behind?

With the advent of warm weather and red, slightly peeling noses, we begin to speculate as to when the tennis courts will be fixed, the swimming pool filled, and the golf course rejuvenated. We begin also to do that wishful thinking that maybe all this will be done while we are away for spring holidays!

It would be particularly advantageous to have the tennis courts already graded and marked off when we come back to school in April. If this were possible, we could start practicing earlier and have the tennis tournament before interest lags and everyone is too busy to participate in it. There is so little time after the holidays, that we feel that it would be better to get the spring sports program underway early this year.

The "Where" of Sunbathing

"Look at that sun tan!" and, "Look at that sun burn!" These are the current favorite expressions in this immediate region. Salem girls are really going out after that sun in a big way!

That's fine, since sunshine is quite marvelous for the health. We also agree that a tan gives one that luxurious, carefree appearance of having lounged on a Florida beach all winter. But, oh, what the process of getting all Salemites tanned does to the otherwise beautiful scenery of our campus. Really, it's a bit of a nuisance to stumble over a basking body, properly unclothed—for sunbathing—at the turn of every corner.

Go get your sunshine and rebuild your broken health, girls. Just remember that the administration has set aside ample appropriate space for this procedure—the swimming pool and the east side of the gymnasium.

That even, golden tan is good-looking, but a clutter of bodies sprawled all over the grounds isn't. Remember that parents, visitors, and potential friends have to judge our school by that first appearance, and we would hate to give them a bad impression. Since the proper length for skirts covers the knees, and bathing suits are not the proper dress for public places, be considerate and seek the appropriate places to tan your legs and backs.



(This is a poem taken from the book, *Poems from the Desert* by Members of the Eighth Army.)

Think at this Time . . .

Think at this time of the patient infantry
Far from your comfortable, lit rooms,
Where you sit talking about Victory
And listening to gramophones.

Outside—oh, not in the books you read!—
Is the legend of wounds that bleed,
Story of the Sower and
The dragon-seed.

It is the harvest-time in no-man's-land.
And the big granary is being made,
The yawning, open grave
For casualties.

Who will be wrapped in blankets
When death puts out their eyes.
G. O. Physick
Private