

Give Dr. Fell a Chance

When I was a young girl, I read this rhymed stanza—and I have read it many times since:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this at least I know quite well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

I am letting these lines furnish my subject today, "Learning to Like Dr. Fell." And I am interpreting "Dr. Fell" to mean that person to whom—on account of his or her shortcomings, his eccentricities, his crankiness—we are not attracted. I am talking about the person who, because of certain disagreeable characteristics "rubs us the wrong way."

"LEARNING TO LIKE DR. FELL."—Now it occurs to me that there are five Dr. Fells—five types of this ubiquitous DOCTOR, who stands as the algebraic representatives of the people we don't like:

1. There is the Dr. Fell who knows everything in the world—the man who would require Socrates' overcoat to make him a three-button vest, and who had rather die in his tracks than to admit he lacked knowledge on any point.

2. There's the Doctor Fell who is loud and raw and "brash," and who, when he enters the room extinguishes everybody else—like some mighty tidal wave.

3. There's the Doctor Fell who talks constantly about his ailments and pains and surgical operations, and who makes us feel that he almost resents the good health that we enjoy. The person that gives us an organ recital every time we meet him.

4. There is the Doctor Fell who affects the grand manner; who regales with stories of the wealth and distinction and superiority of his family. He is the man who owns the largest home, who drives the best car, and who has in his veins the best blood.

5. Lastly, there is the Dr. Fell who fawns and gushes. He does not stop with being glad to meet us, but would have us believe that, by granting him the opportunity of an introduction, we have saved his life.

Now, it is quite easy for me to feel a repugnance to this algebraic Dr. Fell, but we must not yield to it. The prejudice must be challenged. We must not take finality for granted and count the case as closed. We must give Dr. Fell a fair chance to get some pleasure out of knowing him. We must put the Doctor in a position where a favorable light will fall on him. If we give the benefit to a picture hanging on the wall, surely we must give every person as good treatment as we would a picture.

The discussion of this Dr. Fell (who gives so much worry) leads me to say that there are three possible reactions we may have towards our fellow-men, and for these attitudes we have three English words—all using as a basis the Greek word meaning to undergo an experience:

- The first word is a-pathy (no reaction)
- The second word is anti-pathy (hostile reaction).
- The third word is sym-pathy (cordial reaction).

Yes, Dr. Fell is very trying. We don't like him. We think he should have died long ago. We wonder why he hasn't died. But the Doctor is here and we must do something for him. We must give the Doctor another chance. Let's place him where a good light falls on him and see if we do not get a different picture. Suppose we change the verse and make it read this way:

"Though all your faults I know full well,
I'll try to like you, Dr. Fell."

(Miss Covington spoke at Y-Watch Thursday night. Her talk was greatly appreciated by us and we felt that you would enjoy it,
The Editor.

On Being A Gal....

Love Letters:

In case you're having a difficult time being a romantic gal in your letters, I'll supply you with a bit of material to help you along. 'Tis a true fact that some are more "prolif" than others. Such examples may be cited. This anonymous poet is definitely on the tender side—something that will do for the love who is far away.

I thought that you might like to know
That someone's thoughts go where you go,
That someone never can forget
The hours we've spent since first we met;
That life is greater, sweeter far
For such a sweetheart as you are.
And now my constant prayer may be
That God will keep you safe for me.

Or perhaps you may approach this arduous subject from a different angle as Max Schulman (23 years old and married) did in *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*. He takes a turn towards Shakespeare and comes out with a soliloquy like this:

"Stay. Hear me out. I know we have met only this night, but what does love know of time? My heart is my clock and my calendar, and it ticks inexorably that I love you . . . Do not speak to me of time, for time is but a picayune in our world, yours and mine. Noblesse, say that you are mine."

This might come in handy to the freshman who has developed a love affair out of those forged letters sophomore week brought on. This material will not be complete without a word from a classical master of romance like Shelley, who, incidentally, really has something "on the ball." This is entitled, "The Philosophy of Love."

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?

A TAIL

Crowds were gathered around the drive way, as he drove through the arch. Cries were heard. Someone in the crowd gnashed her teeth and wailed after the departing car, "Oh! Bring him back! Bring him back!" And you ask what departed in the car—Ruby, our dog. Let us have a moment of silence for our faithful friend.

KAMPUS KAPERS

In Salem, Massachusetts, George S. Parker lives, and he is the president of Parker Brothers, Incorporated, who manufacture games to entertain people in the home. George says, and I quote, "Salem is the birthplace of American games," and I repeat, "Amen!" If old George could only walk in our smoke house and see us sitting on the floor playing "Rhythmics," he would be quite fascinated. This game is very intricate and educative. It involves two slaps of the hands and two finger snaps, one on each hand, plus a head full of number combinations anywhere from one to twenty-five. To make the game more intricate, the two numbers have to be repeated on the two snaps of the fingers—Mind you, not the hands, but the fingers! When it comes to rhythm and numbers, we've got Kruppa and Descartes, both beat!



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BROWSING IN THE ROOMS

Notations on things to amuse you in the Browsing Room: "The Peeve"—one of James Thurber's animals in the *New Yorker*, also de la Torre's cartoon, *ibid*; the story; of Charles F. Long, of Pasadena, California, the man who dooms the world to end by 1946, and the German youth story, including Irma Grese, 21 year old Women's Waffen S. S. leader in *Life*; in *The State* the article on Stuart Nye's silverware, which we have in our own Book Store; and "snuggle up" (as Richard Harkness would say) in those big comfy chairs to watch a novice try to turn on the lamp sitting on the table.

GADFLYING

After two weeks there is still no ink well in Main Hall... "Senior" means Bitting Dormitory, also . . . Ask Miss Byrd who wrote *War and Peace* . . . Don't say "the war is over," to war stamp sellers; they know it . . . The *Salemite* copy girl takes two trips to "the Sun" each week . . . Wednesday night is not the official time to dress for dinner this year . . . In 1939 there were 52 men of the marrying age to every 100 women in North Carolina . . .

I end with: Some are wise . . . some are otherwise!

Lots of the stuff that
makes worms wiggle,
A barefoot gal with cheeks

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CLAPP CHATS

Congrats on the peace and quietude in chapel—ain't it loffy? Keep up the good work!! Item roundup: The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow, and all aspiring voice majors promptly acquire the sniffles . . . or as Carmen Miranda puts it, we have a "horse in Detroit"—Chopin is walking off with the current 15 most popular tunes. Leading the parade is "Till the End of Time," and number 15, or last, is his "Polonaise" of the same tune—if they must butcher classics with words where they don't belong, we recommend the above . . . nice lyrics! . . . In movie-land there are plans for filming the life story of Carrie Jacobs Bond, "I Love You Truly" . . . Jeanette MacDinald wants a peek at this . . .

John McCormack, the Irish tenor who died at his County Dublin home last month, was the best paid concert singer in history. The thousands of listeners who loved his concerts, records, and even his one motion picture, paid him \$4,000,000. Back during World War I everyone who had a talking machine had several records sung by McCormack . . . (my grandpa has a room full of them yet) . . . and his fans missed him when he retired in 1938. Since that time he has sung only twice in public. He died at the age of 61 of bronchial pneumonia . . .

Saturday night another of the Met's baritones will visit N. C. He is Martial Singher—scheduled to open the Greensboro Civic Music series . . . Leonard Warren still lingers on, oooh, ruddier than the cherry! Perhaps you don't know it, gals, but we have a famous musician living on campus . . . Madame Jane Lovelacepinsky, who received rave notices at her most recent recital, held at Hanes high school last week . . . autographed photos are 25c and up . . . Hope you noticed the music in "The Corn Is Green" . . . the name Max Steiner is all that's needed for gobs of inspiration . . . Ah am saved ah am—ah am S-A-V-E-D!!!