

On Being A Gal....

by Jayne Bell and Effie Ruth Maxwell.

Well, Well . . .

Where's the Oasis in the Desert? Main Hall is still as dry as ever. The prohibition also extends to the reserve room in the library. Statistics show that there is no shortage of this dark blue fluid. A Script bottle was passed up and down the front row in Miss Bonney's religion class the other day—a situation which could be avoided. If prohibition laws aren't soon abolished, a strike, we promise, will result.

Dreams

"Dream when you're feeling blue,
Dream—that's the thing to do—"

at least according to Betty ter Horst. She has repeatedly dreamed of a red-headed paratrooper who doesn't exist in her acquaintances. In vain she is searching the streets and buses for the charming occupant of her dreams.

Nancy Snyder has unique dreams, a conglomeration of Alice in Wonderland and The Jungle Book—Betsy Casteen arrives in her (Snyder's) living room on a prancing steed (similar to the one Betsy rode Wednesday at Sedgfield) followed by Miss Averill, dressed as a queen, chasing lions.

Can you top this one?

But the most antagonizing sensation occurs when your roommate promises to tell her dream after breakfast — and then forgets it!

Faculty Says:

Mr. Weinland—"A wit sitting in a hotel lobby remarked when Clare Booth Luce and her husband walked by, 'There goes Arsenic and Old Luce'."

Dr. Willoughby—"Hitler had a profound philosophy of ignorance."

Miss Covington—(as a motorcycle drowned out Rosalind Clark's discussion of "Marriage and a Career") "We live in a highly competitive society."

Mr. Higgins—"Upperclassmen are a bad influence on the freshmen by setting an example of late hours."

Something new under the sun . . .

Girls in Strong Dormitory are making plans to remodel their playroom with the aid of Mr. Evett and an interior decorator.

Paintings of modern ballet and beach scene, painted by Frances Winslow's father, have been hung in the living room of South Hall.

I. E. S. has placed a new bookcase in Clewell smoke house, and also lots of ashtrays have been added. Girls who live in this dorm are taking turns keeping the room orderly.

There is something new under the sun—which deserves praise!

Winking at the Waldorf . . .

"Eeeee! Isn't Van just adorable . . . and he can sing one line of 'And There You Are'—I didn't even know he could sing . . . Sigh!"

And on the bla goes about "Week-end at the Waldorf." Local rehashing of this includes imitations of the Bey's fascinating lingo and Lensa Romay's fits of uncontrolled temper.

Calamities . . .

Hodge Person, Coit Redfearn, and Polly Starbuck are limping these days with a broken foot, broken ankle, and broken toe respectively. Coit and Hodge are quite a pair with their combination of pigtailed and crutches.

Betty Jean Holleman is recovering from an appendectomy and Carol Gregory has returned to the fold recovered from the same trouble—a little bent still, however.

Shutterbugging with Campbell . . .

Calisthenics are never more in evidence than when Mr. Campbell takes a picture. He measures feet with outstretched arms, and slowly says to himself, "Five—ten—fifteen." And then the real procedure begins.

Getting the toothpick legs of his camera adjusted is an hour's workout in itself. Then out with the black hood which flaps over his ears and makes him look like the man about to be hanged—with the tripod as the gallows. Peggy Davis and Anne Dysart are kept busy running around with the "X marks the spot" and the flashlight—which gives Mr. Campbell a "balanced angle on the situation."

Camera adjusted, everything set, everyone with her Ipana grin on, and what do you think happens? He loses the films—and he always ends with, "This is gonna be a B-A-D picture!"

The Prisoners

by John Buxton

(From Atlantic Monthly)

We, whom no bullet found nor gave,
The honor of an early grave;
O'er whom no oratory shall roll
Its pomp of phrase to crush the soul;
Who, through no fault of ours, alive,
Gave but four years of youth, or five,
So that no epitaph proclaims
Our names among those other "names
That live for evermore" so runs
The standard fame conferred by guns);
We live in vain—and better so.
We did not die in vain—ah! no!
We from the dead shall rise again
And certain things for them explain:
How death in battle often seems
Most rudely heckled by men's screams;
How dead men yet demand our skill
To lift them up—lest they should spill;
How sometimes one of them will stir,
With "Put me out, for Christ's sake, sir."
To speak, until war comes again?
But shall we stop the mouths of fools
For future wars concocting rules?
Or will our memory disdain
Shall we whom men so soon forgot
Pretend that all the dead are not?
Or shall we, hearing men declare
That death in battle is most fair,
Recall how once our youth was spent,
Wonder—and silently assent?
This sweet and splendid thing, to die
Why did such glory pass us by?

CLAPP CHATS

This week radio celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary—and my! such progress . . . yesterday's pioneer artists performed in cubby holes the size of Music Hall's room 9 (ha)—and look at our Radio City of today; or even take a look at WSJS—they're mighty nice folks down there, and like to answer questions. Back then the leading programs were "The Happiness Boys"—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare; Graham McNamee's broadcasts of sports news; and dramatizations featuring stars of the silent films, among them, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford . . . this fall, according to latest tabulations, the leading programs are:

1. Bob Hope; Fibber McGee and Molly. (tie).
2. Jack Benny.
3. Fred Allen.
4. Charlie McCarthy.
5. Radio Theatre.
6. Mr. District Attorney.
7. Walter Winchell.
8. Hildegard.
9. Screen Guild Players.
10. Phil Baker.

Nice cross-section of American taste—how Hildegard got on there and the NBC Symphony didn't is beyond me . . . phooey!!

While we're on the subject of radio, why not a transmission system for Salem? If Swarthmore, Haverford, Bryn Mawr, and the University of Pennsylvania can do it, so can we . . . they exchange important lectures, debates, music, and sports . . .

Have you seen the latest OPERA NEWS?? Whose pitcher should we find but Clifford Bair (ex-Salem faculty) and Frances Elam Orowski's (ex-46)! Ain't we proud?! . . . they were two of the principals in the Festival Opera produced here last summer, which (those of you who read this conglomeration) was mentioned a month or so ago . . . Music Hall is putting on the dog next Monday night with an evening recital . . . Your presence will be greatly appreciated — to tell the truth, we beg, we implore you to come fill up the empty seats!! (Would that some of Dr. Vardell's overflow audience were still available) . . . Oh, say have you seen . . . Stowkowski in a purple-pink shirt and red and black sox . . . (Walter Winchell did) . . . wa-hoooo!! Rehearsals for the fourteenth performance of "The Messiah" in Winston-Salem began last Tuesday night at 7:30 in the lower auditorium of Centenary Methodist Church . . . it's a wonderful experience for all of you who like to sing (and can carry a tune) . . . H. Grady Miller, minister of music at the First Baptist Church is conducting, and the chorus includes members of all church choirs and organized choral organizations of the city . . . Rehearsals will be held each Tuesday night at the same time and place until the performance, Sunday, December 2 . . . Don't forget the ballet next week—Civic Music concert on the 14th . . . should be good—they're supposedly the best in the world . . . So-o, I leave you with this little bit of corn, dedicated to the Music Faculty:

Judge: I seem to recognize your face.

Prisoner: I taught your daughter to play the piano.

Judge: Fifteen years at hard labor.

Open Forum

The Sophomore Class thanks the Scorpions for their interest in our date room project as shown in the Open Forum letter of last week's Salemite. Yes, we are aware of the fact that our date room is not yet a place where we can all go and enjoy an evening in comfort. Nevertheless, with your support and the cooperation of other major organizations on the campus, we hope that it will soon be a place of which you can be proud.

Many improvements are being made. Negotiations are under way for the purchase of essentials, such as floor lamps, cushions for the benches, and comfortable chairs, but we have met difficulties because of war-time restrictions and shortages. We hope soon to have these articles. We are in the process of buying life preservers and fishing baskets for magazine racks which will add color and variety to the room.

Now we ask your support in two ways: first, to assist us in paying for these improvements; second, to help us take care of the furniture already bought. New rules for the date room have been made. Only with your observance of these rules can the project be a success. As long as disrespect for the furnishings already in the room continues, we will never make any headway.

You see, the Sophomores are still on the job. We have not lost the energetic spirit which led us to start this project. You back us and you will soon see the results.

Mary Bryant, President,
Sophomore Class.

Buy Your War Bonds

When you stop to consider, it is almost more important to buy bonds and stamps now than it was before the war ended.

The huge debt accumulated during the years of the war still looms before us. The danger of inflation is even more imminent now. Each bond purchased represents the buyer's willingness to help the government pay off war costs, to provide the best possible care for hospitalized servicemen, to aid service men in returning to civilian life—and to assure her own personal future security.

Thanksgiving is in the air. We realize our present good fortune. What better time to insure the future?

Our goal at Salem is \$6000. That means that every student and faculty member must buy at least one \$25 bond if it is to be reached. Have you bought yours?

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The Student Body
Of Salem College

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-in-Chief Effie Ruth Maxwell
Associate Editor Jayne Bell
Assistant Editor Martha Boatwright
Assistant Editor Virtie Stroup
Make-up Editor Martha Lou Heitman
Copy Editor Peggy Davis
Music Editor Rebecca Clapp
Sports Editor Maria Hicks
Marianne Everett, Margaret Williams, Margaret Fisher, Margaret Styers, Teau Council, Frances Carr, Helen Thomas, Bernice Bunn, Henrietta Walton, Carol Gregory, Lois Wooten, Mary Bryant, Eva Martin Bullock, Coit Redfearn, Avis Weaver, Meredith Roaze, Betsy Boney, Nancy Carlton, Catherine Moore, Carolyn Taylor, Lomie Lou Mills, Peggy Gray, Jean Sullivan, Sarah Hege, and Mary Motsinger.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Betsy Thomas
Assistant Manager Mollie Cameron
Advertising Manager Bettye Bell
Circulation Manager Greta Garth
Margaret West, Betsy Boney, Augusta Garth, Jane Morris, Mary Farmer Brantley, Sarah Coe Hunsucker, Ruth Hayes, Blanche Hicks, Peggy Gray, Mary Porter Evans, Elaine McNeely.

