

A Modest Proposal

For the Abolition of an Administrative Financial Burden and an Infinitesimal Student Need.

by Pegathan Swift Davis

Salem's communication system is at a crucial point. It is a deplorable fact that the majority of boarding students are unable to place or receive telephone calls.

After serious consideration, investigation, and deliberation, it has been possible to devise the following solution to the problem. All telephones on the campus should be consolidated into one central communication station; i. e., a telephone booth equipped with one (1) pay telephone should be erected in some centrally located area (possibly on the lawn between the arch and the flag pole approximately 50 feet west of the weeping willow tree.)

The advantages of this system would be numerous. The walk to the booth, being located out of doors, would provide fresh air and exercise vital to growing girls. Furthermore, some enterprising organization with an eye to creating social activities on campus might arrange for nightly entertainment, games, refreshments, etc. for the numerous girls who sit from 7-10:30 each night trying to place a call or receive one. Study rooms and practice rooms might later be added in wings adjoining the booth to provide constructive leisure for those who stand and wait. An added attraction is the exclusiveness that a pay telephone affords. Salem students will not be annoyed by superfluous calls that are made by people who consult telephone books; with this consolidation of phones, there would be no number at all listed for Salem in the local directory.

It has been rumored from remote sources that there are those who favor installing more telephones in dormitories on the campus. Some even advocate private phones for each hall instead of one pay telephone to each building. This would be catastrophic, not only for the above reasons, but also because of the following: (1) there would be no place in the dormitory where a group of girls could gather and chatter during quiet hour. (2) This, in turn, would deprive proficient proctors of the privilege of giving call-downs for the unnecessary noise created in locating a nickel, waiting in line at the phone booth, and actually placing the call. (3) Most disastrous of all perhaps would be the incalculable damage done to the *Salemite* if new telephones were installed: the paper would be deprived of its chief editorial controversy.

What Price Glory

(Continued from page three) even more glances in our direction.

In the meantime, the Garrous managed, after one wreck and many narrow escapes, to reach home. They called Morganton and reported that Anne and Nancy had left with two men in a green car.

So while we peacefully slept in Hickory thirty miles away our poor parents, not having received the night letter, had made a search of every spot in western N. C. where the dead bodies might be found. They called out the police, the F. B. I., and the S. B. I. As if this weren't enough publicity all the newspaper hounds were on our trail.

We went on our way to Morganton on the 12:10 train. Arriving there, we were met by the chief-of-police who was determined to see us safely home.

We walked in home cheerful over our crazy experience, only to be halted by our families' haggard faces. They were tearfully reading their latest letters from us thinking they would be the last!

P. S. Night letters are not delivered until the next day.

"Conversation While Playing Bridge"

There is no doubt that bridge is a universal game. Everyone plays it. Eva Martin Bullock plays it. If Mammy's Little Baby can play, why shouldn't a Salem child be able to? But can I?

Someone has a telephone call. I am sitting near the lucky person. Thirteen pieces of stiff cardboard are crammed into my limp hand. The girl with the phone call rushes by, crying "Oh, if it's only Jack!" Simultaneously two pairs of hands reach out and grab my two feet. And there I am—playing bridge!

"Two hearts." "Two spades." Silence.

"Uh, p-pass," I stammer. Something shines in the eyes of the girl sitting opposite me. Something unmistakable sharp.

Let's see. She said two hearts. What should I have said? That the hearts of Peg Witherington and Don are beating at top speed? That our hearts are moved with envy for Booty Crenshaw's naval officers and Jo Holler's lieutenant? That Durham will gain favor in three new hearts the week-end after exams—those of Barbara Ball, Janet Westbrook, and Joyce Privette? But no. Bridge is above all that.

"Three diamonds." But shucks, I know there are more than three being displayed around on the left hand. Why there's that hunk of Janie Mulhollem's Bud Cox of the Naval Medical Corps on her left hand, three plays down. Mary Hillman's supporting an engagement ring from her med student—Dick Anderson. Now Page Daniel can't be left out of the "snagged-now-hooked-later" society just because her Robert Hollister isn't a medical man. Did I say just 'three diamonds'. Come to think of it there are only three.

But oh, the alumnae! Hubba, hubba, hubba! In Washington, D. C., right about now, the Seewalds should really be excited. Nellie, class of '45, is going to marry Lieutenant (j. g.) Frank E. Doe, USNR of Rochester, New York, on January 26. But say, Mary Best, who was in her second year at the Women's Medical College of Penn., is giving up school to marry Billy Bell, of Windsor, N. C., Saturday morning, February 9th. How about that? And her fiancé is ex-Miss Margaret Pierce's husband's brother!!! Down in Newbern Billy Gaskins gave a diamond to Helen Margaret Duffy, ex-'47. Eaton's sister Aileen Seville, '44, is to marry Herman Read Rice in early spring, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Chase have announced the engagement of their daughter Adele to Malcolm A. Seligman.

"Oh! that diamond, those three diamonds . . . I mean, pass."

The increasingly loud silence suggests that some action by me is required. I chew two fingernails down to the nubs, twine and untwine my one curl of hair, select a club, and put it down. (Confidentially, "Sayso" Morris' Bud would be all for her doing just that.) My jack of clubs is immediately covered with the king and two clubs of lower denomination. Again I receive a look from the girl opposite that speaks a volume. Somehow I would prefer not to read that volume. Too realistic, shall we say?

The girl on my right puts down a spade. And as the Sealtest announcer would say, I'll use that—spade—to bury myself for the next two weeks. Want to join me? But we won't play bridge!

Miss Byrd Reviews Books

Miss Jess Byrd spoke on new war novels at the meeting of a Book Group of the Woman's Club Tuesday afternoon. She reviewed *Days and Nights* by Konstantine Simonov and *Repent in Haste* by John P. Marquand.

On Being A Cat

by Phyllis Langdon

Cats have always been my favorite animals. I have known several kinds of cats, all of which were domestic. Until recently I thought that most undomesticated cats live in Africa and Egypt, but I have found them in Mesopotamia, India, Persia, Russia and Arkansas.

In Arkansas, for example, there are several ocelots. The ocelot is a fierce forest cat whose fur is spotted gray and yellow. He is probably a very interesting cat, but I would rather tell you of some cats about which I know a little more.

The tabby cat is a well-known domestic cat. He makes a good pet for a child because he is very friendly. Most tabby cats are two-faced: they are just as friendly to a stranger as they are to their own masters. A tabby cat is quite content to stay home until he finds out what fun it is to stay out late. He is human in that respect. I knew a tabby cat once who was a perfect "gentleman" until he became acquainted with his mother-in-law. He then began to come in at more indecent hours every night, and finally he didn't come home at all.

The house cat is familiar to practically everyone. She is useful, for she eats rats. She is usually a fat, even-tempered, very quiet animal who satisfies herself with eating what is given her and sleeping in the kitchen by the warm stove, hoping that a mouse may happen by. The house cat is not a good playmate because when she is not eating she is sleeping and dreaming of mice.

The angora is a proud and aristocratic cat who is always conscious of her pedigree and never has more than one kitten at a time. If anyone strokes her long, wavy hair she moves away and washes herself thoroughly. She spends most of her time sitting dreamy-eyed in your favorite chair with her big plume-like tail arched up her back. In the presence of other cats the angora is shy and unsociable.

Probably the most common of the domestic cats is the alley cat. He is the lean and worldly nocturnal soloist, which everyone has heard if not seen. He has been known to sit for as many as five hours howling on one fence post for several consecutive nights entirely unaware of flying shoes and other ill-aimed missiles. He is irresponsible and never has to worry about going home because he has no home.

There are many kinds of cats, as I have mentioned before, but there are only two main divisions—the tom cat and the pussy cat. Their personalities are quite different especially when they have kittens. When the tom cat, who has no maternal instinct whatever, has kittens he more than likely does not even know it—at least he does not let it interfere with his social life. With the pussy cat, however, it is quite different. Being the motherly type, she stays home even at night with her kittens until she gets tired of it.

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'Twas The Night Before Exams

Christmas Clippings

Katherine Ives fell in love—
Lots of Salemites went to Spruill's dance—

May Noble has joined the rank of elegibles—

Mary Jane McGee entertained for Sal, Carothers, and Mary Turner—

Salisbury and Charlie attracted Bryant—

Some Clewell girl has a frat pin. but its a secret—

Santa brought lots of fur coats. have ya seen mine? It's mink-dyed rat tails—

Mart and Torry swapped gorgeous christmas presents,—broke up the next day—

Frank was Fran's surprise present— Janet Westbrook's unbelievable trip home even beats the worry about the two Morganton girls—

Garnet's big smiles were because of Rabbit—

Christmas brought Teau's Frank a lot nearer home—

Senora visited Jack in the hospital . . . it made him get well—

Exams has sprung

Worries has riz

Christmas passed

Like a whizzz.

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