

Goodbye . . .

. . . and good luck to the class of '48.

We've enjoyed the spirit you've added to campus life: your decorating Davy Jones, your providing fashion-shows and Junior Jamborees, your original and entertaining Stunt Nights.

We've enjoyed participating in sports with your capable teams on the basketball court, the hockey field and the baseball diamond.

We've enjoyed the innovations your classmates have made in the major and minor organizations, the A. A.'s sports revival, the Y's Religious Emphasis Week, the IRS Marriage Clinic, a bigger and better Salemite and the hard work you've put into the Sights and Insights.

We've enjoyed you! As a class and as individuals, you've added to the life of Salem and Salemites. Again, good-bye and good luck to a class with spunk, sportsmanship and spirit.

The End . . .

. . . is in sight, but let's not let down and

. . . begrudge a pre-occupied Salemite who sees only term papers, reports and parallel piling in front of her, and forgets to wave to you.

. . . forget to take our breakfast dishes back to the window. It's easier and more pleasant for everyone if you remember.

. . . forget to take our books back to the library until the last minute. Incidentally, the librarians are looking for a book! **The Ring and The Book**, written and signed out by Robert Browning. Would the absentminded poet or term-paper writer please return the book?

. . . forget that vacation will soon be here.

. . . forget our exam etiquette. Consult bulletin boards to find out where and when our exams are scheduled, to avoid last minute con- and frivolous; other people might be studying and frivolous, other people might be studying or sleeping. Remember that to do our best on an exam, we need plenty of sleep.

. . . forget to smile.

Publication of the Salemite will be suspended until next year.

The Salemite



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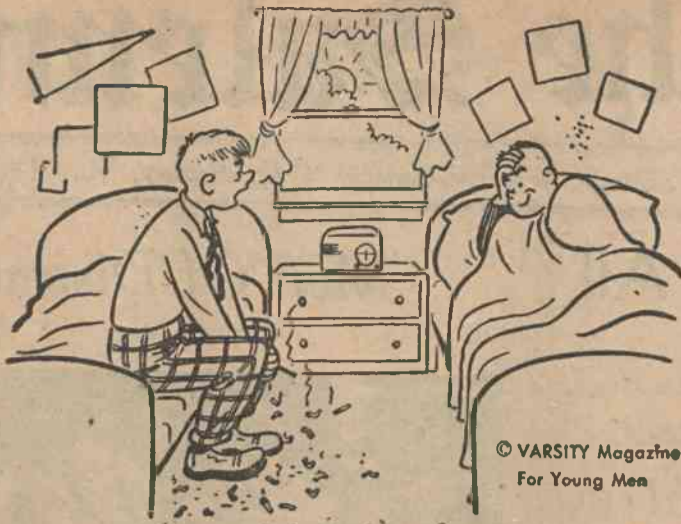
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"So what if she didn't show up last night! You don't think I care, do you?"



by Ione Bradsher

Once there was a group of girls, many girls, in fact. The month was September, and the year was 1944. These girls were packing their clothes and looking forward to going away to school. (Some had been away before, but we'll not concern ourselves with them.) The others were going away for the first time! They were going away to a place which had been called (by some noted visitor there) as "a gem of the past set gracefully in a thriving industrial community".

Some of the girls sailed through their freshman year—some paddled. Always there was something new. In the fall was tree planting. At Christmas was the vesper program. In the Spring was Hat Burning, May Day, and the Athletic Banquet, plus room drawing. The latter caused these girls much consternation. Twice yearly there came a great blight upon them. In February and May there was posted a sheet of paper on the bulletin board which store had great demands for aspirin, blue books, morphine and straight jackets.)

But these little ones were growing up, and they were soon Sophomores. In this year they were told to select a Major. The most popular ones were: "Leaf raking at a fifty-five degree angle", "How to persuade pa to give a car", "Sliding down Library bannisters with finesse", and "Smokehouse Jargon 601 A".

The next year, they were called Juniors and had "little sisters". They struggled through a couple of "blights" and got to be SENIORS!

After comprehensives came the "blight" and after that, the brightest moment of their frustrated existences; a thing—of all things—graduation! They were gloated over by their parents, given presents by their friends, and suddenly left alone somewhere by the lily pond. Now after four years at school these girls came to be known by their names . . . having just recently learned each others'.

Out of the stillness one spoke. She was "Booty" to her friends.

"I ain't gon' do nothing!"

But a cheery voice interrupted, "I am! I'll take my major and do newspaper work." She was called "Pinky".

One girl, Janie, took her wrinkled little hand from the lily pool and announced with pride that she would do graduate work.

"I am too." and that was Peggy D. who was going to Carolina and get her Masters in English.

"Life's a trap". Everyone turned to see who had said that. It was Isabelle.

"What are you going to do?" asked Eliza who wanted to teach in Martinsville.

"Go to business school in Charlotte", said Izzy.

Suddenly someone was dancing around the chairs chanting, "I got Culture, who could ask for anything more?" It was Bryant.

"But what'll you do with it," asked Waldo and Boney who didn't know what they'd do.

"Ah", said Bryant, "From nine to twelve I shall lie in bed and speak English; from one until five I shall lie in bed and speak Spanish."

"Why go so far?" asked Peggy G. who already had a job editing "Trek", the monthly magazine for the McLean Trucking Company.

"We are going to New York and get a JOB," said Gaither and Margaret.

"Look", someone called, and there came seven girls across campus holding their left hands in front of them. They could be heard singing "We got them". The first spoke. Her name was Ruby.

"Charlie and I are being married in June." Fran did a cartwheel and said, "Jack and I are too." Anne M. said Harold and I are too."

"I haven't had my ring long from Bill," said Sara.

"I've only cleaned mine from Sid forty-three times," said Mary Helen.

Mary Wells, who majored in voice, was screaming. "Tom is graduating too." (They're engaged, as are Ann and Pete Ebersole).

Loudly chewing iris petals was "Cat" who had just been graduated. She was feeling faint with despair over not knowing what she would do. Someone heard her say and glance toward the May Dell.

"Aw, guess I'll go join Mumbly!"

A'Sylem Catty-Log Adds New Courses Of Interest

by Frances Gulesian
Physical Culture

Loafing Seminar 391..... Eloise Baynes

Prerequisite: Ability to relax

Required Materials: One Beautyrest Mattress

Applied Siesta 391..... Lucille Vest

Essentially the same as Loafing Seminar, but all dreaming is done in Spanish. Requirements and prerequisites the same.

Tent-Folding 121..... Mary Ina Shamburger

This course is taught in Arabic only.

Prerequisite: Ten years in the Girl Scouts

Machine-Busting 34..... Robert Leach

This course gives the student eminent skill and technique in utterly confusing politices.

Prerequisite: Dark-horse riding 1-2.

Mental Culture

Worry 25..... Sarah Smith

Included in this course is skill in tearing one's hair and losing glasses, bags, shoes in movies, etc., etc.

Worry 250..... Sarah Smith

Open only to those who have torn out most of their hair and lost an impressive number of articles. This course also teaches advanced frustration

Music Depreciation 110..... Judy Samson

Requirements: One squeaky clarinet, studied preferably by the whole method.

Irritated neighbors and classmates may be counted for extra credit.

Art Depreciation 110..... Manuel Bromberg

Lectures will be given on art history. Assistant Trager will lecture on her interpretation of Renaissance Art (no footnotes).

Unclassified

Intimidation 500..... Jess Byrd

Recommended especially to practice teachers. The art of brandishing glasses and giving double-whammies is stressed.

Prerequisite: An iron constitution.

Martin Tells Of Suffering And Sunbathing In Letters

Dear Mother,

Exams are practically here. I've read all the outline books, put my numerous notes in order, and am all set to really make Dean's List this time. Everybody else is getting a beautiful suntan, but I know, as you have often told me, that, "I'm going to college to get an education!" Have been studying every free minute and haven't been anywhere for, literally, weeks. Must cut this short, because I want to do some extra work for my Sociology class.

Be home soon, and don't forget that car you promised me when I make Dean's List—a Cadillac convertible will be fine!

Your Loving Daughter,
Joy

Dear Jim,

Want to thank you for last weekend . . . Had a simply wonderful time. As usual, the dances were fine and being with you was best of all.

I've just read in the Salemite that Exams are coming—now isn't that silly? I never imagined in my wild-est dreams that they were so close. It'll really be awful to give up my daily sun bath and have to sit inside all morning. Whatta life! Honestly, I never did think exams were a good idea. We learned in Psychology that grades are not good psychologically. Wonder why they don't realize that here? My family disowns me anew whenever they get the word, and it's uncomfortable in my home with no one speaking to me. They just don't seem to realize that it's what you absorb in a course, not what you can cram in, that really counts!

Oh well, enough of such scholastic talk. Do come up and see me some time . . . it's so dull around here with everybody studying . . . Yours for bigger and better weekends,

Joy

Dean Nan,

Golly, I had such a wonderful time last weekend. Member that darling boy I told you I met on a blind date? Well, he invited me down last weekend for their Spring Dances. Everybody was there: Carolyn Dunn, Sis Hines, Dolly Loughran, Bev Johnson, Martha Brannock, and oh! millions of stags! It was supreme! A wild weekend with parties everywhere made getting back to school worse than usual.

Guess what? I finally took the step and got my hair cut—short. I feel like a tall dandilion with lots of fuzz on top (except on rainy days—and then I droop!).

Not much more news except exams are coming and then I'll be home. If I can endure living through them, I'll see you on the 29th. I really don't mind them so much though 'cause all six of my exams are on the last three days. Consequently, I'll have all those days before exams when I won't have a thing to do, except get a good suntan, and swim in the pool. All that free time—and no classes! I really think my schedule is the best I've ever had. Can hardly wait to see you and hear all the news about Larry or is it Bill? Call me the minute you get home . . .

Love,
Joy