

The Salemite

"Sail on Salem"

Member of Southern Inter-Collegiate Newspaper Association; Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Association.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In the enthusiasm and interest and excitement of the inter-class Thanksgiving game, let us not forget the true meaning of the day. In the midst of it all let us stop for a moment and consider the purpose for which this day was set aside by the forefathers of our race. Thankfulness! In our eternal struggle to get that which we have not we oftentimes forget that which we have; in our incessant requests for new blessings we forget those already bestowed. The things for which we, in Salem College girls, should be thankful are manifold. This morning we have worshipped in the House of God, and we have caught something of the Thanksgiving spirit, and now as we turn our attention to the athletic event of the day let us not lose it. In our pride and loyalty let us feel thanks for our class and college; in our games and sports let us feel thanks for strong bodies and alert minds; in our comradeship and co-operation let us feel thanks for friends and class mates, and teachers. With our joy and happiness on this eventful day may there be mingled that spirit of thankfulness that makes us more deserving and appreciative of our lot.

THANKSGIVING GUESTS.

Mary Exum Burt, Louisburg, N. C., '23.
 Elizabeth Batts, Wilson, N. C., '24.
 Kathleen Marshall, Leaksville, N.C.'22.
 Nancy Arthur, Greenville, N. C., '25.
 Mildred Parrish, Benson, N. C., '22.
 Isabel Spears, Lillington, N. C., '22.
 Georgia Riddle, Morganton, N. C., '22.
 Mrs. Jno. Griffin, Wilson, N. C.
 Kathleen Ivey, Leaksville, N. C., '22.
 Mrs. Blake Williford, Rocky Mt., N.C.
 Miss Elizabeth Davis, Dunn, N. C., guest of Lucy Pope.
 Miss Mabel Wellons, Smithfield, N. C., guest of Margaret Wellons.
 Miss Estelle Lawson, Chapel Hill, N.C., guest of Louise Latta.
 Miss Margaret Banks, Wilson, N. C., guest of Hester Banks.
 Miss Margaret Harrison, Charlotte, N. C., guest of Margaret Smith.
 Miss Emma Lewis Whitaker, Mocksville, N. C., guest of Margaret Whitaker.
 Miss Fannie Lou Wiggs, Zebulon, N. C., guest of Margaret Harris.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Salisbury, N.C., guests of their daughter, Thelma Jackson.
 Mr. Talmadge Shuford, guest of his daughter, Edith Shuford.
 Miss Katharine and P. A. McKellar, of Bennettsville, S. C., guests of their sister, Sarah McKellar.
 Miss Sarah Turlington, Mooresville, N. C., guest of Mary Howard Turlington.
 Miss Dorothy Pettus, Drake's Branch, Va., guest of Margaret Russel.
 Miss Helen Hawk, N. C. C. W., guest of Mildred Hawk.
 Miss Ruby Blackman, North Wilkesboro, N. C., guest of Corinne Clements.

On with the game; let pep be unrestrained!

"QUOTH THE PROCTOR"

Every midnight, dark and dreary,
 While I slumber weak and weary,
 Dreaming of the blissful snoozes that
 I knew in days of yore,
 As I lie there gently napping,
 Suddenly there comes a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping
 on the room next door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I mutter, "trying
 someone's chamber door.
 Only this and nothing more!

Then I leave my rhythmic snoring,
 Step into the hall imploring,
 Vainly listening for the noises I had
 heard not long before.
 But the silence is unbroken and the
 stillness gives no token—
 Not a single word is spoken—
 Just the closing of a door.
 Then I stand there, listening always
 for that squeaking chamber door,
 Only that and nothing more!

Deep into the darkness peering
 Long I stand ther wondering, fearing.
 Hearing numerous smothered gigg-
 lings in the darkened room next
 door.

Presently my soul grows stronger
 And I hesitate no longer.
 'Tis my duty as the Proctor to sup-
 press the noise next door.
 But the task is scarcely finished when
 there squeaks another door.
 Only this and nothing more.

Toward that other chamber turning
 Anger hot within me burning
 Haste I on 'o knock with fervor on
 the swiftly closing door.
 Not a soul can help agreeing
 With a harassed fellow being
 When she wishes for the slumbers that
 she knew in days of yore;
 When she thinks with wistful longing
 on those peaceful night of yore.
 Quoth the Proctor—"never more"



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Fritz Leiber
 in
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AUDITORIUM
TONIGHT