

# The Salemite



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## A LITTLE THING THAT MAY BE A BIG THING IN YOUR LIFE

This edition of the *Salemite* is a little thing in size, but is indeed a big thing in the history of Salem College. Much to our humiliation, the Sophomore Class has descended from its dignity to honor the general public with a little bit of foolishness. But even April fools have their serious moments. This is mine. I should like to tell you that the Sophomore Class is proud to show you that we can leave our studies for a while and give you the benefit of our knowledge. Not many of us are bold, and fewer still are bad, but believe it or not, we are all literary!

We wish to thank publicly Miss Sarah Graves for allowing us to publish this issue and to welcome to our happy number Miss Martha Davis from Meredith College and Miss Beulah Wall from Winston-Salem. They joined us at the beginning of this last term, and have already shown us that they have the true Sophomore Spirit. May we also drink a toast to those of our number who started off with us in our Freshman year, but have since then left us. Here's to you! Don't think you're forgotten. We often wish that you were here with us. It is to you that we dedicate this serious bit of foolishness—our own *Salemite*.

## THINGS THAT HAPPENED DURING EASTER

Whoops! Dr. Ancombe bought a new automobile.

The Bunny Rabbit stole Dean Vardell's Music hour.

## RACHEL CARROLL SPEAKING

"What? No escalator between Salem Academy and Salem College? Why, honorable trustees, just think of its advantages to Salem. Of course, it is foolish for me, and insignificant Freshman, to tell you broad-minded men that an escalator between the College and Academy would speed up world activities—why Jess Byrd could get herself and all her golf clubs over to the Sister's House in less time than it would take to put her car in low gear. Too, *Salemite* reporters could speed the escalator button and be at Salem Academy in time to send the Associated Press the latest Academy news flashes before sunrise.

"Escalators would speed up time and thought as well as world activities. It is perfectly easy to see how much faster watches run when the wearer goes fast, and Salem's escalator would be the fastest possible purchase. Do you know how you used to enjoy Crazy House and Maggie and Jiggs House at the county fairs? Well, Salem students enjoyed them too. Why not give us a chance to imagine ourselves going through a crazy house—escalators do make you feel crazy, don't they? I think that would be good brain exercise too—making your thoughts go back to childhood revelry.

"Speaking from a local point of view, escalators would be a remedy for those poor Academy victims who have to march to expanded chapel. If they could push a button instead of pushing their high heels into hundreds of wooden steps, Dr. Rondthaler would not have to wait so long for them to stop coughing in Y. P. M. "Now, can't we have an escalator from Salem Academy to Salem College?"

## MANY FOOLISH WISHES FOR A VERY FOOLISH DAY

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you. As a matter of fact, on page 67 you will find a list of the parts of a crayfish.

Well, you have learned enough of our secrets. Let's get down to business. What we really want is for you to seriously consider asking the dining room to give us beans for Sunday dinner. Consider the green skirt. Notice the lines thereof. The yellow jacket rests on its imagination and the clock beats my time.

Carroll: "Rosalie, why does a thousand leg worm have a thousand legs?"

Colton: "Oh, it's past me why?"  
Carroll: "Cause it's made that way."

## LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Haven't our goldfish been here long enough to move to the Sister's House?

Aren't we proud of Susan? She won't second place in the horse show. (There were only two riding.)

Heaven help the ghost that rapped on Hadley's door the other night at 3 a. m. She went to receive her caller armed with two shoes, one on her right foot and the other in her left hand. No, she wasn't much scared! Georgia hasn't yet got over her uninvited guest from three to seven a. m.

No wonder Ann Libba has had a nervous break down. On March eighteenth she practiced her march lesson for the second time since Christmas.

The Sophomore Class is seriously considering opening a skating rink in the basement of Alice Clewell for the benefit of the Senior Class.

We wish somebody would give us a party.

What do Edison and Rockefeller have in common? Ask Mary Katherine Thorpe.

How soon can we take the furniture in Alice Clewell to the Antique Shop?

What will the class of 1950 leave as a gift to the school?

Did you have a nice time Easter? (Don't shoot!)

We have heard that Tree Planting has been postponed on account of financial reasons.

We have a Wee Blue Inn and a Green Room. Why not start a Lavender Lounging Room?

Why doesn't Claudia laugh once in a while?

It has been rumored that Margaret Wall borrowed Mary Virginia's hair pins.

Martha Davis, Senior, has filed suit against Martha Davis, Sophomore, for reasons not yet made public. We have heard that the former was much embarrassed when she informed the Athletic Council that she would be unable to be Swimming Manager next year because she planned to graduate.

## ETHER WAVES

Where am I? "Rah, Rah for S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e-s. Fight to the finish N-e-v-e-r g-i-v-e 'n." . . . Unfortunate am I—club fooled blind and dumb. Gee! wonder what a thoughtful brain looks like? I bet Mr. Campbell knows. A mist gathers, then floats away . . . Spring comes abloom. Be careful, you see what it's made of me—It's leap year—my fancy started turning and it has kept it up.

Dear Allah, am I to be a chiropractor after all, as the crystal ball—skates you provided a lot of fun, but now my hands are sore from rubbing away someone else's aches. Oh! the band drives me nuts—faint shapes twirl by me in torrents—Sarah Lindsay's hair is so curly that I'm nauseated and Lib Willis talks so fast that I'm nervous. I live in torment—third floor is so quiet that I want to holler, even if I have to take it back—cross my heart and hope to die. Who throws rocks down the heat pipes at the infirmary—knock—bang—knock. They're tuning up for the brass band, Allah. I'm most gone.

Gee! it's a great life if you don't weaken, but who wants to be strong anyway—Mr. Curley. Where are all those palms the Freshmen bought to carry to church when they wore their white dresses? Ask Mary Brooks. Oh! see Judy Foreman's new green harness. Doesn't she look cute? Rich men and poor men shriek, but, oh heck, give me a drug store shiek. This weather makes me feel like a nymph. Why couldn't Venus have granted me eternal sleep?

Then comes the question—Ah! the life of Chaucer. . . "Don't know." "Couldn't understand." "Ah! biting sarcasm, thou do'st know your victims. . . . Why in the world doesn't that Crazy Kat shut its mouth? Dear young insidens who are contemplating matrimony, my advice is to use hand bombs when we ones muddy the floor, or when Tommy spills ink and Mary drops a tray of trailing letters—it really works.

Betty Boone has seven little sisters and brothers. Oh, why in the name of Confucius does the moon have to include Salem in its itinerary? It's such a waste of effort. And with this my thoughts leave me and my feeble brain collapses beneath the waves.

Since Mr. Campbell's recent lecture, girls really do their most serious thinking right before they fill their fountain pens.