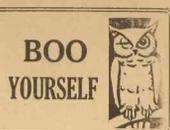




BOO
...!

The Salemite



VOL. XIII.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1932.

Number 7.

SOPH COURT RECAPS FOR HALLOWEEN

AWKSHUN SALEM

Biggest Event Since Bull Run

Stop! Stammer! Stutter! Pull the rope to your cerebellum and try to realize how lucky you're just being. Bargains! My dears, you'll lose many pounds in the mad scramble. Since you and me have been bosom buddies night on to twenty years, I'll put a gold bug in your ear. This meraculous awksun salem is to be held on next Saturday night at ten o'clock A. M. on the tenth floor of the hut. Elevators will come by for all who wish to attend. Stuff your hankies full of nickles and bust buttons beating your roommate there. You simply must not miss these astounding offers. Palleuce take heed, ye bat-brained blighters.

Among the valuables to be awksunshed off are these: 3 dozen bumps from off'n the wall in Alice Clewell Building—1c per bump.

Season tickets for the swimming pool, good from December 1, 1932 through February 30, 1933—5c per shiver.

3 fine-fuzzy mops minus handles (perhaps Messrs Rondthaler, Curlee, and Higgins would be interested)—2c per curl.

2 perfectly proportioned dead gold fish embalmed in denatured listerine—110c per scale.

1 dozen dwarf trees—1c per leaf.

1 tennis court oach cussed by Poppey, the hockey stick—5c per vibration.

Other worthy articles such as pickled punn seeds, deflated puddle ducks, old pillow slips, pippie cleaners, spider webs, and ink splatches—2c depending on who you are.

Perry Menn.

CLASS OF '35 SUFFERS FROM LACK OF FUN

The dean of girls at Salem Salem College has received several worried letters from the anxious parents and well wishers of the present sophomore class, inquiring about their increasing decrease of social life. While Miss Lawrence regrets this most keenly, and yet cannot take up on herself any lot of the blame for the deplorably empty state of the pink parlor on Saturday and Sunday evenings, not to mention Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Tuesday, however, and forthwith, she rather hesitates to speak to the girls themselves about such a delicate matter. She also feels, and rightly so, that everyone should be responsible for her own entertainment over the week-end; and that if she is unable to ensnare anything that looks like a ping-pong partner or a meal ticket to the Wee Blue Inn, or even conversation from 8:30 until 10:00, she should be sorry enough to follow the worn out adage, and not succeeding at once should try, and with all of her maidenly wiles, try again. This,

however, does not seem to be the opinion of the suffering class. The most recent disturbance along this line was caused by a startling telegram, sent home by a Sophomore last Sunday night, which, fairly sobbing with emotion, has brought the grieving parents of this girl to a stark realization of her loneliness.

It read:
Don't rate—
No date—
P.S. Kate.
With messages like this going all over the United States the reputation of the college is almost sure to be ruined, therefore, we can see but two alternatives, both of which we humbly suggest to Miss Lawrence, and from which she must choose one or the other immediately for the relief of the present needy condition of the class of '35.

We are resolved that:
1. Either the National Conglomeration of Parents must be formed which will locate and finance enough high school heroes to keep the present sophomore class entertained on one or both nights of every week-end for the rest of the year or II, that the

BEWITCHING TWITCHES OF SOPHOMORES

Since Mr. Matthews has put the pictures of Cokey Preston and Martha Neal in his display window, both the young women have hired extra secretaries to handle their fan mail. There has also been an additional cop put on the corner in front of the shop to avoid the congestion caused by the crowds of admirers.

None other than our own little Rachel Carroll was seen last Saturday night emerging from the shower room holding a raised umbrella, dripping with water and lathered with soap, over her. An up-to-date job of dry-cleaning, we call it.

Miss Way, Miss Penn, and Miss Wall went to Waynesville this week-end to hear Mr. Dan Cupid's oration on "Sense and Nonsense About Present Costs of Living." Business must be picking up, they say, because Mr. Cupid is no longer obliged to travel by thumb and the courtesy of the public. He now drives his own car.

Anne Taylor and Pat Patrick decided to go to Florida this weekend on a scooter. After having two blow-outs and being pinched for speeding, they awoke and went to Saturday morning chapel five minutes late. Something must be done about this oversteering business.

It seems that certain sophomorees have been reprimanded by Doctor Pfaff (?) for not washing their cars.

Why did Virginia Bailey drop her pencil in Psychology Class last week? — To prove to herself that the age of chivalry hasn't passed yet, of course!

Margaret Ward seems to have a monopoly on the phones. She says that a phone booth is such a nice private place to spend the last hour between ten and ten-thirty—"Good Night Sweetheart 'Till I Call Tomorrow."

Drew Dalton seems to think Ping Pong comes in neatly handy, especially on Wednesday nights when someone else is using the little living room.

Claudia Foy is one person who doesn't mind Bills, either on the first of the month or any other time. She also expresses her preference for Taylor rather than dressmakers. —Pois Eldrick.

It is interesting to note that, however, does not seem to be the opinion of the suffering class. The most recent disturbance along this line was caused by a startling telegram, sent home by a Sophomore last Sunday night, which, fairly sobbing with emotion, has brought the grieving parents of this girl to a stark realization of her loneliness.

It read:
Don't rate—
No date—
P.S. Kate.
With messages like this going all over the United States the reputation of the college is almost sure to be ruined, therefore, we can see but two alternatives, both of which we humbly suggest to Miss Lawrence, and from which she must choose one or the other immediately for the relief of the present needy condition of the class of '35.

We are resolved that:
1. Either the National Conglomeration of Parents must be formed which will locate and finance enough high school heroes to keep the present sophomore class entertained on one or both nights of every week-end for the rest of the year or II, that the

Psychology Professor Psui-Psides

The psudden and unexpected death of that noble professor, S. R. McEwen, has come as an over whelming pshook to the entire psudent body of psalem College. The psorrowing psophomores are especially to be pitied. Knowing themselves to be the cause of the tragedy, they will have no psitone returned until the mystery of this untimely end is psolved. With psupplend and psself-psensificing courage every psingle psoph is psqueezing every available clue until it will psqueeze no more.

It psseems that on the day of the catastrophe, nothing at all unusual was noticed about the demeanor of the deceased. He was his psimple, psimiling pslef at the psupper table. After the meal he was psseen to retire immediately to his quarters. Mr. Roy Campbell, a pspecial friend of the corpse, psstates that he remembers hearing the psaid corpse psay psomething about grading the psophomore psyche papers. Psad to psstate, when the psoring psrofessor closed the door to his room he rang down the curtain on his psblort and psurpsrisingly psuccessful pspan of life.

At about psveen o'clock a pssharp psnot psalattered the caleness of the psophomores evening. In the psstarled psilence that followed a psprobbing psigh was heard to come from a window of Mr. McEwen's room. Immediately the psstrange psounds were psinvestigated. To the horror of all, the beloved psrofessor was found psstark psstaring dead on the floor of his room with a bullet through his larynx and his pslarnyx. Crumpled in his hand was found the psycheology test psapers of that psride and joy of the psophomore Class—Edna Higgins. Beneath her famous name the poor, crushed teacher had forced himself to write—1. Q. of Zero.

P. S. Several psophomores believe that the psui-pside resulted from a too psudden psstimulation of the psrofessor's psympathetic nervous psstem. —Perry Menn.

The cafeteria is where everybody leaves his appetite—if any. It is the hall of great dimensions, wherein the Soga of the Dishpan and the Song of Supping Soup resound lustily. The sophs here certainly managed the Law of Diminishing Supply; follow them and you can't go wrong.

Fish around under the table for the napkin, then hold a private tug-of-war with your neighbor after you find it. This stimulates the appetite and it is also a good ole custom of the class of '35.

The S. C. obtained its power to remove buildings by gobbling daintily 208 rolls, 5,200 beans, 104 stuffed peppers, 208 pieces of pineapple, not to mention the cheese and lettuce, also 52 pieces of pie and several knickknacks that were harbored in convenient pockets.

Just in case anyone is interested in reducing, the following formula has never been known to fail: Take one can of Dutch lead, mix thoroughly with one jar of Carter's glue. Apply with fingertips, massaging thoroughly the sections of greatest worry. Then cover with half-dry Portland cement. Work this well into skin. Remove with Duco paint remover. Scrape surplus off with razor. You will never be bothered with overweight again. —Largaret Mong.



THE STAFF

(Who have bravely over-estimated all of their articles in an attempt to be nonchalant. Imagine beng nonchalant in a Camel City.)

- Pokey Creston
- Ninny Jall
- Whbbie Bay
- Lushy McBean
- Largaret Mong
- Bartha Minder
- Grb Lay
- Pat Patrick
- (We fooled you)
- Goosy Rulick Logers

SOPHOMORE CLASS YELL

"Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ate lunch."

GOBLE GOBLINS

Hello Fattie!
If you're not having a funny dream; you're just standing in front of a mirror, and in case anyone is worried about that queer rumbling noise that is heard around the dining room at meal time, it's the combined Sophomores 3000 pounds, gliding gracefully to its respective seats. Don't worry, a new ceiling with a non-skid tread has just been put up and the walls and floor are good for several years yet.

Don't Open Till Hallowe'en

But Don't Wait on Christmas

Beware: Let all read this rit of hallow campus impartially and unflinchingly before overturning this page.

Office of the Salemite
Oct. 29th Hallowe'en

Dear Socours,
Enclosed please find incriminating and embarrassing evidence against all four classes of Salem College, for which evidence each class is hereby called before a reopened Sophomore Court, where the misdemeanors of the offenders will be made public, and the eyes of said public be opened to the innermost secrets (heart and otherwise), not only of the Freshmen, juniors, and Seniors themselves, but also of the instructors in the institution (even though we have seen fit to place the faculty case at the hindmost end of the Freshman paper—quite an appropriate location for the wise ones and we congratulate ourselves on it).

No doubt, after reading through this scandal sheet, if you indulge in such low pastimes, you may have the mistaken idea that each class contributed its own page, and therefore give credit where stale tonstones and odiferous eggs are due.

Don't be misled. Anyone with the mentality of a Freshman should by now be able to discriminate between the real yellow journalism of a sophomore and such scratching as the other illiterates in school are able to make.

Again we repeat, this court may now be reopened for the benefit of all classes of students. You may, however, if you blush easily, skip the page allotted to your particular class, but be sure to do your duty by reading the others and thus bringing them to justice.

Now let the eggs fly where they may!
We hope to remain—all in one piece.

Respectfully yours,
The Staff of Strife.
Apply to (Pokey Creston).

On Xmas night the Freshies sleep With stockings off their toesies (Minus their silken hoses) Commencement day the stately Seniors

Send each other roses
The Juniors think on Valentine Of naught but love and posies
Thanksgiving is a happy day when Salem College closes.

But On Hallowe'en the Sophomores dream
Of rats and mice and fingers of ice And pns and sins and wicked deive And twacking teachers' noses.



IN LOVING MEMORIAM
Rachel Carroll, who dove one time too many! When last seen she was but a shadow perched on the diving board.



Sophomore Class running for President