

YOUR EDITORS -- By Each Other

SARA HARRISON

"Better than anything else I like to talk; so this just suits me," dark-haired Sara said as the "interviewer" began. With that "what-is-the-story-of-your-life?" attitude I sat listening. Sara was born four days after Christmas, 1919, and therefore cheated the government out of a whole year's bit of income tax by arriving two days before the year ended so that her father could list her as an exemption. She was run over by a fish truck when five years old; fell off a trapeze bar (on her head!) when in the fourth grade—hasn't missed a school day since, by the way; and started her journalistic career as school editor in the sixth grade.

"My favorite part of me is my traveling," she said, and indeed she has good cause to be proud of her travel itinerary—she has visited twenty-two states and eleven countries—quite a nice start for a college senior, or anybody, for that matter! Among the interesting places she has been are Chicago World's Fair, Philadelphia and New York, Mexico, Miami and Cuba, and all those many places she cycled to last summer!

Sara is a "terrific" collector—she collects everything—stamps, post cards, match books, all her baby teeth, EVERY letter she has ever received (she has a correspondence list a mile long, which at present she says, is horribly neglected—Salemly enough!), her first letter, asking her to buy a cradle, hotel stickers, kodak pictures, beer coasters, restaurant menus—and very little of all this in a scrap book. Everything is all sorted out in envelopes, and after rambling on about this, while I got more wide eyed after every new item, she said, "I don't have time for hobbies!"

Among her likes and dislikes, of which she doesn't have many violent ones, are found, in the "I like" column: James Thurber's drawings in the New Yorker, "Blondie", fried chicken—mother's variety, Russian tea, cheese crackers (page Mr. Lance!), salted peanuts, and homemade mints. In the "I dislike" column she puts, first, avocado pears, hypocrisy, and fanaticism (Sara is one of the most sincere girls I've ever known), the thought of growing old, and sissy clothes on herself.

When it comes to ambition, Sara is full of it. On the really serious side we find that she wants to learn to fly a plane, play a xylophone and a harp, have a pet monkey and parrot, learn to type with more than two fingers (She makes such progress now, I'd hate to think of what would happen when all fingers were used!), and own a Pekingese dog for a year! Then as a sort of side line she'd like to do one of two things—go to South America and do "something" or go north for further study.

Somehow we feel that this girl will not "sit"—but please, please, before you start on the ambitions, Sara, buy some scrap books and discard the envelope habit! THEN we'd like to have a look!

KATHARINE KING

Is the title "Sleeping Beauty," attributed to Katharine on page 1, appropriate? The "Beauty" part fits most excellently; but as for the "Sleeping," I just don't see how any one with a finger in as many campus pies as K. K. stirs in could be any sleepy at all. And she's truly not. Next year's "Salemite" editor-in-chief, a marshal and president of the Pierette Players at present, a Scorpion, a May-Court-er, and what-not else—she seems to be in all the nicest kinds of organizations.

Our tall, blond Katie had "a terrible inferiority complex" till she was a senior in high school. I'd give a penny to find out why (Mental Hygiene case, you know), but so far I've not a single clue. Could it maybe have been that she had long curls till she was a high-school soph? The timid child lived in Leaksville till she was four years old and then moved two miles out of town to a farm-ish sort of estate where she developed the two great ambitions of learning to milk a cow and string tobacco; but instead she learned to love horse-back riding, a swim in the lake before breakfast, and shooting. Favorite pets—five billy goats and a bunch of pigeons.

Now here's one that you're going to have a time believing if you've ever seen Katharine's handwriting: she won a city contest for the most beautiful writing when she was in the seventh grade; and, by golly, she swears that she can still write nicely if she has time and desire! (Says I, "Seeing is believing.")

Love life? This was the beginning; she was love-sick all through high school and wouldn't leave home to go to prep school. And she's had a secret passion for a mighty long time, too. I'd have you know—the iceman's handsome son, leading man in the high school senior play. She kept on loving him till this past Fall when he married "an old droop from home." (Sounds bad to me.) Her subsequent statement: "And that's why I don't want to go to Hollywood—I know I'm susceptible to my leading man." She declares that she's not in love now, because she enjoys being with too many different people; she hasn't found a single person who measures up to all her interests!

Her only true live is for the Arts (most particularly Tchaikowsky's 5th Symphony, the Overture to "Romeo and Juliet"—I'm guessing that she was pretty pleased on Saturday and Sunday of last week-end.)

Right now Miss King the Salem Junior (to get back to scholastic atmosphere and matters) is writing a term paper on "Idealism" for Dr. Ancombe's philosophy class. She's managing to incorporate therein her belief in evolution, but she still had time to list a whole million of likes and ambitions. She loves the colors lavender (The very shade in which she is to make her tomorrow's descent from Lover's Leap.) and black, high heels, Emerson (her favorite part of America Lit.), Plato and Hegel, sunrise, shrimp, anchovy paste, olives, Salem tea, pineapple, crystallized ginger, "Wuthering Heights," "Seventh Heaven," and "Grapes"

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YOUR STAFF AT WORK



Here are some of the members of the staff of the Salemite hard at work on their paper. Left to right, they are: Sara Harrison, this year's editor; Katharine King, next year's editor-in-chief; Marvel Campbell, next year's business manager; Betsy Hobby, assistant business manager, and Madeleine Hayes, feature editor, at the typewriter.

BEAUX AND ARROWS

SENIOR

CENSORED

JUNIOR

Never let it be said that second floor doesn't get its revenge, even on such loved ones as Kelly Ann . . . "Way of all flesh" Patterson has been in the infirmary since those days in Davidson last week-end; Tsh! Tsh! . . . Could it be that after last minute May Day plans Katie wishes that dates had been switched?—If she doesn't know, we certainly don't . . . Is this a budding affair, Dobbins? After all—a new dress, hair looking wonderful—wonder what our little dark-haired friend would think of the present situation—if she knew . . . David has been busy working since Junior-Senior, but so has Early Bird—awfully hard . . . Patty, even if you do wear the pants in the family, that doesn't give you the right to snake on those 15-year old high school girls. After all that's hardly fair, with your advanced experience . . . Wonder why it is that the "anti-Y" girls are contemplating pulling up stakes—there might be plenty of reason. Then again—there might not—we wonder . . . Well, first coat of nail polish is drying up—nuf said till next week—maybe too much—but "knowledge of knowledge unknown," you know . . . By the way, Dot Parker seems to have summed up the Junior situation:

Some men break your heart in two;
Some men fawn and flatter;
Some men never look at you;
And that cleans up the matter.

The name of the poem is "Experience," which also fits the Juniors, we hear.

SOPHOMORE

Dearest Mom 'n Pop,

Here it is another week-end but this time all my classmates are grinning over the prospects of a wonderful May Day week-end. On the headlines today we (me, myself, and I) voted Betsy Moffitt for the "grinningest" of the bunch. Floyd is here, from Knoxville, Tenn. She really can grin, too! And, oh yes, do you remember "Merge Millun" (alias "Mose") from New York State? Well, for the third week in succession she will have a South Carolina date—only 'cept it's Meggs instead of Louis this time. Mom,

I DARE SAY

That there's little reason now for Boarders to envy Day Students for their riding privileges 'cause ever since that "nice" young man held up the two lady tourists out on Reynolda Road, the fond Mamas and Papas have really been clamping down on their darling daughters.

That revolution can come even to old Salem. It'll be sumpin' when the girls in the figure at the May Day dance do what Miss Lawrence calls "flirting behind their fans". Anyhow, those fans aren't so big, and here's hoping we can all get a good look at the "Flirting".

That credit for the remark of the week should go to Mr. Holder, who approached Dolly Nelme at the conclusion of a class during which she had knitted unceasingly with the question, "Do you think you'll finish it by exam time?"

That we are all just as happy over Miss Stockton's engagement as she is, 'cause we've always said that she is the sweetest of the sweets.

how does she do it? She even made a flower garden to wear on her head! One of the big mysteries is how Wyatt managed to get Frank up for the dance instead of Reece. We are waiting for explanations, but no luck so far! One of the biggest disappointments yet came Tuesday when Spooner wired Allene that he could not come. Allene said it wouldn't be so bad if Spooner wasn't missing out on the free supper at Mrs. Rondthaler's—I just hope some other boy will like her hand-painted red shoes and I do hope she'll put perfume on them! Oh, Mama, that handsome man of Ruth Yancey's is going to be here, too.

There isn't much news other than the dates for May Day, and they're too many to name. I'm having a real cute boy from town—and my old evening dress looks so bad on me!

I will write you next week and tell you the real lowdown then.
G'bye for now,
Daughter.

P. S.: Polly's having that Stillwell man from Carolina. You remember—they sort of went together last fall, I think! I forget to tell you; Bralower asked Betty B. to date a friend of her brother's, and the next day told B. she was sorry but her roommate had to come first. Wonder what happened to Jill's man—the one that never came (or did he?)

DAY STUDENTS

What's all this we hear about

That things may come and things may go, but we definitely hope that the ruin will go and the sun will come when the May Queen starts her promenade come Saturday.

That you'll be interested to know that Mr. Junior (mascot of the Junior Class) is resting quietly at Dr. Kern's Dog Hospital after a collision with an automobile last Saturday morning. He's no Ferdinand—bones will be appreciated more than flowers or messages of condolence.

That Salemites, in the opinion of the Inquiring Reporter in "The Sentinel", are qualified to answer questions on absolutely any subject. So far we've seen seven pictures and quotations of ourselves discussing such stuff as politics, "Gay 'Nineties", and war problems. What next? We'll take on all askers.

Dat
De poet says dat dis is Spring;
De hoids is on de wing,
But moi woid, dat's absoid
De wings is on de hoid.

Mary Lou and the first taste of bliss—how did Joe like raspberry?? Woo! Woo! . . . Who is that Mollie Mae is always getting epistles from? . . . There were a lot of idle people during the chapel hour the first Wednesday in May . . . What little girl's big boy friend is begging to be dragged to the May dance? (Hint—June 6) . . . We hear that, although Bet Sprunt went to the University, she still had time for some Davidson fellas . . . All the Freshmen day students have decided to take Spanish next year so that they can follow Miss Stockton's footsteps . . . Do you think "Hippy" Kirby will bring a twin Saturday night? . . . Who is the mysterious Duke grad. that Frances has been talking about? . . . Don't quote me, but Rousseau's hair was messed up in gym for the first time in her life . . . The second room on the right, downstairs in South Hall had better watch their step—High School seems to be beating their time with Bill V . . . Who does Carrie Donnell get so excited over every now and once so often; . . . Catherine Harrell, we think Bunny rabbits are cute too . . . Don't forget to take particular notice of Lib Johnston's handsome brother from Duke Med. . . Why didn't anyone wish Naney McClung a happy birthday Monday morning? . . . Nominees for those with unflinching good humor: Mattie Mae Reavis and Flora Avera—They are inspirations for us poor struggling souls.

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Grace Gillespie, left, general chairman of our May Day this year, instructs the two children, Patty McNeely and Elizabeth Tuten, as to procedure in using the album. Elizabeth was caught in an off moment when she had closed her eyes to concentrate on instructions.