

# People 'n' Things

Well, this old extra-curricular world is becoming so complicated that there is not even time to think of examinations, much less study for them. The second semester flew by so fast that we didn't know what was going on, and most of us are singing now "Gone With What Draft." I have another complaint to make, too. It wasn't until the very last minute that every organization on the campus decided to have a picnic or meeting—and, on the sidelines, there is that little question of term papers that we students always have with us—of course, they are not very difficult but they can be extremely annoying. Perhaps it would be a good suggestion for the faculty to do away with term papers and even classes to give more room to the organizations. Of course, I'm not complaining; I'm just suggesting.

Seen at the Student Government picnic: Avis Lahey with one sock bright red and the other very much faded—she declares that she's not color blind, but that she was too sleepy to notice what she was putting on that morning . . . Doctor Rondthaler with his hat turned up all the way around, his cane on his arm, and going about making vague statements about his plan-

ning to sing a solo somewhere don't mind by grammar—I'm just a bit groggy at this point) . . . Marion Norris, jabbering something very peculiar about athlete's with a few dents in it, and Bill or Tom or somebody . . . and Eugenia Baynes, making the usual hog of herself and trying to be sure to get enough to eat since she couldn't go to the Latin Club picnic on Thursday night—Mary Worth Walker said to her when she told her that she couldn't go:

"But Eugenia, how will we ever eat up all that food without you?"

Wonder what's going to pop around here next year? At least there are plenty of workmen around here, literally tearing up the place. South Hall is a scene of much speculation, there are workmen all around it—you know, "Cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them, cannons beneath them, etc."—Anyway, no matter where you try to go, you always have to detour.

We were all sorry to hear about Mary Frank's illness right here at graduation time, and we hope that she will improve.

Well, until next year, good-bye and good luck, seniors.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK

To write of exams they say is trite,  
On that someone put stress:  
And so instead of exams I'll write  
On what we think of Mr. Hess.

"Well, what do you think?"  
"Gosh, I don't know. That whole business over there has me so upset I don't even want to think about it."  
"Well at least, that war probably won't get him. I think it's the beginning of the crack-up. Hess knew Hitler was getting in too deep, and he decided to get out."  
"But how do you know it isn't a trick cooked up by Hitler? Hess left his wife and child over there in Germany and you know a man wouldn't do that unless he thought they would be safe."  
"I read that Hess didn't even love that woman. He liked another one, that Hitler liked too. And Hitler made him marry to set an example

for the rest of Germany. Anyway, how could one man in England help get the German army in?"  
"I don't know. Those darn army men have so many tricks. Maybe he'll find out something and say it in code in some of the statements he makes."  
"Aw, they won't give him a chance to find out anything. You might as well be optimistic as pessimistic. I'd just rather think he's telling the truth and that Nazi business is breaking up."  
"Germany seemed so stupid the way she covered up—declaring him insane. It gave the idea that all the top men are insane."  
Oh, gee, I give up. It's all so confused. But, oh, I do hope that it will stop all the mess. It's one sure thing—it's causing a climax."

## ANNUAL STAFF ANNOUNCED

Marian Norris, Editor-in-Chief of "Sights and Insights" 1941-42, announced her staff last week.

Bobbie Hawkins of the rising junior class, has been chosen associate editor. Other members are: Mary Elizabeth Rand, Literary Editor; Elizabeth Weldon, Feature Editor; Minnie Louise Westmoreland, Art Editor; Helen O'Keeffe, Photographic Editor; Dot McLean, Senior Class Editor; Betty Vanderbilt, Junior Class Editor; Lucy Farmer, Sophomore Class Editor. The Freshman Class Editor will be selected next year.

Betty Barbour will serve as Marion's business manager.

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## A CO-ED HEARD FROM AGAIN

The day is Saturday; the time is 3:00 p.m.; and the weather might be called an ideal spring afternoon. A lazy April breeze sifts through the tennis net on court Twelve, picks up a little sand, and scatters it gently over court Thirteen. This kind touch by the breeze suddenly causes court Twelve to realize that she is the only vacant court on the playground. But wait—here come two energetic young men. They swing their rackets as though they are ready for some fast and exciting games.

The first young man is short. His slightly wavy blond hair does not seem to care about staying combed. Although his legs are short, he bounces from one end of the court to the other with somewhat unusual speed. In contrast, the blond-boy's opponent has a figure that reaches for the sky. His dark hair has become thin on each side and a neatly trimmed mustache is tucked under his nose.

A nice feeling comes to court Twelve. She likes to have evenly matched young men play on her. She likes to see them battle for points. Their smashing serves and mad lobs thrill court Twelve from one end of her wire fence to the other. Yes, these young men truly have their minds on tennis. They scarcely notice a neighboring court's stray ball.

Unobserved by court Twelve and her companions, two girls slowly approach the tennis courts. Both look anxiously at the fully occupied playground. One of the girls is vaguely plump with dark flowing hair. Her tan complexion is accented against the whiteness of her tennis dress. The other girl is a strange little blond with unusually quick actions. It is she who spies court Twelve and the two young men.

So fully absorbed was court Twelve in the movements of her companions, that she did not see the girls until they were upon her. The evening was ruined. Yes, they called it "doubles," but to court Twelve the young men only chased the carelessly hit balls of the girls. Their minds had left the game of tennis and had become centered on the girls. The blond-boys' serve had dwindled to an easy lob for the dark-haired girl to hit into the net.

It was not long until the young people stopped playing and wondered away hand in hand. With a disgusted grunt, court Twelve settled her dust, straightened her net, and started to meditate on matters of greater importance.—E. C.

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## SALEM FOREVER

September and back to Salem—new faces and old faces—new room and old room mate—heat and no new clothes worn—classes again and routine routine—nights in library and book store—full moon and "three weeks ago tonight!"—first real fall day and up town—movies and "Toddle House"—Chapel Hill and fun—leaves falling and walks after supper—Saturday nights and "movies"—Sunday afternoons and that "five o'clock feeling"—letters home and letters from Virginia—Golden afternoons and "Hit that line!"—week-ends and Monday morning maps—classes and light cuts—books on reserve and books overdue—long distant calls and pleas for allowance—new hat and church—birthday parties and dinner out—Davidson and dances in Bittings' basement—war news and morning showers—vacation ahead and anticipation—labs and library—dances and "The One"—fraternity pins and dowager pearls—"counting the days" and Psychology class—kleenex and the infirmary—shopping, shopping and shopping—Christmas Vespers and Peace—Tony pastor and bridge games—frantic packing and light cuts—jingle bells and "all-aboard"—back to work and dreams again—no letter and classes—rain and more rain—mail and sunshine—exams and pigtailed—roller skating and term papers—spring and Army camps—day dreams and daffodils—full moon and dreams—week-ends and new evening dresses—May Day rehearsals and rain—more rehearsals and cokes—knitting and Camels—sunbaths and Argentine—May Day and glamour—books to be head and "life"—plans for the summer and picnics—"at the fireplace"—bicycles and spring—War news and thankfulness—heat again and exams—mosquitoes and sunburn—exams and movies—washing sweaters and exams—farewells and tears—"all aboard" and next year ahead—"Salem Forever.—M. R.

So far this has been a pretty sorry spring. Not much better, in fact than the crop of poems being written about it.

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## IN MEMORIAM

To those dear seniors who are so soon to depart this article is tearfully dedicated. Graduation is more than halfway around the corner now, and frankly we're getting sentimental about the whole thing. We can't believe that Salem's happy, un-dignified seniors, who laughingly exclaim that they're in their second child-hood, are actually through with child-hood. Gone forever are youth and frivolity. Away from Salem's sheltering, ivy-mantled walls, they will be thrust into the cruel, hard world to shift for themselves. That Esther with the ready quip and helping hand, beautiful Katie, good-natured Frankie, pert Kelly Ann, and that all the other Seniors are soon to don their caps and gowns for the last time in hard to believe. What comes next we don't know. They will probably settle into the accepted graves, staid housewives, conscientious school teachers, busy stenographers.

Actually as far as Salem and its new crop of students are concerned, being gone they had just as soon be dead. But we wish them to know that their spirit remains to join that "innumerable caravan" of ghosts that haunt the place—a happy, blith spirit that will not soon be forgotten.

And although a marker will probably be dedicated to the class of '41 at some far distant date when they are tottering, palsied old ladies, we believe in presenting our rose to the living. This little article is raised for the purpose of telling you seniors that though you're gone, you will not be forgotten!

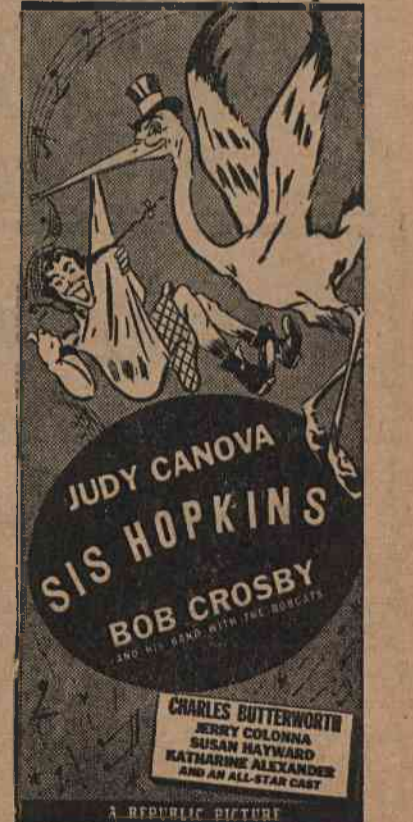
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## THEATRE CALENDAR

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Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.  
"I Wanted Wings"  
**STATE**  
Mon.-Tues.  
"Sis Hopkins"  
Wed.-Thurs.  
"Haunted Honeymoon"  
Fri.-Sat.  
"Horror Island"  
**FORSYTH**  
Mon.-Tues.  
"Philadelphia Story"  
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"Let's Make Music"  
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"Lil' Abner"  
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