

THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR

We are back from Thanksgiving holidays, have already started using up our food brought from home, but though like Mother Hubbard our cupboard may be bare — the shelf as usual is not:

It seems that Cupid played his part in the Thanksgiving celebration as well as Mr. Turkey. "Kacky" is walking in the clouds after having dated "Punk" for three nights straight, but what is "Punk" going to say when he finds out that she is going to Davidson with one of his best friends! "VeeVee" is running "Kacky" a close race because she dated the one and only "Boy Blue".

Nancy Stone had a fine week-end at the V. M. I. Ring Dance with the Bruce (who is mmmm). The Citadel Cadets are doing all right with the Salemites—Sarah Bowen is happy over seeing Joe—and Aileen and Bip patched up all previous differences—Lynne's interests are definitely tuned toward a certain cadet, too, these days. "Happy" was seen at the Citadel-Davidson game shinning in all her glory—could it have been because of James? Mary Lib Bray had to make a very convenient stop in Chapel Hill Sunday night. It could have been intentional—Bob brought her back to Salem Monday morn.

Speaking of returning to school, Marion B. and Manning had a perfect trip back—might have been because Lee and Tommy brought them back. The Army took a perfectly good private away from his one-and-only — "You'll never get rich, Roy," but Kemp won't mind — Spartenburg is perhaps a little advantage. Cupid is now known as Uncle Sam. Margie Ray didn't mind eating her turkey dinner here—Walt came to share it with her.

What these Army boys can do to Salem Conventions!—Veda got out at 1:30 a. m. for a 15 minute rendezvous with Dick who was on his way to Langly Field. Love must be grand! Pep up Avis — this next week-end shall be all yours and Dick's!

What has happened between Jean Hilton and the captain from Wake Forest? One of the big events that took place at Fall Germans which seemed to go unnoticed was the recaptivation of a Beta pin by Lucretia, and Rousseau was seen giving that gullible look to Bob Stockton as if it were her first dance. Next time you have to get

200 aviators dates, Betsy, call us up. Would you believe it, the boys at Harvard thought Nancy McClung talked slow. We hear she had a super-time — only four dances in two days.

What we would like to know, purely from Psychological interest, is why Else Newman goes around doodling on her notebook a huge "J. C." Wake Forest—Got something on your sub-conscious, Elsie! Nona Lee Cole was surprised the other night to hear the unghostly voice of an old heart-interest supposedly left on Long Island—seems he hitched a ride on an Army Bomber and dropped in for the evening — or perhaps Nona was a little excited when we got the story.

There was a touching reunion of Salem girls in New York last week-end. With tears in their eyes, three ex-patriotes gathered together to comment on the joys they had left behind them after which they all went to see the Broadway show: "Claudia". Don't worry about them though, it was simply Bralower, Lib Read, and Bobbie Whittier who are all three safely and happily back.

Biddie is so proud of her newly acquired Kappa Sig pin that she has been walking around like a pouter pigeon.

Rose Lefkowitz had an exciting visitor when she brought her Alvin from Baltimore over to school with her. Seems the day students almost mobbed them both . . . why didn't the rest of us get a crack at him?

Pinky woke up Thursday morning to the tune of a cream-colored Packard with a black top. Come spring holidays, we shall all see. Babe declares that despite the fact that B. B. was in the hospital over the holidays, she did enjoy her visits to see him. Was it just the internes, or the fact that everything was under control, Babe? The Seniors were quite surprised to see a lighted red-lantern hanging from the downstairs front bedroom window of Biting after the house meeting Wednesday nite. On further investigation, we learned there was a possibility that the night watchman left it there! ! ! Lucy is hoping to have a big time Christmas after one letter of introduction from Duke t'other day! How do you do it gal. One consolation, no interference from Carolina.

Well, kids, the shelf seems to be polished up for this week—so long —only three weeks till Christmas so —Be Good!

Martha's Musings



Doris Shore walked into Dr. Rondthaler's Bible class the other day with her Red Cross knitting. He (the professor) was immediately reminded of Madame LeFarge in the "Tale of Two Cities", who made signs by dropping stitches in her knitting—and Dr. Rondthaler suggested to Doris that she could take her class notes in her knitting if she wanted to. I couldn't help wondering then just what sort of message Jean Hylton and Carrie have been trying to convey. If you don't get what I mean, just watch them.

It looks as if the seniors will be caroling to the tune of Ralph Waldo Emerson and transcendentalism on Tuesday night December 17 all night long. Although I realize that December 18 is a school day and that faculty members do have a perfect right to assign a test whenever they want to—I think it's a rather queer time. But it's not half—not a third—so queer a time as giving a test on Friday November 21, after Thanksgiving!

Dr. Willoughby's freshman English class was somewhat amazed and amused in last Wednesday's class when Dr. Willoughby translated this sentence into the modern version:

"Sweets to the sweetest, darling!" he said as he handed her a box of candy."

Here is Dr. Willoughby's translation: "Here's somethin' for you, kid!"

During the same class she asked the freshmen out of mere curiosity just what did "screwball" mean. As a possible definition, we would like to submit the following:

A screwball is any person — young or old—whose mental faculties are out of the groove — in other words, one who isn't all there. It is any human being (usually) described by high school jitterbugs affectionately, or otherwise as being "wacky" or just plain nuts. Is that any clearer?

was five before she learned to count."

A farmer was losing his temper trying to drive two mules into a field, when the parson came by.

"You are just the man I want to see," said the farmer. "Tell me how did Noah get these into the ark."

Two men were discussing the reason for success and failure.

"A good deal depends on the formation of early habits," said Howard.

"I know it," replied Roy. "When I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."

"Two eggs, please," said the diner. "Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a small pinch of salt on each. No pepper. Well, what are you waiting for?"

"The hen's name is Betty," said the waiter. "Is that all right, sir?"

The man and woman approached the theatre, evidently expecting an evening's enjoyment. As the man stepped forward to purchase the tickets, the woman grabbed his arm. "Alfred, I do not like Chinese plays," she exclaimed.

"I do not want to see this show," she said.

"But this is not a Chinese play."

"It certainly is—the title is right there on the front of the theatre—Sun. Mon. Tu."

Watch for the Little Red Man

Poet's Complaint

They ain't funny, they ain't humorous. They ain't even droll. Those 8:30 classes just kill my soul. Gotta get out of bed at 8:15. One time's O. K. but it's a regular routine. Gotta hurry, gotta rush, gotta go half-dressed. Even teacher looks sleepy, it should be confessed. Rush by the dining hall—gulp down some toast. And maybe some milk—no more at the most. Grab a book—leave the right one behind. The right colored books but just the wrong kind. Dash up the stairs puffing like the breeze, And sink in a chair with not so much ease. Before you know it—asleep as a drunk. No wonder those 8:30 classes are the ones we flunk.

PIN-HEAD PORTRAITS

What makes a college? Why, the people in it, naturally . . . and who and what are the people in Salem—we've been running around in a tizzy trying to find words to describe 'em. Take Emily Harris, for instance, "precise" is the word for Emily. She even looks precisely petite and keeps her room and her life both in precise order. And what words could describe Veda Baverstock, who always seems to be emerging from a perfectly beautiful vision, who blinks her eyes and looks about her in ever-fresh wonder, and who is delighted with what she sees? There is a phrase to describe Leila Sullaven, Leila's "on the beam"; she smiles serenely, she lives with moderation, plays with moderation, and — but, we really don't know how she studies. And, oh yes, Reese Thomas. Chaucer gave us a word for Reese, "gentlesea" — that one can't be improved upon. We've got a word for Mrs. Downs too; it's "enthusiastic". The warmth of Mrs. Down's enthusiasm heats our interest to the combustion point and we catch fire with her. (Though she probably thinks we're all hopelessly asbestos.) As for Louise Carpenter, well, we know a word that will not fit her — it's "inconspicuous". Of course there's only one word for Dr. McEwen: "psychological", you can apply it any way you choose.

A good one-second description of Lucy Springer would be "direct", maybe, and "foreful". And Betty Hill, "decorative" is the word for her, especially in the class-room. "Little Yelverton" reminds us of a sleek little kitten you don't dare pet because of its insolent and challenging stare. The word we think of for Polly Herman is "complacent" (except where math is concerned). The word for Edith Walker is "blue". Sis Shelton is simply "male-bait" — you ought to hear the Seniors agree on that one. And Lucy Farmer's theme is: "I yam what I yam". Lib Griffin makes us think of a vanilla éclair (if there is such a thing) and Ruth Beard of green olives. There are a million other people, and a million other words; if we've failed dismally, cheer-up: the Greeks had a word for it!

A mother was very much put out because the teacher insisted on a written excuse explaining her son's absence from school following a severe snow storm. Whereupon the mother sat down and dashed off the following note to the persistent school teacher:

"Dear Miss Kitty: Little Eddie's legs are 14 inches long; the snow was 18 inches deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. Franklin Sylvester Johnson."

When the donkey saw the zebra, He began to switch his tail; "Well, I never," was his comment; "There's a mule that's been in jail."

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SCHOOL MASTERS HOLD MEETING

On Wednesday evening November 26 at 6:30, the Northwestern District of the North Carolina Educational Association met at Salem College. The Association is composed of superintendents, principals, and classroom teachers. Mr. Grady Owens, president of the club, presided.

The speaker for the evening was Dr. Walter Wilkins, Co-ordinator of School Health Co-ordinating Service of North Carolina State Board of Health, who was introduced by James A. Holmes of Leaksville. His speech was a plea for a better understanding between the schools and the state board of health concerning mutual responsibilities towards the health of pupils. He made a special plea for the understanding of the health situation.

After the talk the organization took action in which they conveyed to the state school committee the feeling of the body that the law should be changed to allotments of teachers on an average of daily memberships instead of attendance. The idea is to avoid difficulties in the interpretation of what is meant by "sickness" and "epidemic". Mr. Clifford Bair sang two solos accompanied by Miss Laura Pitts. Dinner was served to the 78 members who attended the meeting.

Professor (at summer school): Do you believe in heredity?

Teacher: Yes. There's a little boy in my class who has to go home every day for his books, pencil, and pen. His father's a plumber.

DEDICATION

Who says the day students' needs go unnoticed at Salem? We hereby dedicate the following jokes to the girls of the Student Activities Center who have been deploring the lack of jokes in the Salemite. —The Editors

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor: Who's duck it that? Rastus: That ain't no duck. That's a stork with his legs wore off.

Will you marry me? I'm afraid not. Aw, come on, be a support.

Healthy: "Don't you think sea travel is broadening?"

Seasick: "I'll say! It's bringing out things I never knew I had in me."

Prof: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?

Lou: Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

The little Sunday school boy came home recently and told his mother that he had been studying about the 23rd Psalm. When she asked him what the 23rd Psalm was, he replied: "The Lord is my chauffeur, I shall not walk."

"Bobby, how old is your sister?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five? She told me she was just twenty."

"Oh, I expect that's because she