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TOO COLD AND THEN TOO HOT

As we sit here gazing off into the space of one-thirty p.m. and pondering deeply over them sensitive lines in Ogden Nash's, "The Strange Case of the Girl O' Mr. Sponsoon's Dreams." . . . the ones about if he asked her her name, she would think him a brazen cad; if he didn't ask her her name, she would go out of his life forever; so he'd just point his automobile in her direction and run over her with one wheel, say . . . we can't help listening to the faint zizzing in yonder corner. And as we zizz with one ear, we pitch up the window with the other hand. We pant for breath and meditate no longer on Ogden Nash . . . we have just switched our focus to the Russian Front and speculation about how it'd feel to be freezing in a fur coat . . . or even how it'd feel to be comfortably humidified in our bare skin. Then we remorsefully remember last year's editorials about how it was too cold to light-cut in the halls of Lehman, Sisters, and Society, and in the Y Room of Clewell . . . and then we wish we'd never commenced this editorial. But, like Mr. Sponsoon, we rationalize that it's wiser to run over her with one wheel, say.

The crux of the whole business is this: why, please, do the poor little radiators heat right on off the floor in the mid hours of the night? In all seriousness we realize that it's for our own benefit . . . but we can't resist wanting to save Salem fuel. If we could possibly endure it, we'd shut the window again and appreciate the heat . . . but we tried that, and the room-mate had to administer artificial respiration. If other dormitories are cold during the times study bugs operate, we suggest that the blasting of furnaces continue after midnight; but we Seniors are getting well into years, and it just ain't sensible to thrust all this heat on us while we're sleeping up energy for a hard day ahead. We do appreciate the thoughtfulness so much that we've tried to be thoughtful in return . . . would someone mind disconnecting our pipes, though? You may be assured that we'll yell when winter comes.

-C. N.

I Heard It This Way...

In every columnist's soul, there lies a glowing faith that somewhere there is some one person who peruses a thing like this every week . . . and for that one person, we recall that last week we very definitely were under the weather about an ancient history quiz which was staring us in the face. We had settled down in Bible class to brush over a few last minute details about Ramses (how did we know we were going to get the Hittites?) . . . when, lo and behold, we discovered that not one single brush could we maneuver. Mr. Weinland was up there expounding so vigorously that the moon-and-the-gym-steps dissertation of the previous night's Sophomore Court looked mighty pale. So, instead of studying, we sat back enraptly thinking how magnificent he'd be in the Pierrettes' next production . . . unless they swing into "The Women."

While in the academic field, we may as well admit that Dr. Ancombe's course in American Government is one of the more fascinating unit-fillers we've ever been coerced into. We have been completely entertained . . . completely disillusioned . . . completely inspired to run for Senator in November of 1950. Please prepare to cast your votes; and the lady will say, "Merci" with a great big smile.

In the other corner, we have social life . . . which, we have observed, has picked up quite some. Statistics indicate that there were eighty blades upon the compus last week-end . . . our sole comment is: if them babes was eighteen, we shall oppose the draft of eighteen-nineteen year-olds until the F. B. I. comes and hauls us clean out of the country. Amen.

In still another corner, we have religious life . . . and we shall dwell here briefly with a few statements. After three years of wondering what they were, we finally got around to Vespers last Sunday . . . and it was one of the truly enjoyable activities of our career. Marjorie Craig's organ music was the very ticket we needed to end a peacefully lazy day . . . and if someone would only guarantee that we wouldn't be prayed over, we'd promise to attend every single Vesper.

Monday was a very grim day . . . so grim, in fact, that not even Casserole's rain suit could pull us out of the rut. The root of trouble was that we had publicly announced from our position at the Arden Farm to a cohort on the steps of Main Hall . . . (it certainly is strange how tales get around!) that we had polished Mr. Kenyon, off on the badminton courts. We find it now necessary to confess that such was not the case at all . . . not even with Dr. McEwen's active support, could we raise the score from 21-11 (we demanded a ten point handicap). Mr. Kenyon is indeed an ace gent, a superb master of the courts, and we simply adore letting him beat us in badminton. Now . . . do I still get an F on art?

For students who minimize athletics to less than nothing, there were certainly an impressive batch of A. A. announcements in Tuesday's chapel . . . well, that's one route propoganda can take. In actuality, however, the situation is summed up in the coy question of Margaret Kempton as she picked up a hockey stick for the first time, "Is it all right to trip the opponent?"

Having a million more things to rattle about and millions of wind to rattle with, we shall practice what Mrs. Downs used to call restraint and quit . . . right here . . . right now!

Le Coin Francais

Nous voici au milieu des épreuves de six semaines. N'est-il pas amusant, et très affligeant, que chaque maître assigne son épreuve une semaine d'avance afin que nous ne les ayons pas à même temps? Le résultat est que nous les avons toutes dans l'espace de quelques jours. Nous avons bien de la peine, mais, en tout cas, nous finissons de bonne heure.

Quand les premières épreuves sont passées, les étudiantes nouvelles sont complètement initiées. Les étudiantes avancées savent si elles pouvant s'en aller pour une fine de semaine importante ou s'il faudra rester ici pour étudier. Les épreuves de six semaines représentent, pour les étudiantes, une véritable fin de tout; mais quelle sensation glorieuse quand elles sont finies!

GIVE UNTIL IT HURTS — ARE WE?

Salemites, we can pat ourselves on the back! In the first five days of the defense stamp drive sponsored by the Athletic Association, we have bought over fifty dollars worth of ten and twenty-five cent stamps — which is rather good (even if we do say so ourselves) for a group of college girls who are perpetually "broke."

As far as the amount of money taken in we have made a good showing. A few people in each class, however, are doing all the buying. To date, Aileen Seville, Annie Hyman Bunn, Margaret Leinbach, Coco McKenzie, and Miss Brona Nifong, are leading the race to see which single person purchases the largest amount of defense stamps. The majority of the faculty and students have not yet invested in their "share of liberty."

A few figures will make the statistically minded happy. The senior class leads in the race between classes with a total of \$22.10 of stamps. The faculty have purchased \$12.75. The juniors follow with an even \$9.00. The freshman class has \$6.95 to its credit. The sophomores trail with \$3.25. The business girls have bought \$1.15. The next week will undoubtedly see a marked rise in these figures. Two members of the faculty have promised to buy \$100 bonds. There are many rumors concerning the capitalistic junior class which claims loudly that it is going to buy several hundred dollars worth on the last day of the drive. Numerous bets in stamps have been made concerning the outcome of the drive just to make it more exciting. Meanwhile the A A continues to sell stamps at the door of Corrin Hall every day at lunch and promises some door to door canvasses in the near future.

There's no need to say, "Don't let the success of the first week lull us into complacency." The excitement is at fever pitch and we Salemites intend to see that it stays there.

-B. W.

TRADITION RUT? WE, HOPE NOT!

Since nineteen hundred, Salem has become a college; Salem girls have become people to be considered as such; "parties" have become dances; and cigarettes have become not too much worse than that bad man, coffee. We can say, in fact, that we have been emancipated . . . and yet, somehow, hangovers seem to keep popping up; little rules that were made for little ladies who had never heard of Shelley, but who could embroider a mean, "Home Sweet Home." Some of the rules about our dances are just such hangovers. Last year we realised how inane it was to have the rule about sweltering away the whole of intermission within the gym, and now after-intermission is just as exciting as before-intermission . . . well, almost. What makes that little pause not quite the pause that refreshes is that seen about are dancers looking wistfully toward the upper campus and a smoke house, or other dancers looking with venom at their dates who are blithely smoking. There is plenty of good sense in not being allowed to truck all over the campus during the dance and then return; there is a lot of good sense in not being allowed to smoke within the gym; but there isn't much sense at all in not being allowed to smoke on the steps when we go out for a breath of fresh air. Shall we start catching up these little hang-overs and making them harmonize with the order of things? or shall we go on having more than history to remind us of our humble beginnings? Is tomorrow too soon to hope for a change?

-L. W.; M. B.

