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YOU CAN USE IT AS YOU CHOOSE

Reading Day—that valuable day, that priceless day became more significant to me, when the administration did not sacrifice that “day of days” in making up the time lost at Christmas holidays. I am not a poor student nor am I a good one—just average—but I realize from past experience that without Reading Day, I should be well on down hill road to failure. So take heed and listen freshman—not you geniuses, but you average students.

How do some students spend Reading Day? First let's take lovable, free-from-all-worry Sally. Reading Day—why that's the day she can catch up on back sleep. She can eat at the drug, play bridge, and smoke to her heart's content. No exams the day after Reading Day, but two exams the next day. Oh well, why worry—she can cram at the last minute.

Now let's consider how Hazel—the good all-round, conscientious student—spends Reading Day. Her day begins bright and early in the morning with a good breakfast. No loafing for Hazel, except for brief relaxation or exercise periods when her mind refuses to click. A quick turn in the crisp, cold air makes her feel like a new woman, and she is ready to tackle any subject. Past experience has taught Hazel to haunt her pet seat in the library, and to shun the smoke-house and gossip parties. Also Hazel knows the importance of making out a schedule, which allows time and thought for those hard subjects she will have next week. Plenty of sleep and no light cuts follows the close of Reading Day for Hazel.

Is Hazel's way too ideal for you? Well try Sally's plan—if you dare! But above all, don't get excited and upset. Examinations aren't a matter of life and death . . . they're a matter of simple, intelligent organization of a semester's learning. So take it easy, Girls . . . and the best of luck to you all.

—F.J.

I Heard It This Way

Well, we're back. We didn't say how . . . we just made a simple statement. And it's a grand feeling! First of all our glories were those several tests which anxious professors hadn't quite been able to squeeze in before we departed for the holidays. Then there were those gentle reminders of the volumes of books we're supposed to have read during the semester. And the final blow struck with the realization of innumerable term papers to be written twist now and then. And all this right here under the very teeth of examinations! It is truly a marvelous season. We are now posting a list for all those who desire to set sail with us into oblivion for the duration . . . starting right this minute!

In endeavor to forget the gruelling days ahead, we have launched a new regime . . . 10 hours sleeping per night, 4 hours eating (either in the dining room or in the drug or in somebody else's box from home), 2 hours wholesome exercise over a bridge table, 2 hours getting organized to tackle the aforementioned term papers, 2 hours napping it off, and them other 4 hours . . . well, can we help it if we ain't got no cuts? See, Mr. Curlee . . . we can too count!

Other projects we've taken up with a consuming passion are folk dancing and a probing research into the movie industry. The latter naturally necessitates our inspection of every single film released from Hollywood—and, oh boy, what a bunch of stinkers! Contrary to other Salem critics, we personally vehemently resented them forty-four pennies wasted on “Somewhere I'll Find You.” We could have gone to some nice courting ground (We didn't mention L. W. B.'s bottom, please), and got the same show for nothing. “The Moon and Sixpence,” however, was almost enough to overcome the dark brown taste left in our mouth by “S. I. F. Y.”—only, them technicolor murals. Ye Gods!

As to project No. 1, we can't resist letting the semester die without putting ourselves on record as having said, “Don't it beat all!”

In mentioning folk-dancing, we also feel called upon to question the necessity for phys. ed. exams on the last dern day—there is one purely unhappy crew of folk groaning about the campus.

There's no question about it at all, we did honestly enjoy Tuesday's chapel . . . even the announcements were fun. But we couldn't help sitting there wondering why we hadn't been so enchanted with Herriek whilst struggling through English Lit. Such, we philosophize, is the way of life. Maybe ten years from now we might even appreciate a dose of Boyle's Law. Hm . . . does that put an awful tax on your imagination, too?

Frankly this typewriter ain't clicking so good what with a month's vacation . . . and frankly we ain't clicking so good either what with all them educational necessities looming precariously over our head. We therefore beg to be excused and to wish you all the best of cramming. Ugh! . . . it's mighty sickout.

—M. B.

IN RETROSPECT

During this semester, the SALEMITE has advocated a number of things . . . some of them were realized and others were not. We pled for uncensored productions by the Pierrettes . . . and we never received an answer any more graphic than that plays must remain within the limits of “good taste and literary value.” We threw ourselves behind the physical education department in an effort to stimulate interest in athletics . . . and we think we've done a creditable job. We patriotically cried out for salvaged scrap . . . and we were so completely misunderstood that we dropped the entire issue. We asked for a new system of checking chapel attendance . . . and we have heard not a single word from anyone. We begged to smoke at dances . . . and we may now do so. We went all out for the bond drive . . . and Salem certainly responded with a fair share. We pled against the miserable organization of WHO'S WHO . . . and we hope to see either a more democratic treatment or a complete avoidance of the “honor” next year. We sought to have dates without all the red tape of getting permission . . . and we were voted down by the student legislature. We rallied ourselves in behalf of the underclassmen who couldn't have dinner dates . . . and they new enjoy the same privileges that Seniors have. We begged for a student government that IS a student government . . . and we haven't given up yet. We are constantly trying to increase your interest in books . . . in reading French and Spanish . . . and in keeping a clean Smoke House.

Such is our record for the first semester of the 1942-43 year. We've been elated with our successes . . . and discouraged with our failures. But, all in all, we hope that we've done what you students wanted us to do; for, after all, the SALEMITE is supposed to be the voice of student thought. If, therefore, you are either satisfied or dissatisfied, it is your duty to let us know . . . and we pledge ourselves to do our best to meet your approval in 1943.

—Ceil Nuchols, Editor.

Le Coin Francais

LEES CURIOSITES FRANCAISES

Avez-vous jamais vu un chat table? Si vous ablez en France après la guerre, peut-être verrez vous cela, parce que c'est une coutume française d'avoir le chat assis à table à côté du propriétaire.

Etes-vous jamais sorti chapeau ou sans gants? En France il n'y a que les qui sarteint sans chapeau et sans gants.

Ou peut-être êtes vous allé au théâtre à vingt heures avec un bon ami qui a porté une canne. Tous les jeunes hommes en France portent de cannes.

Enfin, savez-vous employer le fil? Giraud, grand général français le sait. Il a échappé aux Allemands en tressant des morceaux de fil en une corde.

—Sarah Hege

THE TIMID SOUL By Webster



—F.J.