

FIFTH COLUMN REPORTING:

Now that Salemites have become more or less settled and are "at home" to callers, Salem has lived up in its traditional way.

Lehman Hall leads the list for a wholesale gay weekend. Sis Shelton with us for the last time as "Miss Shelton", as her marriage to Lt. Jack Roach will take place Saturday night. Also old Salemites "Stu" Snyder and Ellen Hearne were on campus for the weekend.

Men? Yes, there were men too—Mildred's Bill Smith (really!), Betty's Winnie, and Peggy's Ed. Little is known of Vivi's weekend at home—but you can easily tell she had a glorious time by looking at her still-beaming face.

Its' off to Chapel Hill for the Carolina Penn game this weekend for student-Byrd, Jenny Jenkins (who's going to see the owner of "the pin"), Casteen, D. Little, and Lois! More power to you, girls, and to Carolina.

The dates who added so much to our campus last weekend were: Graham (Marie, at it again), Cecil (Wink), Kemp (Guta), Tansy (Kaaky), Austin (Normie), and R. L. "the darling child," to say nothing of the freshmen who lead the campus with menannobel Allen, Light Jaslin, Ellie Rodd and Kitty Miller, with two dates (she sent one home).

Just ask "Bull" and Mary Frances about Chick's and George's prolonged week-end. (Just mention George, and note M. F.'s reaction).

Ben Laey's appearance on the campus Monday and Tuesday almost went without notice, 'cause it seemed so natural.

Of course you saw the uniform with Sebia on Tuesday—did anybody miss it!

Meredith Boaze and Margaret Yount lost no time in getting down to Duke—the second week-end of school.

Coyte Redfearn was seen sporting around the campus last week-end with various dates.

Again our fair freshmen are planning to out-do the upperclassmen in the matter of dates for this week-end. For instance, Bernice Bunn, "Janie," Fair Miller, Betty Hennessee (Tom!), and Nan Hiatt.

R. O. T. C. let loose last week-end from Carolina—hm-m-m-m—pretty good! Julia made another hit and is running to Carolina-Duke game with Phil. Marguerite, Sherry and Senora were also taking over Carolina's V-12 unit.

Fran Reeves and Mary Lib hailed Oak Ridge last week-end. Mary Lib, say Casteen's little sister is your competition.

Sounds bad—Carolina-Duke rivals are already knocking down chairs in the Smoke House!

How would we get along without Jenny, Hac, and Betsy to entertain (!) our dates on boring Sunday afternoons?

Even though Jimmie Lee can't date his "regular," he still is loyal to Salem.

Betsy's telegram must have set her back—she's in the infirmary now. By the way, how's Ensign J.?

Dot Leonard's Bill ? ? ? ? ? Come clean, Snider, and tell us who it is—Randy or Homer? We've been hearing things and we want to know which?

Happiest girl on campus last week-end was "Butch." Jimmy was here and that tells the story—course you've noticed that pin she's sporting.

Why isn't Julia Garrett happy over Bill's coming? Could it be that she's confused asto who's pin to wear—Buck's or Bill's?

He's one of the Jones—Don—and we're telling about that killer that Sebia Midyette had in tow Tuesday. Erleen Lawson and Juanita Miller are all for the Navy, too. Laura Hine's Med. student is back, and from all reports, everything's o. k. Wonder who's frat pin our own Salemite editor is wearing? Lucile Newman is runner up to Lucy Farmer for having the most spontaneous vocabulary in the school—to our estimation. Martha Sherrod is still the most unpredictable of day students—we don't even know who he is now and we live next door. Kitty

MILDRED BUTNER MARRIES LT. PARK

Orange blossoms? Well, no, but everything else was the same—rice, tin cans, etc. It's natural to see our energetic A. A. president, Mildred Butner, down at the gym, showing baskets or playing hoekey. What is not natural is to see her standing in front of the minister promising to "love, honor, and obey." Last Sunday Mildred married Lt. Bill Park of the U. S. Army. The suspense was worse on the spectators than on the bride—she was perfectly self-contained.

This week Mildred is in "unannounced parts" for a honeymoon, but next week she will be back at Salem to finish her school year—our best wishes!

WILL POWER VERSUS "ME"

Ah ecstatic! This rain is discouraging. Sloshing about in boots, reversibles and queer head gears just doesn't appeal to us. It makes our hair ooze down to our shoulders in thin strands—ugh—marvelous that we don't vote for May Day beauties yet!! Speaking of May Day beauties, have you too noticed the new material—not to mention some old remodelled figures wandering about. One such case vows "a summer in the mountains did it." After much wangling we finally got down to the truth of the matter. We thought, for the convenience of those of you who would like to be relieved of a few voluminous curves and to save further embarrassment of the said experimenter, we would now print the amazing story.

It really isn't too amazing. Anyone can do it, but—and we here quote—"It takes hard work and plenty of will power." Hm-m-m-m, will power is just what we definitely lack—grand! The problem of meals is solved simply by eating only oranges—two at each meal ("and we don't like oranges," we say, and loudly groan). Then, too, if you are real ambitious you can try that gruesome method of exercising—and Miss Averill has to literally drag us down to gym. Well, children, there you are—slim as a shadow in three months. No? Oh, we like them, uh, plump!

WHAT, WHEN, WHERE

- When: Saturday, 8:30
- When: Saturday, 8:00
- Where: Gym
- What: "Y" Recognition Vespers
- When: Sunday, 6:45
- Where: Old Chapel
- What: Spanish Club
- When: Monday, 7:00
- Where: Bitting Building
- What: Dr. Rondthaler
- When: Tuesday, 10:20
- Where: Assembly
- What: Founder's Day
- When: Wednesday
- Where: Salem College
- What: German Club
- When: Wednesday, 7:00
- Where: Bitting Building

Angelo's "Charlie"??? And then, there's Barbara Weir saying goodbye to Leneer and hello to Joe all on the same day. Had best close now before the mad dash of week-end planning begins.

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FRUSTRATION DAY

Frustration Day—Sept. 13, 1943
Weather Report—Salem College—Sunday, Sept. 12, 1943
Climatic conditions are fair, tranquil, and serene. All is quiet on the campus front.

—Monday, Sept. 13, 1943
Flash! A sudden and violent storm has taken place. What was once unruffled calm is now a bedlam of confusion.

This is Registration Day, more appropriately termed Frustration Day. The scenes which take place now on this long-awaited day of arrival are scenes which Salem's ivy-covered walls have looked upon for hundreds of years, but which always are new and different and everconfusing.

—Grass-green Freshmen running around in complete chaos. Heavy bags being lugged up three flights of stairs only to be thrown down with a wham and a sigh. Ooooohs and aaahs at the sight of the room which is to mean home for the next nine months. The first daring trip across the street to the Post Office which will mean second home for the next nine months. Meeting that much wondered about individual known as a room mate. A nervous introduction to the Dean. Smiling new faces and friendly hellos. After a sniff or two of a strangely delectable odor, the discovery of the Krispy Kreme store which should carry a great big sign, "BEWARE", though certainly no Freshman could resist it. Later the eternal standing in line for registration during which you wonder wildly what the rookies have been complaining about. Maybe they did get hypos, but after all this strain a nice restful dose of morphine would be delightful. Strings of conversation—"Hello Betty! What? Oh! please excuse me, Hello Jean!"—"Gosh, what a cute girl. Wonder how bangs like that would look on me?"—"Would you please tell me where I am? I've sat down in three smoke rooms now, thinking I was in Clewell?" etc. The first gathering in the Old Chapel, whose four walls will continue to haunt you during Freshman Orientation Week. SUPPER, so capitalized because everybody knows a Salem girl's first concern is food. The twilight settling of shadows around the church spires and dorm roofs. Lights winking on all over the campus. A little first night celebrating, followed by the nightly ritual of getting ready for bed. Lights are blinking out and you finally settle down. Just before going to sleep a few sighs, a few memories, a little feeling of insecurity and wonderment, a dream, an ambition, a determination for a successful college life and knowledge that never again will you experience a day so bewildering, so perplexing, and yet so wonderful as your first college day.

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Camping Aint What It Used To BE

... With Salemites as Counselors.
By Mary Alice Neilson and Barbara Weir.

Camp is good for one's health, but sometimes we wonder if counselors hadn't just as soon spend the summer in the hospital. At least it would be more fun to be flocked after by good-looking interns and doctors than mosquitoes and mice.

A counselor's life? Well, it's sort of a strain on the nervous system, especially the ringing of the dear old alarm at 7:30 a. m. which sounded exactly the same as a brass drum beating over our heads after a night at Ethel's (the hot-dog stand where the counselors go at night to relax after a hard day's work). The only thing that could drag us elderly ladies out of bed (after having fought mice all night) was the thoughts of that good breakfast that Miss Stockton would have ready, plus the director's threat that every counselor that was late to breakfast would have to clean the wash-room—a most distasteful job that both of us can vouch for—after quite a bit of experience along that line.

As counselors, we both lived in small tents in which there was plenty of room when our tent mates went home for the week-end and took all their bags with them—after, of course, we had already become accustomed to sleeping with our feet hanging out of the tent. Every morning we would get up, comb the dew out of our hair, brush the mildew off our clothes, and plait twenty children's hair—they didn't know how to comb it that way themselves but their mothers thought it would be less trouble at camp to wear it that way—they didn't think of us. Pigtailed — gr-r-r-r.

The breakfast gong would ring—what wouldn't we give to read the

morning paper as we drank our cup of coffee. But no; the children were to have a vacation from war—no mention of news. We'll never forget the sermon that Sunday when the minister mentioned the invasion. How did we know he meant Sicily? We just hoped that Frank Sinatra hadn't been killed or Broadway been lit in the bombings.

And then the rains came. In the morning we would teach folk dancing; in the afternoons, practice folk-dancing. Then that night, just for variety, we would have a folk dance. (You can imagine how much we felt like dancing after a night at Ethel's). And those campers were the most energetic souls—they must have stored up energy all year to use at camp. The counselors would try to folk-dance the little "angels" until it would seem they would drop asleep from exhaustion, but it was always the other way around—that is, the counselors would be the ones to fall asleep.

When the rainy season was over and the elements stopped rumbling—and the fog lifted enough for us to find the lake—we went swimming and canoeing, and regular camp activities were resumed.

But then there was our problem child—the one that wanted attention so much that she skinned her leg and had to be carried around for a week.

Finally the five weeks passed and we came out in one piece (one peace-o'-joy). As we rode into Winston-Salem, we were as thrilled over the sights of the "big city" as Bea was of Gopher Prairie.

And now, forget everything we've said. Being a counselor at camp is life, great fun, and all that and if anybody says anything against it, don't believe them—But one does need a few weeks' rest after the ordeal.

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