

**This "Thank You" Calls For Increased Effort**

In the following letter from an army nurse at B. T. C. No. 10, you realize how great an effect the "little things" have on the morale of the men in an army hospital ward:

"Dear Miss Schaum,

I am speaking for all the boys on this ward, Ward 6, when I thank you for the box of books and games you sent us. As you perhaps knew, most of our patients are here for a long time—two months or more some of them; and although they get about on crutches and in wheelchairs, time goes slowly sometimes; and your gifts will be used and appreciated over and over.

Being in the army is so different from being at home with turkey-dinner preparations in progress, that I found I'd even forgotten myself that it was Thanksgiving, until our young paratrooper, who's on his 54th day, reminded me of it. I teased him a little bit about being here for Christmas, too, though he'll be back in his boots, and who knows where by then!

We've printed the place cards and will use them on the really well-laden trays this noon. Many of the boys have already commented individually on your kindness, and will be sure to again.

Sincerely yours,  
Harriet S. Judd,  
2nd Lt. ANC

There isn't much time left before you all go home for your Christmas vacation—only a little over a week. Within that time the W. A. C. wants to get together a large box of amusements to send to Ward No. 14 at B. T. C. No. 10 in Greensboro. Every one of you should have some few minutes in which you can work on placecards or scrapbooks to send. If you'd rather give some of the books, magazines, and prizes suggested elsewhere in the *Salemite*, or give the money to purchase them, they would be greatly appreciated, also.

Make some serviceman's Christmas a happier one! Send him something to brighten his hours spent in an army hospital ward!

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**OPEN FORUM**

True, students of Salem, you are accused, on the basis of our most recent statistics, of doing too little reading. But it is also true that you are not so severely accused as the figure published in the last issue of the *Salemite* would indicate. From what source the average of 1.25 books per student per year was derived we have been unable to determine. Truth is, the average for the first semester of last year was 1.5 per student per month, or an average of 12 books a year. While this, as I shall try to show, is not a record of which we can be proud, it does help somewhat in restoring our ego after the shock of the recently published 1.25 a year.

After all, everything is relative, and we can know how good or bad our record is only when we compare it with that of other similar institutions. But before we make such a comparison, we must concede the impossibility of making a complete appraisal of the effectiveness of any library, and that any such study must contain a certain percentage of error. But the most reliable means of determining the amount of reading done by students is the circulation statistics kept by all libraries.

On the basis of such statistics, Mr. Branscomb, Director of Libraries at Duke University, has made the most complete and comprehensive study to date of the undergraduate use of the library in the small liberal arts college. Mr. Branscomb made as complete a cross section as was possible, and included all the principal types of institutions. He included 81 colleges with a total enrollment of 20,000 students, plus 35 colleges for which enrollment was not given. He excluded all use of books in stacks, as well as reserve and reference collections, and all summer reading.

From this study, Mr. Branscomb concluded that the average undergraduate makes very little use of the college book collection, that he draws from the general collection about 12 books a year, six semester, or slightly more than one per course. The fact that a large number make no use whatsoever of the general collection is obscured by the small number of students who borrow a large number of books. Since our average at Salem is exactly that found by Mr. Branscomb, his conclusions apply directly to us.

Happily of course there are many colleges in which this average is greatly exceeded. Statistics published by the American Library Association for 1942-43 do not give the amount of reading done by the individual student, but the total number of volumes lent for home use. A study of 50 liberal arts colleges, ranging in size from 337 to 1,058 students, reveals that the high circulation was 45,908, median 15,299, low 4,573. Salem's circulation for the same period was 7,863. This same report gives the number of reserves lent for overnight use as high 116,174, median 15,299, low 4,573. Salem during the same period lent 954 for overnight use.

No, ours is not a record of which we can be proud. We hope it is not a true measure of our intellectual interests, or our academic achievements, but it is the most tangible measure the library has.

**THIS BOARDER-DAY STUDENT PROBLEM**

The perennial day student-boarder controversy is once more a major topic floating around the smoke house and day student center. It would be a great accomplishment if we could settle the problem once for all, but it's easier to talk about than to solve. There is no excuse for tribal habits and animosities developing between us, but it is impossible to eliminate a certain amount of distinction.

Almost everything we boarders do is in some way connected with our life here at school. The large majority of our social activities are right here on campus, and all of them are under college regulations. Not counting the time we take for occasional week-ends and a movie now and then, our time is completely filled with campus activities.

We enjoy having you day students around us—not just for the big dances but for all the informal affairs. We like to have you relax with us in the smoke house and visit us in our rooms. Some few of you drop around often: we're pleased. But why don't more of you stay down on campus a while after classes? We realize that you have duties at home and want to be with your families, but surely you can find a few minutes now and then to stop and find out for yourself what we're really like. There are some of you who don't do a thing on campus but attend classes; after they are over, you go home. There are some of us who know the names of only three or four of you. There are a lot of little things all of us can do to reduce the barrier and get better acquainted. The fault is with both groups. So let's stop quibbling and do something about our relations.

**Le Coin Francais**

**IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR**

Il pleure dans mon coeur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville,  
Quelle est cette lueur  
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie  
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce coeur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon coeur a tant de peine!

**Don't Quote Us...But--**

Ho hum . . . a gay evening issued out the Hockey season in true sportsman fashion . . . you would never guess would you, that the frilly damsels at the main table were, the day before, the blue jeaned gals that wacked a wicked hocky ball . . . good old Juniors!! We are really hurt, tho', because we didn't rate a cute little hocky stick . . . revenge—next year . . .

One of the most delightful pastimes yet is to wait out side of Dr. Willoughby's door on test days and catch the comments there on, golly . . .

Congrats . . . Queen . . . Maid . . . and Court . . . (again we were completely left out . . . perhaps someday our great talents will be appreciated . . .)

In case you're still wondering, Mr. Campbell, F. C. simply means "Failer or Conditioner" Campbell . . . now you know . . . here after come straight to D. Q. M. B. right away . . .

While we are dwelling in the Science Dept. we may mention the tale of the "Spider and the Flies" . . . in this case the Flies weren't caught, but the Spider heard them buzzzzzzzzing . . . did Her ears burn . . . whew . . .

Then there is the one about the lass on the square who, after carefully putting the ivy on the church, stepped back to admire her work. A little fellow with a stub nose and a dirty face yelled victoriously, "Hey, fellow, she's camouflaged the Church!! From the mouths of children and fools they always say . . . heh, heh . . .

By the way, have you ever noticed the ball and little arrow at the very top of the Church? How big do you think they are? No fair asking Dr. R. . . . Speaking of Dr. R. . . . for a really pleasant afternoon catch him in one of his less busy moments and get him started talking . . . we promise you one of the most delightful and enchanting afternoons of your life . . .

Honestly now, didn't you miss something last week? Around six o'clock on Friday didn't you feel as though something was missing? All right. All right . . . so you can't take a hint . . . well, WE were missing . . . the very least you could do would be to boost our ego . . . oh, well (Do you notice any resemblance between the Reverend and Mrs. Roosevelt? We don't get it either . . .)

"Dr. Mac" perhaps got a bit mixed up Thursday or did he really mean, "I am sure you will all want to have children if you haven't already"—hummm?

To Miss Covington, our sincerest sympathies . . . Please mind your doctors, Dr. Anscombe, so that you can hurry back. We miss you. And we're sorry to hear about Dr. Adelaide Fries' illness and Mrs. Brietz' accident—here's to a quick recovery . . .  
GOOD NIGHT . . .

**Apuntes Espanoles**

El miércoles pasado había a Salem una selección de damas para la corte de la reina de mayo.

A la hora indicada la cortina se separó y una por una entraron las señoritas. Unas estaban muy calmas pero otras estaban muy nerviosas —todas eran bellas.

Las muchachas distinguidas anduvieron antes de las otras—las votantes. Entonces las votantes indicaron en el papel con un círculo de lápiz a la que quisieron ser una dama de mayo.

Después de la selección todo el mundo salió—las muchachas nominadas esperaron nerviosas para saber si fueron eligidas o no, y las otras esperaron para saber lo también. Pero todas tuvieron que esperar hasta que apareciera el periódico—y aque esta.

¡Felicitaciones, damas de mayo, y también estudiantes porque Vds. han escogido una bella corte.