

FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

The papers has caught us gossips between reasons—long after Valentine and far before Easter, no dance, no big week-ends, and not much gossip.

But Julia always provides news in and out of 'season'. This time it's a new fraternity pin; and we'd like to know just what the grand total is to date????

There was Walter on campus last week-end with Lois. We understand Lois had quite a struggle at heart—Walter? or Eng. Lit.?

The weekend that "Wink," Senora, and Helen are talking about sounds' out-of-this-world; or at least, 'out-of-these-warm-times: It seems that there was a man apiece plus extra ones apiece—and all unexpected . . . ?

Then there's the story behind Lu's and Guds' restriction. For best version, see the second-floor proctor; but don't miss it!

Mary Lib is expecting company this weekend. Just who? and whose is Mary Lib's mystery.

Didn't Jenny J. go home last weekend?—just ask her

And speaking of week-ends, Justice Henderson's is at the top of the list. We understand she was going home for her brother's wedding—and well . . . of course, you've seen the ring (hers, not the brothers'!)

Boaze and Rachel were dating against this weekend—Davidson this time.

Normie and Khacky are headed for Statesville this weekend—the Steeles' are home.

And in Lehman the big news is Paul! He's coming the first of next week with wings and commission. Mildred has been saving lots of cuts for just this event; so she's looking forward to an extended weekend at home. What about that new coat, etc.—are they for Paul?

Lt. French is still heard from—through Mary Ellen. Where do the Australians come in, M. E. and Kaka?

In Senior it's always the Captain Dick, visiting, phoning, wiring, writing, and all those thoughtful things we wish for. Needless to say, Geachy's the lucky girl.

V. V.'s surprise card from Jimmy last week was followed up by a letter.

While other Salemites swooned over the tenor (Don Jose) at the opera, Ella Lou and Nellie had the fortitude to refuse his invitation—to discuss music, no doubt.

Just in case of sudden need, Dr. Lachmann and Miss Tubbs were practicing the aforementioned opera in Main Hall.

We're all mighty thrilled with KaKa that her sister is here now for a long visit—her mother arrives next week.

. . . And more weddings—Ginnie Gibson is making another trek home this week for another wedding; it's her brother this time.

"She wears a pair of silver bars." Martha Lou Heitman made an extensive study of the University of Va. last week-end—and a certain captain.

Hello Dear---

At Sea
Feb. 19, 1944.

Soon we'll get mail again—and eat a regular restaurant-cooked meal again—and see trees again and green grass and flowers—we'll walk on good earth again. It's been a long trip. Such a long time since we've seen those things.

While I realize that you are a zealous reader of periodicals, I might suggest that you glance at the news these days—more or less—we're pretty close to the head lines out here . . . We specialize in hard labor. We see a lot, though—indeed a thoroughly satiating share of sights. I like none of it. Yet let our offensive race—the quicker the attack, the more the invasions the better. There will be many, many more before we turn home-ward.

Here's a little story about a dog. Underneath the forward gun tub on the fore-castle-shielded from the spray that breaks over the bow—there's an old army blanket wadded up in a corner. We have an extra passenger aboard that sleeps there 23½ hours out of 24. All wool and like a ball of yarn—can't be many weeks old—he claims more breeds than days. His tongue's dark, part chow, I guess. His eyes are clear and alert—his disposition friendly. All in all, a fine mixture of pooch. Belongs to one of the soldiers aboard.

Fifty dollars wouldn't buy him for an army officer looked him over—and said he was a good dog—wanted him. No, Sir! Were I that soldier, a hundred dollars would mean nothing. We saw him bring the pup aboard just as we were about to pull off of the beach. Both

Then there's the "Case of the Dropped Biscuits"—they really dropped! Ask Margie Craig for embarrassing details.

Praises go to the girls who so artistically rearranged the furniture of Clewell Smoke House—but now, we ask humbly, are two people to carry on a conversation with their backs to each other? Still, the spirit is fine and the placard expresses it completely.

Mary Frances took a somewhat extended weekend, and arrived back here "Just friends" with Bubba. These "friendships" are enough to make us wonder!

Rachel is still awaiting Toby's promised visit.

Molly B.'s favorite tune, seems to still be the "Glendale Special", and her roommate nearly dropped dead at Winpenny's suggestion to meet his Mother. But the cable from Mack was her thrill of the week, and Mrs. S. is still her favorite mother-in-law!

Bull will be bound for Charlotte this weekend, and Jenny Frasier is recuperating from her weekend in Sanford.

Betty Jones was all smiles with the lieutenant, which she politely shared in the Day Student's Center. Sebia's guy also made a terrific hit. The Home Ec's in the Practice House are all a-flutter about their formal dinner Thursday night. Here's hopping the biscuits don't burn!


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"Untouched by Solemn Thought" ---or Sleep

(By Sarah Merritt)

In Clewell, with the usual sound effects . . . 12:15, and not more that five inmates weathered the storm to sleep . . . a spring fever victim with cotton in her ears trying to concentrate:

"An English Lit test tomorrow, and one should be able to quote something by Wordsworth if only an abstract sonnet. How can one memorize poetry in confusion like this!! (And what's more, who wants to?) Ah! here's one: "It is a beautiful evening, calm and free," (It isn't a beautiful evening—it's dense as my room-mate's mind; it's not calm and certainly not free—"Strong are thy walls, oh Salem.") Then the second line, "The holy time is quiet as a nun, Breathless with adoration;" (The holy time is quiet . . . when? . . . 5 a. m.?) I doubt the quietness even then.

A nun . . . that's me . . . paste me portrait thar. Humm, who's breathless with adoration? I'm getting breathless from trying to say fourteen lines in one breath, but I'm afraid the adoration element has been exterminated in the mood I'm in.) Let's see: "The broad sun is sinking down in its tranquility." "I only wish that several on this hall would sink down, and maybe I could have the tranquility."

"The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;" (I expect the gentleness of heaven should be brooding o'er me right now. With Wordsworth's "tranquility" and "gentleness of heaven" I might be able to memorize this.) "Listen! the mighty Being is awake," (Evidently. Listen to that radio! Oh, I like Cugat—without his orchestra.)

"And doth with his eternal motion make a sound like thunder—everlastingly;" (This is getting to be too true to be funny. A jam session above me; an energetic version of Tschaiakowski's Prelude below me, and radios on both sides—I'm caught between—with Wordsworth.) "Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here" (I think that Wordsworth meant that to be translated: "Dear children! dear owl-cats! who stampede down the halls—"

"If thou appear untouched by solemn thought" (Oh, how true—) "Thy nature is not therefore less divine." (That's the end!! When the poem starts defending them I give up. I'll compromise and get up ten minutes earlier in the morning—that is, if I can get to sleep!

creatures looked hard-bitter, tired, caked with dirt and old sweat. The pup had no tail, had but a raw, bleeding stump—his paws were burnt badly. Just before, a dog-dug-out had been blown up—a terrific charge—Japs hole-in with incredible stubbornness—nearly fantastic that this dog crawled out, the only thing to survive and surrender. The soldier ran up and claimed him. Named him after the island. The name's a good one for a dog,

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NOTICE—

Last chance to get your tickets to "Madame Curie" and help W. S. S. F. will be Sunday. Tickets will be on sale in the dining room Saturday.

THIS IS MY SHARE

I SEND myself to stand beside my soldier as long as he needs my help. I would cheer him when homesickness pulls him down. I would try to make him forget the horror he has witnessed. I would take his worries on my shoulders and relieve his mind of fear of the welfare of those at home. I would give him comforts, things not expected at the time and place, and precious on that account. If my soldier were taken prisoner I would see that he got extra foods, warm clothing, and needed medicines. If he were wounded I would furnish my blood to save his life, and surgical dressings to bind his wounds. I would be beside him in the hospital to give him comfort, and to make the hours less long. If he were crippled I would help him adjust himself to his new and smaller world, and were he discharged for disability I would seek to safeguard his interests and to see him and the family through any difficulty. I am needed to do these things. I CAN do them—for I am the Red Cross. By my generous gift to the RED CROSS WAR FUND I DO them all. The fund—unprecedented in size to meet the unprecedented need—greatly needs my gift. This is my share.
ARC 1118 Rev. Feb. 1944

REPORTERS

(Continued from Page One.)
Willis, International Relations Club; Adele Chase, Junior Class; Mary Club.
Allison Page, Secretarial Girls'
At a meeting held this week it was decided that the Public Relations Office would place upon the bulletin board outside of the Day Student Center, all clippings of news stories and pictures concerning Salem College which appear in the local newspapers. These clippings will be in the scrapbook! of the P. B. O., and students are requested not to remove them from the bulletin board.

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NELL EFIRD DENNING
Whether you see her in the smoke-house wearing that friendly grin, in the library intent over a favorite book, on the basketball court showing that boundless energy, or in the room she shares with Ann Sauls on second floor of Clewell discussing the woes of the world—you'll know it's Nell! You'll know by the sincerity and feeling of well-being which she radiates.

You know her by the dimples and blue eyes with glasses to match. And that down-south drawl! You wonder sometimes if she's going to get the words out, but you know her thoughts are worth waiting for.

You know, too, that she's from Albemarle—"Well, go on and ask where it is," she says, when she tells you—and that her family includes her mother, father, and two week-end 'specially to see one of brothers—she's going home this them who's on furlong.

Of course you know, if you've ever glanced at the walls in her room, that she's a Sinatra fan—would you think she'd be the type? Her intelligent conversation indicates her love of books. To sum up, its plain that she's rounded, capable, always interested in others, ambitious, and trustworthy.

And now you're to know her as Stee-Gee president and you are certain, as we all are, that she'll be a live-wire, a leader who will inspire!

TYPEWRITER TALK

Girls at Western college, Oxford, Ohio, have found an answer to the problem of how to keep up-to-the-minute with the news while leading a life crowded with lectures and labs and studies. For their benefit WCOO, intra-mural public address system, broadcasts a three-minute digest of the day's headlines every evening during the dinner hour. Scripts are prepared by members of the class in news writing and details of the broadcast are taken care of by the class in radio speech. Each week a new team takes charge of the program.

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