

WHERE ARE WE HEADING?

If you have heard of the Sophomore Testing Program—and who has not; if you have been initiated into the mysteries of G. R. E.'s—you wise old seniors; if you know of the testing programs for would-be students; or if you have merely scanned the smart new catalogue, you have undoubtedly become aware of the academic momentum that Salem College has for some time been acquiring.

The Graduate Record Examination for seniors, administered this year for the third time, is giving to individual students an opportunity to learn, through standardized and scholarly means, whether or not the heritage of the liberal arts has been truly absorbed or acquired. Seniors may be awakened to great gaps of knowledge or abysses of ignorance which somehow have persisted through the past four years.

But where are we heading with this increasing awareness and testing of individual accomplishment or lack of accomplishment? Already has Salem College received highest accreditation from such groups as The Association of American Colleges, The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the National Conference of Church-Related Colleges, and the North Carolina College Conference.

It has been a gruelling day—what "gruelling" means, we'll never know—but that's exactly what it's been . . . a gruelling day . . . what with missing busses and strolling into classes a half hour later than usual . . . ugg . . . By the way, if any kind soul knows where Belmont-on-the-continent is, please, won't you let us know? Dear "Shagspere" . . . Dear, dear Dr. Willoughby . . .

Since 1939 Salem College has moved steadily toward higher academic goals. The grading system, the policies for admission, and other details of academic procedure are consistently carrying Salem forward. The Honor Society, perhaps an embryo Phi Beta Kappa, marks notable development although it must be known that conversion into a national society always requires some several years.

Where are we heading? The answer lies in the development of the potentialities of each individual. Through the liberal arts program of a college whose ideal has always been the Christian education of young women, the students of Salem College may lead Salem and themselves to the best that the world may offer in time of war and in time of peace.

Don't Quote Me... But--

We have been back in the old grind so long that it does not seem in the least fitting to even bring up the subject of them alas-all-too-few-holidays . . . anyway we utterly abhor going back to pick up loose ends—so . . . Forward . . . hup . . . hup . . .

We have now heard all . . . definitely the last word . . . you are bound to have heard of the inebriating process that took place in the Chemistry Lab . . . you couldn't have missed it . . . but for those of you who are slow on the up-take, it was like this . . . the whole class was asked ("You do this or we shall meet again in the fall!") to go through the noteworthy experience of eating a stomach pump . . . after 'doing so, it was thought best, by authorities, to drink an alcoholic beverage (water & 1/10% alcohol) for digestive purposes.

We can go no further without mention of Edward Weeks . . . without any doubt or hesitation we can say that, to us at least, he was the most refreshing and delightfully spontaneous speaker we have had the pleasure of hearing this year—absolutely no exceptions . . . wasn't it perfectly lovely having someone who didn't have to make that 9:35 train to New York? . . . and a more gracious soul has yet to set foot on our fair campus . . . what we especially like about him is his clean, strong wit . . . and then there were those high-pitched bursts of laughter at his own jokes . . . and his choice and variety of words . . . it seems such a long time 'till next year when he will be back . . . Love that man! (when we say, "'til next year" we have merely prognosticated a bit)

Let's don't even mention the G. R. E's. . .

Have you noticed the square? The next time you walk through the arch, took up . . . it's the beautifullest part of the year right now, while the leaves are still a soft baby green and make lacy patterns on the walk . . . makes us think of May Day . . . golly, that's the nicest day in the whole year . . . to be sure . . .

'Tis true . . . "sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care" . . . well, we don't know about that "sleep" business, but we sure feel like that "raveled sleeve of care" . . . yawn . . . hummmmm . . . "To sleep . . . perchance to dream . . . that is the question."

Apuntes Espanoles

BAROS PERSONAJES

"No sabemos lo que haga el señor señor William Saroyan ahora mismo, pero si tiene dificultad en encontrar personajes para sus dramas, recientemente en los periodicos hay algunos muy buenos. Algunos son: la Senorita Winifred Moore de Hattiesburg, Mississippi, la que puede leer la musica Brialle con los pies cuando toca el piano con las manos; el empadronado en Watchung, New Jersey, el que termino su trabajo y desaparecio de la vista mortal, llevando consigo informes; tambien el Obispo Kaimundo de Ovies, decano de la Catedral Episcopal de San Felipe, en Atlanta, el que enseno sus clases de Biblia dibujando personas comicas, probando que la Familia Santa no es diferente de "Baby Dumpling" y "Daisy," el perro. Ademas hay el estudiante de la Universidad de la Carolina del Norte, el que disparo cinco tiros a su novia, errandola, pero matando a dos senores quienes estaban en pie, y un momento despues, dijo que esperaba que esta accion no impidiese que fuese redactor de la revista de humor colegial . . ."

From "Talk of the Town," New Yorker, August 3, 1940, p. 9.

KEEP ON Backing the Attack! WITH WAR BONDS

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Rankin was with us only one semester, but as she unassumingly fitted herself into Salem's routine, we felt as if she were one of us. During her short stay here, she made many friends because of her sweet, understanding person — always there to help and sympathize with us when we needed her.

She was especially helpful and encouraging to the freshmen, who were newcomers as she was. She did all she could for the students—helping us with our problems, and even with our school work. We will all miss Miss Rankin's quiet, efficient presence.

SALUTE TO MISS STOCKTON

We salute you, Miss Stockton! You probably didn't hear those ooohs and aaahs omitted as we entered the refectory last Sunday night. But those spreads, that ham and cheese, those plates filled with sliced tomatoes ready to be made into sandwiches were as delightful as delicious.

Somehow, we still like to concoct our own sandwiches every now and then, and you've certainly given us a glorious opportunity. We appreciate the cooperation of the kitchen staff in complying with the Salemite editorial, and we want you to know that we now look forward with pleasure to Sunday night suppers. In fact, they're even giving stiff competition to the Toddle House! Thank you, Miss Stockton, and your staff!

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