

FILTH COLUMN REPORTING

You might think that this week-end, between Junior-Senior and May Day will be a dull one. But rumors have it quite to the contrary.

Off to Charlotte go "Bull" and Sauls. While you're "settling-up" with Chick, "Bull", don't forget May Day—bring 'em back alive.

From excited snatches of conversation here and there, and now and then, we gather that there is another big party underway—Helen Slye and her gang, to Charlotte also.

Judging from her preparations, Ellie Rodd is looking for a glorious time at Davidson this weekend. She's dieting all this week, and getting new clothes, etc! What's more, he is coming up for May Day.

And isn't Martha Sherrod dating this weekend? She's keeping with-in Sam's fraternity, you may note.

The Junior's conversations and tales speak for the big weekend—the 22nd The Junior-Senior brought results for Helen Phillips. Her blind-date seemed as 'pleased' as well as 'was pleasing.' So "Les" is planning a quick trip back to Salem this weekend. Of course it would be Mary Frances' date who was such an immediate and unanimous hit—and we do mean with the chaperons, the girls, and the "ates!"

Must hear about the dinner at Grill. There were Mary Ellen, Helen and Les, Jo and Sauls and Horace, Lu and Don, Gudg and (another) Don, Del Proc. and Nell and D. E.

Seems that the "preacher" is again. At least, Mildred is now giving him for May Day.

Seniors reacted to the dance, what does it mean. It seems of them are down and out—colds, loss of voice, and fever blisters. Among those ailing are Virginia McMurray, and Sue Willis. Everyone was happy that "Capt. Dick" made the dance.

We don't know which is glittering more, Betsy Stafford's eyes or her new fraternity bracelet from Harry.

And then there's Marjorie Martin's weekend at Annapolis—great! (or have you noticed those circles?)

Louise Taylor is getting mighty excited over her trip. No wonder, she's excited to see Ralph.

Wonder if there's a story behind Brona Nifong's extended weekend in Washington, D. C.

We're terribly sorry about Peg Nimock's being "shut-in" at home with the measles. Hope it won't be long before she's back! We also wish to extend our sympathy to Eva Mae Dorton—after measles, she now has mumps.

Of course you know by now, but for the safe of the "record," Louise Totherow and Gwyn Mendenhall have engagement rings.

Keeping up with the news, Jane Frazier has a radio program of her own every Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 7:30.

Lois, Julia, Bet, Sullivan, Sebia and Bunny Bunn, the younger are taking in the Spring Frolics at Carolina, and Helen and Sara are headed Duke way for the Pan-Hell Ball. My, my these popular girls. Then there's "Huck," who actually turned down the Davidson dances to meet Sam in Durham. It must be wonderful—or love—or something!

Well, next weekend we'll have a dance of our own, gosh darn it! Everyone is sooo excited about at last having a date. If all these plans materialize the campus should be swarming! Betty Dunning's Les is flying down from New York. Duke will be well represented with dates for Ticks, Mae, Billie Rose, Frances Law, Martha Lou, and Sara Merritt.

Mary Jane Vieira's Bill is finally making it to Salem this weekend! Too bad his through won't last over May Day.

Carolina is contributing men for Boaty, Fair, Bunny, Marguarite, Kitty, and Patty. And rumor has it that Hollywood is supplying a date for Betty Hennessee—she asked none less than Errol Flynn!

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Writers Cramp--- And Reader's Too!

by Marjorie Martin

Now I maintain a fairly large correspondence—I enjoy receiving mail and you know the undebatable fact is that to receive mail ya gotta write mail! And so I do just that—but it's not my end of the correspondence I'm concerned about. Yes, there's sort of a thrill to looking in your box and seeing a four by five envelope—even if it is a repulsive pink or a revolting red. However, it is not the envelope, the length of the letter, the stale news it contains, or the way the stationery is folded that gets me—it's the dagnab near impossible way folks write the stale news that makes up the short letter that fills the envelope that wouldn't please the color tastes of Emily Post!

The only way I have of telling from whom I am receiving most of my mail is by observing the post-mark. If the city isn't stamped clearly I'm sunk! Then if I correspond with more than one person in a certain city, I'm still in a state of confusion 'cause how am I to tell if that circle and loop and two straight lines at the close of the composition says "Love, Joe," "Love, Jane," or "Love, Jim"?? C'est impossible and I'm much too busy to stop to figure it out—I find it saves time to just write an answer to Joe, and Jane, AND Jim! But that's expensive and who am I to waste my 3-centses? Surely there's some better solution!

I do find consolation in one of my correspondents—my Mother. I can always tell if a letter is from her by the fact that she always encloses a much-needed stamped envelope. Whether or not she ever receives the messages I so carefully fold, seal, and return in her bi-weekly gift, I am unable to say, for up to this time I have never been able to read far enough through the pages to find if she says anything about having enjoyed my last letter. I sometimes wonder if Motherhood brings on the penmanship problem—they say nearly everything else can be attributed to that fact.

Now I've tried to drop gentle hints such as, "Enjoyed receiving your letter, but couldn't quite make out the first, second, or third pages." Or, "What hensecratching you did in your last letter! Must be old age creeping up on you." But my reflections on their penmanship don't seem to sink in and I'm still—well—life is so-o-o-o-o-o confusing!

I recommend a motto: "Improve Your Penmanship." Also a club of the same name. Something must be done! It is becoming impossible to wade through life with un-read (or unreaable) letters cluttering up desk drawers, Greek Grammars, and sofa seats. To save me I can not see how the postal clerks get mail on the right trains—unless Uncle Sam is now hiring experts to fill the increasing demand for decipherers... and surely you've heard of the man-power shortage. Who are you to make extra work? And what about those V-letters the fellows can't read after an endless wait for word from home? I tell you it's unpatriotic! It's cruel, unfair, and evil of you to write as you do! Think of the approaching exam (address complaints for mentioning it to me c/o The Salemite) papers that promise to put three more Salem professors on the oculist's list of patients. Ya see, we're all bothered with this awful habit—I tell you penmanship is a National Problem!

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The Tables Turned

Editor's note: This story is dedicated to those long-suffering martyrs, the practice teachers, who will finish next week. The author is one who knows the trials and hardships that accompany the neophyte teacher in her first attempt at spreading knowledge among the masses.)

"Yipee! A substitute teacher!" Yes, I, Mill Avera, was the substitute teacher. I reckon I was expecting the worst—'cause of how visions of the way we used to treat substitute teachers were tapping at my memory. I remember one individual who happened among our midst when I was a high school freshman—yes, I was the same age then as this class was now. Her name was—golly! the only name I can remember is the name we gave her—"Miss America."

Cripes, but she was ugly! She looked more like a witch than a witch herself looks. She had a long, skinny nose, sunken eyes, and a sallow complexion. It's a wonder we didn't all run home and hide under the bed rather than stay at school and poke fun at the dame.

Oh, how we treated that poor soul! We swapped our names continuously so she couldn't report us by name. We not only messed up our names. We all ate onions before going to class—which of course made "Miss America" very ill. We told whoppers about our assignment. And generally speaking we just made merry when a substitute teacher came to school.

Now here I was on the other side of the desk. I was the substitute teacher now. Oh well, I figured I might as well make the best use of my memory. Before any of the class had had too much time to get warmed up, I had one of the more innocent looking youngsters to make me a seating chart. Oh boy, I'll never forget the surprise I gave those kids that first period. Several of the boys got up and went to the back of the room. They started playing with the rock display. I just quietly said, "Bill, come sit down. Dan, put that rock down and get ready to do math. David, while you're back there, would you please lower the shade." They looked at me as if I had shot them.

"Golly, she knows our names!" No, I really didn't know their names. The seating chart was what I had been using, but I figured it wouldn't be a bad idea to learn their names. Before they realized how I knew their names, I had learned them and thrown away the chart. It worked like a charm. The rest of the time I substituted I had the awe-stricken attention that master magicians receive.

Yep, I got along just fine except for one mishap. The lunch bell buzzed a minute earlier than I had expected it to. I told the class to line up for lunch. They looked at me with sick grins, but didn't budge. I thought I had gone nuts. Imagine

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Aftermath Of Date At Salem

Below you will find an authentic description of what the poor male must endure as a result of attending a Salem dance. It is quoted word for word from a letter received by one of our seniors as follows:

"Dear.....
Every simpleton seems to think it his duty to tell his date of the week-end before about his trip home, and why should I be the exception? There were two of the most beautiful and tremendous Greyhound buses waiting for us at the station and we were feeling on top of the world when out of a clear blue sky an M. P. who I am sure was the big brother of the "Angel" stepped up and came forth with an earth shaking 'Service men first.' Much later Sheeley and I scraped ourselves off the sidewalk and saw that both buses were completely bloated. I started to the phone to let you share my worries when some bright faced kid said that there would be a civilian bus going to Greensboro in just a minute, so we went back outside. Then in front of all those people all over the station in rolled a city bus that sounded like a skeleton walking on a tin room. Well, we bounced on that job, feeling very much out of place since

we didn't have a baby in our arms, and pulled up a stone bench to relax for the next thirty miles.

"The bus in G'boro had only 150 people on it when it pulled in so about 50 more Carolina boys piled on. That bus would have made a sardine feel like a frontiersman. About two miles out someone fainted and undoubtedly you know who it was. I tried to tell the fellow next to me to pull the spring and stop the bus but it was just at that time that someone else was inhaling and I couldn't get enough air to speak. About fifteen miles ater I woke up with my head flopping in the breeze outside the door. Of course, it was nite and everything was supposed to be black, so I was all right until somebody lit a weed and I couldn't even see the light on his match. In Burlington we decided to make sure the bus was loaded so 25 more people got on. At that stage it really didn't matter so I just quietly passed out again and remained the same till we blew in here. Upon stepping off of the bus I took out my lucky bullet, swore at it and threw it as far away as possible—portrait of a wartime bus ride.

Love, Bob."

AT THE THEATRES

CAROLINA—
Mon. Tues. Wed. "North Star"
Thurs. Fri. Sat. "A Guy Named Joe"

STATE—
Mon. Tues. Wed. "Corvette"
Thurs. Fri. Sat. "Rosie the Riveter"

FORSYTH—
Mon. Tues. "Lady in the Dark"
Wed. Thurs. "No Time for Love"
Fri. Sat. "My Best Gal"

COLONIAL—
Mon. Tues. "That Gang of Mine"
Wed. Thurs. "High School Girl"
Fri. Sat. "Marshal of Gunsmoke"

kids not wanting to go to lunch—I couldn't! After a minute was up, I got a disgusted look from one of the boys—"We were 'sposed to be praying then."
As if I hadn't been praying all day long—

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MUSIC NOTES

(Continued from Page 1)
and required the use of a mute, while the CAPRICCIETTO was a gay, frolicking number. Two numbers for the piano were performed by Louise Taylor, and we obtained very vivid pictures of her COTTON PICKERS and SPRINGTIME. Ella Lou Taylor presented two very unusual numbers for voice. The poems, KISS OF THE FOG and A MERMAID'S DAY, are by Don Blanding, and Ella Lou put them to music very effectively. The concluding selections were two short preludes for piano, MISTERIOSO and MASTASO which were played by Margaret Wiinstead.

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