

The Salemite

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Oh Horrors!

"Did I hear a shriek or was that a moan? It must already be the sophomores on the room."

The girls have gathered here again at Salem for another glorious year—the old girls with all their natural charms and the freshmen with their sophistication. This year, I believe, the sophomores decided that they were the ones to do away with some of this sophistication. I can't say the sophomores look upon this as a job to do. They can hardly hold back the giggles when some ridiculous looking freshman stumbles over one of the so called, "human frogs." I have heard there was one certain day for this. Which day is it?

O. k. girls, lets all have our fun, freshmen and sophomores alike. I know that several freshmen haven't been good sports, but from now on we'll keep our end of the bargain if the sophomores will keep theirs. Let us get up our work and then we'll entertain you. Let's keep it in fun!

—A Freshman

Politics

All radios on our hall were on at full blast. From them came a deafening screaming, whistling, and shouting. The uproar would rise, then die down, only to blare forth with increased shrillness: Was Sinatra on? It was time for the Saturday night "Hit Parade."

Wandering into a room full of girls huddled around the radio, we asked, "Is that Frankie?"

"It's Frankie, all right," came the answer. "Frankie, the great white father." Roosevelt was speaking.

At last the maddening noise had subsided and the President was speaking.

"My opponent has said so-and-so. His party has never done any better."

At this point there was more of the screaming and shouting . . .

Several nights later, girls crowded around another bursting radio.

"What's going on?" we asked.

"Dewey speaking."

"My opponent has resorted to mud-slinging," the candidate was saying, "but it is my intention not to stoop to such methods. I will not call him a liar, but what he said was not true" . . . Shrills of applause . . .

We were disgusted, not over one speech, but equally over both. We had held our candidates above staging a swoon show for an hysterical mob.

We were frankly disappointed. Republicans were ashamed of their party; Democrats were ashamed of theirs.

The whole election campaign, we decided, was disgusting.

Maybe so—but we can remember elections at Salem when, figuratively speaking, there was just as much swooning and noise. It might be well to keep this in mind where we will always be another spring.

M. E. B.

Don't Quote Me--But....

What, if you please, could you quote? We have seen nothing but assignments since last Friday . . . about now we figure that we have not only made up that lost week but have passed it by at least two more—little beavers that we are!!! (with, of course, the help of our sagacious faculty).

Leave us turn to the "We Done Tol' You So" dept. . . You see, little Freshman? Yes mam, them pugnacious Sophs are hazing all ready . . . hummmmmmm . . . We now leave the subject open to discussion. . . .

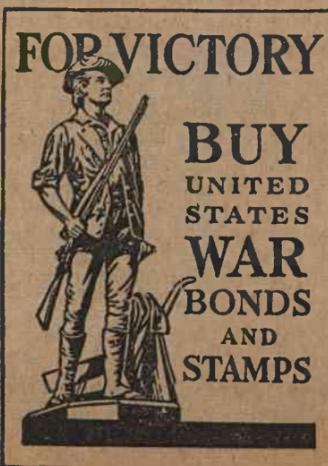
Indeed you haven't lived until you've had a lecture class with Miss Kark . . . At first it's great fun to feast one's ear on accent, but when one takes one's pen in hand and proceeds to take notes, oh my little sisters, that is incredible! It goes something like this . . . Miss K. begins in very broad English, "And then in this period we find color on the pottery and some gloss used" . . . (gloss? . . . gloss!) . . . hummmmmmm Us puzzled "Gloss, Mis Kark?" . . . "No, not gloss" . . . Us puzzled—M. K. in desperation, "Glass . . . glass" . . . "Oh." We slide two more slips down into our seat and wish that Dr. P. V. had broadened up her "a's" a bit and prepared us for times like these . . . and we be English majors . . . golly . . .

Then poor time bestraggled Seniors . . . not the sharp gay—things of yesteryear . . . oh, no . . . Two assemblies of a sittin' on that stage and still the left line of the procession swings when the right line sways . . . It's a mystery to me just when they're supposed to swing-n-sway off the stage and a mystery, I dare say, to our ladies . . . After some discussion—which carried us safely through the first verse—they were off . . . well most of them were off . . . some few stayed to finish the singing proper . . . gad! diversion, it's wonderful . . .

Ay yi yi, the night has slipped into day again, and here we sit a pounding on this ancient Underwood just as if there were no Milton tomorrow . . . which reminds me to beg all of you pretty things to see if, by chance, you have in your company a blue copy of Milton's Poetical Works . . . That man! Only the gods can keep up with my John . . . if you know where he is, please let us know, for we miss him something awful . . . even if he is hard to get along with . . . yawn . . . hummm . . . good night, children. . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

Saludos! Nuevas estudiantes. El campus del colegio de Salem suena de nuevo con actividad. Nos place estar aquí y sobre todo nos alegramos de verlas a todas nuestras amigas. Creemos que no hay ninguna escuela que pueda ser igual a Salem y esperamos que a todas las nuevas estudiantes les guste este lugar como a nosotros. Las muchachas vienen de varias partes de los Estados Unidos, pero el espíritu de Salem nos juntará pronto. Aunque ahora tenemos que trabajar todos los días, pronto hará tiempo para divertirnos, y queremos invitar a asistir al club español a todas las personas que tienen interés en el idioma. Esperamos que este año sea productivo para ustedes y que a ustedes les guste este campus. Tenemos mucho gusto en tenerlas a ustedes aquí con nosotros.



Toward Another Date Room

This editorial may seem repetitious to the old Salemites, but I feel that the age-old problem of the "smokehouses" should be impressed upon all new students and repeated for the benefit of old students with short memories.

We are constantly complaining of the shortage of suitable places to entertain dates. The possibility of adding the club dining room to the present inadequate list of date rooms was raised last year. We were justly informed that until we learned to take proper care of the campus living rooms at our disposal, there was little hope that we could expect a new entertainment room. Until we learn to be considerate of the efforts of both students and faculty members who have spoken in our behalf when the problem of new privileges arose, we are being very presumptuous when we expect them to defend our cause again.

A note of praise is due to those who have done more than their part to impress the student body with the importance of keeping our smoking rooms clean. These rooms have improved a great deal this year, but we are still far from our goal. If we will keep the ancient saying "As ye sow, so shall ye reap" before us, we will all be more careful about carelessly scattering our belongings throughout the various smokehouses. As most of us spend a great deal of our time in the campus living rooms, especially Clewell, it is to our own advantage to keep these places as neat as possible.

—L. W.

"Till Johnny Comes Marching Home . . ."

In December the United States will enter its fourth year of war. Not one of us has lived in oblivion the past three years. Do we know there is a war going on? Sure we do . . . three pairs of shoes a year, less butter on the table, extinction of "pleasure driving," not to mention the drastic man shortage everywhere! But these things are much too trivial to be called hardships. The real war hardships haven't even touched us here on the home front.

Here at college we live in a little secluded world of our own. Our job for the duration is that of acquiring an education. But we must do a double job if we want this war to come to a speedy end.

At Salem there is an opportunity for every girl to do her part in war work. Red Cross Surgical Dressings, knitting, sewing, camp and hospital work, home nursing, first aid, and U. S. O. are only a few activities sponsored by your War Activities Council.

We college women must enlist now, so that we won't be drafted later!

—A. C.

The column "Letters from the Service" appears in this issue for the second time. Let us hear how you like it. If you find it interesting and like to read it, we shall continue the column. We would like to have any letters of special interest which you have received from friends in the service. All personal material will be excluded, and names will not be used without permission. Please bring all contributions to our office or give them to a staff member.

—Staff

MY PROFESSION

I am not a famous doctor
Who performs fine operations;
I have no interest in the plan
To form a league of nations.
I'm not judge in a court
Who puts the criminal in the jail
I'm not a helpful, quiet nurse
Who stops the baby's wail.
I'm not a teacher or a lawyer,
Although they're very fine—
To become a noted scientist
I never found the time.
My profession is not great or grand,
So you would never know it;
But you'll read this verse and find
I just try to be a poet!

—Rosemary Cleveland