

The Salemite

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REGISTRATION

In our opinion, the system of registration of Salem College is lacking. The process of the actual registration is simple enough and does not take long. The students, however, must stand in line for one to three hours and that seems highly unnecessary.

It is possible that the system be amended without too much change. The blanks which we fill in for the Academic and Resident Deans could be mailed to us with our medical blanks and the three could be filed in the Registrar's Office before we reach Salem. It might be plausible also to extend the hours of registration from two to five to nine to five.

If it is not plausible to have registration all day, it has been suggested that the registration be accomplished by classes. For example, the seniors would register at two o'clock, the juniors at three, and the sophomores at four. Still another suggestion was that each faculty head send out appointment slips, so that everyone would not go at the same time.

Perhaps these suggestions may not solve the problem but they may cause thought about our system of registration and possible improvements.

Letters From The Service

A poem written by a sailor while in the hospital at Bainbridge Naval Training Station:
"Here I sit, ensconced, to wit,
with magazines and nurses;
And just to pass the time away—
I try to count the hearses.
A Wave comes by to take my pulse,
I aim to keep it steady;
But when she holds my wrist and smiles,
I find it's jumped already.
I sleep all day, I smoke all night,
Gad, what a combination!
I feel like a discordant jerk
In a Dorsey syncopation.
The doctors come, they look at me,
They whisper—'scalerosis',
I tremble at their awesome words—
Wish they'd talk in smaller dooses.
My legs are straight, my legs are firm,
I've never needed crutches;
But a wheel chair takes me everywhere
Ye gads, I'm in their clutches!
It's very, very quiet here,
In fact they say, you know,
That when a patient dies close by
You hardly hear him go.
Says I to doc — 'I'm feeling fine'
Yet, despite my great endeavor,
While patients come, and patients go,
Guess I'm stuck right here forever.
Each day they bring the health reports
'N'd ask them what's the news;
They smile real sweet, say 'Never mind,
Just drink your orange juice'".

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

Rain . . . dear Caesar of all the things it might have done, why did it have to rain! We should have known that it would for life was just too gay . . . Then to top it all—no Edward Weeks this year . . . that grieveth our souls . . . perhaps the recent chapel programs are making up for it . . . Archibald Rutledge . . . Dean Vardell (incidentally, did you, too, notice the strange resemblance between the seniors and their song? — especially that first part . . . whew!) . . . Dr. Mauze' . . .

Poor Dr. Jordan is really livin' a hard life these days. He can't quite get used to the idea of everyone's knowing what he does and where he goes (and where he doesn't go . . . !) We take it that he doesn't yet realize how extraordinary he is about these parts . . . But he'll learn, won't he, children—everyone does with time.

Amazing what that fella time can do, ain't tho'—especially in the case of Chateaubriande, who, it seems, according to said Dr. Jordan, was greeted by Roosevelt himself on his first trip to our fair land—this seems like a logical mistake. (He was probably out soliciting votes at the time!)

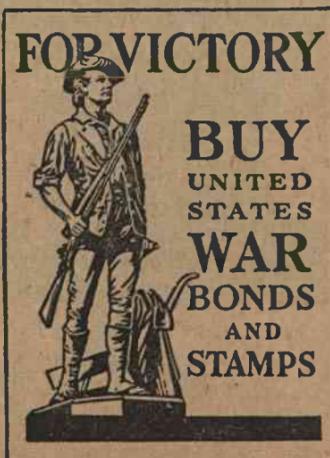
Speaking of this election—well, no, we weren't, but let's—It's rather disgusting that two candidates can act so childish, isn't it? What we definitely love is the fact that the Democratic Party has sunk so low as to employ the use of movie stars—ye gods—The worst of it is that they will probably reap the harvest that the Republicans have just won . . . Not that it makes any difference 'cause the crop couldn't be any good—they've thrown all the top soil at Fala . . .

What, please, are those bits of tropical splendor doing in the D. S. C. and the dining room? A wild debate has been going on as to whether we should hang our hats on them or believe Mr. Campbell . . . He says they're date palms . . . he should know! They really are quite beautiful, but, oh so lonesome . . .

We must be on our merry way . . . By the way, just as we thought, we are not only an introvert—upps—pardon . . . we not only have a tendency toward those traits which go into the making of an introvert, but we are unpatriotic and have not the dynamic organization within our individual make-up of those psychophysical systems that determine our unique adjustments to our environment! . . . if you please! . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

El Club Español tendrá su primero sesión el miercoles, diez y ocho de Octubre. A todas las estudiantes de espanol se la invita con cordialidad a hacerle socios de este club. Es una oportunidad de aprender cosas interesantes del país cuza lengua estudiamos. Todo el mundo podra preguntar por programaas in el aspecto de la vida de España en que tiene un interés. Oas veremos a ustedes allá!



The Returning Serviceman

(This is an experience which really happened and which the staff feels should be passed on to show the reality of the returning serviceman's problem.)

When I walked into my room at ten o'clock last Sunday night I found on my dresser a printed sheet with the title, "The Returning Service Man." It was the guide to a discussion which had taken place at "Y" vespers. I missed the discussion, but while it was going on I, too, was getting a lesson on "The Returning Service Man" . . .

There was a large crowd pushing against the side of the bus in the —bus station. Someone's suitcase was scraping my shins, and a hat box was bumping my shoulder. In the tightness of the crowd I was suddenly aware of someone shaking—trembling like a cold or frightened animal—behind me.

Alarmed, I turned to see. It was a boy with a nice face but rather wild eyes. I suppose he was twenty-five or more. He wore civilian clothes, and was supporting himself by two crutches. My glance must have resembled a stare, for the boy smiled at me and awkwardly pointed to an army discharge button on his lapel. I could tell that the gesture had taken effort.

"I've just been out of the army two months," he said.

It was hard to make conversation. That tongue-tied silence that belongs to the hospital bed-side came over me. The boy—let's call him Joe for convenience—was worried about getting on the bus and getting a seat. Some Salem girls managed to save a seat for him, and I talked with him all the way to Winston-Salem.

At first his presence gave me the "jitters." He trembled constantly and could hardly hold a match still enough to light his cigarette.

Unexpectedly, Joe broke the silence. "I still feel self-conscious on these things," he said, pointing to the crutches.

Somehow, that remark made things a little easier, and by picking cautiously I soon had Joe's whole story.

For twenty-two months Joe was with an anti-aircraft division in North Africa. His division was replaced four times, and I gathered from his tone that he felt lucky to be one of the survivors. He was wounded in North Africa; three bullets were lodged near his spine. After spending days in hospitals in Corsica, Holland, and England, Joe came to the U. S.; where his case has been studied as particularly unusual. Pressure on a nerve in the spine has caused total paralysis of the lower half of his body and a high nervousness. He may be off crutches in eighteen months; he may never be off them. Naturally Joe's worried but he said he felt lucky because he was getting better medical care than the soldiers of the last war.

In spite of all, however, Joe is on his way to N. Y. University to study criminology. He was an engineer before the war.

Impressed by his frankness and eagerness to talk, I asked Joe a few questions.

"How do I feel about girls in the service? That's hard to answer", he said. "I don't know about the WAC'S and WAVE'S, but I think nurses are wonderful!"

Joe asked me a few questions, too, one of which was rather startling.

"Do you realize—are you aware—that a lot of boys are gone?" he asked hesitantly.

I had to answer that I didn't think too much about it.

He said, "You can't imagine what it's like to see thousands of bodies just lying there. Of course, I'll forget some of it in time, but it won't ever be the same world."

It was hard to find an answer. Joe added, "I wish I were back over there—it's the only place to be."

As we neared Winston, the Salem crowd on the bus began the customary singing. A Salem "blues" singer was in the lead. Joe's face lightened up. "Gee that girl's swell. A voice like that gives me goose pimples," he laughed.

We left Joe standing in the Winston bus station waiting for a N. Y. bus. The last thing he said to me was, "I'll see you at a dance sometime!"