

Editor Announces Junior Papers

It has been a practice of the past few years for certain juniors of the Salemite staff to edit a paper without the help of the senior editors. Until this year, the junior papers have been published in the second semester. This year, however, because the seniors are practice teaching, it seems best for the juniors to edit their papers during the first semester. The next three issues of the Salemite, therefore, will be supervised by Effie Ruth Maxwell, Helen Mac-Millan, and Senora Linsey.

We have begun, we feel, a fine year with the paper. So far the co-operation and interest shown have been highly gratifying. We leave the paper for three weeks a little regretfully, but we await the next issues with confidence and expectation.

—The Editor

Red Cross Work Is Praised

You came, you saw, you conquered! Yes, girls, we DID make the Red Cross Quota for October. But the deadline rush was very hectic!

Forty-five trained supervisors did a wonderful job, and were all very generous about donating their time. We feel, however, that it is not up to the Supervisors to make the bandages. The quota is allotted to us from headquarters in proportion to the size of the student body. Every one should and must cooperate.

In October our quota was 7500. The Red Cross Room opened on October 9th, and the 7500 quota was finished in three weeks. Our November quota is 10,000 bandages. We can, we must, and we WILL make the quota!

You've done a grand job, girls, this month. Continue the good work, and be sure to avoid the deadline rush! Come down to the Red Cross Room SOON! "WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!"

—Adele Chase

SONNET WRITTEN IN A MORAVIAN CHURCHYARD

Each marble square its mystery holds for me, As row on row they stretch before my eye. Each bird a message chirps but know to Thee, As weary hearts for one clear sign do sigh. That lofty spruce that hangs low o'er my head, Has seen more heartbreak than my mortal gaze; Has watched God draw his children to their bed And veil the world beyond in heaven's haze. That archway with its message from above, "I am the resurrection and the life," Can teach us more of mercy and of love Than all that ever issued forth from strife. Here dwells not sadness but a world of peace, Where God has taken up each earthly lease.

—Lois Wooten

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The Student Body Of Salem College

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

- Editor-in-Chief Mary Ellen Byrd
Assistant Editor Effie Ruth Maxwell
Associate Editor Hazel Watts
Sports Editor Mary Lucy Baynes
Music Editor June Reid
Copy Editor Helen McMillan
Make-up Editor Virtie Stroup
Feature Editor Marguerite Mullin
Faculty Advisor Miss Jess Byrd

Senora Lindsey, Frances Law, Martha Boatwright, Helen Thomas, Bernice Bunn, Catherine Bunn, Jane Mulhellem, Coit Redfearn, Adele Chase, Janet Johnston, Rosalind Clark, Genevieve Frasier, Margaret Styres, Lynn Williard, Lucile Newman, Rosamond Putzel, Peggy Taylor, Margaret Fisher, Constance Scogins, Maria Hicks, Rebecca Clapp, Jane Calkins, Jane Bell, Peggy Davis, Sheffield Liles, Lois Wooten, Margaret Williams, Sarah Hege, Nell Jane Griffin, Jane Lovelace, and Martha Lou Heitman.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

- Emily Harris Business Manager
Mildred Grarison Circulation Manager
Betsy Thomas Advertising Manager
Betsy Long, Doris Little, Marianne Everett, Kathleen Phillips, Martha Walton, Sheffield Liles, Lomie Lou Mills, Margaret Brown, Martha Harrison, Winifred Wall, Mary Farmer Brantley, Nancy Hills Davis, Margaret Nichols, Mary Frances McNeely, Margaret Carter, Betty Hennessee, Mollie Cameron, Norma Rhoades, Mary Stevens, Marion Waters, Sally Boswell, Carol Beckwith, Edith Longest, Ellie Rodd, Ann Hairston, Mary Elizabeth Reimers, Barbara Watkins, Margaret West, Dodie Bayley, Agnes Bowers, Greta Garth, Catherine Bunn, Leslie Bullard, Emma Mitchell, and Henrietta Walton.

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

Well, we're back . . . didn't say how—just—made a simple statement. Let's romp back now a week or so and tie up all them loose ends. Course you missed us! Mr. Curlee, bless him, openly admitted it . . . then, like all good little mathematicians, had to prove his point—which slam we just refuse to publish . . . Grand! we were heaved out by Dewey and Roosevelt. Ain't elections glorious though! . . .

Caesar! . . . did you ever live through such a week as the past? We were definitely under the weather . . . so busy were we persuing facts about them rambunctious Greeks that when Dr. Ancombe sprang that nasty pop all we could coaxe fourth from the grey matter was Hippochus who was somebody's son who was murdered anyway—so what possible good could that do us? . . . Ye gods . . . and then Mr. Tesh put up the curse and the vengeance wiped, we hope, cleaned his soul!

Hovering about the gloomy corners, which we were coerced into, were a few bright flames. Ensign Moore supplied the light for one such . . . seemed like old times to have her back—if that's what the Navy does for you, lead us on, golly . . .

Then there was Dr. Rondthaler who turned up with Theodosia right when we needed something like that most . . . It is our modest opinion that the chapel committee are really doing themselves proud this year. Add to this Miss Chase and we find that perhaps it wasn't such a bad week after all. . .

At this point it behooves us to thank Miss Bonney who has been gracious enough to put her phone in the hallway that we poor seniors—sans—nickels may use it . . . Miss Bonney, we love you . . . the only regret we have is that your line doesn't reach up to the Day Students Bldg.—where some of our seemingly essential and modern conveniences are so definitely lacking . . .

Also our "old and grey" hearts were lifted by our first acquaintance of the very intelligent and beautiful Libby J. . . . She was not in the least impressed by our presence and only once did she condescend to open her eyes and bestow a glance thereon . . . She made her entrance and exit with the grace and charm of a true actress. After vocalizing a bit, Libby J. Yawned nonchantly and cuddled down to linger over the memories of her two gentlemen callers—John, 4, and Wilson, 2, Curlee . . . Far be it from us to blame her—for is it everyday that one is paid a visit by two such handsome little men? (as for us we are hereby leaving to bribe the wizard into deducting about 15 yrs. from the age . . . that John is right after our own hearts!) Libby left Sunday to take up housekeeping for her grandmother and granddad in Greensboro but we hope it won't be too long before we see her again.

While we are in the Baby Dept. we must ask, have you seen the "Little Reverend" lately? He is practically a grown young man! Even at this early date, he can expound quietly vigorously and has a great love for flowers, especially if they are in his daddy's button-hole . . . This younger generation—and why, please, weren't we among it?

And now we must polish off with haste the more reient events . . . that poor, poor boy . . . after fighting for his country he should come back to this . . . ain't we ever gonna get civilized?

What we definitely love is Dean Vardell's admiration for Moe Lart—even to the point of quoting . . . "Nothing is more soothing after a moirder then Beethoven's Foist." . . . Here, too, congrats are in store . . . for what we don't know except that he went to Washington—and got back alive. . . .

There is absolutely no reason for us to expound on the bewitched state in which Emily Kimbrough held us . . . She completely took us out of self—a feat very, very rarely accomplished . . .

And so, after having tortured you thus far, dear Reader, we should stop; but, no—in our goulish make-up there lies uncontrollable desire to introduce you to the charming Sir Twitch um nose and tail—who is residing in the base of the mother palm—With these kind words, we leave you now . . . Do you, too, miss the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street? . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

Asistió Vd. al baile el sábado por la noche? Evidentemente todos se divertieron mucho. Todas las señoritas eran muy lindas en el vestido largo. Pero, ¡oh! ¡Aquellos hombres! Había muchos y de veras, eran muy guapos. ¡Era una experiencia rara y prodigiosa, la de ver otra vez un hombre!

Los árboles se están cambiando en masas de color ahora, y son muy hermosos. Es un gran placer mirarlos. Si cualquiera quiere saber por qué las hojas se adornan con todos aquellos colores dis tintos, que vaya a la clase de botánica y estudie los misterios decarotin y xantofil.

Adiós, señoritas! Estudien Vds. mucho pero no se olviden de que el cuarto de la Cruz Roja las necesita.

Petition to Legislative Board

A petition has gone to the legislative board of the Student Government seeking to require any girl who runs for "Stee-Gee" President to have served at least one term on the executive or judicial boards previously.

There are about four juniors on the executive board. On the judicial board there are three juniors besides the four who are on the executive board and, therefore, automatically on the judicial. This makes a total of about seven girls made eligible in their junior year to run for "Stee-Gee" President. Since the Junior class has more representatives than the Freshman and Sophomore classes, it is evident that the number of girls able to run would be very limited if this petition is passed.

In the freshman, sophomore, and junior years, major offices are filled first. Class representatives to all organizations, including Student Government, are chosen last. The girls who hold important jobs are naturally regarded as those girls most capable of filling responsible positions in the senior year.

If a girl has the potentialities of a "Stee-Gee" President, should she be excluded from this office because she has not served on the judicial or executive boards before? Is it not possible that the real worth and ability of a girl who is not political-minded lie undiscovered until her junior year—too late to make her a member of the judicial or executive boards? Do we have to "train" a girl to have good judgement? Are the workings of these boards so secretive that they would baffle a new president? If they are, then something is lacking in the association itself or in the way it is administered.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a 2" by 2" bandage. I first began as a member of a group forming one huge piece of gauze. Then I was cut away from my friends and I became independent. With other of my friends I was packed and sent to towns, houses, cities, schools—just everywhere. I was in one of the lucky packages. I came to Salem. But then maybe I wasn't so lucky. You be the judge and listen to my story.

We, the packages of gauze, were quite proud of the honor of coming to Salem College to be made into a bandage. Our packages were placed in the cabinet inside the Salem Red Cross Room. About eight times a day the closet doors were opened! Each time we saw daylight, we hoped this was our chance to become a bandage instead of a gauze. You see we have hearts and souls, too, and we want to do our part in this war. We wanted to be made by young, sure hands. Hands that had numerous things to do—hands with polish—hands with burns—hands with knowledge. One of our lucky friends was called into the service of our country. He is now a bandage. He has the chance to help that Marine pull thru, that G. I. Joe to see again, and that sailor to walk again. But here—here I am still a gauze. Maybe I could have been the shining ray for some G. I. Jim. I wonder if I will ever have a chance to be sent to the aid of a young American.

