

MAY DAY CHAIRMAN SPEAKS

(Answer to an editorial which appeared in the last issue.)

The criticisms of the May Day Election cannot go by unnoticed. In regard to a recent editorial on this subject it is necessary for me to disclose the whys and wherefores that the nominating committee and I had in mind when planning the election.

For all of our actions there were definite reasons. Knowing many of the comments and criticisms of past elections we sought this year to eliminate as much of the dissatisfaction as possible. It seems we failed in our effort to eliminate criticism, but I do not feel that we failed in our method of carrying out the election. Our first and foremost reason for this method of voting was to give the scoop to both the Salemite and the Sunday's Journal and Sentinel. It was not our intention to be different in the method of voting but to comply with the student publication. However, we feel that under this system each candidate has a fair chance of winning. Considering this point there has been much questioning. It is true that under this system the girl receiving the second highest number of votes for Queen may not receive the highest number for Maid of Honor. This also may occur when voting for Queen, announcing the winner, and then voting for Maid of Honor. The only way to eliminate this, as I see it, is to vote once; thus, the girl who receives the highest number of votes will be Queen—the second highest will be Maid of Honor. In the latter method of voting it means that the Maid of Honor has not a position in her own right, but rather she receives her position in compensation. Does this seem fair to you? Do you not feel that the position of Maid of Honor should be regarded as what is to be rather than what might have been?

The one real criticism of the method of voting used this year—which, as far as I know, has not been mentioned—is that if the votes give the Queen for the position of Maid of Honor were added to those of another candidate she may have surpassed the winning candidate. In the defence of this I can only point out that in this particular election the runner-up for the queen was the present Maid of Honor and the runner-up for Maid of Honor was the present queen. Also in this election totaling all of the votes of the other five candidates it was found that the total number of votes did not equal half of those of the winning candidates—in both cases.

I feel, regardless of the method used in voting, the results would have been the same. Your votes proved this. I also feel that there was no sacrifice made either "of a pleasing election" or "of an impressive newspaper page."

Lucile Newman

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

The vacation was nice, we dare say, for those among us who went blithely tripping off to points beyond . . . Well, nice too for us who didn't trip . . . two "Sundays" in one week ever more makes life liveable . . .

Retracking pains us, so we thus refrain from bringing to mind the little incidentals but will adhere only to such cosmic solemnities as the unveiling of Dr. Sorden who emerged "sans favoris" last week . . . (Mr. Weinland please take note) . . . nor will we ever forget the pleasure we received from the short visit of Miss Ann Carol Moore and her companion Nicholas II. Such delightful people come to us from the New York Public Library. Also accompanying Miss Moore were Libby Holder and Eliz-beth whom we were very glad to have back even if it was only for a short while.

Of course we might as well relate the episode about the little freshman who strolled up to Dr. Confer and, with hands on hips, slurred "Dr. Confer, do you grade on the curve?" Said Dr. C. let his glance slid from her head to her toes and hesitatingly, "No, I don't grade on the curve—not in a girl's school." Heh . . . heh . . . ain't we gay, tho'!

To wind up last week we must mention how very impressive the Defense Board's program was . . . it was simple and sincere . . . and to all of you who received ribbons please accept our belated congratulations . . . we are really very proud of you.

While we are on the subject of congratulations we must pitch one in Helen MacMillan's way for getting herself engaged this week end . . . while everyone in the Smoke House was still hilarious with the news, Helen sat back calmly and was heard to murmur, "Oh dear, this means I'll have to wash my hair again"

And then there was that nasty pop which Miss Kark "snuck" up on us . . . ye gods . . .

Music hour, too, eh, Dean Vardell? For specific details ask the Dean who, it seems, while trying to knock out a cipher up among the organ ppies got stuck in the middle of Bach's Prelude . . . "Never have I heard so much Bach in all my life," murmured the Bach-saturated Dean . . . the tricks the gods delight to play upon us poor mortals . . . golly . . .

This seems to be the end . . . but by the way you can drag out the old ice scates and sled cause it looks like it ain't gonna be to long before that white Christmas comes true—you can't depend on the weather tho'—except if you want rain just plan a hockey game the weather tho'—except if you want rain just plan a hockey game more shopping days till Christmas . . . Dear, dear Santa . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

Todas las estudiantes de Salem fueron a casa para pasar el día de acción de gracias. Todas se divertieron—pero ahora, todas han vuelto y cuentan los días hasta las vacaciones de Pascuas. Los ómnibuses estaban muy llenos y mucha gente tenía que quedarse a pie en los pasillos y casi se sofocaba a falta de aire.

Muchas señoritas fueron a Chapel Hill para ver el juego de fútbol entre las universidades de Carolina y de Duke. Era un juego muy triste para los estudiantes de Carolina. Después del juego unas asistieron a un baile.

Pues bien, esperamos que los días hasa las vacaciones no sean muy largos y esperamos que los reyes magos sean muy generosos para Vd.

TARDY AND DISTRESSED

Hear them chiming on the hour
From old Salem's ancient tower,
And the quarter hour's clanging tells of
seconds past and due.
One girl finds these bells distressing
For they always keep her guessing.
Are the classes starting? Stopping? Is it time
her tea to brew?
Is it time for lunch or dinner?
Oh, she's sure the "Noble winner"
Is the kind of man who'd always get these
Salem bells correct.
Here's her answer to the question
Which is causing such congestion:
"Maybe chimes would have a better
psychological effect!"
Tardy Sophomore

LIBRARY LOVE

We Salemites constantly use the library . . . What better place to study in quiet, to do research for term papers, or to curl up in a comfortable chair to read the latest novel (if we've had time to notice that the novel is there!). Our library is essential to our book-larnin' (and to our enjoying it!).

While you were studying there, did you ever notice those beautiful walnut tables at which you were sitting? They are something to be proud of—antiques, dating from 1812! After all these years, must we be the ones to abuse these tables? The other day, a bright student, pausing in her pursuit of knowledge, sat day-dreaming and punching her pencil through the covers of unused holes for inkwells. This was careless abuse. Let's take better care of these beautiful old tables at which we read and write!

With all the writing we have to do, it seems that we would be glad to stop once and a while. But no, some girls go on writing, and when they give out of paper, they write on the walls!

And look at the floors on some rainy day. There are puddles of water where we have thrown dripping raincoats over the chairs. In time these chairs will turn white with stain if we don't remember to hang our raincoats in the closet. It is right next to the front door, so why not stop and hang up your coat before you rush downstairs for that reserve book or upstairs for that new magazine in the browsing room?

But how can you enjoy reading a magazine in the Browsing Room when you can't find it in the first place because they're scattered all over the floor? And when you do find the New Yorker and become absorbed in a story, it's a surprise to suddenly come to a gap in the page—evidently somebody liked the dress advertised on the other side. Some of the magazines are torn simply from careless handling. This will not look good when the magazines are bound in volumes to be kept for future reference. This is a messy appearance, now and later,—something no Salemite wants!

Perhaps the books that are used most are those on reserve. Let's give our fellow students credit for having the gumption to find the important parts of books without our underlining and checking them.

Let's be more considerate of the library, keeping it neat and clean so that Salemites now and in the future may enjoy using it!!

Letters From The Service

From Guam

One year ago today I entered the Army, and I never dreamed that exactly a year later I would be ducking Jap rifle fire on Guam. Tomlinson and I also had the pleasure of landing on this island in July on D-Day, one year after entering the induction station at Fort Bragg.

Well, in the past three weeks we've seen and done things that now all I care about is forgetting them as quickly as possible. You stay scared all the time, and the flies, mosquitoes, and fox-holes full of water are worse than the Japs. Now that it is practically over, Tomlinson and I still shake when we think of some of the things that have happened.

I think Guam is a perfect example of what you would imagine a Pacific Island to be like; we have plenty of coconuts and green bananas. However, please don't ever come here in the rainy season, especially if you have to sleep in a hole that catches all the water it can.

From England:

Good morning my love. The sun is shining, and a faint breeze stirring through the tent is making the morning very pleasant. Rookie has the tent flaps up and is sweeping up as I sit here writing you.

My bearer, Rookie, came back off his unannounced vacation with promises to do better in the future; so I didn't fire him. He is such a good little kid, and is so clean and thorough in his work. He never fails to polish my boots every day whether they need it or not, and he is so earnest in keeping the mold off my leather goods and other little things, besides being so cheerful and clean. I'd like to take the boy home with me, but of course that is impossible.