

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Meinung came as a great shock to her devoted students and many friends. Her death is great loss to everyone who knew her. Her philosophy, as shown to her students through her teaching, was one which allowed for a life of service and beauty. Her students will cherish the memory of pleasant hours spent with her. Mrs. Meinung was not only a member of the faculty, but a true friend to all her students.

Senior Home Economics Majors

Remember Morning Chapel

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings students and faculty have the privilege of joining together in group worship in the Home Moravian Church. Quiet organ music, prayer, and singing create a worshipful and meditative atmosphere which gives strength for the day. These short devotional chapels are held from 8:15 to 8:25. Each person is invited to participate in this worshipful experience.

Snookie Willis, Y W C A President

Staff Wants Reporters

The Salemite staff has high standards set for it by the staffs of past years—standards of which the main feature is progress.

Our skeleton staff, appointed last spring, will prove lively and efficient. But it is skeleton only. There are many places still open in the editorial, business, and circulation departments. If we are to progress we must have new ideas and new enthusiasm among us.

Try-outs, consisting of the submission of competitive articles, for new reporters will be held next week. We hope that every girl who is interested will work with us.

Returning students will note the day of publication has been moved from Friday to Saturday. This is necessary in order to insure cooperation of the uptown paper to print our Salem news in their more widely-circulated Sunday edition.

With this edition we, the staff, welcome you. It is our hope to print a paper which covers campus news in an interesting way—and may we suggest that collected Salemities make good scrapbooks of college life for future reference!

OVERSEAS CHRISTMAS BOXES

Since several millions of our armed forces will spend another Christmas in far-off places of the world, don't forget to make their Christmas merrier.

In order to insure this happiness, the military officials urge you to do your Christmas shopping and shipping between September 15th and October 15th.

The size and weight of the overseas packages still remain the same: length of package 15 inches; length and girth combined, 36 inches, maximum weight 5 pounds.

Get your packages of Christmas cheer on their way promptly.

WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY

I miss you when you're far away.
 Each hour and minute seem as a day.
 The moon isn't as pretty,
 The stars not as bright
 When you're far away from me in the lonely night.
 I see our old friends and they ask about you,
 But there's nothing to say—nothing to do.
 I must sadly turn my head and walk away.
 No letter yet—no, not today.
 Maybe tomorrow the stars will seem brighter.
 Maybe tomorrow my fears will be lighter.
 All I can do is to hope and to pray,
 My dear, for your safety, somehow, someday.
 I know that someday we'll again be together
 And I'll have your love forever and ever.
 Please let no war ever take you away,
 For I'll always love you in every way.

Marion Gaither.

On Being a Gal...

I can't express it!

Salem is September . . . weeping willow trees . . . screaming gals . . . a tear here and there . . . raindrops on the roof . . . a bridge game . . . trunks in the hall . . . Ma's goodbye . . . tales of summer days . . . songs and the White Piano . . . Peanut butter on crackers . . . Aw! It's like Steig says . . . I can't express it! But here we are . . . back to the ole Hickory Stick . . . back to hear the freshmen say:

Alma Mater! What building is that in? . . . Mary, I want you to meet Sarah Burrell. Hello, Sarah! . . . I left Wyoming last Monday and here I am . . . Hey, Peanuts! . . . My dog is named Monty because he is so Woolley . . . Huh, those seniors ain't sophisticated . . . Advisor, where is Bit-ing dorm? . . . She slept right thru' the Psych Test . . . I've lost my hand book . . . Let's get some doughnuts . . . No, NOT YET . . . Isn't there some law against four New Yorkers? . . . The Room? I've seen it . . . I can't decide on an A. B. or a B. M. . . Let's paint this white . . . WE transferred from "The Pre-flight School for Angels" . . . What was that line for at breakfast? . . . I saw the LAKE over near Strong . . . Those trunks from Florida haven't arrived yet . . . Dates! Where do you buy them? . . . My abode is the blue powder-puff in South Hall . . . My name is Peiranc! . . . I'm majoring in ART!
 Reminiscing . . .

Summer reunions with Margaret West at Morehead . . . Boaty at Ingram Beach . . . Peggy at Wrightsville . . . Jeter at Nag's Head . . . The Stee Gee Conference at Montreat with Peg . . . Lois and Luke Florida Bound . . . Janie doing "Puddy cat" in a Baltimore nightclub . . . Bryant at the Horse Show in Raleigh . . . Starbuck cruising around Montreal . . . "M" and "The Lost Week-end" . . . Cocktails at the Waldorf with Helen and Bud . . . Boaty and a blue convertible . . . Coit courtin' at Myrtle . . . Slye almost auditions for Sammy Kaye . . . Lou and Joe prancing on Peachtree Street . . . Pinky has a tea . . . Gaither recuperating from appendicitis at Blowing Rock (Boaze helping) . . . Farmer and E. C. T. C. . . Houseparties for Dee and Jean . . . Summer marriages: Ruth Shore, Anne Hairston, Norma Rhodes, Frances Elan, and Evelyn Southerland . . . Trial engagements: you name them . . . Effie and the Girl Scouts . . . Nancy Paige and "The River" . . . Snyder visits Raleigh . . . Casteens wears a Nurse's Aid cap . . . Julia and Phil at Morehead . . . Lovelace and Carter off to New York . . . Seen at Myrtle: Crowell, Wooten, McLeod, Dune, Noble, Clark, Phillips, Denning, Senora and Jack . . . Those Marines and Maxwell . . . Thomas works a month in Florida . . . AND

THE WAR IS OVER . . .

I remain,
 Your fugitive from
 the law of averages

Peace In England

Ldg. Wren Prue Coyte

(This article was written especially for the Salemite by Ldg. Wren Prue Coyte. Prue, who came to Salem in 1943-44, was from London, England—she came to America during the Blitz. She was president of her class and outstanding in campus activities. She returned to England during the summer of 1944. Virtie Stroup secured the article.)

I sat up in bed in amazement. There was a terrific din coming from the ships in Portsmouth harbour, squeaky little honks from the launches, and deep throaty bellows from the great battleships. The girl in the bunk next to me sat up and shouted "The war's over," and through the fog of sleep around me, I realized that she was right. So this was peace, this honking and hooting coming through the night.

All over England people were leaping out of bed and running out into the streets in their pajamas. Bonfires were lit and thrown on the flames were tables and chairs and anything that would add to the blaze. Fireworks were sent off from the roof of Buckingham Palace, and out in the east end of London the Lambeth walk was danced until the beginning of the first day of peace painted the sky a dull grey. For two days the celebration continued, the pubs were full and the country nearly ran out of drink.

This was not the only method of welcoming peace. Millions of tired, grateful people gave thanks in the nation's churches for the deliverance of their country and all the battle-scarred world.

Peace, of course, has more or less the same meaning in England as it does in America. It means to us that our men are no longer being blown to pieces; it means we can start to think creatively instead of destructively; and it means we must bring ourselves to tackle the seemingly insurmountable problems of reconstruction and the prevention of future wars, for what can war now mean except the annihilation of mankind?

Yes, this is peace, and let us hope that it may bring the long-desired, universal brotherhood of mankind. I, myself, have a little personal hope with the coming of peace, and that is that I can once more visit your great country and also that little part of North Carolina which contains Salem College.

Experience Aids Newcomers

During the orientation program, all new students have been officially introduced to the various organizations, routines, and customs on the campus; yet there are still many problems facing them which must be solved. These problems were once ours, and we were also confused by the many new rules, regulations, and functions of campus organizations. Each of us has a personal duty in aiding these newcomers. No former students should feel that this duty lies entirely in the hands of the campus leaders or senior advisors.

Because of a full school program, the introduction of each major organization have of necessity been in skeleton form. Those of us who are familiar with the purposes aims, ideals, and many functions of these groups should consider it not only our duty but our privilege to share this information with the newcomers. If we make a special effort to be of assistance we will soon find that a large majority of their difficulties may be quickly ironed out.

SONNET

(On seeing the sea for the first time in five years) — John Buxton

(Lt. Buxton was recently released after five years in German camps. Behind the bars he developed his talent as a lyric poet and taught classes of other Englishmen. The Germans permitted him to send his verses to his wife in England.)

Not stained, not scarred by all man's history;
 Wholly indifferent; without pity or pride
 For battles fought there, and a world defied,
 Or drowned men flung ashore quite carelessly;
 This will not praise us for our victory,
 Nor mock defeat, nor our quick moods deride,
 But moon-driven forever by mechanic tide
 Will sweep about these coasts still heedlessly.
 And while I watch each sinuous movement
 there,
 And see the opal colors shift and fade
 Where the long waves plunge toward me, I am
 glad,
 Yes, glad that the land's whole history is in
 the care
 Of this unhistoried thing, never dismayed
 By all man has done that is evil, or cruel, or
 sad!

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