

From Where I Sit.... Open Forum

by Effie Ruth Maxwell

Jeanne Welty was enchanting—bet she and Dr. Rond had fun discussing Theodosia. Lois Wooten says Theodosia's little boy would make a fine companion for Harvey. Wasn't it nice the way her costume changed from black to mist gray for the ghost-ship epilogue?

SHAKESPEARE TWISTED

People are doing rare things to Mr. Shakespeare these days. Consider this version of his Sonnet 116 from the *Saturday Review of Literature*:

Let me not to the marriage of small minds
Admit impediments. Habits are habits,
And where's the bias altercation finds
While dwelling in the country of the Babbitts?

And this version of same by the Regimental Poet of the 307th Infantry, P. W. Larksbarr:

You say you know the truth, the truth foursquare:
You found it in the schoolhouse of your fathers.
And what's the use of seeking anywhere
For further light? He is no fool who bothers.

You have a car, a house, also a wife,
A Stromberg-Carlson, or Electrolux:
What more is needed for a happy life?
Well, you can buy it—gather in the bucks.

If this be error and upon me proved,
The very hills of Zion may be moved.

THE SPIRIT

Warning to all teachers expecting term papers from seniors before Christmas—they will probably be interspersed with joyous bits of Christmas spirit, as Bitting is overflowing with it. Ike Belk relieved us of a little, though—he took Santa off our mantle for the K A House at Chapel Hill.

Which reminds me—The *New York Times Magazine* noted Sunday that, despite the psychologists' notion that children who believe in Santa Claus become draft dodgers and spongers with no character or initiative, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, General Eisenhower, Captain Kidd, Frank Sinatra, and probably Superman, all believed in old Santa Claus in their childhood. May I add the *Salemite* editors to that list of believers—only we believe in more than one—Papa Cashion, the Misters Russ and all the others at the Sun. They supply the spirit every week—not just once a year.

My roommate sleeps contentedly in the next bed. The radio is featuring some orchestra from Meadowbrook ((some night I'm going to that place). The hall outside is black and still. Guess there won't be another elopement tonight—so I'll go to my dreams.

But not without wishing—A merry Christmas to all—and to all a good vacation.

Is There A Santa Class?

Dear Editor:

I am eight years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia:

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not see except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, whether men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that is no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The above was reprinted from the editorial page of the *New York Sun* and was written by the late Mr. Frank P. Church.

The Scorpions now present at Salem College wish to give expression to the deep appreciation we hold for Mary Duncan McAnnly, who laid down her life in the service of her country in July, 1945.

Through many years as a student and as a faculty member she held Salem foremost in her heart and served the College in many ways. As a charter member of the Order of the Scorpion and later as a faculty adviser to the group, she exemplified in her daily living the principle on which the Order is built—service to others. Her love of good books was second only to her love of people; therefore, it seems fitting that in memory of her each Scorpion, past and present, contribute a book to the Salem Library in which she spent many happy hours and in which she busied her talents for years.

The order of the Scorpion would very much like to have you send either a book or the money with which to purchase a book to our librarian, Miss Grace L. Siewers, not later than December 15. All the books contributed will form the Mary Duncan McAnnly Collection to be presented to the Library probably by a member of her class) at the annual meeting of the Friends of the Library early this spring. Each book will bear an appropriate inscription. We are very anxious to have you present on this occasion and hope you will be planning with this in view. We shall notify you as to the exact date of the presentation.

Since our Order is entirely secret, we shall make all communications with you through the Librarian.

Thank you for your co-operation.

We feel that there are those among the faculty and present student body who will wish to honor Miss McAnnly in this way. Miss Siewers will be glad to receive any contributions. It will be appreciated if those planning to give books will check with one of the Librarians to see if the Library has those books.

The Christmas cut on the front page was made by Margaret Raynal.

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 Effie Ruth Maxwell
Associate Editor Jayne Bell
Assistant Editor Martha Boatwright
Assistant Editor Virtie Stroup
Make-up Editor Martha Lou Heitman
Copy Editor Peggy Davis
Music Editor Rebecca Clapp
Sports Editor Maria Hicks
Marianne Everett, Margaret Williams, Margaret Fisher, Margaret Styers, Teau Council, Frances Carr, Helen Thomas, Bernice Bunn, Henrietta Walton, Carol Gregory, Lois Wooten, Mary Bryant, Eva Martin Bullock, Coit Redfearn, Avis Weaver, Meredith Boaze, Betsy Boney, Nancy Carlton, Catherine Moore, Carolyn Taylor, Lomie Lou Mills, Peggy Gray, Jean Sullivan, Sarah Hege, and Mary Motsinger.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Betsy Thomas
Assistant Manager Mollie Cameron
Advertising Manager Bettye Bell
Circulation Manager Greta Garth
Helen Spruill, Lesley Bullard, Eaton Seville, Nancy Lee Erwin, Betsy Long, Jane Morris, Martha Brannock, Martha Walton, Nell Penn Watt, Jean Moss, Blanche Hicks, Frances Sowers, Jean Padgett, Jane Mull, Sarah Montague, Betsy Schaum, B. J. Hallman, Roberta Huffman, Mary Patience McFall.

Margaret West, Betsy Boney, Augusta Garth, Jane Morris, Mary Farmer Brantley, Sarah Coe Hunsucker, Ruth Hayes, Blanche Hicks, Peggy Gray, Mary Porter Evans, Elaine McNeely.

CLAPP CHATS

All you kiddies who have been crooning "White Christmas" can quit dreaming, 'cause yo' wish has come true—(ker-chooooo!) Oops, excuse please. . . . Another wish has come true—Sunday afternoon at five, Dr. Vardell will give us the nicest Christmas present ever: an organ recital at the Moravian Church—a special treat for everybody! See you there. . .

What's next?? Wonder how they expect us pore voice majors to keep our celestial (????) voices under these adverse conditions—croaks instead of chirps—most discouraging!! 'Twould help if we'd go to bed every week or so, to quote Mrs. Starr. . . who incidentally is a very famous lady—not only did she feed John Charles Thomas waffles in her own kitchen in New York, but she accompanied him when he sang "Old Man River" for her party really, honest-to-goodness! . . . She gives free autographs, I understand. . .

While we're on the subject of faculty—did you know ((really this isn't a gossip column)???) our two assistant deans are musical virtuosos! Miss Burrell plays one of the meanest pianos in Music Hall—ask her teacher Lib Johnston . . . and Miss Adams with her violin, is making a welcome addition to Miss Read's orchestra . . . we are anxiously awaiting their respective debuts! . . .

Another high recital came forth Thursday; several of the performers were slightly out because of weather, flu, etc., but the program was as follows:

Prelude, Fugue, and Chaconne by Busthude, Kathryn Wagoner; **Mein glaubiges Herze, frohlocke** by Bach, Betty Lou Ball; **Fugue in E flat major (Saint Ann)** by Bach, Edna Stafford; **Lo, the Bright Seraphim** by Handel, Gwendolyn Yount; **Trio No. 1 in G major (Andante)** by Haydn, Hazel Horton Read, violinist, Eugenia Shore, cellist, and Frances Sowers, pianist; **Aria Batti Batti** (from "Don Giovanni") by Mozart, Peggy Sue Taylor; **Prelude** (from "Carnival Mignon") by Schuett, Lomie Lou Mills; **Nun Wandre, Maria** by Wolf, Jane Calkins; **May Night** by Palmgren, Hazel Newman Slawter; **Grand Chorus in G minor** by Guilment, Polly Starbuck; **Morgen** by Strauss, Helen Slye; **Consolation, No. 6** by Liszt, Elizabeth Peden; **Pleurez mes yeux** by Massenet, Josephine Holler; and **Concerto in D minor, Op. 40 (Allegro appassionato)** by Mendelssohn, June Reid.

For you who are planning to have "time on your hands" this Saturday afternoon, the opera will be Wagner's "Die Meistersinger"—with Eleanor Steber, Charles Kullman and Kirsten Thorburg in the cast. . . Hans Sachs will be sung by Gerhard Pechner, a bass from Germany. . . I owe an apology to Bunny for neglecting her Norman Cordon last week—he did a bang-up job in "The Masked Ball," singing the role of Samuele, one of the conspirators. . .

'Bye till next year—wish you all the Merriest Christmas, a-dashing through the snow, ever you had. . . Jingle bells, and Happy New Year . . . laughing all the way! !

Library Contest Coming Up

Aware of the value of personally owning one's favorite authors and titles, the Library annually sponsors a book contest in which awards are made to the two upper classmen submitting the best selections of books which they personally own. These collections may be either general or in a special field. The only submitting the best selections of books which more than thirty titles, and all books entered must be owned by the student entering them.

This contest is scheduled for the second semester, but we are giving you this timely warning with the hope that it may influence your Christmas purchases, and so that you may bring from home after the holidays books which you may want for the contest.