

Beware Of The Little Red Man

by Jayne K. Bell



This is the
Little Red Man
Watching You

He is three feet high and very thin. His legs are spindles, and slightly bowed. His feet are so tiny that he wears wooden shoes no bigger than hickory nuts. On his head is a long scarlet tobaggan than stands out when he runs. He wears a tight red jacket over his trousers and shirt.

When first seen he appears to be a hugh black shadow, and then a transparent red blur. After his pranks are over, he appears as a strange glow of moonlight. He makes laughing, peering, taunting sounds while sitting on one's desk or looking in a key hole.

He always slips through cracks after lights are out and disappears like a flash on a beam of moonlight. But he is like all fairies, good and bad, close at hand for those who seek him.

Back in the days when old Salem Square was surrounded by a log fence, he would appear under the spooky lantern at the hitching post. He was first seen in the deep cellar of the Brothers House, and first heard by a tap-tap-tap like the tick-tock of a clock, or maybe a shoemaker's hammer.

For you see, the original Little Red Man was a shoemaker by trade. After the Revolutionary War, the single brethren started building a more permanent structure for Brothers' House. Andreas Kremser, who wore a red shirt, was mortally injured at midnight while working in the deep cellar. A bank of earth fell on him and by morning he was dead. His spirit has haunted this section ever since.

It is rumored that his favorite dwelling is the cavernous cellar of Sisters' . . . so beware of the Little Red Man!

From the Boogie Woogie Faculty

Miss Hedgecock: "There is no excuse for a man's necktie. It does not support his neck; nor hold up his shirt; nor keep him warm. Purely custom, I say!

Mr. Higgins: remarks on students who evade answering questions by the use of that interrogative tone in their voices and mumble so no one can hear the exact words.

Mr. Curlee: When his freshmen hesitate he says, "You all talk to me."

Dr. Anscombe: In Philosophy class he uses Mama, Papa, and Little Freddie to illustrate different wave lengths.

Orchids to: Van Jackson's clowning.

Miss Vest's trucking.

Mrs. Starr's dramatic art.

Miss Kirkland's characterization.

Miss Byrd's typical walk.

And the whole bunch for giving us a wonderful night of laughter.

New Co-ed

Have you seen the new co-ed? He is quite tall and handsome, and plans to enter Harvard after a few brush up courses at Salem.

Question:

What happened to those Tuesday night sessions in Davy Jones' Locker, Sophomores? We want more of them.

Pedro

Marion Waters, Carol Beckwith, Jean Moss, and Betty Ham have completed a painting which they call "Pedro, the Mexican and His Donkey." It now hangs in Strong's basement.

New Love on Campus

A bride and groom now live in Mother Strong's apartment. In fact they are spending a two-week honeymoon there. Need we say more?

Thank!!

To the Y for the refreshing during exams. It should become a tradition.

South Hall

A dance given by South Hall last Saturday night was very successful. This suggests that dorm parties would be one solution to the problem of filling our social programs on the week-ends. It is hoped that the dormitories will follow this idea and enliven our campus.

Valentines . . .

The best Valentine was received by Light Joslin, who may become Mrs. Jerry Henderson in March. Jerry, who just returned from the Pacific, sent a telegram from San Francisco and plans are in the way.

Cupid also visited Miss Burrell . . .

CLAPP CHATS

If Olin Downes can write his dissertation for the N. Y. TIMES in bed, let's Clappy chats give it a try! Since Mrs. Starr says laryngitis is immoral, I don't dare say I have that, but I sho' cain't sing . . . try balancing a typewriter on your knees, girls . . . bet we both end up on the floor—let you know if I survive!!!

Music Hour Thursday was a ultra-ultra occasion — featuring the soon-to-be-recitalists in all their glory — the program included: Chorale Prelude on "Aberystwyth" (Whitney) played by Ruth Scott; Novelette, Op. 21, No. 1 (Schumann), Mary Harriett White; **I Wonder as I Wander**, an Appalachian Choral (Arranged by John Jacob Niles), Alice Chiles; Finale from Sonata in E flat (Haydn), Frances Miller Sowers; "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" (from **Fidelio**) (Beethoven), Catherine Bunn; Chorale in B minor (Frank), Edna Stafford; **Nun Wandre, Maria** (Wolf), Jane Calkins; **Cat and Mouse** (Aaron Copland), Nancy Ridenhour—wouldn't you know?—; **Wings of Night** (Winter Watts), Ruth Pitts; and Ballade in A flat major (Chopin), June Reid . . . While we're on the subject of Music Hour, yours truly has been hearing more and more complaints from the Music Faculty about students who study or knit during the recitals—it has been requested that if we must knit, to do so only before the program begins—Music Hour should be considered as important as a class; after all, we are required to attend it as a class—think how disconcerting it must be to sing to a sea of knitting needles and the top of everyone's head . . . !

Chapel Tuesday was a special treat for us music lovers—a trio composed of teacher Miss Hazel Horton Read, violin, Eugenia Shore, cello, and Frances Miller Sowers, piano, presented a program of unusual merit . . . specially notable was Miss Read's performance of the Adagio and Allegro con fuoco movements from **Vieuxtemps's Concerto No. 5**—the ensemble played Hadyn's **Trio in G Major**, the Adagio cantabile and the Rondo all'Ongereise—the latter was a gigue, enthusiastically received by the audience—may we put in a bid for a return engagement soon! . . . Ask Miss Read how much fun it is to play somewhere every day, to teach every day, to practice for the faculty play every day—makes for much SPARE time she says!!

Our Janie Frazier has gone and done it again!! This time she's walked off with one of the leads in Mozart's "Abduction from the Harem"—the comedy role of Blonda . . . she is scheduled for three performances—one was last Wednesday night, two more over the weekend—bravo! Momma Frazier has gone to N. O. for the great event—can't wait to hear the reports!! That's our Janie for you and more power to her . . .

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College Trains Homemakers

Mrs. Martin's talk in assembly yesterday was strangely stimulating. It isn't often we get to hear some one who is a success in the field most of us hope to enter.

There are, of course, those among us who are ambitious to be scientists, educators, social workers, journalists—leaders in the world. And we certainly couldn't do without them. But without a doubt the majority of us have the same burning desire to be homemakers.

The trouble is, most of us don't realize the great amount of training it takes to be a good homemaker. A home-maker has to be efficient in many fields. The complexity of the modern world gives her the responsibility of coordinating the life of the community with that of her own home. The functions of the home have been taken over to such a great extent by institutions outside the home that unless these outside influences are interpreted their real meaning is apt to be lost in the rush.

Since these institutions are so important to the home-maker, it is her vital duty to see that they function efficiently. To do this it is necessary for her to be alert, well-informed, cooperative. What better place for this sort of training can be found than college?

Open Forum

If you've noticed Clewellites who walk around with one hand on their backs, the other on their knees, then you've heard them continually complaining about the beds in their dormitory which some declare have been there since the school first opened its doors. To prove that new beds are a necessity in Clewell dormitory and that that feeling is universal, here are some answers to the question, "Does Clewell need new beds?"

Gussie Garth: It'd do a powerful lot of good for the morale.

Ruby Moye: Can't think of anything nicer than to get up a little more rested than when we go to bed.

Betty Bell: A—men—at least new mattresses!

Ann Carothers: Definitely.

Bunny Bunn: Yes. All the other dorms have new ones. If not new beds, new mattresses.

Jean Dungan: I'm so tired—I could sleep on anything, but it would help.

Claire Craig: I certainly think we do. But will it do any good to ask for them?

Janet Russell: As hard as we work during the day, we need a restful night. You can't sleep with your feet and arms hanging off the bed.

Coit Redfearn: Yes. I think so. It's a shame to get up feeling worse than you did when you went to bed.

Henny Walton: Mine's O. K. But I think we could use them. I know Margaret West could.

Sara Coe Hunsucker: I do. Really, honestly, seriously, no kidding—my back kills me every morning.

Libba Jeffreys: Yes. Hardest things I've ever seen.

Ruth Hayes: My bed's O. K. but I feel sorry for Margaret West.

Izzy, Leeper: Certainly. We need a little rest occasionally. Do we have to go home every time we really want to sleep?

Margaret West: Are you kidding? Lie down on mine just a minute, and see for yourself.

Martha Lou Heitman: Oh, my aching back!

Betsy Meiklejohn: Yes, but we won't be here when they get 'em.

Martha Brannock: Mine sags in the middle and is hard as a rock.

Boots Lambeth: I do. Gosh, that's why we go home so much—so we can sleep in a bed for a change.

Peggy Davis: I think two boards should be furnished for each room. Less expensive and healthier.

Babe Efrid: Yes, especially when your feet hang off!

Kathryn Ballew: I now have curvature of the spine plus. It's worse than sleeping in a hammock.

Giunty Smith: It would be a vast improvement.

Jean Pierce: Good grief from Goldsboro!

Dot Covington: Beds? Yea!

Betsy Schaum: I certainly do! My back's been hurting all year and my feet freeze at night.

Bettye Hatley