

To Readers and Writers

With this edition of the Salemite we, the Salemite staff, welcome the class of 1950.

It is the purpose of the Salemite to "provide a medium of expression for all students of Salem College, to keep them informed of student activity and student thinking, and to promote both tangible and intangible improvements on campus."

Try-outs for new reporters will be held very soon. The staff not only needs reporters, but typists and sales talkers, also.

There's A Job To Be Done

Your editor happened to be shown Salem's biggest secret the other day. It was, of course, the plans for the new science building.

The plans, which are not yet definite, were drawn after much consultation with other colleges. To put it mildly, Salem has never had anything quite like it . . . it's all kind of out of this world!

As it stands now, however, we only have the plans. The building itself will cost approximately \$200,000. That's where each Salemite comes in. The dates that have been set aside for the Salem solicitation for the new building are November 15 through December 15.

Every Salemite has had three months to rest and do nothing but get new ideas. The new students should be bubbling over with suggestions. Slogans are simple to think of and easy to write down.

Let's get started on the right foot this year with plenty of enthusiasm, interest, and cooperation in everything Salem undertakes to make Salem a better school for the future.

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

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by Peggy Davis

Stream of Unconsciousness

What it all means: It means starting on a four-year career with all the illusions and aspirations of a freshman, or having attained the exalted position of sophomore—a little nebulous about the ultimate goal, or entering that decisive junior year—much less illusioned, much more undecided, or it means seeing with clear and panic-stricken vision the stark reality of that year-before-graduation.

It means grey mornings and chilly autumn nights—the weeping willow's gradual decline . . . leaves idling on the deserted pool . . . sweaters and cotton dresses . . . heavy dew to dampen your soles or souls in the morning . . . an occasional blush from nature when the noonday sun makes the campus a limbo . . . sombre Sundays . . . nostalgic memories of a summer romance that faded with the suntan . . . seeing friends again . . . reassuming the "collegiate air" (freely translated means anything from bored-with-it-all to eager with insatiable intellectual curiosity).

It means songs after supper . . . bridge between classes . . . a cherished letter or a futile P. O. trip . . . anticipated weekends . . . Mr. Snaveley's welcome, no book store bills yet . . . the newness of freshmen's pajamas . . . a feeling of unanimity, no hint of that pre-exam antagonism . . . a new leaf? . . . This is It! September at Salem.

They Say—

First veteran (peering anxiously over his shoulder): Are my seams straight?

Dr. McEwen: Not yet. (Ed. comment: It actually happened.)

There are more students in colleges than there are people in Kansas.

A Saturday Review of Literature writer-to-the-editor has combined Funk's list of English's ten most beautiful words into the following sentence: "The mist parted; luminous was the dawn, tranquil the murmuring melody of the golden chimes. "Hush!" she whispered." The ten ugliest words in combination resulted in: "In the movies the plump plutoerat, flatulent but not phlegmatic, would crunch his popcorn and gripe at the treachery of the villain to the cacophony of the jazz band. What a sap!" Read 'em out loud; things like that fascinate me.

Then there's the freshman, Nat Henry to be exact, who tells the wildest tales. Explaining how she broke her thumb was what is commonly known as the crowning blow: Playing ape one day (attention Gaither) she stepped on her finger. Enuff? No? Well, then there's the freshman who asked the intelligent question: "Suppose you get all dressed up for a dance and then decide not to go?" Any advice, omniscient upperclassmen? Verse? Worse!

Something about autumn (or maybe it isn't autumn—could be perusal of F. P. A.'s Innocent Merriment) aggravate my scribular glands, and inflame me with poetritis—sounds a little brillig, but so are the results:

Verses Descriptive of Mutation of Campus Facade and Other Things
Many a new face
Around this place

Lines Overheard Throughout the Old North State and Repeated for the Benefit of Aliens
They've all said it:
"Sister, I've had it."

Lines Written in Early September on First Returning To Salem
Here we are
Fun so far.

On Unpacking Suitcases and Arranging Furniture
No space
In this place.

We'll Put Her Name In History's Pages

Contributing their bit to the immortality of Salem's fame are the Myrtle Beach trips of early summer, our illustrious ex-associate-editor J. Bell's debut into the journalism world as a society editor of the News and Observer, the corybantic antics of Salem summerschoolers at UNC, and speaking of debuts, who was?, Marguerite Worth who was a Salemite in '44 led the Debutante Ball in Raleigh last weekend. If you haven't already spotted them by the circles under their eyes, Salem's other contributions to the dissipated debutantes were Anne Barber, Nancy Carlton, Peggy Davis, Jean Griffin, Sara Coe Hunsucker, Katherine Ives, Betsy Long, Emma Mitchell, Ann Mills, Jane Paçon, Jane Pointer, Christine Gray, Pig Burton, and Jean Pierce.

You Name It

If you're a science major itching for retaliation, or just a Salemite itching for progress, here's your chance. Think of something that can be used for a slogan for the campaign to raise money for the demolition of Park Hall and you'll not only further the "cause", but there's also remuneration in it. See page one for the story. Maybe you'll be inspired to surpass something like "Answer the call—Improve Park Hall," or "Get out your roll and improve Higgins' Hole," or "In the cause of science, we need your finance," or "Gentlemen and madams, help Salem split atoms," "Scientific research for the future, a new science building for the present," or "We need your cash, new atoms to smash," Seriously now, to coin a phrase, this contest will mean a great deal to the success of Salem, so put your loyal brains to work.

C'est fini.
Hope you find what you're looking for.
P. D.

The Christian Heritage

A world of atheists would be a world completely void of any feeling, love, or joy. A world of Christianity can be only overflowing with all the qualities that lead to a more abundant life. That is the life for which we strive at Salem and the way of life that makes living together a pleasure long remembered.

The "Y" offers many channels for your interest and enjoyment. We sincerely hope you will take advantage of all that is open to you, not only with the "Y", but in all organizations. You will profit by it in your later life; you will be making a path for yourself now. Be a follower of the Christ and "Study to shew thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Frances Carr
Pres of Salem Y. W. C. A.

Be A Sport

Salemites, the athletic year 1946-47 can be successful if you participate in the sports. The Athletic Association urges every student of Salem to enter a few, if not all, the sports this year. The athletic field is for all. You may begin playing anytime, so do! Use that energy you have been storing all summer.

J. S.

Clapp Clats

The time is now! Here are all the leetle gals back and some of you for the first time—"Standing at the portals—" of the 175th Anniversary . . . (but that story isn't quite my line) . . .

Music Hall news can be put in a thimble (Yours truly just hasn't gotten around as yet—shame) . . . the organs are being tuned—we presume the pianos, too—and most glorious of all, have you seen the bee-yoo-tee-ful paint job in Mem. Hall? Just simply tew tew divine—with that atmosphere, we struggling musicians should be more (If I may use a colloquial expression—how horrible!) "on the beam" than ever, eh what?

A big hearty welcome is in order to all the new faculty. Among those quartered with us in the music building are Mr. Lerch, the Juillard professor of violin . . . Mr. Peterson, the gentleman with the "new papa" grin a yard wide, head of the voice department . . . Miss Margaret Vardell, (need I say more?) daughter of our Dean Vardell—composer in her own right—and our accompanist, piano teacher, what-not . . . Miss Wood, public school music teacher . . . Mrs. Merriman, piano . . . More about them all later . . .

The biggest music news of the summer was the festival at Tanglewood in the Berkshires . . . an audience of 7,500 people . . . the Berkshire Music Center was re-opened this summer by Serge Koussevitzky, who founded it in 1940 . . . hadn't functioned since '42 . . . all time high this year was 400 students, 25 per cent former GIs.

High spot of the festival was the American premiere of Benjamin Britten's opera, PETER GRIMES . . . distineted by being the only English opera ever to be included in standard European repertoire . . . For further details, catch Dr. Vardell on the run (literally) . . . He went . . . I didn't!

Classic remark of the season was made by Mr. Koussevitzky as a curtain speech at the GRIMES premiere:

"Benjamin Britten say to me: 'This opera belong to you.' 'No, my dear,' I say, 'this opera belong to the world, and the world is happy.' This is history-making. The second opera who is a real music drama. I congratulate the world. After CARMEN is PETER GRIMES.

"I should like to remember you: this is a student performance. Dat, dunt means dat I ask you to excuse—just opposite!"