

## Clapp Chats

**OPERA NEWS:** The 1946-47 season is due to open Monday, November 11, and last 'til March 15 . . . good news for all us radio fans . . . the first radio performance will be November 16. On the schedule for us to hear are AIDA, CARMEN, TRAVIATA, HANSEL AND GRETEL, BORIS GODUNOFF, and DER ROSENKAVALIER . . .

Something to break the monotony of the week: the Boston Symphony is doing a broadcast every Tuesday night at 9:30—a change from the Saturday of last season—this week it was Brahms' THIRD . . . Koussevitzky with the baton . . . nice!

The very famous British lady pianist, Myra Hess, is scheduled to give her first American recital since 1938 in Town Hall, N. Y. C. (Would that Winston had a "Town Hall"! . . . four days later she will appear with the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington

T'isn't music news, but for all you Sherlock Holmes devotees—he's back on Saturday nights from 9:30 til 10:00 . . . Tom Conway in the lead this year . . . we'll miss Busil Rathbone! Nathan Milstein has a "new" violin. A Stradivarius known as the "Ex-Goldman" . . . dates back to 1716 . . . new, did he say? Speaking of violins . . . Mr. Lerch, of the Music Department, string division—is scheduled for a recital around the 20th of this month . . . "If you don't like modern music, don't come," he warns, so we'll all be there with bells on!

Probably Dr. Vardell has heard this one, but it's just too good not to quote. Told by another of our new music faculty-teacher Louise Wood: "A man suffering from a chronic nervous condition went to the doctor. The doctor said: 'The only thing that's wrong with you is that you love the bottle too well.' Man: 'Gosh, doc, can't you find anything else wrong with me? I can't go home and tell my wife that!' Doctor: 'Tell her you're suffering from a bad case of syncopation, then.' So he told her that. The wife, not satisfied with his explanation, looked up 'syncopation' in the dictionary. Here is what she found: 'An irregular movement from bar to bar.'—Ha! If you don't catch ask Miss Cash.

## Funeral Arrangements

By Sue Moore

Maybe this cool October and all the leaves beginning to swish around and bright sun and steady intake of autumn air and the county fair all add up have you ever watched a child smeared with cotton candy dizzy with the sweetness of candy coated apple intoxicated by the whirl of ferris wheel and absolutely bug-eyed at the hoarse voiced barker and his hula friends a child full of wonder and admiration for the carny world full of huge longing for fistfuls of tickets or a magic golden pass a child with courage to ride the roll-o-plane to scream and touch the ground once more with wobbly feet and now cotton candy in hair on face and out through the gate and home bath bed and dreams of the carny the tattooed man the merry-go-round music and then tomorrow familiar every day over and ever magic of carny world lost in every day deal.

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## Past and Present

By Rosamond Putzel

**Founders' Day.** Reminds us again that this school has been here a long time. Did you know that they've had a school paper at Salem since about 1880? To enliven a dull afternoon, go over to the library and read some of the old copies. Among other items of interest, you'll find this advertisement:

"Salem Female Academy, Salem, N. C. A home and high-class school for girls and young women. Government and discipline kindly but firm.—Eleven resident lady teachers constantly in charge.—No social distractions." Certainly does sound genteel.

There are other stories too. One girl, or maybe it was a young woman, lost her trunk on the mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville, and found it six months later in Boston; those things do get around. And boxes from home were plentiful during the Christmas holidays, as an 1886 columnist noted; those were the days of the Golden Past when one came in September and stayed until June—with "no social distractions." There was a letter printed in the *Academy* (maiden name of the *Salemite*) from "Mrs. ex-President James K. Polk," who, as you may have heard before, was numbered among our alumnae.

Perhaps the part of the oldpapers that would interest you most is the joke column. They printed such items as these: "Home sweet home—a bee hive. Operators in wool—moths. What sort of a timepiece is the Watch on the Rhine? That sympathy of Mendelssohn's is a favorite of mine. Board of education—the blackboard." Some of them you've probably heard in the last few years and thought they were new.

**To return to the present.** Were any of you as impressed by Dean Vardell's poetic fancies as I was? For those who collect items of great American literature, I am printing it with lack of permission from the author:

I wandered one day by the murmuring tide  
With gloom in my heart and a frown on my visage;  
And I pondered the youth of the groom and the bride,  
And I wondered if her age were equal to his age.  
For she's only sixteen, and she's thin as a bean,  
And it's really a shame—see what I mean?  
Oh, she ought to be locked in a convent all day,  
With the curtains pulled down and the key thrown away.

I like that Byronic rhyme, "visage" and "his age". And the whole thing sounds lovely to the tune of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Try it.

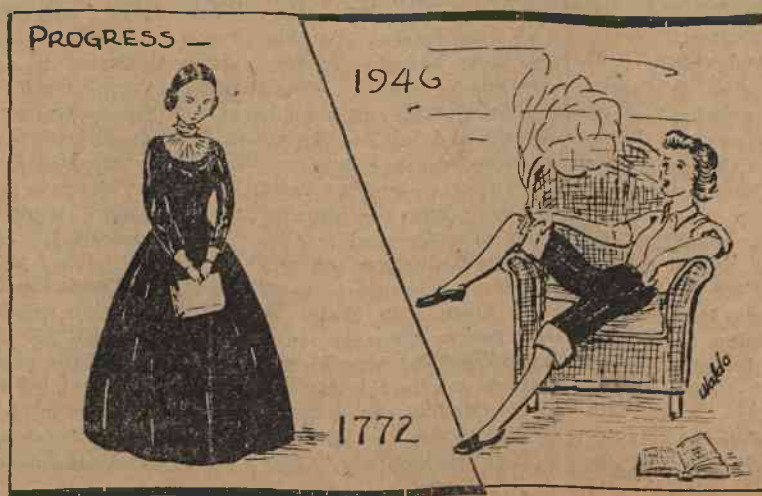
The seniors seem to be having a wonderful time with their practice teaching. One young gentleman at Reynolds asked Mildred Hughes for a date, and Margaret West had half the football team at Gray High chasing her down the hall. The primary teachers are becoming quite proficient in instructing the young; Ruth Hayes has already taught one little boy to blow his nose, but he forgot to use his handkerchief, and she had to give him a "C" on the lesson.

Have you heard the fable about the two little polecats? It seems Stinky Skunk gave his moll, Skrita Skunk, all his ill-gotten gains to keep for him until he got out of the zoo. When he made his break, he found Skrita had married someone else and spent all the money. Moral: never trust a woman with a scent. Scent, that is.

It seems, with passing hurricanes to chill the air slightly, and the first dance of the year just around the corner, that autumn has finally arrived. This is the season when high school students—and some in colleges—write themes on the beauty of the colorful leaves, when half the girls wear sweaters and the other half are still in cottons, when the most prevalent topic of conversation is the latest football score, "when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock," when it stays darker later in the mornings and it's harder to get up sooner.

**Repeated remarks:** "My evening dress is so tight I can't wear it; I'll have to go on a diet." "What on earth are you going to study for the six weeks' test?" "Maybe Carolina is going to beat Duke this year—maybe." "Anybody want to play bridge?" "I've got to teach all day tomorrow! I just can't do it." "I keep calling Mr. Lytch Mr. Lytch, Lr. Leach Mr. Lerch, and Miss Lytch Miss Leach."

And I might as well conclude with this excerpt from *The New Yorker*, for those of you who think it pays to increase your word power: "The brevity of latent addition, the requirement of spatial summation, the irreiprocity of conduction, the occurrence of direct inhibition and the duration of delay, which characterize synaptic transmission, and the all-or-none response with subsequent refractoriness of the component neurons do all insure that the simple and discrete elementary signals are so related as to conform to a logical calculus of numerable, coexisting and sequential propositions. From this fact we can deduce the formal properties of cognition and conation in any nervous system that possesses receptors and controls effectors." Editor's comment: We can? Well, can we?



## What Does It Mean?

What does the 175th mean to you,  
Just a lot of nonsense and extra things to do?  
Then you haven't caught the spirit which has  
lived down through the ages,  
Nor read the wondrous stories that are found  
on history's pages.

And you haven't stopped to wonder why our  
founders settled here,

Nor what it was to them was so very, very dear.

It was a place of brotherhood, of faith, and  
unity;

A place of peace and progress, and opportunity.

It was what they stood for, their very lives,  
their all—

And so you see it's something that's not so  
very small.

The 175th is full of spirit and tradition;

And that spirit cannot live except on one con-  
dition:

That we present Salemites do our part for its  
survival.

It is not dead, it's permanent; it only needs  
revival.

Our heritage is behind us, the future's in our  
hands.

A spirit true to Salem is all that it demands.

Mary Elmore Finley

## In My Opinion

Miss Understanding is the lady who keeps  
men at one another's throat. Misunderstand-  
ing is the underlying cause of most of our  
social, political, and economical problems.  
When Hitler misunderstood his appetite, he  
got indigestion.

Today, regarding world affairs, people mis-  
understand each other too often. In the debate  
Monday evening, Mr. Duranty declared that  
we must try to understand the Russians. To  
understand the Russians who have such ex-  
tremely different, social and political prac-  
tices is very difficult for us, and our position  
is also misunderstood by the Russians.

Regarding all our association with people  
we often refuse to understand one another.  
Understanding does not demand agreement;  
understanding demands the truth. But among  
the conflicting opinions about Russia, where  
is one to find the truth?

Sam Pruett

## Write Your Editor Today

The *Salemite* receives so little constructive  
criticism that the editors are beginning to be-  
lieve that the paper is the unanimous voice of  
student opinion. Last year we announced that  
a "Letters to the Editor" department was  
ready and waiting for your reactions. We got  
no response.

If you have any comments to offer on the  
make-up, subject matter, presentation, or poli-  
cies of the *Salemite*—constructive or destruc-  
tive—submit them in writing to the editors at  
the *Salemite* office in the basement of Clewell.

If this is to be the "official news organ of  
Salem College" it must reflect the ideas and  
ideals of the students.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

We are upperclassmen who take physical  
education. Frankly, we're upset. This year we  
are required to take a gym class two hours a  
week and attend a gym lab for one hour a  
week. This seems gross injustice to us since  
we get only one semester hour's credit for  
the course. Why is it necessary for us to meet  
this class as often as we do the ones for which  
we get three credit hours?

Interested Inquirers