

## Flash Your Cash!

The Science Building Fund Campaign is on the march! Salem students have a step to take. At the student body meeting Tuesday, a quota of \$1500 was set as our contribution toward the final \$500,000 goal. And we will meet it.

Individual contributions or pledges will be made this week. If we pledge, the amount should be payable before commencement this year—and payable! Cash contributions will probably be the most satisfactory, but the pledge card will have its advantages, especially if it can be sent home for confirmation or reimbursement.

Through organizations' donations and funds raised by group projects, we can reach our quota. But the response to the individual contribution drive that ends Monday night will indicate just how strongly the students are behind this drive. Don't give 'till it hurts. Give 'till it helps.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Each year the age old question arises of why isn't there something provided for entertainment on the week-ends? Each year an editorial usually appears on this subject.

So far this column has been used for the purpose of complaining in order to secure immediate action on a certain subject. However, this is not my object at all.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all organizations on campus that have supplied any form of entertainment for week-ends whether free or solicited. It takes time and energy to create something new in which everyone can participate. Salem's spirit and cooperation has seemed to take on a newer outlook, too; therefore, the students and the organizations seem to be profiting.

Since the beginning of this school term, student organizations have done an excellent job in providing easily-accessible and entertaining recreation for Salem students this fall.

V. Stroup

## "Poem"

I Want to Make an Announcement,  
Please Pardon my Lyric Expression

Oh, rhyme's a result of suppression  
Says Freud; it's just an obsession.  
I must be a victim of repression,  
For I can't seem to speak without rhyme.  
Lest I be accused of digression,  
Let me hasten to end my expression.  
I speak for the sciences' progression,  
And I'll try not to take much more time.  
In chapel I got the impression  
Our school is in need of possession  
Of a building for science—the profession  
Which, they say, is still on the march.  
We want you to give an expression  
Of faith in your school's new accession.  
Keep Salem in step with progression  
Of science, which is on the march.

Rosamond Putzel

## Boney's Boners.....

By Betsy Boney

Where, oh where to begin! As usual, I waited till the last minute to write the column and as usual, I have no idea where to begin. Maybe I should start with a snappy little poem for the occasion . . . but then what is the occasion . . . and I'm certainly not a poet anyhow. I guess I'll just jump in head first (as always) and see what happens.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner. That means, of course, that long awaited visit home . . . turkey . . . soft beds . . . dates . . . parties . . . and, of course, the loving parents. Thanksgiving this year will just mean a breathing spell for the lucky girls attending both the Duke-Carolina weekend and Fall Germans. For people like me, who elected to be an English Major, it will only mean that the term papers, notebooks, papers, and so forth will be done in the privacy of my own room at home. Speaking of English majors (and I was), do you really appreciate the joy that comes from majoring in English? You have only to take two English courses along with your other four courses, to realize that it will have to be years from now before you can really look on your college days as the happiest days of your life. Note to readers: Now maybe you think I am going to change my major. I wouldn't for the world! Last spring when I was afraid that my average would not be high enough to major in English, I planned to withdraw from college. And do you think I would miss comp class? Comp class really is a riot . . . riot spelled N-A-N-C-Y M-e-C-O-L-L and C-A-T G-R-E-G-O-R-Y! It would be the joy of my life, if all classes were as interesting and as informal.

Do you realize that there are only 33 more days till Christmas? Isn't that wonderful? Eek! Just think of all the things that must be done before then. Term Papers . . . Christmas cards . . . Christmas Dance . . . Fall Germans . . . Thanksgiving . . . the Christmas banquet . . . Christmas shopping . . . and . . . December first the book store bill, along with all the other bills that seem to appear out of nowhere. Oh, why did I buy that suit and hat when I knew I couldn't afford it. Take it from one who knows, don't write checks on Dad a month before Christmas, cause if you do, Santa Claus will just ignore that stocking (nylon this Christmas) the same as if you had a great big hole in the toe!

Ho-hum . . . people never appreciate what they have until they lose it. Dr. Anscombe should have heard the groans and sad sighs when the students heard the rumor that he was giving up his courses in Philosophy and Government.

Hurrah for the gym department! They aren't hard-hearted after all, for it was announced last week that there would be no gym labs for the coming sports season. This news was received with a rousing cheer by most of the girls. I had already formed a picture in my mind of me (Boney, that is) out on the hockey field in snow up to my ankles. Speaking of hockey, did you by any chance (and it would have to be chance, as the game wasn't announced) see the Juniors holding back the Freshmen in the phenomenal attraction on Tuesday afternoon? Due to the amazing and unexpected skill of Davis, Raynal, and modest me, they only succeeded in making one goal the last half. And even though there was only one member of the Junior Team, Conner, playing, they beat us only 6 to 0. Hurrah for the spirit the Juniors conjured up out of the Deep Well.\*

\*For reference see Mss Byrd or any English Major but me.

A group of girls got together in the smokehouse the other night, and had a really educational discussion on Religion. This goes to show you that the smokehouse can be used for something besides a place for a fag, a game of bridge, and the latest juicy gossip. It really would be a wonderful thing if more of us would follow these girls' examples and make the smokehouse walls quake by discussing, for a change, something constructive instead of something destructive.

Mother Strong is back on campus. She really is a welcome sight. Please, Mother Strong, make your stay a long one, as all the students missed you, and your presence is ever welcome.

The chapel Tuesday was just the right touch to get all the students in the mood for the Science Drive. Under the leadership of Connie Scoggin, who has done a wonderful job leading the student body this year, let us students do our part. Come on, Salemites . . . Science is on the march, let's really keep Salem in step by giving . . . and giving until it hurts. Let's all contribute to a wonderful Christmas Present to Salem . . . a new and badly needed Science Building. Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes in the containers and we'll have a new science building sometime soon . . . we hope!

## Clapp Chats

Aren't limericks fun? . . . did you see the article in the TIMES Magazine about them Sunday? They had limericks covering every imaginable subject—from love, nature, singers, food, to religion and people. Two of my favorites are irresistible—must quote:

A tutor who tooted a flute  
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;  
Said the two to the tutor,  
"Is it harder to toot, or  
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

A wonderful family is Stein;  
There's Gert and there's Ep, and there's Ein.

Gert's verses are punk,  
Ep's statues are junk,  
And nobody understands Ein.

Have you heard this one? Izler Solomon, conductor of the Columbus Philharmonic, has the problem of a worn-out podium—it squeaks and is falling apart. At the most injudicious moments during a performance it emits noises . . . all efforts to secure a new podium were fruitless. The only solution

Since Columbus is suffering the odium  
Of a Highly impolitic podium  
All we can suggest  
To settle unrest,  
Is aspirin, or bicarb and sodium.

As for home talent—it takes no poetic mind to compose a limerick . . . and any sentiment can be expressed, such as

There was a young lady at Salem;  
In music she met her failum.  
She groaned, "At this date  
With my grades in suchstate,  
Give them to me, don't mail 'em!"  
So much for that!

Radio musts: The opera for this week will be Delibes' LAKME, with the one-and-only Lily Pons singing the title role. Saturday, 2 p. m.

Toscanini and the NBC Symphony will have Dame Myra Hess as their guest Sunday at 5:00 p. m. She will play Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE is the opera to be broadcast November 29.

And don't forget Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony every Tuesday night at 9:30.

Wednesdays at 10 p. m. is that program—"Information Please"—with the old favorites John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and Oscar Levant, kept in line by Clifton Fadiman. If yo' brain needs some exercise, don't miss this!

## Scorpions Support Drive

Although the Order of the Scorpion, because of the nature of its organization, can have no financial part in the Science Drive, it wishes to express its whole-hearted support of the project.

The Order believes that Salem has a true spirit of progressiveness that increases as its history increases. The overwhelming success of this campaign is the individual responsibility of each student.

It is up to YOU!

Remember—Let's keep Salem in step.

The Order of the Scorpion.

## Junior Edits

Amie Watkins was the editor of this week's Salemite, the third to be edited by juniors this year.

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FOR THESE WE GIVE THANKS.....

