

## Non-Com Explains

On behalf of the nominating committee, I wish to say that we appreciate the enthusiasm and the interest in elections which has been shown by the student body this year. The number of students voting in the elections and the campaigning for candidates is indicative of the spirit which we would like to see displayed in all campus activities. The editorial which appeared in last week's *Salemite* concerning student petitions to the nominating committee is an example of the constructive criticism which all the campus organizations invite in order to be able to correct any faults in the organization and to clear up any points which are not understood by the student body.

The nominating committee recognizes the right of students to petition a candidate who, they feel, should be considered for a particular office. But such a request on the part of twenty-five students does not automatically constitute a nomination but rather a recommendation. Each girl that is petitioned for an office is carefully considered according to the qualifications which have been set up for that office. If the committee feels that she meets those qualifications she may be nominated. However, if it is felt that the student's abilities might be better used in some other capacity, then the committee reserves the right to refuse the petition.

The nominating committee is composed of representatives from each class and from each organization. It is felt that this group as a whole is well enough acquainted with the activities of different organizations and with the girls who are active in these organizations to determine which student is best qualified for the leadership of each group. It endeavors in all cases to nominate students, who are best fitted for the positions. We have tried to keep an ear to student opinion and, at the same time, see that the girls nominated for an office are those girls who most nearly meet the qualifications for that office.

Connie Scoggin

## Library Repeats Rules

Lately there has been an increased use of the library because of term papers and various other reports. No one appreciates the inconvenience caused by lost or misplaced books. Here are a few reminders which are important for both the librarians and those who use the library.

First, concerning the light blink at 9:45 P. M. This signal means that all books should be signed out by this time at the main circulation desk and downstairs in the reserve book room. If one is using a reserve book and doesn't intend to take it out overnight, she is still expected to return the book by 9:45. This greatly helps the librarian who not only has to make out the records but also has to check and close the library in the remaining fifteen minutes before 10:00 P. M.

Secondly, there has been some misunderstanding about removing reserve books from the reserve book room. These books are not to be taken out of the room except for overnight use. The very fact that these books are on reserve usually signifies that they are in constant use and demand.

Thirdly, when books are taken from the shelves for temporary use, they should be used near their location on the shelves. It is embarrassing to the librarian and annoying to the person checking out the book not to be able to find any trace of the book.

It is helpful to remember that in every case, rules in the library are made to help and to facilitate matters for those who use the library.

## Dear Editor:

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The practice, that hertofore has been customary, of allowing students in tests to remain as long as they wish after the close of the period seems to many students to be unfair. Some students have a class following the period of the test, and, if the test is long, they are unable to finish, while others who have no following class are allowed to continue working.

In this case, is consideration in grading given to the students who must leave at the close of the period?

A suggestion for solving this misfortune would be to have all papers turned in at the same time, for instance, at either the first or the second class bell. This seems to be more fair. Another suggestion is that the teachers consider the time in which the test is to be taken.

Signed, Test Taker

## No Pharynx.....

By Catherine Gregory

The alarm clock ran all the way down and Little Mumbly didn't move.

"Whyncha turn offa clock, Stoopid," said her roommate. She was a lovely girl but inclined to be surly before she had her breakfast. Little Mumbly twitched slightly but made no reply. There were several reasons for this. One was that her roommate's name was BMOC and Little Mumbly never had really learned to pronounce it. The other was that she had frozen solid during the night because BMOC had taken all the cover.

Laughing gaily, BMOC squirted tooth paste in Little Mumbly's shoes. This pleased her and she never tired of doing it. This was why Little Mumbly's friends called her "Bubbles" in rainy weather. BMOC was full of merry pranks like that, and she kept Little Mumbly in stitches all the time. Little Mumbly worshipped her popular roommate and BMOC liked her, too. "A good kid", she would remark to her friends. "She can really take a joke".

BMOC finished dressing. She smeared cold cream on Little Mumbly's side of the mirror and left, her laughter floating back.

Some moments later, when the rising temperature had started again the life processes, Little Mumbly got out of bed and began to dress. She groped in the tiny pitch-black closet. Something fell on her, carrying her kicking and screaming to the floor. It was a clothes bag. She hung it back up. She chose an ill-matched sweater and skirt and put them on. As she bent over to tie her shoe, some one jammed open the door and she was flipped quickly over. Upside down she thought, "Now why in the world did they put the closets by the door?"

Eagerbeev opened the closet door and screamed with laughter as she watched Little Mumbly crawling out. Several times she playfully kicked her back again. She doubled over with hysterical delight at the sight of Little Mumbly determinedly fighting forward.

Finally she said "I went to the P. O. Whynecho ever go? Anyway, I broughtcha mail. You got lots." Little Mumbly cried with pitiful eagerness, but Eagerbeev held out for a while.

"Beg me," she said, but gave in as Little Mumbly began kissing her hand. She stood up.

"Aah, you got nothing but a Church Bulletin" she said. Laughing and slapping her thigh at her little witticism, she stepped over the gurgling form of Little Mumbly and left. "That kid's got a good sensa humor" she remarked to someone in the hall.

Little Mumbly got to the dining hall in time for breakfast. She got little to eat though, for the three people in front of her were each getting breakfast for 15 other people.

"Toast, no eggs" said Little Mumbly as she leaned over the counter and lightly touched the toast pan with her finger.

"Hard or soft?" asked the Egg Goddess. "No don't really want—oh well, soft," decided Little Mumbly.

"Thain no biskits" said the Bread Goddess in a voice of infinite sorrow. "Toast", enunciated Little Mumbly. The Bread Goddess smiled with gentle understanding and handed her the plate with the egg on it.

"Really . . . I want . . ." but she had lost their attention. "A sweet chile" one said the to the other, and then they began heaping toast and no eggs on a protesting girl behind her.

She got at the table between two of the largest and most violent girls in the school. They beat her about the face and neck with their flashing elbows and squirted her with grapefruit. They splashed coffee on her and didn't pass her anything at all. They argued in loud voices. Little Mumbly ate her egg in silence and got up. "Nice agreeable girl" agreed the two after she left.

As she took her dishes back, she dropped her knife directly beside the faculty table. It made a fearful noise and all the teachers stopped chewing and looked at her with a hard stare. Fright with indecision she paused, mumbled "Fourteen hundred ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue" in an apologetic tone and hurried on. "Nice, well brought-up child," said one teacher to his colleague.

During her class Little Mumbly sat and read the Church Bulletin she had received. She was absorbed in it when the teacher called on her.

"Mrs. Mouldy Schmaltz has brought us her letter from the Goose Creek Church. We are glad to welcome her to our midst," she read.

Penetrating observation!" cried the professor. "An intelligent girl", he remarked to the class. Eagerbeev was in the same class and she jumped to her feet, answering the question in clear, concise phrases. "Shut your face", said the professor irritably. He smiled again at Little Mumbly. "Sharp as a tack", he thought.

In the library that afternoon Little Mumbly sat with many others in the main reading room. She was surrounded by magazines and she read them intently. She never read the articles, but just looked at the page with the names of the staff. Funny names were her hobby, and she chuckled softly over "C. O'Conor Goolrick" and the like. She picked up the Magazine of Diateties and flipped it open.

At that moment in another part of the room, Clever Endeavor had begun her daily stunt. She had painted her ears bright orange and was standing on a table stuffing pages from the Journal of Modern Philology in her socks, crying "Spoot, spoot". The room rocked with laughter.

Just then Little Mumbly saw the prize name of all time—Fairfax Throckmorton Proudfit. In her excitement and sheer delight, she swallowed her tongue. She sat, paralysed, unable to think or act, stunned with joy, and choking to death.

A teacher saw her sitting calm while the rest of her comrades cavorted childishly. He was moved to action.

"Stop," he cried to the room. "Look at this superior creature! Stop, you idiots, and be ashamed!"

A deathly hush fell on the room. Clever Endeavor took the pages out of her socks and began pasting them back in the magazine, rrying bitterly. Each and every persn looked at Little Mumbly and felt awed. She became a campus leader. She was elected into the Order of the Cockroach, made Dean's list, and had other honors heaped on her. She went onward and upward after that day, and in time she became the First Woman President of the United States.

## Clapp Chats

A thousand apologies to Mr. Franek for calling his D minor Symphony the "New World" last week . . . was this face red! Never quote rumors—it doesn't pay . . .

Thrill of thrills: tea with Mr. Goossens and his Cincinnati Symphony Tuesday afternoon . . . Correction: tea with Mr. Goossens and part of his orchestra—little more than the tympani, bass violin, and viola showed up, but such fun! . . . Picture a dozen or so music majors listening gog-eyed while Dr. Vardell and Mr. Goossens tossed around such names as "Goetschius," "Eugene Ormandy," etc. . .

Best quote of the day came from a certain Civic Music lady, who made a practice of asking every gentleman that came in the door, "What instrument do you play?" Two of her victims: Mr. Lerch . . . Mr. Rider. . .

Oh, to be the president's daughter! Miss Margaret Truman has landed herself a guest spot with the Detroit Symphony. . . She will sing this Sunday night at 8:00, while we glue our ears to the radio. . . Further details: she's twenty-three, a coloratura soprano, had laryngitis last week (couldn't sing), O. K. now, presumably.

The widest grin on this campus belongs to Gwen Yount, who really did a swell job Monday night at THE RECITAL . . . No sooner said than done, she plunges in to learning one of the major roles of the Festival Opera this year. All the while hubby "Rip" looks chesty . . . and now and then yanks his stiff collar, "not used to these doggone things."

The Winston-Salem Civic Orchestra is all set to make its debut next Wednesday night. . . 8:30, Memorial Hall. The conductor: our own Mr. Lerch, who has done the impossible, apparently . . . sometimes no oboes, half the violins gone, or what have you! . . . Judging from the sound of their rehearsal Sunday P. M., they sound good in spite of all the difficulties—Let's be at the concert—it's the least we can do!

## Duke Supports Dance Club

The modern dancers are two dollars and fifty cents richer. Duke University has given this present to all the girls who had planned to see Martha Graham, the foremost modern dancer in the United States.

It is indeed a present because on February 20 Martha Graham came to Duke, but snow came to Salem with a minus two fifty seen on each flake for the trip was cancelled. Duke University sent us not a note of consolation, not a snowcheck, but the entire price of the ticket. It is strictly out of the kindness of their own hearts—and their treasury—because the show went on without us. Our thanks go especially to J. Foster Barnes of Duke who was responsible for the refund.

Louise Dodson

## The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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Alice Clewell Building-Basement

Subscription Price—\$2.00 a year—10c a copy

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