

Retiring Editor Speaks

It is customary each year for the retiring editor of the **Salemite** to write a "farewell editorial" in her last issue of the paper. I have decided to change this tradition and instead of saying "good-bye" I wish to say "thanks."

Thanks . . . first, to my capable and efficient associate editor, Virtie Stroup. She has been my right hand man in every sense of the word. Without her to find material to fill last minute empty spaces, to run to the engravers when the cut was the wrong size, to find those lost articles, and do a million other things when the going got rough and I had given up, many **Salemites** would never have appeared in your rooms on Friday night. If someone could add all the hours that Virtie spent working on the **Salemite** since she came to Salem we would find that we have an unsung hero in our midst.

Thanks . . . to Betsy Meiklejohn, my business manager. It was she who pulled us out of those holes when the cuts cost too much! She and her staff kept those ads rolling in and the money piling up in order that we might have a **Salemite** that alumnae, friends, students, and faculty could all enjoy.

Thanks . . . to my very dependable editorial staff. It is not the editor that makes a paper what it is, but the girls who work with her. This year the staff has been composed of girls from each class. Each member of the staff has done more than her share to make your paper a better paper. It is hard to find girls who will write a feature when you are in dire need of a space filler, or a girl who will get up the nerve to interview John Mason Brown and other celebrities, or even a girl who will write a small article and make it so good that everyone enjoys reading it. These girls are the type girls that have made up the **Salemite** staff this year. They have been ready, will, and able whenever anyone assigned them any article, no matter how large or how small.

Thanks . . . to Ruth Scott and her circulation staff for getting those **Salemites** in your rooms every Friday night the minute they landed on the campus, and for getting them mailed early Saturday morning so that alumnae, friends, and trustees had their papers without fail Monday morning.

Thanks . . . To Miss Byrd for her guidance and advice. She was always on hand when anything went wrong, and she practically bursts with new ideas and helpful suggestions.

Thanks . . . to the "Sun printers". There are not enough words in the English language to show them my appreciation.

Thanks . . . because I can leave with a feeling of confidence that your new editor will have a willing staff, interested readers, and helpful assistants.

I wish Peggy Davis and the new staffs the best of luck as they take over the job that has filled the happiest and best minutes of my college life.

This issue of the **Salemite** was put out by the retiring editors, Boaty Boatwright and Virtie Stroup.

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by Virtie Stroup

You can't just tell a pencil what to write when you think—this is my last column, my last issue. Maybe a question—I say to myself. Have I watched Salem grow or has Salem watched me grow? There's a little of both. Salem has grown into its 175th year of greatness, the campus has expanded up Church Street; Senior has bulged to another dorm; coeds find life here agreeable . . . In fact the campus of '47. There's only a miniature in the past compared to the campus of '47. There's something particularly odd about the last few weeks of college—when the sudden realization comes that the next step will be as a baby's—alone. A graduate would rather sit back and think about the happy crooning resounding from Clewell, the bricks and their inscription of Cunningham, Thomasville, N. C., the sound of the chimes from the Home Church at 6:10, the lengthening shadows, and the snow of pollen that scuffs up against the curbing . . . the closing of another school year. Although these thoughts are by far the most pleasant, the future can't be escaped. Some seniors have their fingers right on what they are planning to do. Others are still feeling about for just the right spot. Some are continuing their study. Quite a few will enter the school of twosomes. Whatever the road, it will be taken with at least a little pinch of sadness.

As for my growing, I've grown more than three inches actually shown by the tape measure. I at last feel my age; I feel strangely able to find a place to find a place to put my foot in this crowded world. Since I entered Salem, I have been able to witness a chaotic struggle safely—yet sadly. Enough has been poured into molds of lead and stamped on newspaper print about the '41-'46 years without my bit of unnecessary chatter. Even so, we have all grown stronger because of its far reaching arm.

There'll be a far reaching arm extending out to welcome all the parents and friends for this is the great May Day week-end. The Chairman of May Day begins to see her year's work culminate into a beautiful pageant on a rainless day. There in the May Dell, where all Spring has awakened and washed winter from her face, will the Queen of the Forest reign. And don't forget the outdoor chapel, the dancing "monkey face" pansies, and the seniors this morning.

There are a lot of thanks to be given out and I'll only have a minute, but where credit is due—the morning Chapel organist and choir, the colored men helping with baggage before and after vacations, to Miss Anna for the flowers in the Dining Hall, to the Art students for the scores of posters, to Anies Daye for Saturday night—and not to mention weekday—entertainment, to the Postmaster for a white 3 1-2 by 6 1-2 smile, to those few who always stand by, to Miss Stockton who continues to overwhelm me with her ingenuity, to the one who lifts and lowers the piano top on music hour, to ALL coeds for making Salem livelier, and to Miss Sanford—a big hand for always being accommodating with the news.

And so this year, for the old staff, is quickly squeezing into seconds. I'm going to miss those Thursdays and Fridays at the Sun, hearing the Linotype machine and its even dance. I've heard that sound every week for four years, and it has become a sweet lullaby to me. I guess it's time now that I should tell all those at the Sun that if there is room in Heaven for anybody, it'll be reserved for all of you. How would the **Salemite** ever flip off the press if it weren't for your work and your everflowing humor?

This week Boaty, our editor, is off being beautiful in the Apple Blossom Festival, so I'd better be off to work to give you the first in its history—a 10-page **Salemite**.

And so with "it has been swell and best of luck to all of the old staff, the new staff and those to come," I'll fold up this tired column with a journalistic—

—30—

Bangs and ballet shoes . . . the Southern drawl of an Alabamian . . . Art labs . . . history term papers . . . Agamemnon and Menelaus . . . Carolina basketball games . . . smoke dreams of that med student . . . wit in the smokehouse . . . a sketch of an aspiring Sophomore.



Clapp's Chats

Well, spring finally is ris!—
May Day is came, and the sun-bathers are in bloom!

The music calendar is pack-jammed with coming events. T'would take a manuscript to list 'em all . . . but here goes . . .

RECITAL season is in full swing—three more to go, and not to be missed . . . (hope) . . .

May 5: **Mary Hunter Hackney**, organ.

May 12: **Sara Haltiwanger**, piano.

May 19: **Carolyn Furr**, piano.

Guess **Miss Louise Wood** pulled a fast one on us all! Take a peek at her third finger, left hand . . . and the society page of the **TIMES**—purty picture! Many congrats, Mr. Brown . . .

Something new: The string quartet held Monday night. Let's hope there'll be many more of the same in the night. Let's hope there'll be many more of the same in the future . . . We're awfully proud of **Mr. Lerch**, who originated the idea! Good music and good musicians—the right combination.

Speaking of good music, here's hoping all you under-classmen can make arrangements to stick around until May 31 to hear the world premiere of **Dr. Vardell's** new cantata, "**Song in the Wilderness**," composed for Salem's 175th Anniversary. This concert by orchestra and 300 voices is to be one of the main features of the Piedmont Festival. Please be there . . . for the biggest thrill ever!

The Festival opera, "**Tales of Hoffman**" by Offenbach, will be presented Thursday, June 5 . . . stay over, or come back for this, too, if you can! Two of the leads are being sung by our **Gwen Yount** and **Betty Lou Ball**—so it'll be good!

'Bye for now . . .

So it's God bless you all, both great and small

And send you a joyful May!

SEEING THINGS

To one who long and leisured hours
Has lain recumbent on the beach,
Lulled and soothed by sweet sensations,
Baby oil in easy reach,

The gray abstractions Good and Evil come alive.

We lose ourselves in careless pleasure,
Stupified by joys of sense.

We love the Sunlight, not the Source;
Tis this the Mother Sun resents.

And so at night we suffer torments of the damned.

Our fiery aching tortured skins
Eternal fires to us foretell;

And as we burn in agony,
We know the scorching breath of Hell.

Be careful or you'll suffer for Eternal Night.

The poem above came about during a slight delirium caused by sunburn, (physical, not spiritual, let me hasten to add).

Once in a while some Heaven-inspired intelligence takes one of the fat little maxims on which our culture rests, and twists it to give a wonderful new outlook on life. The most delightful one I have ever heard grew out of the old temperance slogan. Osear Wilde turned it into "Work is the curse of the drinking classes".

And -the other day I read where some Princeton graduate was trying to "college his way through work".

Now I, having grown tired of a certain trite remark, would like to submit that "Opiate is the religion of the people." Which remark will not perhaps assure me a place with the immortals, but it does help to fill up space.

Dear Editor

To the writer of "More Stew," I would like to send my rebuttal. The author of the above editorial stated that an increase of production would mean a higher standard of living through the processes of supply and demand. My answer is that if the people earn enough to absorb the supply, that would be true. However, the prices have risen 21 per cent above wages. This means that greater production results in gutted warehouses and closed factories. And the growth of the unemployed means even less ability of the people to absorb production. Our production has grown tremendously during the last decade, but our living standards have not. Ironically enough, the economists of the National Association of Manufacturers agree with those of labor that this situation will inevitably lead to a recession. Yet the above organization stated this week that only 1 out of 5 manufacturers have lowered prices.
Rosalie Green.