

The First Project

. . . of all departmental clubs initiating this year's activities should be the unification of meetings. There is a definite need for an Activities Night at Salem on which all clubs will have meetings scheduled without too much conflict.

Dr. Jordan suggested this plan last spring and it is hoped that all clubs on campus will take quick and decisive action this fall to avoid the chaos that results when the calendar is crammed with club meetings and extra-curricular activities.

Another improvement might be the inauguration of a Pay Day each month or at some regular interval. Club dues, campaign pledges and even personal debts should be collected with uniform efficiency and lack of embarrassment.

More Than Enough . . .

. . . has been said about "being aware". Tub-thumping editorials have almost no effect on arousing student interest in "things".

But the fact remains that each year a graduating class leaves Salem to go into the wide, wide world. Every student here is a potential voter, a potential civic leader—even a potential office-holder.

Too often college students tend to become self-contained. The resources at hand are taken for granted; the obstacles to be surmounted are overlooked. School becomes a self-centered occupation—academically and socially. Issues are ignored unless they concern us directly. We completely lose "the broad view".

Along with book-learning and social development, there is a definite need on Salem campus for awakened student interest in national affairs—in the realm of contemporary educational, social, and political problems. We seem to forget that opinions, decisions, and actions of college students could be often great forces for improvement in the world today.

The years that we are in college are the valuable years for planting the seeds of interest that will grow into the trees of action.

Dear Editor:

"I want a blazer" has fast become a slogan of Salemites. White is a good color, but have you stopped to think about those girls who have worked for 50 points in athletics and value those blazers awarded them by the A. A.? All should realize that Salem does need a blazer, but that a white blazer for continual college wear would be unpractical, and that another color or a tweed would be more suitable and cheaper.

Dissenter

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Seeing Things

by Catherine Gregory

A short statement to Freshmen, Transfers, and the few Pinheads who have forgotten during the summer:

This column is a weekly feature of the Salemite, given by the liberal and enlightened editors who, recognizing the smoldering flame of genius in a classmate, resolved to give impetus to its development by providing a space for musings of thought, witticisms, and inspired musings of the said classmate.

The title derived from the fact that the author is haunted by delusions of small things which sit under the furniture and peer at her as she writes.

The more literate of you will also recognize the clever paraphrase of John Mason the article in Life about English ghosts? The

And speaking of things, have you seen the article in Life about English gots? The subtitle of the article runs—"Britain has long enjoyed a monopoly of screaming heads, transparent young maidens and ectoplasmic dogs which pad about on squashy feet". This is a masterpiece of journalistic writing. What, could be worse than a screaming head? Dr. Hall, the veddy, veddy Britisher, assures us that there are natural causes for all, and he relates the story of the Tinkling Bells of Bottomley Hall. It seems that they were not ghost sounds at all, really, but only mice with bells around their necks. And how did the mice get bells around their necks? Why, the caretaker's wife, who was a "bit daft," put them there. And why did she put them there? Well, at that point the class bell rang, and we never found out, but it still seems a jolly old horror tale to me. It's not every day that a caretaker's wife . . . but let it pass.

Seriously though, if you like my column, stop me in the hall and tell me so. After all, I have a growing young ego to feed, and rhapsodies of ecstatic praise make me childishly happy.

Friendship

Once a tiny web was spun
Silvery, glist'ning in the sun
And though unseen, and silently,
The days enlarged the little web
into eternity.

It reached into my soul
It entwined about my heart . . .
A force that was transparent,
Yet I knew it was concrete
And binding me.
Within a reeling world
Drunk with misery
I clung to the silvery threads,
Hoping to miss my share
Of this despair.

But in the distance far away
A storm approached growling in the dark
Then God with a mighty thunderbolt
Tore this futile masterpiece
To shreds upon the ground.

Susie Knight

Reviewer Scans Novel; Finds Gus Not So Great

Rear View

LOOKING BACKWARD
47 YEARS AGO

From the November, 1900, issue of *The Hesperian*, one of the two forerunners of *The Salemite*:

We extend to our subscribers and friends a very hearty greeting and solicit their patronage for another year.

Mr. Clewell reads aloud to one or another of the Room Companies two or three evenings out of the week. He has just finished reading "The Gryp of Honor" by Brady, to the Seniors.

The Fair is over! And we are truly glad. We were given one day and that was all sufficient for the purpose of seeing the sights, or at least that part that our teachers permitted us to see.

37 YEARS AGO

From the November, 1911, issue of *The Ivy*, another Salemite forerunner:

New girls and old girls came tripping down the broad veranda steps arm in arm and gowned in all the dainty rainbow tints of summer dresses. It was the evening of September twenty-fifth and the Christian Association was holding out a friendly hand of welcome to brilliant with its many lights and all the new girls. The campus was the evening was soft and warm, just the kind for a promenade to the music of the Salem band.

If woman is man's lost rib, then an old maid must be a spare-rib.

30 YEARS AGO

From the February, 1918, issue of *The Ivy*:

Dear Miss Letty:

I have often wondered, much to my embarrassment, when taking a girl to an ice-cream parlor should one ask her to have a second saucer? Ignorant

Dear Ignorant:

If she looks hungry or wistful—yes, by all means.

Pre-View

LOOKING FORWARD

From the September 21, 1922 issue of *The Salemite*:

This year's Freshman Class arrived yesterday in their pastel-colored rocket ships, to be greeted by several hundred Wake Forest boys. The boys, accompanied by Mrs. Rondthaler, conducted the girls over a tour of the campus.

The girls were taken to their rooms where they were bathed and refreshed by their individual handmaidens. The rooms, which are soon to be rebuilt, consist of a bedroom, living room, bath and small kitchenette.

From the September 23, 2022 issue of *The Salemite*:

Freshmen were picked up by the Salem Express at their homes and, among Cokes, plush-covered seats and the latest movie magazines, they were taken to Salem College, where

GUS THE GREAT by THOMAS W. DUNGAN. 703 pg. Philadelphia, Pa.: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50.

by Peirano Aiken

For two successive afternoons, with the kind consent of the Messrs. Snavely and the nourishment of a box of Lorna Doones, we perused 700 pages of what we expected to be the biography of a great Gus. We were, therefore, unprepared to find ourselves swept swiftly and artfully into a gossipy character panorama of everyone from Gus mother's brother-in-law to his partner's adopted daughter. Ofcourse novels have subplots, but this book is really a collection of fairly well-written short stories held together with a paragraph here and there about Gus himself, who serves the purpose of a kind of literary glue.

But he spreads very well. Gus, or A. H. Burgoyne (named by an impartial mother after both his possible fathers) was a newspaper worker, a race-track owner, a rich man of leisure, and above all a circus owner. He loved people, elephants and money—all in large numbers. But probably his greatest love was Gus. For that matter, only one character in the book, a minor newspaper man, ever thought about anything beyond the orbit of his own life.

In the hoardes of people whom we come to know intimately many are stereotypes: the fat girl who sits all day dreaming about romance; the girl who likes all men "as a spectacles and love scenes without money-making business men, all similar. The only character who stands out as an individual is Willie Krummer, a sinister lion-tamer, who is little less lovable than Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights*.

Despite all its irregularities, *Gus the Great* is a refreshing story. If you're able to forget all about literary quality; if you'd like to ramble around circus tents and printing offices, taverns and hotels, murder species; and a few cold, stingy, being seriously affected by any of it, glance through *Gus the Great*.

Attention!

Tryouts for the Salemite staff will continue throughout next week. Assignments are posted on the bulletin board in the Salemite office. The deadline has been postponed until Wednesday, September 30, at 6 p. m. Both new and returning students who are interested in writing for the paper try-out.

they began Freshman Orientation which lasted twenty minutes.

The Seniors, after parking their planes in the special lots provided for such, could be seen giving their professors instructions on how they wanted their assignments given out, what textbooks they wanted, and how many classes a week they were interested in.

Gertrude Cleans House

by Frances Gulesian

In the very early morning it shouted I am going to be a lovely day and so I jumped out of bed and onto the floor and into my clothes and then downstairs to drink my coffee the sun was shining shining oh so bright and soon I put out the clothes to be dried in the sun by the sun the clothes I mean and then there was the living room what a dirty living room I said to myself but it is all in the subconscious it took me a long yes a very long time to sweep and dust out my subconscious, air out my subconscious for it was untidy untidy and not a bit neat what a hard job job job and then on to the porch oh what a porch an open porch a sun porch a very nice porch indeed but also a porch that very much needed cleaning very much

with the mops and with the brooms and with the dustcloths and with other implements I am completely yes wholly not familiar with I spent one two three four five hours in the sun the sun porch then lunch I had an egg from a chicken which is a hen which came first the chicken or the egg I fried my egg it was very good one cigarette and then back to work must not waste time time is precious time is scarce time is not cheap by the time I had finished it was late by the clock on the clock it said it was very very late and I was very very tired and I said to myself I said Gertie this is not for you the housework it is not for you not for you no never I decided that I should stick stick fast stick tight to a rose is a rose is a rose