

## You Can Gripe . . . .

. . . if you don't like the speakers on the lecture series for this year. Four authorities in their fields have agreed to speak at Salem, but you don't have to like them. You can tell the lecture committee that you don't like their selections; you can write a letter to the **Salemite** and say you were bored.

But to be a qualified griper, you must attend the lectures. Your ticket is provided for you in the Student Budget; there is a seat for you in Memorial Hall; there is a speaker there for your illumination; the decision to go and listen is **YOURS**.

## We Welcome . . . .

. . . letters from the students and faculty at any time. The **Salemite** will print no unsigned letters, but names will be withheld on request. We urge suggestions and corrections that will make the **Salemite** a better paper, and we solicit comments on campus relations and administrative policies.

## Dear Editor:

Salem boasts of two sets of students, those known as the residents or boarders, and those called the day students, and it seems as if never the twain shall meet. Of course, we do have classes together, but we rarely have a chance to get really acquainted with each other.

One solution to this problem might be to discontinue the practice of segregated tables at lunch, and table assignments for the boarders would hold only at dinner. Why not mix the two groups together over a meal, and if they want to they can continue to the smokehouses together. After all, it is at meals and in the smokehouses that we get to know our friends. It might also help if the day students would visit our smokehouses once in a while and if we would drop in at their center occasionally.

J. R.—

Getting up at five every morning is no fun. Still, to get any breakfast one has to rise almost that early. Something should be done to speed up the breakfast lines, so that those who have eight thirty's would not have to suffice on a cup of coffee.

# The Salemite

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## Seeing Things

### Two College Tales

In a modest little house in the poorer section of a dirty little town, there lived a dull little "Common Man" and his frowzy little wife. He was but a filing clerk in the office where he had worked 40 years without promotion. She seldom left the confines of their house except to gossip with the neighbors. They both thought the radio to be the height of culture, and they read the **Sunday Mirror**. Their meagre house was in very poor taste, and it always smelled of cabbage. Well, they had a daughter. Scrimping and saving, they sent her off to college to get cultured. While there, she associated with the best people, visited in their spacious homes, read the classics, took Art Appreciation, and rid her speech of the double negative. Then came graduation, and she returned to her little home. And did she scorn her parents, sneer at their house, reject her past, and leave in hysterics? Why no. You see, she was rather inattentive, and thought very little about things. She got a job as a telephone operator and lived a long life of blissful happiness.

And there was a quiet young girl who had been brought up in a cultured home. She had above-average intelligence and plenty of money. Ahead of her stretched the prospects of life as a refined, gracious, well-cared-for intellectual. She looked to college as the place to put the finishing touches on her already liberal education. The institution of her choice shall be nameless, but she found it far different from her expectations. The girls were loud and raucous, the faculty as a whole showed little more learning in their chosen fields than a bunch of microcephalics, and the general atmosphere was that of a Siberian prison camp where the inmates have resolved to have a good time or else. The organization and equipment fitted this simile, too. Well, our heroine stayed four long years, and finally graduated. And did she emerge a snarling, bitter cynic? Did she take up alcohol, loose living, and the other diversions of the thwarted? Did she go back to her sheltered home and board herself up inside forever? Why no. She thought it all just as funny as the devil, and she enjoyed every minute of it. It strengthened her character no end, and she became a lovely woman with lots of charm.

Moral: cheer up.

### On Music

Music that is contrapuntal  
Seems to me just accidental.

### On Art

I'll run myself upon a saber  
If we have much more Manuel labor.

### On Poetry

For verses writ in haste like these  
I beg indulgence, on my knees.  
In other days and sterner times  
I'd have been murdered for these rimes.  
Catherine Gregory

## Remembrance

Susie Knight

The time that's gone can never come again—  
The moment lost has left its mark maybe,  
But now the trodden path is memory lane.  
And all that can remain is memory.  
When time has made its changes, as it must,  
Then do not say that there is nothing left;  
For nothing, as it seems, just turns to dust,  
When heart and soul too soon have been bereft.  
If mind can still recall the moment past,  
And bring the picture once again to life,  
Indeed that moment will forever last,  
And will not perish in our daily strife.  
For no mind can shut out the past and be  
A door that does not yield to memory's key.

## Bennett Cerf Replies

September 22, 1947.

Miss Peggy Davis,  
The Salemite,  
Salem College,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Miss Davis:

Many thanks for your nice note of September 17th. The thought of Salem College being on its feminine ear awaiting my arrival in October is flattering but unaesthetic. I hope they will at least have assumed a slightly different position when I arrive.

As for the pithy remarks for the **Salemite**, here are three little stories that you may care to reprint about former Winston-Salemites. (At least, they are Winston-Salemites until I get to New Orleans.)

1. I am anxious to meet the ingenious survivor of Iwo Jima who is reputed to have won a handsome prize in Winston-Salem with a single word. A question posed to a group of veterans asked, "What do you desire most in your post-war house?" The winner answered, "Me."

2. A reporter from a Winston-Salem paper came in to interview me one day sporting a magnificent black eye. He explained it was the result of a tiff with his brawny bride. "I gave her a beautiful diamond for her birthday," he lamented, "and now it turns out she wants to keep it."

3. The first noon a new paper-hanger from Winston-Salem was on the job, he opened his lunch box eagerly, unwrapped a sandwich, and lifted one piece of bread a fraction of an inch. His face fell. "Cream cheese," he announced dolefully. The second day he repeated the process, and again reported, "Pfu! Cream cheese again." When he sadly discovered cream cheese for the third day straight, a fellow workman asked, "If you dislike cream cheese so much, why don't you ask your wife to fix you another kind of sandwich?" "Who's married?" said the paper-hanger indignantly. "I make these sandwiches myself."

Incidentally, I hope the students at Salem College will want to hear something about modern authors and the publishing business rather than a whole evening devoted to corny stories like the above. What do you think?

Cordially,  
Bennett A. Cerf

## School Daze . . . . .

### Utter Confusion Department

Joyce Privette: You can wade out in the Gulf of Mexico for some distance, can't you?

Miss Mowery: In a bathing suit.

### Tit For Tat Department

Dr. Jordan: Mr. Bromberg, I understand that you have some French prints. Would you show them to my Seventeenth Century Lit Class?

Mr. Bromberg: I'll teach your class, if you'll teach mine.

Dr. Jordan: ah—ugh—umm—I'll be glad to help in any way I can.

### Tracers of Lost Persons Department

Who is Sylvia? What is she? The deans had the campus in chaos hunting for **Sylvia Green** while her date patiently waited in the reception room. We suggest that Miss Green visit all smoke houses and identify herself for all would be Mr. Keenes.

### Lost Week-end Department

Indeed, we think Miss Baynes has a "passion for carbonated beverages" since we found twenty-four coke bottles in her room Sunday morning.

### Ah-Muses Department

Infirmaryist: Home is where the heat is.

Mr. Peterson: Sing from your diaphragm; you use your neck for something else.

The affectionate couple who sat on the Academy steps last Sunday inspired Miss Stout to assign Gloria Paul a timely topic for hygiene class. Auditors are invited.

## A-Cute Rooming Conditions Confirmed By Infirmary-ists

A look at the room would assure not for scatter rugs, but scatter you that people live there, namely chairs; in every available few inches Jane Bowman, Jane Thomas, Bennie of floor space there is a ladder back Jo Michael and Porter Evans; But or an antiquated rocker. Fortunately, these chairs are not used for sitting, but for partially empty suitcases, hat boxes, dirty laundry, agility superior, you might be able stacks of books and clothes-to-wear to get from one side of the room -tomorrow. The room has many decorative touches that add to its cluttered motif. A bright red pocket-book hangs from one light fixture; a raincoat hangs from another. A blue bathrobe hangs on the corner of a mirror. Shoes are everywhere: under dressers, under wardrobes, on top of wardrobes, and in the precious space that constitutes our passageway out of the room. Bring a pitchfork to wend boxes protrude from under the bed. The interior decorators went in your way through our room—in the Infirmary.