



(Female Tatler)

No. 69

EMELIA'S DAY

When the woman get into so high a Clack, that forty tongues run together, without hearing each other, the subject is certainly fashions, how they shape their hair, turn a heel, lengthen their skirts and brighten their nails as if to commit a solecism in dress were as unpardonable a crime, as for a Salemite not to take all her chapel cuts. Mary Marall who is one of the greatest gossips on campus and knows everybody but herself, introduced this discourse which like wildfire flew thro' the smokehouse; they talked how everybody ought to dress themselves, but the sum tittle-tattle was scandal: that Jane Prim look'd like death warmed over, Ann Frippery hadn't a cashmere to her name and Betty Frowsy never rolled up her hair, and whatever girl's appearance they allow'd compleat, 'twere well if she had paid her book store bill. Beauty was attributed to pancake, virtue to lack of opportunity, good conduct was study'd apple polishing and whatever girl was most popular of the whole campus, was certainly suspected by the whole campus.

From my lodgings in Clewell

The generality of girls are by nature loquacious: but when through rage, females are vehement in their gossip, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon their personalities; for by the force of it, I have seen the most amiable become the most unpleasant and she that appeared to be a kitten turned into a cat. I humbly conceive the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion Salemites have of what we call a nice girl.

A nice girl never criticizes; never gripes, never sees faults in others: when she gets a call-down she pines, she apologises, she languishes. The boy to whom she is pinned knows every pain in life with her but jealousy. Because she is clear in this particular the boy can't say his soul is his own but she cries, "No nice girl is respected nowadays." What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with this sort of girl to take in the language of distress: She will complain of not being able to go off every weekend, and then the thwarted girl will throw off on everything which she before so staunchly defended.

These shopworn angels are those who make living unbearable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but they put up such a good front; and being such as we fear to meet faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

D. Smith

An Appreciation

We gripe about getting up at 7:30 in order to get to breakfast. We like our sleep, but do we realize the hard work that goes on in the early morning and continues until late at night, in preparing our food for us? And who is responsible for getting to us our seven basic foods at breakfast, lunch and dinner?

Taking first place in this list is Russell Crews who is and has been for twenty-nine years, head cook at Salem. Not only does he occupy chief position in our college kitchen, but he is also head of the Parent Teacher's Association in Winston-Salem. Russell has been in the hospital for several weeks, but is returning to his home at 1347 N. Dunleith Avenue, this week.

Backing up Russell are the seconds-in-command, Walter Brown and Pete Page, who have a record of service at Salem, numbering respectively, twenty-three years and thirty-seven years. Vandelia Warren holds her own as the first woman to be on the battery of Salem Cooks.

We owe them all a great deal of appreciation and a big hand. We miss Russell and hope he'll soon be back with us. We have just reason, indeed, to be proud of our cooking staff who have shown devotion and service to Salem for a total number of more than ninety years.



Drawn last year by Margaret Raynal, this cartoon is re-printed by popular request. All we can say is—we hope that this doesn't happen to you on the 14th.



The Saga Of A Wheel Or A Poke At The Spoke

by Tootsie Gillespie

There was once an individual born who was destined for Great Things. At the age of thirteen months, this individual could walk backwards but then, so can baby dogs ("puppies" in the vernacular). The Proud Parents and Admiring Friends all said, "That kid'll go places!"

When this individual entered grammar school, its possibilities were unlimited. It could trip its school mates, polish apples (a talent at which this individual became quite accomplished as the years progressed), gossip, divide fractions and recite the Oath of Allegiance of the Order of St. Sassy. People observed this individual and the Proud Parents and Admiring Friends all said, "That kid'll go places!"

But that was only a meager beginning. By the time this individual reached high school (with all A's which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that this individual was above reproach and knew all the answers), it had a following of fanatics who elected it to every office because this individual knew how to win friends and influence people, much less parliamentary procedure. This individual was known by his or her (as you like) snappy clothes, witty tongue and great ability to be "in" with the teachers, who always gave this individual an A, or at least a B plus, because he or she was so cute. On the other hand, this individual always ran through red lights, couldn't get out of a shower of shingles and became offended when around negative attitudes. But these little things were unimportant because this individual became known as a "Wheel" and the Proud Parents and Admiring Friends all said, "That kid'll go places!"

The zenith of his or her career came when the faculty, administration and board of trustees of an institution of higher learning were graced with this individual's presence. He or she was immediately elected to all manner of offices, which were dolefully neglected be-

cause this individual spent so much time polishing various apples scattered here and there around the campus. But he or she was still cute and teachers, being only human, couldn't resist giving this individual an A, or at least a B plus! This "Wheel" picked up a few helpful habits such as memorizing for tests, running errands for Important People and advocating ideas that made as much sense as Bugs Bunny on the throne of England. No-one could deny, however, that this "Wheel" was an eloquent talker in circles and was grade A at assuming Serious Expressions, in fact so much so that he or she got a Big Head that nothing but a self-forged halo would fit.

After a while, he or she took to separating himself from the bulk of his fellows who were too Conventional to endure. This individual, together with a few of his or her species, found a Place where all could sit around and appreciate one another and laugh heartily at the Others, who didn't have the Light, who laughed too easily and told jokes that Weren't Even Funny.

Due to the lack of fresh air and sunshine, the "Wheel" and his or her cohorts began to shrivel and decay, like some of the ideas they tossed around. The "Wheel" began to loose His Or Her Grip on things, grades dropped from A and B plus to B and it rained all the time. The "Wheel" began unconsciously glancing at the obituaries and Things Looked Bad. Dogs began to turn tail and run when they encountered this individual and so did Admiring Friends and Campaign Managers. People stopped saying, "That kid'll go places!" and started saying, "That kid's going no place!" and sure enough, one night, the "Wheel" up and disintegrated, puffed up so with his or her own self-importance that there was a Chemical and Moral Reaction.

Moral: Don't count your chickens until they hatch and if they do hatch, boil them in oil. They may turn out to be Wheels.

A Knit Fit

by Logan Vaught

There are numerous things that one may knit—
Sweaters and shawls and a blue shaving kit,
And long scarves and dresses and striped skiing hats,
And ties and bedspreads and blankets for cats.
But knitting can follow the strangest of styles,
And the newest of these is knitting argyles . . .
Argyles with triangles, squares, and lines,
Knitted with bright-colored yarns and twines,
With thousands of needles and dangling bobbins,
(Folks make them in patterns of cardinals and robins,
And diamonds and trapezoids, circles and angles)
Just think of the wool that everyone mangles.
But if you know the Pythagorean theorem
You can knit these socks and never fear em'.
With the help of math and a logarithm
You can knit and have no trouble with em' . . .
There are myriads of things that one can knit,
But when faced by argyles, I shall quit.

Dear Editor:

Like most new ideas, the concept of world government has received adverse criticism from people who attack it for diametrically opposed reasons. On the one hand, are those who say that a world government as planned by the United World Federalists, of which the Salem chapter is a student branch, is a medium for spreading Communism, and the Federalists are a "Communist front organization". This idea is particularly prevalent in the South. Others, paradoxically, say that for the United States to propose a world government now would be a direct antagonism to Russia. Obviously, both of these accusations cannot be true at the same time. In fact, on examination of the facts involved, it would seem that neither is the case.

The very nature of the proposed government, which would be patterned after our own federal system but would allow the member nations to keep their preferred systems, is too democratic to be confused with totalitarian Communism. Perhaps the best tangible proof that the Federalists are not Communistic is the following excerpt from a letter written by Fred Woltman and released to UWF for use. Mr. Woltman won the Pulitzer Prize last year for his work in uncovering Communism in the schools, and is known as a thorough investigator for the Un-American Activities Committee.

There is no truth whatsoever to the rumor that the United World Federalists, Inc. is a Communist front. I have been following its activities rather closely over the past year or so because of the inquiries that have come in about it.

It supports the Marshall Plan, which is always a conclusive sign. Moreover, its idea of a world federal government runs contrary to the aspirations of international Communism, and certainly, the foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

Conversely, the attitude of the Federalists towards Russia's joining the world government is most hospitable. The average Federalist would be the first to protest if the movement were taken over in this country as a tool of militant anti-Russianism per se. Russia would be invited—indeed, urged—to join, just as she has joined and been recognized in the United Nations. And, just as she has been realistic enough to enter the UN, she might enter a world government, although her heart's desire is world communism.

Certainly a union of nations on such a plan would not be nearly as exclusive of Russia as, for example, the North Atlantic pact that Truman is supporting. The United States, Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and possibly Norway are now proposing a security alliance. If we may believe Robert Magidoff's assertion that the Soviet government, in order to keep its people isolated and content with its economic standard, is trying to make them feel that the outside world is oppressing and surrounding them, then it seems that we're playing right into the Kremlin's plans. People do not choose sides unless they expect a contest.

If we are turning to outside treaties for our security, we obviously no longer trust the present world organization. One alternative is strengthening the UN to efficiency. This too may fail, but it seems far safer than making separate treaties. To ally with the whole world is a measure of unity; to ally with only part of it is a measure of division.

Mary Peirano Aiken

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