

Dear Editor:

Who's going to win? This will be the \$64 question for the next weeks, for campus elections will be held in chapel starting next Tuesday. The answer depends on you and your vote!

You will want to get the girl elected who will be able to do the most for the organization which she will head. If you make a wise, thoughtful investment when you cast your ballot in the next two weeks, you will receive valuable dividends in the functioning of Salem organizations for a year to come. So think seriously before you vote. But be sure to vote! It's important that each Salemite participate in every election. Each of us should exercise our right and share in the responsibility of selecting campus leaders.

N. P. W.

Nothing . . .

. . . but praise to the Alumnae House and all those responsible for it.

Praise, we think, can never come too late. We would apologize for not recognizing this achievement sooner, but we have just now come to realize what this House really means to Salem and to us.

It represents a great deal of hard, hard work on the part of many. It is certainly one of the most attractive places we've ever seen and we congratulate the Alumnae Association on its taste. The completed building has certainly added a great deal of prestige to the campus. Especial praise goes to Miss Lelia Graham Marsh who has been behind this work for a number of years. To her, goes a large part of the credit for seeing that the House has been completed.

This Alumnae House will mean a great deal to all of us here now. It will be up to us, too, to see that the House is finished completely.

In short—we like the Alumnae House—we're proud of being a part of it—our hats are off to all those who had any part in making it what it is today.

Editor . . .

. . . for this issue of the **Salemite** was Dale Smith, member of the junior class and a potential candidate for the post of editor-in-chief of the 1949-50 **Salemite**. Staff members are urged to keep in mind the calibre of the junior-edited papers when they cast their vote for editor in the next few weeks.

The **Salemite** wishes to express its sympathy to Mr. Snavely in the recent death of his mother.

The Salemite

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The Ides Of March Has A Shady Roman History

by Tootsie Gillespie

Back in the times when Roman Sewage was in a simply awful mess, there was a delinquent tax payer named Caesar who liked to dabble in politics. In case the college graduates in the history department would like that extra bit of knowledge, it is said from a reliable source (from the diary of an over-sexed Baal worshiper named Afflictus Oppenheim who changed the water in Cattulus's atrium) that this Caesar was the first organizer of the Boy Scouts, Alcoholics Anonymous and the Mozart Society. He was quite thwarted in the last when he found out that Mozart hadn't been born yet and had to pay back all the club dues he had collected by selling under-cooked peanuts at the persecution parleys. But that kid wasn't no fool (cf. Julius Caesar, **Man and Mouse** or **My Contributions As I See Them** by Caesar, called old Disjointed Jules by his close friends). Realizing the possibilities in the under-cooked peanut market, Jules got it from a friend, a lion tamer named Leo, that hemlock stock was in for a crash and so Jules bought up 4000 hemlock orchards, gave 'em dirty looks, and they turned bitter. Just before the persecution parley, old Disjointed (feeling chummy now?) dipped each and every peanut (five cents a bag, get 'em 'fore the bulls miss 'em!) in hemlock, thus kicking off the entire Roman population. This is a minor occurrence which Gibbons, Wells, Toynbee, Singer and some of the other A. B. boys seem to have missed.

Left with a considerable amount of time on his hands and no tax collectors to dodge (a popular sport which has persisted up to the present), Jules grew into slovenly ways. He took to mumbling inarticulate speeches and bowing from the waist, humming dirty songs, biting his toenails and waxing his ears. These things could have led to nasty habits had he not stumbled upon an oracle one day while he was dividing all Gaul into three parts. It seems (Toynbee, take a note—you're a little weak on some of these points) that the oracle was owned and operated by a wizened, sle-footed fan dancer named Garrulous Europa ("Bull" for short) who despised peanuts. As the fate of the Gods would have it (and who else would have it? Not me!), Garrulous refused to buy these fatal peanuts on that fatal day and since the entire Roman population was wiped out, she was forced to give up fan dancing and took to the oracle business. What she hoped to gain from this is so obvious that I shall not take up time telling it. Well, man being what he is and woman being

what she is (and you know what she is), a meeting of the only two humans left in the Roman world was inevitable. Garrulous had cast aside the toga and her reserve, and was brushing up on some of her fan numbers one day (last year's fans that were skimpy in spots and wouldn't be worth a dime today) when Jules happened along. Unfortunately for Garrulous, Jules was near-sighted and thinking she was an egret, approached to throw salt on her tail, take her home and make quill pens for signing important documents out of her feathers. Jules is down on the record as observing that that was the only egret he'd ever seen with a Toni, red toenails and a mole on its left fornix, just above the clavicle. Upon second glance, old Disjointed realized that it was Garrulous Europa, the only fan dancer who could execute a pas de deux while chanting a Hindu prayer in church Latin with fans, a feat not to be sneezed at.

Repetition of the story of how ole Jules Caesar came to be head of this new stock would be nothing short of murderously tedious. Suffice it to say that through careful planning, Jules got himself elected First citizen in the Roman Society for Slobbering Seniles, head proprietor at a nectar nook in a questionable part of town and street inspector, with annual raises. Upon election, old Disjointed, becoming a member of a secret leftist organization ("Join Catullus and Life Won't Be Dullus") began undermining the government because a certain Roman senator had said his cowlick wasn't symmetrical and therefore beautiful. Jules, in a fit of high temper, set a drone of blood-thirsty mosquitoes loose in the city, drew mustaches on all the female statues and wrote dirty words in the statute books.

One day, Jules was headed for the senate to pass a law on infanticide because an irate infant with an Oedipus complex named Ex Hominum De Rerum Naturum had become insulted when Caesar remonstrated his mater for emptying three-months-old garbage in the public square. De Rerum, as he was affectionately called, playfully set fire to Caesar's favorite toga (a chartruse marquisette with otter pelts). But I digress. Anyway, Jules was headed for the office when he encountered Garrulous who said to him in a guttural soprano, English dialect, saying, "Beware the Ides of March" (in German, "Gesundheit"). Through a faulty tympanum, Jules thought she said "Be at the Titan Arch" (their usual trysting place). Since he'd been keeping steady company with an 180 pound Egyptian princess, he

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Of All Things

by Carolyn Taylor

It's natural to type people. You do it all the time. But if you've ever worked on a newspaper, you get a different slant on this typing business.

After four years on the **Salemite**, I've developed a very bad habit. I substitute headlines for psychology. Here's the way it happened.

Up at the Sun Printing Company—and you who don't know anything about that place, take off an hour sometime and investigate it—there's a rack of headline type that reaches from the ceiling to the floor. A great deal of it has gone out of use today, but time was when the **Salemite** used fifty-seven different kinds of type. Today we use about six.

The type in which a headline is set often reveals the characteristics of the story, be it feature, news-story, or editorial. And just as the headline can reveal a story, so can a type of headline remind you of a person. That's what happened to me.

One kind of headline used often by us is light italic. This type goes well with features. It's clever to the point of being witty. There's a lift about light ital., a sort of warning that something is going to happen and you're not sure just what. It has a dancing quality about it. Folderol always gets light ital.—there's your broad satire, your raucous humor. You can be sure (unless the staff loses its touch) that when you see light ital., you'll laugh. Light ital. is

Joan Hassler

Then there's san serif. It doesn't have that dancing quality we associate with light ital. Dependability and seriousness mark san serif. Unassuming, it yet leads off our big stories—it always takes a lead in the **Salemite**. You expect and get importance when you see san serif. It's always what it seems; it doesn't shy away into unexpectedness. San serif is

Bev Johnson

Delicacy marks Handtooled. It has fine lines and fine form. Thoughtfulness is outstanding. It's the knowingness of newspaper type. Shades of meaning and shade of thought—a two-fold quality, as you see in the dark lines and light lines. You'll remember what you read under handtooled. It has that fine lasting quality. It's the Danilova of newspaper type. It's

Peirano Aiken

Complexity is Broadway. There's nothing staid or certain about this. Cleverness and wit always lurk behind the bold face of Broadway. It's hard to classify—it has an elusive quality—you think you have it and then you don't. We are never quite sure when to use Broadway. Seriousness and understanding seep through the clever exterior. It's a many-sided type. Broadway is

DR. HULME

Kaufman is our editorial type. We use it when we're serious. It's our chance to improve Salem. We try to help with Kaufman—sometimes funny, sometimes serious. Kaufman has a definite purpose, it's workable, it accomplishes something worthwhile. It's

Betty Holbrook

Formal and businesslike with a sudden twist is Chelt Bold. It's a combination of san serif and light ital. and has elements of seriousness judiciously mixed with cleverness. It goes well with any story, it's adaptable. It's a favorite type with us, just like the person it reminds me of. Chelt bold is

Mr. Snavely

I'm not sure what the psychologists would say to all this. Perhaps the **Salemite** has warped my personality. But try working with headlines for four years and see if it isn't natural to type people.