

With Apprehensions

we take over where Carolyn Taylor and her efficient staff left off. They were creative; they were dependable. They were interested; they were progressive. And what's more they made us want to read our Salemite which is the ultimate goal of any editor.

After such an editor and staff as in '48-'49, the new staff steps in with fear and trembling. We have big plans and high hopes for '49-'50. We want, with the cooperation and help of the student body, to make it another successful year for the Salemite.

Dear Editor:

A few weeks ago we were overjoyed to find those handy Chesterfield telephone message slips by all the phones in the dormitories. We always meant to thank whoever was responsible but never got around to it.

Now we would like to thank them but at the same time request some more. We would like to suggest too that this same person add pencils when the pads are replaced.

They represent the most useful and practical form of advertising we have seen in a long time. Let's have more good ideas like this.

Second Floor Clewell

Dear Editor

Everyone has their pet gripe and everyone has a right to express it, but make it more than a smoke-house gossip. If students have complaints to make about various situations and professors on campus why "mull" over it constantly? Take it to its right source—with all facts and ideas. This will clarify many misunderstandings which we have about our college and faculty. If you have a just complaint the administration will give a satisfying explanation. So the next time you have a "gripe" be fair and give your school a chance to be a better place in which to live.

P. A. W.

The Salemite



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I don't know. It's something my roommate got somewhere.

Hermione Takes Botany To Break Dread Monotony

by Betty Leppert

Hermione stumbled into her room, tripped over her plaid stole, and fell flat on her face, knocking out two front teeth as she went. "Fight on," she breathed huskily, as she reached for her botany book. Some elusive something, call it woman's intuition if you will, told her that there was to be a pop this morning, and she knew all too well that she must attend class, for that official group of persons, The Committee on Class Attendance, had not been as generous as they might this semester, awarding her only two cuts, and as there was always looming in the misty future that dubious possibility of a Big College Weekend, she'd need all those two cuts so as not to miss one precious moment of the fun to come. Feverishly she pawed through the pages with her fragile mittened hand (Hermione caught cold easily) and began to mutter definitions—"Long pollen tube—grows down inside the style, either through a canal which may be present, or by destroying the intervening styler tissue, absorbing nourishment from the cells with which it comes in contact.

After repeating this useful information several incoherent times—each more incorrectly than the one before, Hermione turned to the nine reasons why sap climbs a tree. "Relate what you're learning to something already learned," she mumbled, quoting Dr. Hulme. "Gotta attack this calmly, still got 7 seconds before hell"—by now she was immersed in uncontrollable sobs, her womanly bosom heaving unchecked. "Adhesion, Cohesion, Capillarity, Atmospheric pressure—First letters spell ACCA (acca) ancient Hebrew musical term, meaning 'Stone Cold

Dead in the Market". Evaporation, —Esther Is tl

Root, pressure, Diffusion, Osmosis, —Esther Is Really Delightfully Original". Suddenly in the midst of this rapid erudition, a gong was rung—loud, ominous and wholly unpleasant—the horrid truth was that it was time to go to class. Hermione shrieked hysterically, grabbed her clipboard, and tripping (over her dainty track shoes), made her plodding way to that formidable and impressive edifice, THE SCIENCE BUILDING—while sporadic facts of the world of flowers tumbled unheeded from her sticky little mouth (for diversion, Hermione often sucked on sugar plums).

"Her Gentle Poodle Couldn't Face Reality," she whispered throatily—"What am I saying—that's the six main causes of the Renaissance. Greene Peeles Lilies while Marlowe Kyds—oh, no—those are the Five Most Important Dramatists Immediately Preceding Shakespeare—such a situation—I'm doomed to failure, I can't go on!" Pitiful cries emerged from her throat, as she crushed her head between her two grubby hands without self-consciousness and classmates pointed and sneered. Barely able to drag herself into her chair, Hermione raised bloodshot eyes as Mr. Cambell bounced in through the door—clucking and grinning and visibly minus those dreaded pieces of yellow paper. Collapsing from sheer exhaustion, Hermione began to gnaw the cover of her botany book, croaking hoarsely, "Oh, go peel a grape." *Humanism, Geographic discovery, printing, Copernican system, Fall of Constantinople and the Reformation were the six main causes of the Renaissance. Courtesy English 104.



The periwinkle is blooming in the May Dell, violets brighten Washington's spring-house and japonica is shooting up in pink and orange patches on the athletic field. Wednesday I saw five squirrels and Dickie Spangh racing over Academy Hill as though they literally breathed vitamins in the air. Winter has gone, and spring is here as definitely as it is in south Georgia with Hortense Applegate.

The exchange of the new for the old has likewise taken place on the upper campus. Have you noticed—new class presidents are announcing meetings in the dining room, another "Y" Cabinet was installed last week and this week a new staff puts out the Salemite.

For three-fourths of you this may seem like a perfectly normal course of events. You expect it of the first of April as you expect term papers and spring vacation. You know that life will go on this way for another year or more, and your sense of the continuity of things is not broken. You can, for instance, thumb through the art books in the Book Store and go right on thinking that you will buy them next year, or wake at 8:15 and tell yourself that you will go regularly to morning chapel next semester. But for seniors, the first of April is a point beyond which we can pretend no longer. The imminence of leaving Salem is at last a reality.

Being a senior is somewhat like having malaria—one gets warm and cool by turns. The thoughts of leaving are not all lacrimos. There are times, 8:30 a. m. particularly, when the idea, "just sixty more days," isn't at all hard to bear. Then we smile and privately gloat over the soon-to-be-ours privilege of doing any of the many things more pleasant at that hour than music theory or medieval history.

In fact, at times, the dryness of study becomes intolerable. The protective care of deans seems totally unnecessary. We yearn for independence, travel and making our "mark". Freshmen, sophomores and juniors are immature,—compared with us, the wise, the calm, the self-sufficient—for the moment.

Such are the rational young women who are about to leave you. Such we are, that is, when we are not pressing the willow tree, the lighted Academy, Bright at the ironing board, Dr. Rondthaler's head, and a dozen other bits of the past three and a half years deep into our memory in hopes that they will stay there.

We go to the laundry on Saturdays and absently wonder why we never learned what the children's names are. Similarly, we look in Miss Essie's curio room off the archway or we read about a Moravian love feast Sunday, and we think, "I must go this time;" for small things left undone suddenly seem great losses. Yet these regrets are less than that of saying "hey!" to someone on the hall and realizing that we never got to know her any better. Most of all matter the friends we did get to know, whose jokes now seem so funny, whose thoughts so profound, whose troubles so real—the ones with whom we don't want to admit this thing quite yet.

Looking at our own development, we rational seniors see that we've not learned a great deal. (When we aren't busy seeming wise, we admit great ignorance.) Yet some change has been made. Our original ideas, whether on religion, science, friendship or what-not, are nearly all shattered; but the pieces have been leaded together to make something new and valid. We might liken the forming of minds to the making of stained-glass windows, which are valuable as they are complex and many-hued.

This is the first of April for a senior. If we are sophisticates, we hide these thoughts as a proper lady refrains from tugging at a pinching girdle. If we are sentimentalists, we moan soulfully at the sound of "Pomp and Circumstance". So if you ask us how it feels to graduate, we might, depending on the temperament, mood and time of day, say "Fine" or we might say "Awful". Or, having discovered this duplicity within ourselves, we just might confess that we're never quite sure.

A Senior

We Aim to Please

Please! This survey will tell us what you read and what you like to read. Fill in, tear out and drop in the box in your smokehouse.

Read Closely | Scanned | Read Headlines | Never Read

Humorous Features _____

Of All Things _____

Student Interviews _____

Letters-to-Editor _____

Editorials _____

Faculty Interviews _____

Criticisms _____

Campus News _____

Accent on Athletics _____

World News _____

Personals _____