

**We Wish . . .**

. . . the heat could be regulated more evenly throughout the various buildings on campus. With this, the first cool snap, we were beginning to get back our energy until they turned on the heat! Now whenever we enter a building we feel like keeling over. The girls on third floor Biting can scarcely breathe and on second floor it feels like a hot house. What with the coal situation at present, we suggest that the administration save on heat, and thereby save our fevered brows and sore throats.

**We Hope . . .**

. . . Miss Anna Butler and Miss Othelia Barrow will soon be up and out with us Salemites again. We miss seeing Miss Anna working with her flowers and seeing Miss Barrow in the dining room.

**We Felt . . .**

. . . like ladies Wednesday night at the birthday dinner. The candles, the flowers, the bread and butter plates and the dinner music were a far cry from the usual mad scramble that takes place at 6:00. In a busy week few people have time to linger over coffee and dessert but the extra fifteen or twenty minutes spent at the birthday dinner were not wasted time. We forgot parallel, comp papers, club meetings, labs and pops for a little while. We have only one suggestion to make and that's "Why don't we do it more often?"

**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.

**We Think . . .**

. . . that Halloween is fun too but remember when you start serenading Monday night that it is not the person who put your mattress under the willow tree that will clean the soap off Main Hall windows but Miss Essie and her Staff. Let's all celebrate but also let's avoid causing additional work for others.

**Sis Sees Slinky Satins; Preview For Stee Gee Dance**

by Sis Pooser

Saturday is the big night. For the first formal dance of the year the gym should be overflowing with Salemites and their dates, soft music, and beautiful new evening dresses by the dozens.

**Carolyn Butcher** will be there with Bill Child from Davidson. She'll be wearing acqu chiffon with shoulder straps of gold sequins. The graceful bodice has a self-bow on the shoulder and gives a draped effect.

**Ann Blackwell** is wearing ice-cream pink satin for Bob Holmes. The skirt is very full and the top is off-the-shoulders.

One of the prettiest dresses we've seen is **Virginia Herman's** black eyelet taffeta. It is strapless, ballerina-length, and sports a bright red underskirt. Lee Robinson ought to like that!

**Black taffeta suits Jean Patton**, too. Her dress has broad insets of pink lace in the bodice and in the skirt. Jean is dating Nick Galafanakas.

**Joe Miller** is coming over from Davidson to escort **Beth Kittrel** to the dance. Beth's purple satin dress has a lavender stole and a slight train in the back. (Not enough to interfere with dancing, of course.)

**Margaret Thomas** has chosen satin, too. Her's is a bright cherry-color and the skirt is yards and yards of cloudy net.

**Joyce Whitehurst's** black lace

strapless should merit appreciative glances from date Bill Stroud

**Scotty** is dating Davidsonian Howard Ferguson and will wear a strapless white net.

Blonde **Lou Huntley** will look like a dream in pale blue brocade with its tiny sleeves and sweetheart neckline. Lou is dating Jack Covington.

**Betty Parks** prefers taffeta for Claude Raiford. Her dress is made of that pretty bronze changeable material. The off-shoulder top has a net stole effect.

**Frank Perrin's** sure to agree that **Myrta Wiley** looks lovely in blue satin. Her dress is strapless and with it she wears the very popular stole.

**Lisa Munk** has chosen a strapless gown for the occasion, too. Her's is pale aqua organdie eyelet, and has a billowing tulle skirt. Lisa is dating Jack Logan.

**Barbara Cottrell** is dating Buck Roberts Saturday night. Look for her in white jersey iced with pink and blue sequins.

**Jean Churchill's** new formal is certainly eye-catching. It is navy blue taffeta with a cascade of orchid taffeta in the back. The top is cleverly laced with orchid, and white kid gloves finish her ensemble. Jean will save most of her dances for Jimmy Street.

Judging from the unusual and beautiful dresses hanging in Salemites' closets, the Stee Gee dance will certainly be a colorful success.



By Lee Rosenbloom

I went home last week-end. I had been at school a month and I thought it was time to go home. We all make mistakes.

I drove into the city limits of Rocky Mount, with a Look, Ma I'm Home grin on my face. I slowed down as we passed my roommate's house and pushed her out and threw her bag after her. Now don't misunderstand me—I like my roommate fine, but the thought of not seeing her ugly face for two days pleased me immensely.

I went home. I opened the door and stumbled over my roommate, still recognizable although somewhat the worse for wear. She mumbled something about her little brother's having the measles and could she please stay with us her mother said. There was no alternative.

Mother and Daddy came in the front door. I galloped to the living room. Mother patted my shoulder gazing with distaste at my roommate who was standing on one foot in the doorway trying to look inconspicuous. I turned to hug my father who had been staring at me fixedly for several minutes. Without responding to my greeting he shouted to my mother in his usual tactful way "My God, Minnie what's wrong with the child's face?" I realized too late that he was referring to my "little rash"—a result of too many Y Store Hershey bars. While he and Mother were deciding which skin specialist to take me to, my roommate and I slunk upstairs to bed. Mother yelled after us "Sleep in your brother's room. Your sister and brother-in-law are here with the baby and they're sleeping in your room".

With Mother grasping my damp paw, we walked into Dr. Horne's office at 9:00 Saturday morning. By 12:00 I had read three Medical Journals and one complete, illustrated book on fatal skin diseases. At 12:30 the nurse peeked coyly around the corner of the waiting room door and beckoned to me with a bony finger. Mother nonchalantly dragged me into the waiting room where the nurse informed me that I was to take off my clothes and lie down on the table. Dr. Horne came in, grabbed me by the hair and stuck a light in my face. Then he told me to put on my clothes and come into the next room. I did. Dr. Horne said "Don't eat any iodized salt, tangerines, pomgranites, pickled pig's feet or turtle soup. Be in the bed every night at 8:30, and I will give you six lotions which you are to use alternately every half hour. I hope your scars aren't bad but I will give you the address of a good plastic surgeon just in case". I said "Yes Sir", and Mother fainted.

That afternoon Mother, my roommate and I went shopping. My roommate bought two suits, three dresses and a mink coat. I bought two wash clothes and a dresser scarf.

When we got home, my brother-in-law's parents were there. Mother had a spasm, but soon regained her composure and became the perfect hostess. My brother-in-law's parents took my brother's room and my roommate and I slept on the couch in the den. The couch is not unfolded very often, therefore my roommate and I are permanently deformed.

On Sunday I awoke to hear sounds of battle upstairs. Mother came down in tears and told me that my sister was threatening to divorce her husband. I went reluctantly upstairs to find my sister chasing my brother-in-law around the room. He was chanting gleefully, "L. S. U. beat Carolina, ha, ha, ha." My brother-in-law graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. I picked up a chair and joined my sister. My brother-in-law escaped, while my sister and I were consoling each other with thoughts of Army beating the h— out of Pennsylvania.

We took the bags out to the car as soon as lunch was over. I kissed Mother and Daddy goodbye, and opened the door to the car. An empty beer can clattered to the driveway, as my brother hastily disappeared around the corner of the house. Mother and Daddy screamed, "Lee" simultaneously, as my roommate and I jumped into the car and made a quick getaway singing "Up in the air, Junior birdman."

If anyone else is staying at school over Thanksgiving, you can find me in Room 8 Sisters'.

**Frances' Hilarious Episodes Continued From Last Week**

by Frances Horne

Well, all the buildings were crazy quilted through the town, each at a different angle with the twistingest little streets, and it was impossible to "see the trees for the forest" to paraphrase an old saw. Thus we took the nearest building, the Pension Ulishabel. There were no rooms available to accommodate five people, but if we cared to step across the way to the annex, she was sure she could fix us up. So we filed out the front door and followed her along a twisting complex path to 18 annex, which we approached through an alley, paved with cobble stones, and which was distractingly enhanced by containers containing the worst smells P. U! In the back door we went up several flights of stairs, into a medium sized, low ceilinged, wood paneled room with a whole row of little windows across two walls, potted plants in metal stands and scatter rugs in bright colors on the floor. There were two bowls and pictures on the dresser and a tiled stove in the corner. The most tremendous feather beds were on top of little dark carved beds. They dragged in more beds for our approval just like the ones that were already there and put them together. Now with an adjoining room, we were all set. Then we decided to go look around Zermatt. It had begun to get cold as night fell. We put our hands in our pockets and walked fast. We all wondered if Tuckey and L. G. M. had come back and, unaware that we were doing so, subconsciously headed for the Beau-Site. Imagine all our feelings when Lelia Graham, Tuckey and the three of us converged on the path on the way up to the hotel. It was like a current had held us together! (I definitely think the clear, rare air had something to do with it.) Lelia Graham invited us up to her room, luring us with a description of the plumbing arrangements. The others got their pullman cases from the man-at-the desk's office, and we all charged up—not before the same man (also the one who'd offered us a room for 21 francs apiece) placed himself suspiciously in front of the

elevator saying, "You are coming back down, Yes???" to which we replied with enormous hauteur, "Certainly!" It was a rather small room, which seemed even smaller with five people in it, but it was very very nice. We all immediately got in line at the lavatory. Cherry washed her hair, in fact, reluctant to pass up the presence of so much hot water, and we deliberated about strolling down the hall to the tub room, but decided against it since it was so cold outside. However, had we realized just how cold the water in the pitchers back at the Quisbabel was, and how much colder it was going to be by morning, we all would have gone on and bathed anyway. I know it sounds like a morbid kind of—soap-water-fixation, but you see, we still had quite given up our hold on habit, and cleanliness was vital and necessary—which is not to say that later it was not still desirable, but once you adjust it is easier to get along.

Lelia Graham and Tuckey decided to go and eat downstairs. I forgot to mention that we had supper in a place to which we were attracted because of real "Sarn Yodelers" (or so it said on the billboard but they never materialized). I suppose they didn't appear until later that night, and we ate around 5:30. We had a wonderful meal replete with vin et patisserie. Just after we ordered, we heard a lot of carrying on out in the street, so we ran and hung our heads out the door. Well, it seems that every morning at six and every evening at six, they beat this herd of goats through the streets for the benefit of tourists. All the bells ring, and everybody shouts and laughs. Then a little man runs along behind them with a broom and pan and brushes up the inevitable.

The three other girls wanted to go back to the Mishabel. I wanted to finish my toilette so I said I'd stay and go down to get Tuckey and take her to the pension when she finished eating. When I went down the sun was setting, and the whole flat side of the Matterhorn was glowing pinks, reds and gold. (Continued next week)

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