

Friendship Rooms . . .

Mr. Corrin Strong is to be greatly commended for his generosity in refurbishing the first floor suite in Strong Dormitory and giving it to Salem. These "Friendship Rooms" are in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Hattie M. Strong.

It is fitting that these rooms should be named the "Friendship Rooms" in memory of Mrs. Strong, for she was such a friendly person herself. Her friendship spread nationally and internationally. In looking at the autographed pictures on the walls of the living room, one is reminded of her many friends in the United States. In looking at our four foreign students who are here on the Strong Scholarship Fund, one is reminded of her international friendship. On her numerous visits to Salem, Mrs. Strong's friendship for the Salem student body was very evident. She always welcomed students to her apartment and liked to talk to them when she met them on the campus.

These "Friendship Rooms" are to be used for organized student activities. Two living rooms, a dining room and a kitchen have been refurbished and given to Salem. Included in the furnishings are a television set and a piano. These "Friendship Rooms" will be of much service and value to the faculty and students of Salem. They will be a constant reminder of one of Salem's best friends, Mrs. Hattie M. Strong.

M. E. W.

Dr. Hall's Visit . . .

A very successful Religious Emphasis Week has just ended.

Dr. Frank Hall of Wrightsville Beach was an inspiration to all who heard him. The response of the student body to his talks proved what a benefit he was to them.

Dr. Hall chose a most timely topic for his four day visit with us, "Man's Answer to World Disorder". Each talk, such as the one on Monday night about man being an angleworm or an archangel, was centered around this theme. Dr. Hall gave us all hope for our generation and for the world.

Not only did Dr. Hall's talks make this a successful week, but his personality as well. All students who had conferences with him or ate with him at mealtime were attracted by his magnetic personality.

Appreciation should go to Dr. Hall for coming to Salem for Religious Emphasis Week. Also thanks should go to the "Y" for planning this week and inviting Dr. Hall to come.

Editor's Note:

The editor for this issue of the *Salemite* is Mary Lib Weaver. Next week's editor is Lola Dawson. Lola is a member of the junior class and is eligible for editor-ship of the paper next year.

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LITTLE DITTO

Mary got a box of candy and a dozen roses too.
Sally got a lacy heart with letters spelling "I Love You."
Nancy got a handkerchief, perfume and a valentine.
Joanne's fellow sent her chocolates and a note that said "Be Mine."

Instead of getting any pretties or a note with sentiments,
Or a box of chocolate candy, raisins, nuts or peppermints,
I just got a little card, red and white with words in blue
Just a simple valentine "because", it says, "you're simple too."

New, Old and Eternal

By Eleanor Fry

"Pennies! Pennies!"
The young voices were just as insistent as the hand tugging at my sweater and skirt. Children swarmed around me, their eyes glowing with eagerness, palms outstretched for the few coins that I found in my wallet.

No trip to Quebec is complete unless you wander through the narrow, twisting streets of the Old City. Those people who are content merely to see the cathedrals and the Citadel, to have a birds-eye view of the Saint Lawrence from the comfortable seat of a caleche atop the Plains of Abraham, miss the vibrant soul of Quebec. It is not only a city of historical interest but a place where people live in the traditions and customs of old Europe, yet experience the same sorrows and happiness, the same emotions of any modern community. For the crooked old street where I found myself that morning was a small world in itself. A row of tiny brick houses lined each side of the cobbled street. The gutters were full of slop as the housewives had just emptied their buckets of garbage. Even now one woman leaned out of a second floor window, and

I watched the rubbish scatter as it fell to the street below. Through an open door-way I distinguished in the half-light a wooden bench, its legs partly buried in filthy straw that covered the floor. Out of the dark a little boy appeared, squinting at the sun. A rat, held by the tail at arm's length, was tossed on to the cobblestones. Now not even the fascinating pennies could keep those urchins near me. All pointing and chattering at the same time, they clustered around the bloody, mangled object which the prowling cat had killed.

Then I noticed her. Alone on a front door step, sat a little girl. She was a pretty child, about eight years old, with beautiful brown hair tossed in a mass of curls. Her eyes were deep violet; cheeks glowed. There was nothing so unusual in her face, nor yet in her attitude; the distinctive feature that immediately impressed me was her neat appearance. In the middle of the stinking dirt of this street, of the filthy, decrepit houses and the greasy, torn clothes of the children, her fresh pink dress shocked me. It was not a new dress—actually there were just as many rips as in those dresses
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News Of The Week

By Faye Stickney

Accelerated College Plans

A survey of about 100 representative colleges and universities conducted by the *New York Times* shows that, with the opening of the Spring term this month, many American institutions of higher learning are planning an accelerated emergency program.

The usual four years will be briefed into three years or less. Because of the draft, many nineteen year olds are forced to leave the campuses. If the draft is lowered to eighteen, the present freshman classrooms will be quite vacated, and consequently many educators feel that a three year college plan will give students the opportunity to make up at least a year of lost college time.

For an example, Duke University will permit freshmen students to enroll next June under a revised program that will give them the opportunity to graduate in three years. According to Hollis Edens, the President, "the university deems it essential to provide opportunity for high school graduates to begin their college train-

ing at the earliest possible date."

Though experience has proved this system not totally satisfactory, the majority of universities and colleges are preparing to put their campuses on a three-year plan, because they contend "intensive acceleration is justified only under war conditions".

New Metallic Thread

Hiawatha metallic thread is now available at the notions departments of many stores in Winston-Salem, so the college-aged seamstress can sprinkle her growing spring wardrobe with gold, silver and eight different colored metallic threads that work on any sewing machine. The thread has been tested, and its manufacturer says it can be washed, dry cleaned and ironed with no more care than is given to the fabric on which it is used.

Best Books

The top sellers of fiction books taken from the *New York Times* Book Review section according to an analysis based on reports from a number of leading book sellers are in chronicle order: *Joy Street* by Keyes, *The Disenchanted* by
(Continued on page three)



By Winkie Harris and Sybel Haskins

"And now we are seniors." Acti blew philosophical smoke ring and reflected. A few more weeks and she would be Out In The World On Her Own.

Practice teaching was over. She remembered tenderly days of rising with the sun and knocking Mr. Campbell down to be first in the breakfast line. Now second semester was upon her and she could once more take courses that offered inspiration to the intellectual mind.

Her requirements in biology, Latin and math had been filled. Now Acti was a senior in college and could spend her time in such cultural activities as meetings of the I. R. C. philosophical debates with history professors and biographical discussions with the head of the English Department. Now was her chance to see all the Little Theater productions and the Shakespearean movies done by Orson Welles. "La vie est belle", she sighed cosmopolitanly as she dashed over to Main Hall to register for the eighth and last time.

She considered the curriculum carefully. Shakespeare was impossible—Saturday morning classes were ridiculous. U. S. in World Affairs—she should take that—Theodore Henry was constantly bringing up such matters. But really, she didn't have the time to write a term paper and five book reports. Anyway the thing met at ten-twenty and that was the hour to visit the drug store.

Acti read further—Cooking, Sewing, Sweeping, Dusting, thirteen hours was enough, what with seminar. After all, one had to prepare for the realities of life. She could audit a course in her major. Acti looked at Theodore Henry's Eagle Scout pin and had a vision of herself in ruffled apron cooking his breakfast.

She knew that she could find ample intellectual companionship in the dorm. A soul-stirring course was not in itself sufficient to elevate.

In the smokehouse, Acti received four invitations to bridge and one to Charleston. Finding the latter impossible, she joined a group of the more thoughtful.

"How does this china go with my silver, puzzled Gertrude.

"What am I going to put down for a philosophy of education?" moaned Mable.

"At least you've got an application blank. What am I going to do?" Millie languished on the sofa.

"I," said Acti, "am going to graduate school." Considering that she had just made the decision, the response was gratifying.

"Wah! Wah!"

But Acti had a vision. After graduate school, she would be asked to a university as a visiting lecturer and in her spare time she would write. Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald—Acti! She could hear the critic—"brilliant reflection of the turbulent time of today—a master craftsman whose flawless style—"

Acti dragged herself reluctantly to class. "This morning," said Miss Smodges, "I want to introduce you to the refrigerator and the stove. You must always scrub—"

"Serub" thought Acti and she had a vision. She saw herself pale and wan—wisps of gray hair—a clean but patched black coat—a tiny figure seated at the rear of the huge hall where thousands cheered the awe-inspiring man on the platform. The man for whom Acti had scrubbed and struggled—"My son," thought Acti.

"Psst—" Gertrude punched her. "Are you going to Chapel Hill next week-end?"

"For heavens' sake" said Acti, "I've still got a week to make up my mind. No use making hasty decisions. "What's the rush?"