

To Sis . . .

After lunch is usually the noisiest time in any smokehouse on campus, but last Wednesday was the exception. Everyone was bent over a book. The only sounds were the occasional, "Turn to page 36, quick," or "Look at that picture of Betsy in the Education Club".

The annuals were out, and judging from the comments, Sis Pooser and her staff are to be congratulated for one of the best annuals Salem has produced.

Two Well-Spent Hours . . .

Surely it isn't impossible to find two extra hours a week. Maybe you have to forego a few hands of bridge or maybe you have to stay up a little late that night, but it's worth it.

It's worth it to go over to Memorial Hall to hear the graduating recitals. If you don't want to hear really good music, you can go to see the recitalists' new dresses. Or if you're still not interested, you can go to see if there are any interesting looking town boys there.

You can go for any of these reasons, but I believe you'll find yourself listening in spite of yourself.

Just In Passing . . .

We note that Stunt Night gives school spirit a boost. Congratulations to the Seniors and Acti . . .

We note that the grass is having an awful time trying to grow between Strong and the swimming pool. It isn't much longer to walk on the sidewalks . . .

We note that several people are still talking about the art forum. It was a good thing . . .

We note that there seems to be a new organization on campus, "The Friends of the Free Press", according to a note found in the Salemite office . . .

We note that people are wearing red faces and raincoats over sun suits to the dining hall. Would I. R. S. approve of the raincoats?

A Thought . . .

Dr. Gramley dismissed chapel yesterday for us to hear MacArthur's speech to Congress with the explanation that history was being made today.

MacArthur told us what he thought. Truman has told us what he thinks. Taft has voiced his opinion. The bus driver bringing us from a week-end at Chapel Hill reveals his ideas. Mr. Caldwell has spoken, as has your roommate or your father. What do you think? People who listen to ideas help make the history too. Whether or not they are thinking about what they hear might show up on pages of history books as yet unwritten.

The Salemite



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Exam Schedule

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE,
SECOND SEMESTER 1950-51
THURSDAY, MAY 17

9:00 A.M.

Biology 2 A	R. 200
Biology 2 B	R. 221
English 244 A	R. 1
English 244 B	R. 8
History 242	R. 29
Home Econ. 304	Lab.
Music 306	R. 101
Chemistry 104	R. 4

2:00 P.M.

Art 100	R. 131
Biology 105	R. 200
French 232	R. 22
German 4	R. 4
History 232	R. 29
Math. 208	R. 26
Music 214	Studio
Music 234	R. 101
Sociology 212	R. 8
Spanish 252	R. 24

FRIDAY, MAY 18

9:00 A.M.

Biology 102	R. 200
Education 226	R. 103
French 2 A	R. 26
French 2 B	R. 24
Geography 202	R. 8
Music 242	Studio
Philosophy 202	R. 20
Spanish 2	R. 1
Spanish 4	R. 4

2:00 P.M.

Education 210	R. 103
French 4 A	R. 1
French 4 B	R. 20
French 104	R. 24
Latin 4	R. 4
Music 352	Studio
Religion 210	R. 29
Spanish 104	R. 8

SATURDAY, MAY 19

9:00 A.M.

Education 224	R. 103
English 104 A	R. 1
English 104 B	R. 4
English 104 C	R. 8
Music 208	R. 101
Music 216	Studio
Sociology 210	R. 20

2:00 P.M.

History 8	R.
History 104 A	R. 29
History 104 B	R. 24
History 210	R. 20
Home Econ. 212	Lab.
Music 204	R. 100
Sociology 204	R. 1

MONDAY, MAY 21

9:00 A.M.

English 111	R. 4
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Music 304	Studio
Physics 2	R. 200
Psychology 102 A	R. 29
Psychology 102 B	R. 20
Phys. Ed. 220	R. 8

2:00 P.M.

Art 208	R. 131
Chemistry 204	R. 200
English '10	R. 24
English 20 A	R. 20
English 20 B	R. 29
English 20 C	R. 1
English 30 A	R. 8
English 30 B	R. 4
Home Econ. 204	Lab.
Math. 104	R. 26
Sociology 222	R. 102
Spanish 122	R. 22

TUESDAY, MAY 22

9:00 A.M.

English 224	R. 1
Home Econ. 202	Lab.
Music 212	R. 100
Psychology 204	R. 8
Religion 104 A	R. 20
Religion 104 B	R. 29

2:00 P.M.

Economics 202	R. 8
French 122	R. 22
History 211	R. 29
Home Econ. 302	Lab.
Latin 2	R. 4
Latin 102	R. 4
Math. 30 A	R. 26
Math. 30 B	R. 24
Math. 30 C	R. 24
Music 102	R. 109

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23

9:00 A.M.

Art 102	R. 131
Chemistry 2 A	R. 200
Chemistry 2 B	R. 200
English 202	R. 4
English 266	R. 1
Music 2	R. 100

2:00 P.M.

Economics 102 A	R. 1
Economics 102 B	R. 8
English 212	R. 4
German 2 A	R. 24
German 2 B	R. 24
History 204	R. 20
Physics 201	R. 200

THURSDAY, MAY 24

9:00 A.M.

Economics 300	R. 8
Home Econ. 2	Lab.
Hygiene 10	R. 4
Music 110	R. 101
Music 218	Studio

If there are any conflicts, students are asked to see Miss Simpson.

Dear Papa . . .

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

Just think, me being the daughter of a mayor. Now that's just the best thing I ever heard—you being mayor I mean. Since you are such a big man in politics, I decided to take a course on current events so maybe you and me can help out citizen Truman some. He seems to be having a pretty hard time these days.

I'm learning a lot but some things are a little confusing like Mr. Truman firing General MacArthur. Now why do you think he did a thing like that? Some folks say it's because MacArthur was trying to win the war and citizen Truman told him not to win OR lose it. Then too some folks say we aren't in a war. If that's the truth I wonder why Willy is over in Korea now—

There is something else that's been worrying me. Is Great Britain on our side? They have been selling materials to the Communists in Hong Kong that are being shipped to North Korea. Papa, these materials are being used to fight the United Nations troops. Why that's just like having a boy friend that goes with two girls at the same time and kicks himself for doing it. Sometimes I just don't understand people. Then there's that Chinese gentleman

named Chiang Kai Shek, the nationalist leader who has been giving our government such a hard time. That political party that the Yankees call Republican are wanting to help Mr. Chiang fight. Then they fuss about citizen Truman starting World War III. Papa, these Republicans, did they vote when you were elected mayor?

There has been a mix-up about Mr. O'Dwyer I understand. You know, the man who married the pretty lady named Sloan Simpson. It seems that after he was found guilty in the Kefauver committee of helping that gangster that our President sent him back to Mexico to prove that WE still had confidence in him. Personally I don't have, and I don't think George Washington would either if he were still president.

The baseball season is open now and citizen Truman and the rest of those government gentlemen took time off to go see the first game. I do suppose baseball is an important sport. Papa, if our town was on fire would you and the fire department go to a Shriner's convention?

It sure is nice that you're in politics now. I'll write again next week when I have some more questions.

Your ever lovin' daughter,
Anne



By Jean Calhoun

The alarm bell rang and Purtie Sore heard it. It came from the left side of the bed; she turned painfully over and shut it off. She slept. The alarm rang again and she heard it. It came from the right side of the bed and she felt pains shooting up her vertebrae as she shut it off. She slept. Again it rang and again she heard it. She reached to turn it off. Right—left—dresser—desk—window—at last she found the complicated mechanism under her Kleenex box in the second drawer of her dresser. She wondered how long it would be before she could remember to look there without waking completely. As she stood before the dresser, she accidentally saw in the mirror the reflection of her face, weather-beaten and freckled from many hours of soft-ball practice, and moved in slow creaky motions into the hall to get away from it. Turning to shut the door with her left hand (because her right hand had bat-burns) she looked enviously at the soft, sleeping form of her "Never - Played - Softball - In - My - Life" room-mate.

The hall was dark and gloomy as Purtie dragged her feet in fatalistic fatigue from one door to the next to waken her teammates. A door creaked slowly open and Purtie bumped into a drowsy girl in blue pajamas, who slurred, "We was robbed, Purtie." Purtie nodded agreement, and dragged her calloused feet on to room 10 and closed the window there with accompanying noises. Neither occupant of the room had budged. Hastily Purtie raised the window and loudly lowered it again. As she stepped toward the door, groaning with pain, she kicked a linament bottle, which plainly intimated, "Ball players live here." She slammed the door, confident that she'd fully waked the first and second basemen.

Room 11. On the floor she saw crumpled letters and on each was written in red ink "How ridiculous". Purtie picked up one after the other and found each to be concerned with opportunities for amateur girl soft-ball players or soft-ball instructors in camps. She gazed sadly at the inhabitant of this room, realizing that here was one who was no longer a soft-ball enthusiast. The crumpled, twisted thing lay sleeping on a board to straighten out her "catcher's bend". Purtie knocked three times on the board, the catcher signalled for a ball, low and inside, and Purtie left to wake an ex-buddy, the base umpire.

As she shuffled around the corner with the muscles pulling in every anatomic region of her body, she began to smell a sticky sweet odor. Sitting on the floor of room 15 she found a girl with half-closed eyes inhaling the fumes of an opium burner. "Poor beast," Purtie thought, "Probably just can't live with herself after calling that last game." When she turned to leave, the girl stood up and muttered softly, "Out on first!"

While walking down the hall and thinking how hard it was to keep putting one sore foot before the other sore foot, Purtie bumped again into the drowsy girl in blue pajamas who muttered, "We was robbed, Purtie." Purtie nodded her approval and hurried painfully on her way. She wanted to get to breakfast in time to re-hash last night's game with the mangled bodies of some other soft-ball players.

Purtie passed a full length mirror in the hall, and then, impulsively and with a creaking of muscles, turned and confronted the thing again. The hair she saw was straw looking and sun-bleached; the lips she saw were cracked; the arms she saw were muscle-bound; the legs she saw were scarred and the figure she saw was too, too athletic. Purtie turned her back to the reflection she had seen and stumbled into her room deciding to skip breakfast. There she timidly pulled out of her roommate's books from the shelf. It was entitled "What to Do About Your Messy Condition". She tacked on the door a sign reading SOFT-BALLITIS, DO NOT DISTURB FOR ONE WEEK!