

Say Thank You . . .

Do you as a student really give credit to those who deserve it? Do you compliment a person or an organization for the good work they do?

Take for instance the excellent chapel program that the Day Students sponsored Thursday, Jan. 10. We are sure that most of the students enjoyed having Billie Cummings and Jimmy Pfaff play, but how many told the Day Students that they enjoyed it and would like to have a similar program again?

We are sure that you have noticed the excellent posters put up by the Y. W. C. A. this year, but have you expressed this to a member of the "Y" Cabinet?

The Scorpion-sponsored open houses every Sunday night have done a great deal toward bettering student-faculty relations. The faculty has co-operated completely. Have you expressed your appreciation? Even better than a "thank you" is the appreciation you show when you attend on open house, because they are given with the interest of the students foremost in mind.

The Pierrette's presented a workshop play last Tuesday night. Do you realize the vast number of hours that the cast and director rehearsed? The play was not only to give experience to drama students; it was to entertain the student body. Did you feel enough appreciation for their efforts to stay for the discussion period?

We as students do appreciate the things that are done on our behalf, but all too few of us ever make the fact known.

It takes very little effort on our part to go to someone with a compliment and "thank you" for a job well done.

Is it too much to ask of us to be more thoughtful and appreciative?

P. B.

Canceled Contracts . . .

Marguerite Higgins is sick. But is she really? If so why did she not merely postpone her southern tour instead of canceling it altogether?

If she did not plan to keep her engagements why did she sign the contract in the first place? Of course, she signed before she was selected "Woman of the Year" for 1951. That could be the difference. Did she feel the newly-acquired title should warrant more money than the contract allowed? Perhaps the west coast—where Miss Higgins is recuperating—has more to offer in the monetary line than does the south.

While Miss Higgins undoubtedly would have provided excitement and color behind the lectern, we feel that Marquis Childs will have as much—or more—to say.

However, we don't like the principle of the thing—contracts suddenly canceled on a flimsy excuse.

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Donna Joan

By Pat Kelly

(Based on Byron's interpretation of Mozart's presentation of Moliere's adaptation of an old Spanish legend, from an idea by Adam.)

Canto the First (and last)
I
I want a heroine (not to be confused
With the dope that has the very
same name);
She's easily found, and so I'm de-
Mused,
Having no use for a muse, since
the flame,
Fire and spirit of the tale now
perused
Is an early female' who lays true
claim
To many frat pins (only one on
loan
From her roommate dear); it is
Donna Joan.

II
Born in Caroline, fairest of the
States—
"Perfect Vacationland," say all
the ads—
Donna Joan evolved into a girl who
rates
Whistles and howls and winks
by the scads,
And what, lacking a better name,
we call dates;
She wore sweaters and socks,
knew all the fads
That a high school girl needs must
recall
To convince the boys that she's
on the ball.

III
Her father was a rounder, with
vagaries,
Her mother, by custom, was a
prude,
Who packed her daughter off to
St. Mary's,
Where Joan was depressed; there
shortly ensued
Chapel Hill week-ends all spent in
Harry's—
The poor girl was young and not
yet embued
With college girl's wisdom which
must insist
Frats are the only place one can
exist.

IV
But Donna Joan arrived soon at
the age
When, under ancient Southern
tradition,
Girls must be firmly fastened in
college,
Or their parents hauled up for
sedition;
Thus the girl's mother went looking
to gauge
The school that would allow
Joan's admission
And still sternly restrict her from
mayhem;
The search wasn't lengthy: Mama
picked Salem.

V
Thus came she to learning's old
citadel,
The enchanting, fair, capricious
young Joan,
And if she found Salem a bit o'-
dull,
It couldn't do worse than Mary's
had done;
Early she learned the school wasn't
quittable
Until she's signed away life,
flesh and bone,
So that — she supposed — Mama
could get her

Wherever she'd gone—when the
school let her.
VI
Soon she was settled and studying
well,
Taking dorm courses—all she
could take—
About State, Carolina and W.
and L.,
Davidson College, Duke U. and
Wake,
Learning all the songs, and learn-
ing to swell
With pride on each song and to
shake;
And she earnestly aped, in stage-
like role,
What the other girls did: "the
standard soul."
VII
But hardest of all (explain it to
Mater)
Was absorbing the names and
all meanings
Of all houses known as Delta and
Theta;
(A prof with popularity leanings
Should teach this in class, since
it'll elate her
To see her young girls fall on
such gleanings);
To be in the know, Joan willingly
paid
The price of no sleep, no studies,
no grade.

VIII
She received her reward, that is
for sure,
What she'd learned by being so
scholarly
Plus looks and charm gave her
sure-fire allure:
She sailed away like a ship run-
ning free,
Trailing broken hearts through
Davidson pure
And flunking a chapter of DKE;
She caused a siege of chronic pel-
lagra
Among the boys Alpha Tau
Omega.

IX
To Salem, to Clewell, men beat a
path;
It was: "Joan, it's the phone,"
all through the day;
She smiled or she sneered, grant-
ing joy or wrath
To the T-shirted boys blocking
her way;
Pins came so fast that a major in
math
Was given a job computing
Joan's sway;
True loves she followed just once
or deuce,
But ne'er turned any of the
other boys loose.

X
So great was Joan's fame—the
story is told—
Wake Forest let out when she
came to call;
Hogan's Lake was changed to
"Joan's Swimming Hole,"
And Duke presented endowment
and all;
At Salem a ballot by coeds bold
Named her "Girl They Enjoyed
Seeing in the Hall";
While the girls—so generous, show-
ing finesse—
To Donna Joan gave a badge
marked "I. R. S."



By Anne Lowe

Saturday night. No ambition. No cigar-
ettes. No date. No nothing.

Well, what does happen to 250 girls whose
lives have been enriched "intellectually, voca-
tionally, culturally, morally, physically and
spiritually through a sound liberal arts and
science curriculum—to prepare them for their
own inevitable solitude" (see Salem College
Bulletin, page 18) when they don't have a
date on Saturday night?

Wash clothes? By all means. The Clewell
resident was getting tired of all the socks
standing alone. Besides her Mother said that
mischief falls into idle hands. So rounding
up all her no-date buddies, she let them watch
her put the "things" to soak, and they set out
for the local pub—drug store, to you.

Four ham sandwiches, five cups of coffee
and two sundaes later they strolled back
across the moonlit square and parted ways at
their habitual abodes. Our little heroine
opened the door of her room with her eyes
closed. After all, who wants to be greeted by
a sink full of dirty clothes?

She wasn't. As the water rose around her
ankles, and two pairs of pink you-know-whats
hit her knees, she instinctively knew some-
thing had gone wrong.

Not to be outdone she donned her John
Paul Jones expression and swam out of the
room. There were no available boats so she
took the nearest canoe and paddled daunt-
lessly to the basin. With a calm hand she
turned off the water and began to wash.

Now a glance at Biting to see how seniors
bear up under inevitable solitude. Ah soli-
tude! No lights were visible. All seemed
quiet—but wait, what manner of man (or sen-
ior) is this? In a second floor window sits a
huddled form. The still, comforting night
conceals all but the hot, pensive little face
pressed against the window pane. Does she
dream of the handsome man from the shore
of the sea? Does she delve into the intricacies
and veiled obscurities of life? Who knows
what evil lurks in the heart of men? No, it's
none of these. She has no man for evil to
lurk in the heart of. But a sophomore on the
lawn below has, and—it just so happens—at
this instant she is kissing him goodnight.

Meanwhile down in the basement of Bit-
ting, all is light, festivity, jollity. Flames
roar and leap in the open fireplace.

Draped on the couch is Betty Parks en-
chanted with **The Life of Aaron Burr**. Swash-
buckling Lola Dawson wields her mighty pen
in defense of **The Tudor Wench**. Daring Kitty
Burrus peeps into the forbidden and racy
pages of Byron's **Don Juan** emitting an oc-
casional cynical giggle. Disillusioned Sally
Senter thumbs idly through the pages of **Life**.
A satanical quartet concentrate feverishly on
a hand of biddge. O lost!

Glancing into Sisters' smoker, three lonely
young ladies could be seen. They had decided
to spend the evening with three charming
gentlemen: Alexander Hamilton, John Mar-
shall and Geoffrey Chaucer. They were in
deep intellectual contact with their heroes
when someone mentioned a poodle cut. They
were certain said cut would look "perfectly
charming" on you. "Of course I couldn't wear
it". "Oh yes, you could, but I couldn't". The
third girl had an appointment with Lamberti
Tuesday.

In Strong the telephone ring echoed down
the empty corridors. Suddenly the stairs
quaked and groaned with the patter of tiny
feet. One hardy creature survived the dash.
She limped to the phone booth and cradled
the receiver lovingly in her mangled hand.

"This is she—Hello Honey—I'm lonesome—
I know 500 miles is too far to come for one
weekend, but you could—Well, I didn't get
a letter from you two weeks ago Thursday—
I don't care, you just don't love me anymore—
And down crashes the receiver. Five min-
utes later, remorse having won, she dialed
long distance frantically.

"Honey, I'm sorry I got mad—You mean
you didn't even know I was mad. Well, I
never—it doesn't take long to fly 500 miles
—And two weeks ago last Thursday—"

And so, as the Saturday night moon slowly
sinks in the west (or wherever moons sink),
our ship slowly sails from Salem square. In
the distance the native voices are raised,
"Wash! I'd love to—O lost!—poodle cut—
500 miles isn't really so far—"

Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,
New York had a big ticker tape
welcome for Captain Carlsen today.
Guess he'll be a big hero fer a
week or so, don't you?

Citizen Truman has did it again.
He's asking fer more taxing this
coming "year of strain". He's jest
calling fer five billion this time. I
guess it's a sure thing the Presi-
dent went to school somewhere.
If he hadn't he couldn't count so
high.

We are mighty glad all them
folks on that train in California is
warm and safe now. Watch out
Chamber of Commerce — you are

getting some poor publicity. I
understand that if you mention
poor weather around that country
its fighting words.

Times is changing everywhere.
Fer instant, I noticed where cow-
boys rode motorcycles to catch five
steers and a Brahma bull that es-
caped from a rodeo. Now ain't
that disillusioning?

That's all the news fer this
week, Papa, except this. I don't
like to say anything bad about
Thomas Jefferson, but I secretly
believe that inventing that swivel
chair fer bureaucrats just about
offset all the good he done in life.

Your ever lov'en daughter,
Anne