

Let's Be Careful . . .

We have practice fire drills so we will know what to do and where to go in case of a real emergency. Most of us take these practice fire drills for granted and do not realize their full significance. Think what would happen if there actually was a fire in one of the dormitories. Instead of everyone being calm, there would be confusion and the result would be many accidents that otherwise could have been prevented.

Let us remember that practice fire drills are for our own safety. By regarding the rules and regulations set up by the fire marshal, we will safeguard not only our own lives, but the lives of our classmates.

There have been several small fires in the dormitories. They may seem insignificant, but they could have developed into something serious. Let's be more careful in the future.

L. M.

Lazy Or Unalert . . .

How many of us took advantage of the opportunity to hear Dr. Forell and Dr. Alyea? This week two outstanding speakers—one a philosopher and theologian; the other a scientist, were on campus. But the majority of us were either too lazy to make the effort to go to the lectures or too unalert to realize that the opportunities were available to us.

We heard Dr. Forell in chapel Tuesday and Thursday and in the classes in which he lectured, but most of us simply ignored the fact that he also spoke each night during Religious Emphasis Week because attendance at these meetings was not required.

We were told that a "pretty good crowd" came to hear his evening talks, but actually the "crowd" was a small majority of the student body. There must have been something to what he said because the people who went once kept going back.

Tuesday night the balcony was about three-fourths filled with college girls. But the biggest part of the audience was town people. They saw that Dr. Alyea had something important to say about atomic energy. We failed to understand or care about its importance. So we went to the movies.

We had to study—We wanted to see the show in town—And what we missed we will probably never have another chance to hear.

Casper's Invisible Self

By Jean Calhoun

Casper took off his white ghost sheet and — he wasn't there any longer. He was a full fledged Halloween October spook."

He shook his skinny, (I only supposed it was skinny, for all I could see when I looked at him were birds flying over the Salem College clock.) invisible self. He rubbed his cold invisible hand where his head would probably be and blew blue spook smoke through his probably chattering teeth.



His invisible teeth chanted a little spooky spook song:

"I'm scary Casper spook is true, I spook only when spooked to. I hoot and howl and spook thro' nights.

My difficult task is to haunt Salemites."

With his courage mustered, Casper floated to Salem's large brightly decorated dormitory.

Orange jack-o-lanterns gritted their teeth when they felt the cool spook air of Casper's invisible self as he breezed in the window. The witches decorating the walls huddled together on one broom and shook until broom-straws fell.

"Wheeee, but am I scary!!" Casper exclaimed as he heaved his manly invisible chest. "Now to frighten the girls."

The girls were shuffling cards on gaily colored table tops, chattering or knitting bright socks.

Casper began to haunt. His invisible hands pushed up several windows. Cold air filled the room.

The cards continued to be shuffled, voices continued to chatter and knitting needles to click. However, one pathetic voice pleaded, "Somebody make Alice McNeely quit raising those windows. She's going to freeze us all yet."

Casper sighed, "Maybe more noise and less air will scare them." So he began to swell his little invisible voice into its ultra, ultra haunting volume.

Still shuffling cards, chattering and knitting noises. But this time

another voice broke through, "Temple Daniels, if you don't quit singing in the shower, I'll cut the water off."

Casper was mad. His best Halloween hoot had failed. With his little invisible feet he began to kick over chairs, throw cigarette butts on the floor and topple tables over.

Clicking, knitting and chattering was broken only by a sighing voice saying, "Louise Fike's on a rampage again." No one even turned her head to look through Casper.

No one knew Casper was spooking except Casper, and he couldn't tell, because, as in Miss Byrd's Comp Class, one must not tell they are spooking, they must just suggest it by illustrations.

Casper would illustrate once more.

"I'll 'make-like' a herd of buffaloes," he giggled and clapped his little invisible hands together. Of course, he actually didn't clap his hands because his right little invisible hand went through his left little invisible hand.



Casper made buffalo stampeding sounds.

Knitting, clicking, chatting and again one louder-than-the-other voices saying, "Everybody's in trouble again. Listen to the violators running to Marian Lewis' room to 'report themselves.'"

Casper wept hot little invisible tears. The room emptied and he sat alone with his invisible self. Hours passed and finally two girls walked sleepily into the empty room as the clock struck two.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" they screamed together in frightful voices.

Casper tried to clasp his invisible hands with joy. The two girls were scared.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" they screamed again with surprise and horror that they were all alone in the basement at 2:00 in the morning.

Casper giggled an invisible giggle. He had frightened the girls just by being his invisible self.



By Connie Murray

Dear Diary,

It is 3:00 a.m., and I find it a little difficult to see, due to a thing known as sleep which is slowly closing my eyes. In a few hours I will have to arise and face a new day, for the sun also rises (or so says Hemingway.)

Nothing unusual happened today — I retraced my regular routine of activities. I was gently awakened by the soft pealing of the 8:25 bell, which gave me ample time to dress for my 8:30 class. With books in one hand and a cigarette in the other, I dashed madly to class, taking steps three at a time until I reached the art lab. Falling in the nearest chair, I saw the announcement on the blackboard that there would be no class today. This, I decided, would be the right time to make my trip to the P. O. and revive myself with coffee at Jerry's.

In my box I saw a strange phenomena—something known as a letter. Gleefully I took it and ran to the back booth of the drug store. It was from Horace, my own true love. He has finally passed the tenth grade, and so young—only 23.

Before I could finish my coffee and vitamin pills, I found myself surrounded by Mr. Hewmache, Mr. Penser, and Dr. Ewis. The topic at their mercy was the current campaign, and I tried as best I could to keep up with them. This was not easy, as I was writing a theme at the time.

The bell for second period interrupted our harmonious conversation, and I scampered off to Dr. Inger's class. As I entered the room he was giving that brilliant quotation, "I hate war," in his own inimitable manner. Due to a lack of ink I was unable to take notes and found myself in deep meditation, excepted occasionally by a snore.

In like manner I went through all my classes, feeling greatly enlightened by lunchtime. When I finished my beans, I was off again to a 1:30 meeting of the Weariettes, our dramatic club. When that was over, I returned to the dorm to make up my bed but found the I. R. S. had beaten me to it. (They do a much better job than I do anyway.)

My afternoon was spent alternately between the chemistry lab and the infirmary. (How was I supposed to know one shouldn't heat concentrated sulfuric acid and hydrochloric acid together?) At 5:00 I got my roommate to carry me to the hockey game—I play full-back for my class. (That's why I'm writing this with my left hand.) It was a brilliant game—fast, hard, and clean. I only wish we hadn't gotten 53 points behind.

After a hearty supper of broccoli, sweet potatoes, and gooseliver, I went with a select group to a meeting of the P and N, known to us commoners as the Poor and Needy. (We have accounts at the Salem Book Store.) Immediately following that, I put in an appearance at the CC (cigarette control). We have tried the Amel 30-day test nine times now and voted to continue it for another 30-day period.

At 8:30 I heard the most wonderful lecture—something about the effect of someone on the imports of some country in what-you-may-call-it century. (I also dropped eight stitches in my socks.) When I got back to the dorm, I began my articles for the Salemite. Being naturally endowed with a talent for journalism, I dashed off a feature in three hours.

By this time I knew it was too late to study—I needed my rest more. So I went downstairs and played a little bridge, finished a coke and nabs, and had several cigarettes.

I know I should have rolled my hair up, but I must go to . . . to . . . to . . . zzzzzzzzz.

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French Writes

Editor's note: This letter was received last week from B. Carson Fench, Salem chemistry professor on leave of absence to study at Chapel Hill.

To the Salemite:

Greetings from Chapel Hill where I spent the summer slaving from 7:30 a.m. to midnight or after in the chemistry laboratory finding out all sorts of new tricks for future Salem students.

This fall I have a most interesting room-mate, one of 17 school teachers from Germany selected by the U. S. government to get a look at American education. Hans has so many interesting stories to tell of the war, the Russians and so forth that I have to escape to

the laboratory to study, and sometimes when I come back to the room late at night there he is with more questions. So we talk on and on.

The best news to me was that I was granted the Ledoux Fellowship in chemistry. I have been given a private research laboratory and am working on the vitamin, riboflavin, sometimes called vitamin B-2, the structure of which is too complex to describe.

My social success is assured at Chapel Hill since the boys have heard that I am from Salem College, home of Lu Long—and not only that — she is teaching my daughter Sue how to play the piano.