

Valentine Verses Express New Rhymes For Unhappy Lovers

By Connie Murray

Realizing that the most interesting people in the world are those in love, I decided early in my youth to write Valentine verses.

Shelley wrote beautiful love poems and Keats dedicated many lines of sentiment to Fanny Brawne. But both poets died young and in virtual poverty. Having considered both of these cases, thanks to Miss Byrd, I decided the only way to live a long life and make many millions was to reverse the situation.

My decision launched my career as "huorous sentimentalist," the position I now hold for the Tivaldy Card Company. (Tivaldy stands for "Though it was a letter, didn't you?")

My job is to help you young lovers, and I am confident that I can satisfy your poetical wants. Just the other day, I received a call from a panicky young gentleman of ninety-three who wants to get married. He stated that his intended was "beautiful, intelligent, smart, but three years older" than himself. What should he do about the difference in their ages?

I have complied with a small verse that should make her tingle and flee to the warmth of his cane-bearing arms:

It's not the years that make the diff;
It's not the days as by they drift;
It's not your age as onward it mounts—
It's what you do with your time that counts!

In this morning's mail, I received a note from a college girl who wants to get even with an ex-boy friend, now married. She added that he has five children. Perhaps this will express the sentiment boiling in her heart:

Oh, you, who caused me sleepless nights,
And made me toss and turn, so blue,
I know that you have tossed and turned
And now your nights are sleepless, too.

An anonymous note from Chapel Hill presented a problem to me at first, but realizing how all new things are a challenge, I settled right down to work on it. Perhaps I should quote the letter:

"Comrade, I have a problem. I want to zend a Valentine to our exalted leader across the sea. Vat would be appropriate?"

Yes, vat? I mean what? I dismissed the idea of "Dear Red, drop dead!" and came up with this. (Pause) On second thought, that would do. I threw the letter away and reached for another.

"Dear Madam, I am forty-five—in age, height, and circumference. I have money but no husband. I do have a gentleman in mind. However, he is interested only in movie stars. Please help me."

From this choice bit of literary effort, I deducted that the woman

Sweetheart To Be Elected

The "Sweetheart of Salem" contest will begin Monday night, Feb. 15, in Clewell dormitory. The contest will run until the following Monday, Feb. 22.

The contest is being sponsored by the senior class and the proceeds of the project will be used by the Senior class.

Pictures of any male friend, sweetheart, cousin, nephew, father, brother are eligible for the title. These pictures are to be collected by the senior class over the weekend. There is an entry price of ten cents for each contestant.

All pictures submitted will be displayed on tables in the Clewell date room. Each vote will be one penny placed in the containers provided by each picture. The picture with the most votes will be the "Sweetheart of Salem." The winner will be announced in the Salemite after the election.

Last year's "Sweetheart of Salem" was Dr. Dale H. Gramley.

was of ample means. I must make a serious attempt to help her.

I know, Valentine, you like Grable and Monroe,

But all such women are phony;
Take Hayworth—what's she got
that I have not twice of,
Except Aly Khan and Ali-mony?

Perhaps the saddest case on my list is the plight of the elevator boy in the Empire State Building. It seems he works the shift between the 61st floor and the 102nd, and his beloved works between the first and 61st floors. The only time he ever sees her is when they happen to get to the 61st floor at the same time. Indeed a sad dilemma. But maybe this Valentine will help.

I know that I'm above you, dear,
And that you'll never pass me;
But though we have our ups
and downs,
Our love will win, just ask me!

These are just a few of the many requests I have received for Valentines. So if you have a problem, don't hesitate to write me in care of the Tivaldy Card Co. (That stands for "Thought it was a letter, didn't you?")

Bulletin Board Rules Issued

The bulletin board committee, made up of Miss Helen Sullivan, chairman; Miss Margaret Barrier, Alice McNeely, Barbara Allen, Betty Jean Cash and Pat Ward, has issued the following regulations concerning the use of the board which is located in Corrin Refectory:

1. Information usually given orally will now be placed on the bulletin board.
2. Announcements should be posted a day in advance of the event.
3. Announcements must be neat and clear.
4. If the board becomes too crowded, the use will be limited by the committee.
5. Except in urgent cases, there will be no oral announcements in the dining room.
6. Notices that become out-of-date will be removed by the committee.
7. If the person who put up the announcement wants it, she may take it down beforehand.
8. When putting up a notice, sign your name on the back.
9. Beginning today, every student is responsible for material on the board.

Drama Group Will Present Spring Play

Rehearsals began this week for the Pierrette spring production which is "Member of the Wedding" by Carson McCullers. The cast, which was announced by Elizabeth Riegner, the director, has three leads.

Try-outs are still open for Bernice Sadie Brown. At present Jane Brown and Mary McNeely Rogers are trying for this lead.

Laura Mitchell, a senior from Charlotte, was chosen as Frankie. Playing opposite Laura is David Parish, a ten year old boy from Winston-Salem, who has been cast as John Henry.

Other members of the cast include Juanita Efrid as Mrs. West, Harriet Harris as Helen Fletcher, Carolyn Miller as Dons and Paul-ett Nelson as Sis Laura. All of these girls are freshmen and will be making their debut on Salem campus stage.

Donald Britt, administrative assistant to Dr. Gramley, will also make his debut as T. T. Williams in the play. The other male parts include Doug Carter as Mr. Addams and Bruce Dowell as Honey Camden Brown. Three parts have not been cast as yet.

The play is a story of a twelve year old girl who falls in love with a wedding. Her greatest desire is to go with her older brother on his honeymoon. She eventually finds out that she can not do this. This is a play of mood and character. It ran on Broadway for more than two years with Ethel Waters as Bernice and Julie Harris as Frankie.

Production plans for the play are in operation. The art department is aiding in designing the set and Emily Baker is coordinating the structure of the set as technical director.

The lighting, which requires mood lights, is under the direction of Louise Fike and the music which also requires mood effects is under the direction of Martha Thornburg.

Margaret Blakeney is chairman of publicity, while Ruth Lott will head the make-up crew for the play.

The problems of props, which include a sink with running water and a stove which works, are being handled by Sandy Whitlock.

Mary Anne Raines has been chosen as stage manager. There are no costume problems since the play is modern.

Rozzelle Recalls A Visit To The Campus Four Decades Ago

Editor's Note: (The following article by Dr. C. Excellence Rozzelle appeared in the Salem College Bulletin for February, 1954. Dr. Rozzelle, a Methodist minister, is Professor of Religion and Philosophy at High Point College. He is the husband of Mary Lee Greene, '13.)

"Come take a trip in my air-ship,
Come take a sail among the stars,
Come take a ride around Venus,
Come take a spin around Mars.
No one to watch while we're loving,
No one to see while we spoon,
Come take a trip in my air-ship
And we'll visit the man in the Moon."

This ragtime love song was a popular favorite when I was a student at old Trinity College (now Duke University) more than forty years ago. All the young people, both boys and girls, were singing it and other similar tunes in those good days of old. All our hearts were "light and gay," and my especial interest was a seventeen-year-old brown-eyed beauty at old Salem by the name of Mary Lee Greene.

But it was not by any means easy in those far away days to pay a visit to this girl of my dreams. Rules at Salem College then were very strict, boys were more or less taboo, and girls there had to be chaperoned on every little stroll up and down Main Street. To visit the one you loved was like getting permission to visit the heavily guarded gold vaults at Fort Knox.

President Howard Rondthaler and his good wife were very careful to learn about a youth's coming to the old college campus. Letters had to be written by the parents of every girl to the president's office, giving definite permission for every lover's call upon the young lady of his heart.

I left the old dingy station in

Durham at 2:30 on Thanksgiving morning, not by motor car but by jolting train, having scarcely slept a wink all night, bound for the little city of Winston-Salem (the two towns then had not been united).

At last by ten o'clock in the morning I walked into the historic old office of the Salem College president. He came out, looking like one of the Greek furies, read certain letters, asked many questions, puffed and pontificated, and then with an edict like that of an ancient Caesar declared that I might have forty-five minutes with Mary Lee. Think of it, O young men of today, a hundred-mile ride without a wink of sleep on a cold jolting train for less than an hour with the one I loved. But it was worth it, yes, a million times.

There in the old parlor she and I chatted rapidly away with an eye on the grandfather clock (it seemed that day to be in such a hurry) until a secretary entered the room saying so brutally—"Time Up." We rose to say goodbyes, but not until we knew our pledge that day in the old parlor was sworn until death. That's why our memories of Salem are today the happiest of all these years.

I did not know on the train that night when the gruff old conductor called for my ticket. I only knew that Mary Lee's life and mine were bound in an unbreaking bond of love. I easily excused the hard, harsh rules of the college. I even overlooked Rondthaler's stern face. I had the answer YES from the girl of my heart, and what else mattered?

Today Bishop Rondthaler, one of my esteemed friends, says "Roselle" (that's his way of calling my name and I like it), the greatest day in your life was when you married a Salem girl." And with all the trumpets sounding, I say a good old-fashioned Methodist AMEN.

Mary Lee and I have been most

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