

The Salemite

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THANK YOU, STEE-GE

Along with the rest of Salem, the Salemite extends thanks to the Stee-Gee.

For the sake of the record, we are reproducing our 'editorial policy' box at the bottom of this page suitably checked off as a job done. All of you know about the new light-cut regulations; the student center is having its face lifted at the present moment with new furniture, new paint jobs, re-covered pillows, and wall-papered screens.

The "Salemite" isn't letting up though — after all the paper is the student organ of protest as well as praise. We are getting to work now on improving the living condition of our beloved Smokehouse, the place dear to all of us, where we meet our friends, wage our feuds, and discuss everything from the value of Rousseau to the advisability of trumping our partner's ace. If any of you have anything to say on the subject — here is the place to air your views. And to effectively air your views, we may add with pardonable pride.

Or if you can think of anything else that could be done to improve Salem, let us know and we will go to bat for you and the college as intelligent members of any vital organization should. The Salemite and the college both belong to the students who compose 'em — in improving them we improve ourselves and demonstrate our active loyalty.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.
—William E. Chonning.

One who despises himself is the nearest to a proud man.
—Spinoza.

To see how short life is, one must have lived long.
—Schopenhaver.

The Editorial Policy of The "Salemite" Is:

- ✓ 1. Better "light-cut" conditions.
 - ✓ 2. Improvement of the Student Center.
- The Editors.

DO YOUR OWN THINKING

We, at Salem, under the guidance of the International Club, are attempting to keep up with world affairs by having weekly discussions. There is a group to discuss "Social objectives," there is one to discuss "Political objectives" and these is one to discuss "Economic objectives." Which group did you attend this week and how much did you contribute to the discussion?

Not only is the International Club sponsoring discussion groups, but also the "Y" has been holding informative open Forums with a group of Industrial Girls from out in town. Did you attend the meeting this past week?

In order that we may take part in these discussion groups, the librarians have placed the day by day war reports on a huge bulletin board in the entrance to the library. Have you noticed just how much information is available in the books, pamphlets, and news clippings on display?

Most of us don't realize how fortunate we are to be in school, during these troublous times. Why not take Mrs. Roosevelt's advise and "toughen ourselves mentally, physically, and spiritually?" Are you letting someone else attend all the meetings and do all the thinking?

Remember! The war aims and the peace plans are our responsibility! What are you going to do about your part?
—C. D.

ARE WE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

Our navy, army, and air force are our defense, but these do not make our first line of defense. Our first defense is in our hearts yet therein lies our nearest enemy. Before we conquer the Japanese, we must exterminate that fear which with every mention of war makes our pulses leap, and chokes our breath. This is no time to attract attention to ourselves and attempt to be dramatic by starting and spreading rumors and unconfirmed reports. Salem is no longer made up of three-hundred and fifty girls. We are a body, having the same thoughts, and concerns. Our first duty is to think before we speak as we have never yet done. When we speak, speak facts, not superstitions and imaginings. Let us talk with authority. When we have conquered ourselves, our fear, we will look like human beings, not shivering, sniveling forms of gloomy-eyed ignorance. We must be women worth fighting for. Then our second line of defense, the army, navy, and air force, with our courage, high spirit and determination backing them up can battle with our enemies.

—E. W.

WE MUST DO OUR SHARE

Many years ago there was a clamor for "equal rights for women." The women of this country and other countries rose up in protest and demanded that they be treated as equals to men. They wanted to vote; they wanted to work; and they wanted to be able to say "We, the women" believe this or that. From the kitchens, from the drawing rooms, from the gardens, came parading women to fight for rights. Every man laughed or frowned, according to his temperament, but he listened to the cry of the women. The men attempted to convince the fair sex that their place was in the home to look after the children, to run the house, and to be beautiful when they were at home. But these ladies believed they could do everything — be good wives, good politicians, and as smart as any man. So the women won the fight. To the shops went women to work and to the polls went women to vote and women became equal with men.

Well, ladies, we are equal! Now in the twentieth century we have a war to win and since we are equal to our men it is just as much our responsibility as theirs. No, we cannot fight. It is not necessary anyway. There are plenty of men to fight; therefore, our jobs lie elsewhere. Where? Remember Mrs. Elliot's son who is in the service, and your cousin Everett at Fort Bragg? Why not make some cookies and send to them? You know how much letters are appreciated or why do you dash to the P. O. every hour on the hour? Do you remember those books in the attic that you read several years ago? Why not send them to your Red Cross chapter which in turn will send them to the army boys. Certainly it is a sacrifice, but we want that. After all, if there is war, some have to suffer and some have to sacrifice. Surely we can do that!

—V. S.

The new policy of the Salemite:

1. To make the Smokehouse where a good many of us spend most of our free time, a livable room — a room that will hold memories for us of our friends, of playing together, and talking together, and perhaps studying together. Where we can relax in comfort and enjoy with our cigarettes the bull-sessions that proclaim expanding minds, curiosities, the play of idea against idea that is an important part of college life.

—The Editors.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

St. Valentine's Day comes but once a year, and at this time Johnny Boy Friend usually pops up with a lovely card or box of candy. On this one day there is no evading the issue of love and concealing your lonely heart with wisecracks and raised eyebrows. Sentimentality is the order of the day, and both boys and girls give remembrances to their loved ones.

This custom all started back in Ancient Times when people thought that on February 14th the birds began to mate. The birthday of a Christian martyr was also celebrated on this day. The two occasions emerged during the reign of Victoria, and the day became the time to send love tokens.

Girls don't worry if your best beau should by chance fail to remember you. Perhaps the money he would ordinarily spend for a Valentine is being spent on Defense Stamps and don't forget those high taxes too.

—D. S.

A THOUGHT FOR LENT

The season of Lent begins next Wednesday. To many of us this has formerly meant nothing more than just forty days before Easter. With this year, let's make it have a greater meaning.

As we all know, since the war has begun for us; sacrificing must begin sometime soon. There can be no better place to begin our sacrificing than for the church. At no time, more than now, has the church been more important to us. Let's try to do something for it. Many of us go to a movie once or twice a week and spend a dime or more a day at the drug store or book store for things that we could do without. To many, I know it would seem impossible to give this up entirely, but would it be too hard to give up just half of this? Let us try, at least, to save some portion of this money which we spend unnecessarily and give it to the church. Our returns will be greater than our sacrifice, I'm sure.

Along with this, why not begin each day with this short, simple poem:

"This is the day
To nobly live
This is the day
To serve and give."

—J. S.

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.
—Lincoln.

A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet.
—Solomon.

The man with the hoe and the spade holds the destiny of us all in his calloused hand.
—Hubbard.