

Possibilities of the Draft

President Roosevelt spoke last week on the state of the nation. He emphasized the man power shortage, calling for a national service act and the drafting of army nurses. As a result of his speech, commentators and America in general began discussing the man power shortage.

In connection with the shortage of man power, much has been said of a universal labor draft which would include women. Now such a labor draft would affect Salemites as they left Salem or graduated. They would be compelled to go into essential war work.

War work does not necessarily mean employment in war plants. It does mean, however, that women would have to take jobs. Secretaries, personnel and administrative staff members, social workers, dieticians, teachers, etc. are all essential. Girls who have previously "played around" after leaving school would have to fill vacancies. If the situation became critical enough, married women would be drafted also.

It is up to each of us to make this a total war effort. We should keep up our Red Cross quota, buy bonds and stamps, and do nurses' aide work if possible. Everything helps. Even if there is not a labor draft, we should certainly make every contribution possible to speed victory and a sound, lasting peace.

Circulation in the Philippines

The Salemite editors were both surprised and pleased to find from the following letter that the paper's circulation has extended to the South Pacific area:

Philippines  
December, 1944.

The Salemite;

I understand, by the grapevine, that a subscription to the Salemite is available to servicemen upon receipt of a letter written for publication in your sheet. However, I deem it better to pay cash for my subscription, so I am enclosing five (5) Jap Filipino invasion pesos as payment in full, or in part, for afore mentioned subscription.

Hoping that this arrangement will be satisfactory with all concerned, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
Lindsay N. Cashion, Jr.

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The Student Body  
Of Salem College

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

- Editor-in-Chief ..... Mary Ellen Byrd
Assistant Editor ..... Effie Ruth Maxwell
Associate Editor ..... Hazel Watts
Sports Editor ..... Mary Lucy Baynes
Music Editor ..... June Reid
Copy Editor ..... Helen McMillan
Make-up-Editor ..... Virtie Stroup
Feature Editor ..... Marguerite Mullin
Faculty Advisor ..... Miss Jess Byrd

Senora Lindsey, Frances Law, Martha Boatwright, Helen Thomas, Bernice Bunn, Catherine Bunn, Jane Mulhellen, Coit Redfearn, Adele Chase, Janet Johnston, Rosalind Clark, Genevieve Frasier, Margaret Styres, Lynn Williard, Lucile Newman, Rosamond Putzel, Peggy Taylor, Margaret Fisher, Constance Scoggins, Maria Hicks, Rebecca Clapp, Jane Calkins, Jane Bell, Peggy Davis, Sheffield Liles, Lois Wooten, Margaret Williams, Sarah Hege, Nell Jane Griffin, Jane Lovelace, and Martha Lou Heitman.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

- Emily Harris ..... Business Manager
Elizabeth Beckwith ..... Ass't. Business Manager
Mildred Garrison ..... Circulation Manager
Betsy Thomas ..... Advertising Manager
Betsy Long, Doris Little, Marianne Everett, Kathleen Phillips, Martha Walton, Sheffield Liles, Lomie Lou Mills, Margaret Brown, Martha Harrison, Winifred Wall, Mary Farmer Brantley, Nancy Hills Davis, Margaret Nichols, Mary Frances McNeely, Margaret Carter, Betty Hennessee, Mollie Cameron, Norma Rhoades, Mary Stevens, Marion Waters, Sally Eusewell, Carol Beckwith, Edith Longest, Ellie Rodd, Ann Hairston, Mary Elizabeth Reimers, Barbara Watkins, Margaret West, Dodie Bayley, Agnes Bowers, Greta Garth, Catherine Bunn, Leslie Bullard, Emma Mitchell, and Henrietta Walton.

Don't Quote Me--But....

For at least a brief spell we're back, but its just to dash in and remind you of them greusome exams coming up . . . needless to say you must have had a Merry Christmas -- the flashing of rings and tinkle of wedding bells seem to verify the fact. Don't for a minute think that the rest of us couldn't have been just as lucky -- it's only that we must quench our unconquerable desire for knowledge before we can indulge in such trivials, heh, heh -- (we hope this sounds convincing). However, we cover our chartreuse with smiles and send Peg off to Phil with all the success good luck and best wishes our souls can muster.

By now you should have heard of the two little psych. students who murdered Dr. Jordan with an ice pick--Out of pure decency they might have used a nice romantic fourbisseur. At any rate, he plays the part to perfection and looked, we are told, quite dead! How he refrained from down right hysteria is a mystery to us.

Of course plenty of things have happened, but then how are we to know of them? We're contemplating taking up residence in the Reserve Room . . . in fact if you look in the drawer at the back table left you will discover our tooth brush, etc.; and if it ain't there it's just cause we're using it . . . so chummy have we gotten with them people on reserve that every time we wander in Suetonius yells out a friendly Salutations and wants to hic, haec, hoc a while--oh these Latins, dear Ceasar!

This is definitely of low calibre, but what can you expect a week prior to exams and a term paper due Mon.? . . . ye gods . . . we must be gone. Suetonius wants to gossip and we don't--the only thing to do is to leave--

Good - by . . .

Apuntes Espanoles

APUNTES ESPANOLES

En la hora negra, fría y solitaria,
el muelle, que esta tarde
me pareció llevarme hasta el poniente de oro,
! es tan pequeño, ! ay ! , tan de juguete!

Y yo, juguete oscuro y triste, voy soñando, nino grande
-- en este nuevo juego, que, hace una hora,
creía realidad definitiva

de hombre que recuerda riendo sus juguetes
de niño, sus barquitos, --

juguete oscuro y triste, voy soñando
en unas cosas altas,

de las que son juguetes

el mar, la tierra, las estrellas . . .

Anochecer de otoño by Juan Ramón Jiménez

The Cow with a Complacent Ego



Listen to the Music

The other morning the assembly bell rang, and I took my usual place in Memorial Hall. I was glad to be there several minutes early so that I could enjoy the musical prelude. No sooner was I settled than I heard behind me a group giggling over John's latest letter. Across the aisle someone rattled the cellophane wrapper on a package of crackers. My nearest neighbor carelessly allowed her hymnal to bang to the floor.

The prelude by the organist is for our pleasure and for lending a worshipful attitude to the assembly. Usually our programs are inspirational services, but the occasional student activities programs should be preceeded by no less respect. Whether the organist be student or teacher, he has carefully selected the music and spent some time in preparing it. Here is an opportunity to learn to know and appreciate good music. We should be appreciative enough to listen in respectful silence.

The noise and confusion before our morning assemblies is not necessary. You can save that exciting letter until later. Those crackers will keep until a free period. And Memorial Hall is not the place for a confab with that friend from another dorm!

For the sake of the music, the musicians, our chapel speakers, and guests, let's try to have a little more order and quiet before our assembly programs.

One Year After Tarawa

Today, November 20, marks both the opening of the Sixth War Loan Drive and the first anniversary of the bloody battle for Tarawa, a battle that cost the lives of more than a thousand U. S. Marines and disabled thousands more.

On the morning of November 20, 1943, reveille awoke Marines aboard transports at 2 A.M. The first wave was scheduled to go ashore at 8:30 but the Japanese succeeded in holding the landing until past 9 o'clock.

Under a steady barrage of Japanese fire which felled many of the invaders, the first Marines landed on the island. Then ensued four days of what was described by a newspaper correspondent landing with the troops, as "the bitterest, costliest fighting ever sustained on any front."

Torn and shattered by all types of projectiles, bleeding from the jagged coral reefs, the Marines fought on with superhuman courage.

A pillbox was converted into a hospital where more than 100 men were treated by a Marine surgeon in less than 36 hours. Other men were given treatment on the beaches in full sight of the enemy.

The twelve months following our costly Tarawa victory has seen tremendous advances in the Pacific war.

Today our armies stand again on the soil of the Philippines, poised to liberate the islands.

Your money invested in War Bonds during the Sixth War Loan will go to avenge the deaths of the Marines on Tarawa, as well as of the soldiers on Bataan and Corregidor by carrying forward our Pacific war until Japan is beaten to her knees.

WAR AND FAITH

A weary world, a frightened cry.

A heart that seeks, but no reply.

A hand outstretched with hope of aid
That lifeless falls, no help, afraid.

A world at war, a bloody land--
Dear God, we pray what is thy plan?
Shall evil triumph over good
And justice wear the hangman's hood?

A youth lies dead in muddy mire
An orphan cries, our want is dire
For something stronger than a creed,
A faith to fill our des'prate need.

A light to guide our falt'ring feet
And lead us to Thy Judgement Seat
A refuge from this war tossed sea--
Dear God, this prayer we raise to Thee.

Lois Wooten