

In Answer For The Juniors

I write this article hoping that it will answer for you all questions which you may have concerning the Junior-Senior Dance. Any disagreement or misunderstanding which arose that night can be traced back to neglect on the part of the Junior Class and myself. There are certain rules of Salem which I neglected to tell the boys in the orchestra, and therefore they had no idea they were doing wrong. Since this was our first orchestra at Salem College, we couldn't be expected to know all things which should have been done, but we did know enough to treat them as equals and as guests of the College.

Many things were said to the members of the orchestra that night which they did not understand, but they were from out of town and couldn't be expected to know just who was there and just how important they were in the life of Salem College. Not knowing our College they didn't know that these things were all said by persons who were upset by their actions and who spoke to them with authority.

We of the Junior Class feel that we owe the orchestra an apology, because for the first time we were ashamed of our College. We only hope to clear Salem's name for those boys who I've had in a long time!" The big slices of ham, night. I hope too that you can all see that the blame is on no one person. It was unfortunate that it had to happen but we did learn a lot, and we will use this knowledge in the future.

Doris Little

The I. R. S. Triumphs Again

The quiet during assembly programs this week was something mystical and gratifying—mystical because it seemed unusual and unbelievable, and gratifying because it enabled us to hear and enjoy Dean Vardell's prelude. The conduct of the audience for a change was in keeping with the dignity of classic Memorial Hall and the informative programs which are presented there.

Three cheers for Lou Stack who made the charming plea in assembly last week and thanks to the girls, who made the neat poster reminders.

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Personal But Not Private

by Mary Ellen Byrd

Well, here I am in this column again, partly because I have some things to say but mostly because I forgot to assign this place to anybody else. That's what happens when you consider yourself about rid of a job—you start getting careless. We may not be quite rid of ours, however, for our new editor writes that recuperation is slow and that she'll be lucky if she darkens the doors of the Sun Printing Company again this year. We're hoping that whether she gets to the Sun or not she'll at least get back to Salem before Commencement.

All of you "extra-curricular" majors surely could have piled up the hours this week if you'd taken time out for all our campus visitors. The variety was interesting—Hindus, Peace Planners, Patients, and poets all in succession!—The problem of India loomed large Monday night, especially if you ate dinner with it. In fact, if you wondered how Mr. Goshal got so wound up for his lecture it was because we gave him a good start in the dining room.

Dr. Pfaff's poem, as well as Dr. Pfaff, seems to have made quite a hit on campus. Wonder if anyone ever wrote "God, I'm thankful I'm a Salemite"—but no, that sounds like an idea for some other schools we know!

The liveliest "patients" I've ever seen were the rehabilitation patients from Fort Bragg. It was strangely nice having them to color up campus for a while. Among others, Dr. Rondthaler, seemed to enjoy their visit immensely. I wonder if he was also once a general?"

If you have an inkling of poetry in your soul, it must have been stirred up by Mr. Coffin's talk Tuesday night. He not only read poetry that "came straight home"; he gave his whole talk in poetry! It was honestly hard to tell when his comments ended and his poems began. If any of you amateurs wrote any verses that night, please turn 'em in to the you-know-what!

Yes, it's nice to have visitors! And speaking of visitors we're to have quite a great number exactly one week from this Saturday. That means that it's time to start praying for that traditional sunny May Day. And let's have the sun earlier this year than last year! Of course it was very dramatic for the sun to come out just as Lee Sullivan came down the hill, but it might be more dramatic to get to sit on dry land this time!

What would Salem do without the juniors? They don't stop with giving the seniors the most spectacular dance in years—now they're going to entertain the student body and faculty at a picnic. Chance thought: Having once been a junior myself, I wonder if the two events are connected in any way! Nevertheless, we think the picnic's a great idea and we'll see you on the road to Washington Park.

P. S. Does Salem automatically expel a girl if she can't read or write? I just lost my glasses and my fountain pen.

Compliments For Salem

You may allow your heads to swell just for a minute as you read some "good words for Salem" which I heard this week:

Mr. Goshal, at dinner in the dining-room Monday night, said, "Before I go any further (talking about India's industrialization), I just want to tell you that this is the best food I've had in a long time!" The big slices of ham, he said, could not be found in New York, and in neither High Point, Greensboro, nor Columbia, S. C. had he found such a good meal.

One of the veterans from Fort Bragg visiting on campus Tuesday looked about him in wonder and said, "Why I never saw such a reception! It's better than the one we got at Greensboro."

Well, our food and our hospitality have been praised, so that proves that Salem is living up to her Southern reputation. But then we knew that all the time, didn't we?

M. E. B.

AT THE THEATERS

CAROLINA

Saturday—April 28
"Objective Burma!"
Monday - Wednesday—April 30
May 2]
"Tonight and Everynight"
Thursday - Saturday—May '3 - 5
"Princess and the Pirates"

FORSYTH

Saturday—April 28
"She's a Sweetheart"
Monday - Tuesday—April 30, May 1
"Rainbow Island"
Wednesday - Thursday—May 2, 3
"Laura"
Friday - Saturday—May 4, 5
"What a Blonde"

STATE

Friday - Saturday—April 27, 28
"Enter Arsene Lupin"
Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday—
April 30 - May 2
"Guest in the House"
Thursday - Saturday—May 3 - 5
"Utah"

Letters from the Service

This letter is from a wounded soldier in England.

England
April 12, 1945.

Dear Mary,
This morning I was told some very tragic news. I had just finished breakfast and was playing ping pong with Lt. Ledford, when one of the patients came in and told us that President Roosevelt had just died. My immediate reaction was to search my brain for some reason for this fellow patient to be joking with me. There was no reason, and he said that he was not joking. I was shocked and stupefied. We left the recreation room and walked slowly—not as though we had just risen on a beautiful morning, but as though we had been marching all night in an unceasing cold, driving rain with heavy weights on our backs. To say that this is a world tragedy is a gross understatement.

I realize well enough that many many people had differences of opinion with Mr. Roosevelt. I, too, differed on many of his home policies. However, since I have come overseas, I have come to understand—as I believe he understood—the issue. Much more, yes, very much more is at stake than the United States or the inconveniences and taxes placed on the people of the U. S. Just as your forefathers and mine changed their sense of duty from their individual states, New York and North Carolina, to the United States, we must change our sense of duty from the United States as an individual nation to the world as United Nations, and united they MUST be. I know that. For an example, the taxes have been extremely high and hard to meet, but they are indeed a small price to pay for the protection and safety they have afforded the people and the country. Millions were not so fortunate.

Pictures, newsreels, and words can never show to the people of the U. S. the damage and pain caused by the failure of the world to unite after the last war. We are the leaders and we must not fail. There must be justice for all and treatment must be impartial. I can visualize a glorious world second only to Heaven, and I pray that my vision will be realized. Someone has said and many have repeated that there will always be war. We can never prove this to be a lie if America is selfish and too small to rise and meet the situation.

Mr. Truman is now our President, and he needs our unfailing support. He has pledged himself to carry on as he believes Roosevelt would have done. Instead of our doubts and questions, he needs our support, and we must speak up and let him know that we are behind him. He is our President, and he will be for the next three and a half years. We must give him every advantage that we can, not as victorious and selfish Democrats, or defeated and revengeful Republicans, but as loyal Americans all, as future members of a united world, and as human beings striving to liberate forever the human race. May it be God's wish that these words and wishes of mine become actual facts in the near future.

Love,
Burt

P. S. These were my thoughts as I rested on top of a small grass-covered hill, shaded by old oak trees thru which a cool breeze was blowing from a cloudless blue sky. The news of a great man's death was still on my heart—as it is now—and the memory of destruction, suffering, and death was still as it always shall be—in my mind. If you feel this way let it be known to the world.

Burt

Le Coin Francais

On a tiré les passages qui suivent d'une lettre reçue par M. Jordan. La dame qui écrit demeure à Paris où elle tient une petite pension. Veuve depuis la Première Grande Guerre, elle n'a qu'un fils, Nino, dont elle parle. La lettre fut écrite le 8 avril 1945.

"... C'est seulement hier que j'ai reçu votre lettre du 25 février et vous ne saurez jamais à quel point elle m'a fait plaisir. J'attends Nino qui est prisonnier en Allemagne depuis 4 ans 1/2. Je ne l'ai pas vu depuis janvier 40 mais j'espère le revoir bientôt, car il se trouvait au nord de Stuttgart et j'apprends aujourd'hui que notre armée fonce par là. Pouvez-vous imaginer mon émotion à la pensée que je vais revoir mon enfant parti depuis 6 ans 1/2 ?

Je vous dirai un jour, car je pense bien que vous reviendrez un jour nous revoir, tout ce que nous avons souffert pendant l'occupation. Cela dépasse ce que votre imagination peut concevoir; essayons de l'oublier, maintenant qu'on peut parler haut, ouvrir ses fenêtres, écrire ce qu'on veut, sans crainte de voir surgir la gestapo!

Nous sommes pauvres, on mange rarement à sa faim et nous avons oublié le goût du thé, du chocolat, des douceurs de notre bonne cuisine. Le beurre vaut entre 800 F et 1000F le kilo, mais tout cela n'est rien et ce qui nous rend vraiment malheureux au delà de tout, c'est le manque de savon. On en touche chaque mois de quoi se laver deux jours. Aussi, puisque vous êtes si bon de vouloir m'adresser quelque chose, alors du savon et, s'il reste un peu de place, du thé. Mais surtout,

que cela ne vous gêne en rien; je méprise tellement les français qui se sont jetés sur vos compatriotes comme des mendiants. Faut-il que ce peuple français si fier autrefois ait souffert pour perdre à ce point sa dignité—mais ils ont eu faim et froid...

Il ne faut pas nous juger sur notre attitude présente mais il faut comprendre. Les boches nous ont brimé tout pris ne nous laissant que de quoi vivre 2 jours par semaine, les alliés nous ont bombardés, notre pays est démolé, des femmes, des enfants, des vieillards ont été tués dans leur maison. Les boches ont fusillé d'une façon continue (70,000) entourés de ruines et d'horreur; c'est de quoi ébranler les nerfs les plus solides.

Pourtant, quelle joie a été la libération, quelle ferveur de reconnaissance en reconnaissant vos chers Tommies et notre grand de Gaulle avec sa petite armée!

Enfin, nous oublierons tout cela, nous referons une France solide.

Dans ma famille, nous avons eu le malheur d'enterrer tous nos vieux. Mes vieux oncles bretons n'ont pu tenir devant l'occupation; ils sont morts!

Je suis navrée de vous écrire aussi tristement. Je voudrais vous dire des choses meilleures, vous dire que nous aimons bien les américains, que nous les admirons, que nous admirons leur magnifique matériel. Ma soeur qui habite Le Mans et qui a été délivrée avant nous par les Américains, m'écrivait "depuis 6 jours le matériel américain passe sous nos fenêtres et depuis 6 jours notre enthousiasme ne s'est pas ralenti; c'est merveilleux..."

F. D. R. GIVEN 33 LINES IN BRITISH WHO'S WHO

This article was taken from the Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel.

London (AP).—The British Who's Who for 1945, just off the press, devoted 31 lines to a biography of Adolf Hitler and even listed the Fuehrer's telephone number in Berlin—11-6191.

The late President Roosevelt's biography took up 33 lines; Prime Minister Churchill's 68 and Marshal Stalin's 45.