

We Repeat . . .

nothing but praise to the out-going Salemite staff. The staff has certainly fulfilled its promise of more pictures, more features, more news, and more pages.

Especially do we praise and thank the out-going Editor, Peggy Davis. To her goes the credit of making the pictures, features, news, and pages into the Salemite. Time, elbow grease, worry, and most of all, good sense, made the '47-48 Salemite what we call a zenith paper.

After such a staff and editor as in '47-'48, the new staff steps in with quaking feet. Big plans are underway, and with the cooperation and help of the student body, we hope to make '48-'49 another zenith year for the Salemite.

Dear Editor:

The education department is to be commended on obtaining Miss Olga Druce for an interesting talk in Old Chapel last Thursday night. With the various departments of the school cooperating with the program of the lecture committee in bringing more and better speakers to Salem activities along this line should advance on campus.

Miss Druce spoke from experience in child psychology and welfare, psychiatry and radio script writing. She defended her particular "baby", The House of Mystery, a Sunday afternoon MBS thriller-with-a-purpose. The weak point in her defense, as well as in that of most crime-doesn't-pay radio writers, is that though these programs are meant to be instructive and even didactic, the fact remains that 23 pages of a half an hour radio script are devoted to the blood, chills, crime and thrills while an unimpressive one page explains the supernatural or punishes the criminal. It seems logical that 999 juvenile listeners out of 1000 would be much more permanently impressed and depressed by the former. But the value of the altruistic purpose that Miss Druce described cannot be denied, and there must be points for both sides.

P. D.

A Tribute. . . .

. . . to Mr. Peter Mann who resigned as business manager of Salem last week. The Salemite, as representative of the student body, wishes to thank Mr. Mann for all he has done toward the betterment of Salem.

To Mr. Charles Gast, who replaces Mr. Mann, we extend our welcome and pledge of cooperation.

The Salemite



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BREAKFAST LINE



Carter Reads . . .

by Joan Carter Read

The people and the places in Thomas B. Costain's *The Moneyman* are taken from one of the most brilliant and exciting periods of France—the middle of the fifteenth century, a time about which too little is known to the average American reader. The reason for this neglect is that it follows the dramatic tale of Joan of Arc and not enough people were interested in what happened to the English who remained in Normandy and Bordeaux and in how the French finally rid themselves forever of the conqueror. This novel tells the story of Charles the seventh, his mistress, the lovely Agnes Sorel, and Charles' moneyman, the intelligent Jacques Coeur. Together they weave one of the most thrilling tales of history.

Jacques Coeur was one of those unfortunate individuals who lived two hundred years before his time. He foresaw interest in commerce and trade replacing the Age of Chivalry with its dangerous, corrupt ideas. He was clever enough to amass a fortune from trade and to start a series of shops similar to a modern chain of department stores. Jacques was a close friend of the beautiful Agnes and it was through her

help and influence that he gave the King many excellent suggestions in affairs of state, moreover together they controlled the fashions of court, always for the benefit of Jacques.

The situation was simply this: under the decadent ideas of chivalry, France had either to slip back to the Middle Ages or to use unchivalrous weapons such as, gunpowder and blast her way into the future. Jacques financed the necessary war out of his pocket. Agnes upheld the King's morale, but she was dying. Without Agnes' aid would the King have the strength to carry on? Would the victory be successful in giving France a brilliant future or would she still fall back into her old ways? Jacques felt that the decisions rested on him.

Another point in the favor of Mr. Costain's novel is the way he distinguishes in his preface between the facts and the fictitious. The facts are embellished with some fiction to make the story more exciting to the modern reader who is not content with straight history. If, however, he is interested in the fashions, manners, architecture, furniture, or the morals of the period this book provides a wealth of details on these items.

Peggy Succeeds . . .

Dear Editor:

For three and one half years I wondered what I would do when I finished college. What then? Actually I would be trained to do nothing, for I was not getting a teaching certificate—just an A. B. Degree with a major in English. My family and friends had finally given up trying to persuade me to prepare myself for the teaching profession, although they still delighted in saying, "You'll be sorry."

I had only the vaguest notion of what was to be offered in the outside world. By February of my Senior year I was getting mighty anxious, for one decision I had made was not to stay at home the rest of my life.

Then it happened. Before I could say Jack Rabbit I was offered a job. A very nice man from McLean Trucking Company came to Salem looking for a Senior English major who thought she had leanings toward journalism—that was me. He wanted someone to edit the company magazine. And since I was willing (nay, eager) to begin work right then, I started three weeks ago, and my initial enthusiasm is steadily increasing.

This is to encourage all you girls who don't want to teach and don't know what to do. Miracles can happen and maybe you will have a stroke of good luck which can equal mine!

Peggy Gray

Student Pleads . . .

Dear Editor:

We would like to point out that the system of announcements by cards on the bulletin board in the dining room, initiated last year, is generally ineffective.

There is certainly something to be said for the fact that oral announcements during meals have been decreased. But we feel that students do not actually heed announcements unless they hear them. As long as students making announcements confine them to one or two terse sentences, we cannot see that the digestion of the diners will be disturbed.

The deans alone (perhaps they are speaking for the faculty, but as far as we can discern not for the students) object to announcements during meals. Any visitors on campus should certainly be understanding

enough to realize that oral announcements are often necessary and more often extremely effective.

We do not advocate "scrapping" the bulletin board. It is effective to some extent. But we would like to protest against the red tape and embarrassing series of explanations that every student who makes a dining room announcement has to endure. Certainly, organization leaders should have judgement enough to know when an oral reminder is absolutely necessary and should be allowed to make it—briefly and without question. According to our statistics no student announcement has taken over 45 seconds listening time this year. Let's have more of them!

A student speaker for irate announcers.

Of All Things

by Tootsie Gillespie

(Ed. note: This column, as noted by the title, will concern anything and everything. The writing of this column will rotate, each week, among the members of the Salemite staff. We make no prophecies about the content of this column—it'll be a surprise to us, too.)

Visiting one's roommate during spring holidays is an adventure not to be soon forgotten. And I haven't forgotten. It was a truly extraordinary experience and from it, I have emerged a more completely satisfied, deeper thinking juvenile.

After making an enjoyable 800-mile jaunt in a 27 Essex with three in the front seat (Roomie has a brother Ed, we finally arrived in Sylacauga, Alabama, and slithered to a jostling stop in front of a Gothic-type house which Dale affectionately called home. Ed and Dale put their shoes back on and jumped out of the car while I wrested myself loose from the driver's seat and crawled on all fours up the brick-inlaid sidewalk, gasping for breath.

We were met at the door by Mother Smith, smiling serenely now that her brood had come home to nest. I had managed to get to my feet and was making inarticulate sounds to Mother Smith while a hulking bird dog gnawed playfully at my ankle. For the first time now, I noticed the 16-year old brother Bill, who had been bringing our bags up in a tandem car. He clapped me on the back, gave me a head-on, and I handed him my knapsack, a grateful woman.

After a dinner of stewed parsnips, jello and Ovaltine, we slipped between Percalé sheets that had been laundered in Rinso 150 times and still looked brand new.

We slept deeply and woke up the next morning feeling that our body cells had been re-built.

"Perhaps our body cells have been re-built," said Dale, being original.

During that first day and the rest of the week, I was dragged unmercifully up and down the three streets of Sylacauga meeting kinspeople. Each day when we left the house, we felt secure that it would be there when we returned after a hard day's visiting for Father Smith had placed a pack of starved hunting dogs on the front porch in anticipation of the hoard of eligible young men that would no doubt molest us.

But I was satisfied with young Bill. "What does age matter?" I screamed, throwing him down on top of the Steinway.

All he could choke out was, "I'm doomed!!"

One night, Ed, Bill and I, being in a playful mood, lay in wait for sister Dale to come in from her periodic courting with a lad named Chad. "Chagn shagn", said Bill, meaning, "Let's play a joke on Dale." I was soon to find out what distorted sense of humor Ed and Bill had for when Dale stumbled blindly into her room, Bill was lying placidly on the mantlepiece making like a Madonna, and Ed, having climbed up on top of the closet door, was sitting Indian fashion, smoking that peace-pipe. Dale let out a scream and fell, writhing, to the floor.

After several incidents too numerous to mention, and after much persuasion, we were talked into coming back to Salem. Take it from me, there's nothing like the great American Scene on a northbound train. Dale and I, our bright eyes faintly glowing atop the bags beneath them, sat down expectantly in the day coach to examine our fellow travelers. With a jerk of the throttle, the train jumped ahead like a hungry dog at a rabbit race. Across the aisle from us sat a young man quietly throwing up at five minute intervals. In front of us, a Mongoloid five-year-old child sang "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover" in a throaty soprano until I ground my cigarette out on his right leg. We slept fretfully now and then, between times buying apples, cokes and pop-sicles from a little man who brandished a .45 at us. Our lunch consisted of 26 Frozen Delights, nine Nabs and a glass of water (divided two ways). About three years later, we dragged up in front of Clewell, I humming softly "There's No Place Like Home" and Dale unobtrusively foaming at the mouth. I shall not hesitate to say that if I'm asked just once more if I had a good time during Easter, shall quietly sat fire to Main Hall at 12 midnight, get out my violin and play it while I watch.