

## Library Books . . .

The application of the honor system does not stop with conduct on exams and signing in and out. Other things are covered by this system and, though not so obvious, are just as much a part of it.

One of these concerns the procedure set up in regard to the use of reserve library books. Every student knows that all books from the reserve room are to be checked out at certain hours and returned within a specified length of time. This procedure is not arbitrarily set up, but is designed to enable each student to have an equal opportunity to benefit from the reserve books.

When a student ignores the established procedure and takes a book out without signing it out of the library, she is abusing the honor system and diminishing her personal honor.

## Announcements . . .

Sometimes it is absolutely necessary for announcements to be made in the dining-hall. To make this procedure as painless as possible, it has been suggested that all persons making announcements ring the gong loudly and speak distinctly. This way everything will be heard, and the "handwavers" won't have to ask for a repeat performance.

## No-Doze . . .

Word has been received that "Sleep-no-time-Gal" will be the hit song of Salem campus during exams. It has a catchy tune, but don't let the lyrics apply to you.

No-doze and Benzedrine are for those who aren't wise enough to know that their use of these sleep-delayers sadly weakens their nervous system. The ones who realize how much good health means are the girls who will learn as many facts about Chaucer and Milton as possible and then go to bed. They know that rest is the secret of clear thinking on an exam.

## Contest . . .

All entries in the composition contest for freshmen should be in the **Salemite** office or given to Clara Belle LeGrand or Lee Rosenbloom by Friday, February 2.

Short stories, poems and essays are eligible for entry. A five-dollar award will be given to the winner of the contest, and her composition will be published in the **Salemite**.

Editor's Note: Publication of the **Salemite** will be resumed February 9. The next issue will be edited by Lee Rosenbloom.

## The Salemite



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By Carolyn Harris

It's January of the new year, 1951; I'm 20 years old and think I know pretty much about life, and yet deep down there's a funny feeling that reminds me that I'm only a minute part of this depthless world. After dinner while smoking my cigarette, I began reading the headlines in "The Shelby Daily News". (I don't know much about Shelby, but all the headlines are pretty much the same.) After the first glance which tells me that the Communists are pushing our troops further back and 210,000 Communist troops are preparing an attack on U. N. Forces, a dark shadow or maybe just a terrible feeling that seems to surround me makes me want to put the paper down and pick up that love comic that is lying on the table. But something inside says, "No, Carolyn, all you know is that there's a war in Korea with boys losing their lives and our forces losing grounds"—So I read. General "Somebody" says that he only hopes the terrible slaughter in Asia won't move to America—Suddenly I feel a weight in the pit of my stomach—

Yes—Ann's going to marry Badger this summer if he has to go—Sally and Howard want to marry before he has to go over, but—

I'm 20 years old with a future that takes the shape of a big question mark. My brother is 29, married and has one child. I have hardly had time to get to know him. School, Army, then Germany. When he came back he seemed different, older—I guess it's hard to realize when you are younger that your big brother is one day

a man who has had experiences that he doesn't like to mention. Then one day he breaks loose and tells you about the time he lay flat on his belly for 24 hours with snipers taking a shot at him every time he raised his head. Finally one young boy crawled back to the lines and got help—How bayonets and knives were used—But he is home, yes, he is home with both arms and legs, his eyesight and perfect health—Thank God for that. This time it's worse—A wife and child will be left behind and only a fear greater than the one before will accompany him because he knows—

This time my boy friends will be marching along beside him. And my girl friends who spent a week or two with their husbands, then kissed them goodbye, will be sitting back at home, with the memories of only those few weeks.

Maybe I'm lucky because I'm not in love. Some call it "playing the field", but no one really knows who is lucky or unlucky.

Twenty years old is still young, almost too young to have a husband fighting for his life and country in a place miles across the ocean.

Who knows what will happen, who knows what to do?—Emily is hardly the same person she used to be—"Dunc" has been in Korea for some time and that last letter seems so long ago—

This cigarette is burning my fingers. Who's that playing "Because"? Emily is telling how she and Dunc will plan their wedding when he comes back—When Dunc and all the others come back and, Dear God, let them come back—

## 1951?

By Inge Sigmund

According to the title of his lecture "What Atomic Energy Can Do For A Peaceful World", Mr. Laurence dwelt primarily on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and expressed his convictions that even in the form of weapons this energy is an instrument of peace: the very fact that the American A-bombs are more powerful than the Russian bombs and America's stock pile of them is larger has so far prevented a third world war or a Russian march into Western Europe.

The whole lecture would have been very reassuring, the fears about the present crisis would have been mitigated by Mr. Laurence's optimism about the world situation ("I don't believe that there will be a war"), if there would not be questions and doubts about several of his statements, and if the next day's newspaper would not talk about "speeded mobilization", "U. S. to fight if we must".

Mr. Laurence said that the A-bomb and the H-bomb are deterrents of war; they would give the U. S. time to strengthen their defense force—but would this not also give time to Russia to build up more power?

The building up of a more powerful defense force is preventing a war, he said, for it would keep the enemy afraid. But can an army

actually be formed only to frighten the opponent without the aim of using it for armed dispute?

Explaining the use of atomic bombs in case of war, Mr. Laurence said that they will be used for destruction of industrial centers, not very likely against fighting troops—which again makes Russia fear a war, for their industries would be destroyed. Yes, but is there not also the danger that Russia's atomic bombs might be efficient enough to destroy America's industrial centers?

As to the use of Atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Mr. Laurence declared that this saved half a million American and two million Japanese lives, which again would show that the general opinion of the A-bomb as the most destructive weapon is a misconception, but there are other opinions about this: declaring that the dropping of these two bombs was not at all necessary for the outcome of the war.

About the European question, Laurence remarked that these countries are still like "a sick man after a terrible illness", that "they build up a defense"—but he forgot they must have time to recover, and that a terrible illness is a great experience, and that this sick man has not the slightest desire to go through all his sufferings again.

Definitely, it remains very doubtful. (Continued on page four)

## 1951...

By Anne Blackwell

## Problems for New Congress

The eighty-first Congress closed its record last week and the eighty-second moved up to take its place. There was very little of the gaiety or the kidding that usually accompanies the formation of a new Congress. House Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas set the mood when he asked the members of the session to do things that would frighten away "international desperados and despots".

The new Congress can afford to lose no time, for many issues are waiting to be settled. Debates will soon arise concerning arms for the United States, arms for the rest of the non-communist world, foreign policy, domestic controls and financial problems. The job of the eighty-second Congress is to settle

all problems confronting a nation intent on building up its defensive strength.

## Draft Calls On Medical Profession

Last week approximately nine thousand doctors and dentists were told that they might soon be called to active duty in the armed forces.

These were the ones trained at Government expense during World War II. The United States Defense Department announced that all of those who served less than ninety days in the last war are classified 1-A and will be called within six months. The ones who served up to twenty-one months will follow them.

At the same time all doctors and dentists under fifty who are not members of the Reserve forces are to register for the draft before the fifteenth of January.



By Winkie Harris and Sybel Haskins

It was dark and all was quiet—except for the pipes in Bitting. In the basement, a tiny light burned. Four girls huddled around it. The spark was not yet extinguished.

"Life!" said Mable burying her head in her hands.

"The Ideal!" said Gertrude burying her head in the floor.

"—full of sound and fury signifying nothing," said Millie burying her head in her book.

"Men!" said Activitus.

"I'm going to bed," Millie mumbled. "I'm late to that 8:30 again she'll kill me."

"Listen, you," the other three grimaced, "Don't let us sleep through lunch again, d'ya hear? Yesterday we barely got to our five o'clock class!"

Millie revolted "I can't stand it any more! All you do is sleep all day, cut the one class per week you do have, go to the show, and stay up all night talking about life, Literature and The Wedding! Just cause you're through practice teaching—I don't care if you did warn me not to say those words!" She was appropriately punished by fifty lashes at sun-up. All the while she screamed tauntingly "Lesson-plans, units, projects—"

At a quarter of one the next morning, Activitus stretched twice, "Get up, Gertrude." She picked up a pair of dirty socks, blue jeans, wool skirt, raincoat and staggered to lunch. "Heh, heh! Never no more hose. Never no more riding 12 miles in the country at eight in the morning."

Gertrude caught up with her "The show's finally changing today. Let's go."

"What's playing?"

"What do you care, it's something to do isn't it?"

"I think I've got a class, but I just won't bother."

After a roaring Western, attended by thirty-nine strangely attired females, Gertrude, Mable and Acti collapsed into bed exhausted. Millie was still in class.

"Lissen," said Gertrude, "what's this about exams?"

"Soon," said Acti, saving her strength.

"Start Friday, I'm leaving Saturday." Mable giggled.

"Me, too. That gives us two weeks between semesters. Why don't we go to New York?"

"Can't," Mable giggled, "got to plan the wedding."

That night the candle burned low again.

"How about fuschia for the bridesmaids?" Mable giggled.

"Have you decided what you want me to play?" Gertrude looked worried.

"How about somebody to sing?" Acti interrupted eagerly. "I know practically all the words to 'Because'. A look sufficed to squeal her."

"Why don't you three go to bed?" Millie mumbled. "I gotta read my eighteenth century."

"Shutup. Mable, tell us do you really think it'll be the tenth for sure?"

Mable giggled "Yep."

Millie groaned "Life!"

"What's the matter?" Gertrude sat up thoughtfully.

"Thomas Mann said that—"

"Men," said Acti.

. . . thoughtful silence.

"Just think," said Millie, "Next year this time we'll be in New York. We'll have a job in a publishing house."

"We'll get an apartment," Acti's eyes gleamed. Chartreuse rugs, grey furniture, and green walls."

"I want to play the piano in a nightclub." Gertrude sighed.

"Can we come see you?" Mable giggled.

"Sans spouse."

"Ha," said Mable.

"We'll save our money and go to Europe" said Acti.

"And write," chortled Millie.

"Dawn," said Gertrude, "is breaking over yon horizon. Life!"

"Life!" came three echoes.