The Salemite

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AN ANSWER

In response to the editorial which appeared here last week about Sunday afternoon walking privileges for Salemites, may I make several remarks?

"The needless fate of Salemites" is really a falsity. Salemites are allowed to walk on Sunday afternoons with the simple requirement of signing out first. They are also permitted to walk until the 7 o'clock bell each evening after supper. Salem is not a jail housing prisoners; it is only solicitous of its students' welfare.

Have you ever ridden past a school which allows its girls to loaf and loll about on the front campus on Sunday afternoons? Doesn't that give an appearance of rather shoddy neglect of a nice atmosphere? Who wants to see girls sitting or strolling about as though to attract attention? Salem has a beautiful lower campus in which to sit and stroll, and it allows its students to sign out for any walk with a destination on Sunday afternoons.

Washington Park is a favorite beauty spot to which Salem girls walk on spring afternoons for a hike of about two miles, and there are other attractive places to which they frequently go after arranging it in the office.

This one requirement is to furnish some way in which a girl may be located if callers wish to see her. Can't we sign up before going out if there is a chance of our getting callers?

So come on, girls, let's go to walk; we are allowed too!

READ THE NEWSPAPERS

What do you know about world or even national events today? How often do you read more than the headlines and comic strips of the paper? If you are an average Salem student, it is only when you haven't anything else to do and your knowledge of important events consists of a few sentences which you have heard over the radio when you couldn't find anything better to listen too.

It is not long before we students will be out in the real world of affairs on our own; we will be part of the controlling generation. But are we really preparing ourselves? We talk of the danger of war in Europe and possibly involving our own country; we speak in glowing words of peace movements. But how many of us know that this week the most expensive peace preservation instrument ever devised has been set in motion by Europe to prevent the spread of war from Spain, or that if it collapses another World War may result. The same thing applies to our national and state affairs.

We are all in reach of newspapers; that is hardly an excuse. The Library subscribes to the Journal and Sentinel, Greensboro Daily News, and News and Observer, and The New York Times. Let's make a point of equipping ourselves for citizens' lives by keeping up with things around us.

"Y" Y.W.C.A. NEWS

The installation service of the new Y. W. C. A. Cabinet will be held Sunday evening at six-thirty in Memorial Hall. Attendance will be counted as church.

Friday afternoon at five o'clock in the Rrecreation Room of Louisa Wilson Bitting Building, Mrs. Germes will give a talk upon the everyday life of a German girl. Mrs. Germes is well-qualified to talk upon such a subject for she is a German girl herself and speaks from a background of experience. She is known to some extent around the campus already, since she is taking one of the Spanish courses here. A very interesting fact about Mrs. Germes is that she is the niece of the well-known writer, Wilhelm Hendrik Van Loon. This talk is being sponsored by the freshman Y. Cabinet.

CONTEST

Jane Leibfreid has, in case you haven't heard, taken upon herself the providing of a home for twelve white rats in specially constructed cages down at the lab. They are to be used in experiments with anesthesia and Jane has already become so attached to them that she saddens at the thought of their future. Now she only needs an even dozen for her experiment, and since one of them, Mrs. eiggett, had a litter of 6 beautiful pink and white babies last Wednesday, Jane is looking for a foster parent, and also a name, for them.

You readers take notice of the name part because a contest will begin Saturday, April 24, and to the girl submitting the best set of 6 names, will be given the grand prize — the ownership of one white mouse. We know that none of you could accomodate it in your room if you have a rodent-objecting roommate, or several other inhabitants, so we have decided to let it stay in its own cage with all of its little brothers and sisters. You can go play with him anytime you want to though, and what is even nicer, you can select either one of the ratlets you want; in that way, you can choose the one with the most character in his face, or one with the most versatile tail, or pinkest eyes.

Don't forget to put your names in the basket in the Salemite office before Wednesday night, as the contest will close then. All of you submit a list so that the judges, Jane and Mr. Higgins, will have some good ones to select from, and so that those poor little rats won't have to go nameless any more, and don't forget to sign your names.

COLLEGIATE COLORS

College is a colorful place, and just to prove this fact we found all these distinctive colors at Salem:

Monday blue
Universal pink (other name — blush red)
Freshman green
Bunsen flame
Curly blond latest color for His hair)
Paper white
Prom Orchid
Oxford brown
Blue-book blue
Junior purple
Uniform gray
Salem yellow
Birthday rose
Frat pin gold
Z red (can be worn anywhere except on test papers)
Homesick black
Dining room silver
Campus green

AT RANDOM

LODGED

The rain to the wind said
"You push and I'll pelt!"
They so struck the garden bed
That the flowers actually knelt
And lay lodged — though not dead.
I know how the flowers felt.
—Robert Frost.

* * * *

NIGHT CLOUDS

The white mares of the moon rush along the sky
Beating their golden hoofs upon the glass heavens;
The white mares of the moon are all standing on their hind legs
Pawing at the green porcelain doors of the remote heavens.
Fly, mares!
Strain your utmost,
Scatter the milky dust of stars,
Or the tiger sun will leap upon you and destroy you
With one lick of his vermilion tongue.
—Amy Lowell.

* * * *

A BLACK BIRD SUDDENLY

Heaven is in my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you - - - a bird!
—Joseph Auslander.

THIS LITTLE FINGER DID IT

Since the Salemite is purely a student newspaper there is very little excuse for the faculty horning in unless invited to do so. With the coming of spring, however, we old ducks begin to feel young again and want to quack out loud somewhere. So let the feathers fly. First let me say that the Salemite is very near and dear to the heart of this particular old duck and consequently these out-of-order quackings are coming straight from that same heart.

When an article is written for the Salemite it is never in danger of being "held out' by a narrow-minded, scissor-loving faculty-censor. The staff is composed entirely of students who do their own choosing and cutting and who are at liberty, thank heaven, to print what they please when they please. Free thinking and free writing are the very breath of the four page body of the college newspaper, and any student is to be congratulated who thinks and writes freely in it.

There is a difference, however, between straight newspaper stories and critical newspaper articles. While the stories merely state facts, critical articles. and sometimes editorials express the personal feelings of the writers. The critical articles, therefore, and the editorials (if not written by the editor herself), always appear in a paper signed by the writer.

There is a reason for this. Anyone who offers written criticisms, either constructing or destructing, must naturally expect that some reader, with opposite views, may want to answer him, may even take offense. A hot argument may insue. Hallelujah, what of it? Hot arguments often boileth, sethe and stew down to really good suggestions which sometimes result in changed rules and improved conditions.

A critical article, unsigned, is like an annonymous ringing of a door bell. The person coming to answer the ringing finds to his surprise that the writer, or as it appears, the prankster, has run away. Any Open Forum letter in the Journal and Sentinel is always signed. If the writer is bold enough to slap at something he didn't like, he was certainly bold enough to step out from behind the skirts of his article and say "This little finger did it."

With a nice, fat name underneath, a critical article, can weild a powerful right arm. If there is nobody to claim it the poor thing shrinks back into a dark corner like a ragged ltitle boy whose parents refuse to recognize him in public.

And thus, my little fuzzy-wuzzy reporters, endeth your Sunday school lesson for today. Your great aunt Ducky-Wucky will preach you another sermon sometime if you don't watch out. Horrors, I'll have to sign this thing.

Cortlandt Preston.

Bruce Mondt, President of the Associated Students at Colorado State College of Education, has announced an informal course for next year's presidential possibilities, to acquaint them with the value and possibilities of NSFA membership. He hopes thus to enable his successor to utilize the advantage of NSFA membership right from the start of the year.

Two hundred years ago William Penn wrote: "Method goes far to prevent trouble in business; for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those (concerned) on what to do and what to hope."

"A community of men presents some of the attributes of matter," says Salvador De Madariaga. "A crowd flows, can be diluted or concentrated, can undergo vibrating movements; a crowd is in fact something akin to a liquid." It can be chilled. It can be changed into a turbulent torrent. It can be heated until it boils itself away in emotional froth.