

The Salemite

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YOU ARE THE VICTIMS!

Do you realize that each student in Salem College pays approximately \$1.25 for each hour spent in class. Putting this into more graphic figures we pay a little over two cents for each minute. Can you honestly say that you receive this amount of value for your time? Can you say that you put forth, for each class, \$1.25 worth of effort? Many of us could probably more truthfully admit that two cents would be an expensive price to charge for the time and energy we spend in preparation and in interest.

All of us would agree that the theatre management is responsible to some extent for the entertainment he gives his patrons in return for their money. Does it not seem equally true, then, that class "managers" should make their own brand of instruction measure up to the patrons' demands? But here the trouble lies. Why should any manager bother to raise standards and put forth added enthusiasm when his public demands no more than a second rate performance, and worse than that, even goes to sleep during the show?

Apparently the circle is a vicious one. An audience without something to look at will do one of two things; go into the slumber of oblivion, or get up and walk out. A performer without an audience also has a choice: to fit his show to the people in front of him — to speak up to them or down to them. The former alternative is helpful and inspiring to both; the latter is a mere waste of time.

With both management and patrons alert one to the other what a glorious show there could be!

There has been a lot of talk among students and faculty of late about Salem being "dead;" implications that the students were not interested enough in their college to participate in its activities. Perhaps that was entirely beyond your comprehension; perhaps it was wholly unimportant to you. If that was the case you may as well disregard this article. On the other hand, if you were slightly annoyed by the accusations made in those discussions; if you were even concerned enough to give the subject a little thought, perhaps you will find this suggestion valuable. One way to prove that you, as a Salem student, are interested in your school, would be to put in an appearance at the voting next week. We are electing a Student Government President you know, and one of the best ways of seeing that your favorite candidate wins, would be to get yourself and a few of your friends to vote for her.

—B. V.

OPEN FORUM

One of the most prevalent questions on the campus is that of student council secrecy. Time and again the council is accused of withholding facts from the student body, and a cry for enlightenment arises. Apparently one of two conditions exists: (1.) There is a gross misunderstanding between council and student body, or (2.) There is no attempt at an understanding between the two groups. Since the council is elected by the student body and is a representative group, it is hardly possible that the second condition be true.

Quite evidently there is a gross misunderstanding between the council and the student body; the students do not realize that the very nature of the council demands secrecy. When the council is dealing with a case which does not directly concern the student body as a whole, it is only fair to the individual involved that the matter remain private. It is not the duty of the council to relieve idle curiosity. Any person who is sincerely interested in the case is free to discuss it with the student body president at any time.

However, when an incident affecting the entire school arises, it is very carefully explained to the student body. If anyone does not feel that the explanation is adequate, she may discuss the matter further with the student body president. Council members are not at liberty to review the problem, because too many misunderstandings might arise through misinterpretation or misrepresentation.

The so-called secrecy of the council is maintained not as an effort to perplex the student body, but as an honest attempt to respect the privacy of the individual. If the students would consider the problem from this angle, surely they would not condemn the council for being unsympathetic and for failing to impart the desired information.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

By Minnie Louise Westmoreland

Je cite une partie d'une lettre de ma correspondante française d'autrefois. Cette lettre était écrite just avant Pâques, le 18 mai, 1937.

"—Aujourd'hui puisque vous le permettez, je vous écrirai un peu plus en français. J'ai reçu votre lettre hier et je réponds toute de suite car je n'ai pas beaucoup de travail. En effet nous avons fini toutes nos compositions du trimestre et nous n'avons plus grande chose à faire car nous allons avoir les vacances de Pâques. Nous sortons samedi soir à trois heures, le 20 mars et nous rentrerons le 5 avril. Avez-vous les vacances de Pâques en meme temps que nous?"

Pendant les vacances j'irai à la campagne sans doute; je passerai quelques jours chez une amie et, ensuite, j'irai passer le reste des temps chez mes grands parents, à la campagne aussi. Je ne resterai que deux ou trois jours à Aurillac (leur maison). La campagne où habitent mes grands-parents est à environ 35 kilomètres d'Aurillac. C'est une très grande propriété avec un château où vivent mes grands-parents; il est appelé le Château de Cals — Il y a aussi la maison du fermier qui est assez grande, ainsi qu'une grange, une écurie, une étable, une pacherie, et une bergerie. Il y a ainsi dix bâtiments différents.

—J'ai passé de très bonnes vacances. J'ai visité encore Montsalvy, qui est une petite ville pas très loin du Château de Cals. Aussi, j'y allais souvent à bicyclette. Malheureusement, les vacances se terminent et j'entre de nouveau en classe. Le temps est, d'ailleurs, très mauvais maintenant. Il pleut presque toute la journée.

Pendant les vacances je suis allée aussi voir de jolies fêtes. A Aurat, il y avait une très jolie fête d'été, avec des chars fleuris et un très beau feu d'artifice. Je suis allée aussi à la fête de Vie-sur-Bère et de Junhac.

BARD'S BOX

DOES IT MATTER?

Does it matter? — losing your leg? —
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter? — losing your sight? —
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter? — those dreams from the pit? —
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you've fought for
your country,

And no one will worry a bit.

—Siegfried Sassoon.

FIFTH COLUMNISTS?

O! Say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed —

It is not the intention of THE SALEMITE to advocate sloppy sentimentality over our country to the extent of humming Kate Smith's "God Bless America" all day long, but it does seem to us that there are a few things we at Salem could do to show a reverence, and do honor to, the one place in the world where people are now able to go to bed at night without the fear of tyranny which the morrow may bring.

In reality a small gesture, the American flag symbolizes the democratic ideal, and thus means to us the best and most magnificent things in life. It is distressing to us that a school where we may think freely, speak freely, study freely, does not display the flag of the government which enables it to offer these advantages uncensored. We know that the College possesses a flag because we saw it in front of Main Hall on Washington's birthday. It is laziness on the part of ourselves that we have never seen it waving from the flag pole in front of Louisa Wilson Biting. Would this not be an excellent time to start raising a flag every morning? We should be following the general trend of the nation towards an expression of a deep feeling for our country and at the same time adding an atmosphere to the campus which we should carry away with us like the sound of the bells which have become tradition here. Going to and from the new dining room we should all receive inspiration from the sight of the red, white, and blue, against a background of summer skies.

A century ago John Ruskin said: "There are three questions every man should ask himself —

'Where did I come from?

'Where am I going?

'What am I going to do on the way?'"

Today, in this century, the first question may be answered by any one of the theories of creation that seems best to apply. The individual is here on earth — that fact is at least, fairly well established.

One may talk as much as he likes, also, about where he is going — and get very little decided. Although we would all probably be interested in knowing the answer to this mystery, its solution will have to remain, for us, unsolved.

But "What Am I Going To Do On the Way?" That is the one big question that does not have to remain a mystery. That is the only one of the three questions whose answer rests with each person. The answers to the others must necessarily be universal and unrelenting, and we as Tom, Dick and Harry have little we may do to change them. But how can we say we have nothing to do with our own eighty years or, to narrow it down, with our stay here in college; or, again with what we are to do today? What will we accomplish? What will be the result of our zest for living? If we haven't that enthusiasm then why haven't we?

What, when we are ready to leave for the "Where are we going" trip, will we be able to look back on and what will be our decision when we do? Will something in us say "well done" — or will we kick ourselves with the same old righteous indignation over the long soured spilt milk?

Vie-sur-Bère est une petite ville non loin d'Aurillac. Les environs sont très pittoresques, aussi, chaque année, il y a beaucoup de touristes. Junhac est un des petits villages non loin du château de mes grands-parents."

This week's SALEMITE is edited by Eugenia Baynes and Louise Bralower.