

# The Salemite

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The Editorial Policy of the "Salemite" is:

1. Better "light-cut" conditions in all the dormitories.
2. Improvement of the Student Center.

—The Editors.

### TO THE EDITOR:

Last week there appeared in the "Salemite" an article questioning the standards and selections of students of the association known as "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." Who's Who claims to be, "a standard of measurement for students comparable to such agencies as Phi Beta Kappa and the Rhodes Scholarship Award." In claiming to be comparable "Who's Who" does not say that it is identical to these other two honors — perhaps it should not place itself as even comparable to these, but the word "comparable" does not carry any connotation of "Able to replace" — it only means similar or relative in certain respects. "Who's Who" is able to be compared to the aforementioned two in that it is a national means of recognition, it inspires certain students to get more from their college career than they otherwise would, it is a reward for past achievements, and it is a recommendation to the business world. "Who's Who" does not claim to select any of its students on the basis of scholarship — in fact, it states that no point or grade is determined as a requisite but it is necessary only that the student be outstanding.

It seems that the number of students selected for "Who's Who" is judged in proportion to the number of students in the school or perhaps in the Junior and Senior classes. The number nine is not the limit given to all schools but just happens to be the limit assigned to Salem — so certainly there is no reason to suspect the number nine of being magical.

"Who's Who" certainly has its failings and may be criticized intensely but, as it claims, it is a standard of measurement not biased by the financial status of its selectees.

—Another Interested Reader.

## Le Coin Francais

### FINIE LA GUERRE?

"Finie la guerre?" C'est cette questions que toute la France a posée aux soldats anglais et américains quand ils marchaient à travers le pays après le 11 novembre 1918. Et maintenant toutes les étudiantes à Salem posent la même question aux professeurs puisque tous les examens pour les premières six semaines du semestre, sont finis.

Mais ces professeurs, cruels qui ils sont, ne répondent pas avec la joie des soldats de la Première Grand Guerre. "Oui! Oui!" Ils ne disent que: "Sera-t-il convenable à tous de se préparer pour un examen le samedi prochain." ou "Vous aurez une épreuve le douze novembre sur tout ce que vous aurez étudié depuis l'examen dernier."

Tout plaisir s'éloigne de notre vie et nous n'avons que la torture à le remplacer! N'y a-t-il aucun moyen de s'échapper à de tels malheurs et de telles massacres? N'aurons-nous jamais une semaine de repos? Et les professeurs ne s'ennuieront-ils jamais à corriger tant de papiers? O, quand serons-nous libre de cette vie? Quand brillera encore une fois le soleil dans notre ciel? Quand pourrons-nous encore dormir huit heures la nuit? Quand sera finie cette guerre? Combien de temps, O Catalina? —Eugenia Baynes.

### THEY LIVE IN MUSIC

(Clipped from Miami Herald) While Madame Hughes and I were soaking up musical culchah amid the beauties of nate-chah in the gorgeous Berkshires, we had an excellent opportunity to study the domestic manners of symphony orchestra wives and their talented husbands who saw, tootle or bang things. I may say that they are never noted before, living in a strange little world of their own composed entirely of the band, its programs, its plans and its god, the conductor.

#### Wives All Cluster

Since the madame's sister is married to a fiddler in the Boston Symphony, now making music on the superb Tanglewood estate near Stockbridge, Mass., I have decided in on this situation, though I shall violate no homey confidences.

The wives tend to cluster during rehearsals, and they have particular pals with whom they have dates when papa is not making noises under the wonder wand of Maestro Serge Koussevitzky, known to one and all as "the boss." He is somewhat of a hard man when on duty, but he is highly respected by his jive gang for his fine musicianship.

The girls huddle somewhat by choirs, but more according to nationality, and as there are about 40 Frenchmen in the band, the Gallie contingent is very strong and clubby.

#### Ahead of Hall

When I was presented to an extremely pretty girl named Jane Dixon, and learned that her husband, Harry, plays a hot fiddle in the band I like to drop down dead. A symphony fiddler with the simple American name of Dixon? Couldn't be. It seems to be a symphony tradition that an American named John Paul Jones from Seattle, Wash., is not quite fit even to bang a triangle in such a snorty gang, but if his name is Ivan Sergelevitch Popsky, he can fiddle solo.

Band girls are all over their husbands like a tent. Where and what he wants to eat, the problem of his rest and recreation, the pampering of his ego—all are their major concerns. Most of them know just enough music to hold the franchise and to talk shop. In fact, I asked one wife how she liked the Fifth Symphony of Comrade Shostakovich. She said she was now almost able to stand it. So she's way ahead of Comrade Hall.

#### Spouse Getting Culchah

The Boston Symphony boasts at least one wife who is a raging, tearing beauty, who is Madame Claire Mager, wife of Georges, who is first trumpeter and plays the

## OPEN FORUM

Now that Salem has a new dining hall and a new dormitory and all the modern conveniences, why doesn't she go one step farther and have a tea-room of her very own?

We have a Book Store, yes, but that doesn't quite fill the need of a tea-room. There is no place we can take our guests for a cup of coffee or tea, and feel that the place is in keeping with the atmosphere of Salem. The local drug stores may serve their humble purpose, but they are a rather poor substitute for a tea-room.

Most other colleges have something on the order of a tea-room. Not that we feel we have to follow the practices of other colleges, but there are some few worthy of imitation. The mundane advantages of such a tea-room are obvious, and while the need for it may not be as great as for some other things, it seems to be a situation that requires a comparatively simple solution.

Salem prides herself on her atmosphere. It is somewhat of a jolt to the consciousness of a campus guest to be taken to the drug store and somewhat of a jolt to the pocketbook of a campus hostess to take said guests to Winkler's. The only remedy for both parties is a Salem tea-room for Salem students. Is this asking too much? Surely there must be some enterprising individual who has recognized this need of a tea-room by now. If such an individual exists, let's do something about the matter!

### OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS

"When an out-of-State visitor to New Mexico asks a gas station attendant where to find yucca plants," asserts "The Savannah News" "he is pretty certain to get accurate information, since the employe very likely has gone to the State's "tourist school." The "tourist schools" have been a part of the State's promotion program since 1939 according to the Council of State governments. They are sponsored by the tourist bureau in co-operation with the State department of vocational education and chambers of commerce. Their purpose is to better acquaint New Mexicans with problems of the tourist industry, to give them better understanding of the State's natural attractions, and to co-ordinate a program resigned to keep travelers longer in the State. Last year forty-five sessions were held in 15 cities. Specialists on various phases of recreation are instructors, and lectures and motion pictures are used in the classes. Persons attending three sessions of the tourist schools are awarded the degree of "tourist host," and owners of businesses whose employes attend are given display certificates showing that the employes are qualified to give tourist information." —Florida Union-Times

### ATTENTION NEW YORKERS

If you are interested in subscribing for the Sunday "New York Times" at a very low cost, see Mary Ellen Byrd. The papers are delivered to Alice Clewell every Sunday morning by 11:00.

solos. In fact, the band wives rate very high in looks, which does no harm to papa when he comes home all frazzled out from sawing a bull fiddle or thumping a kettle drum.

Madam Hughes and Mrs. Eugene (Billy) Lyons set a new culchah high by fighting out a ferocious gin rummy game on the lawn outside the Music Shed at Tanglewood during the first two movements of old man Brahms' Fouth Symphony on a sunny Sunday afternoon. Brahms shuddered in his cool tomb, but Billie won and took the last two movements in stride.

Watch for the Little Red Man.

### UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU!

With six week's deficiencies and too few cuts for a gala Thanksgiving blackening the horizon — some of us are wondering, and wondering audibly . . . WHY SCHOOL? Maybe we should, before we pack up our wits, flip through a few news weeklies, and think about tomorrow

Liberal Arts students today are facing a problem which has been prevalent in all great crises . . . that immediate practicality is usurping "education." The enrollment in the business school at Salem has jumped this year; the enrollment of the freshmen at N. C. State almost equals that of the other three classes combined; many boys have quit school to get jobs on the gigantic defense projects that have been paying exorbitant wages. All of these who are ex-liberal Arts students asked themselves WHY SCHOOL, and answered that war talk, war prices, the leaden view of the future forces practicality.

With such formidable enemies as draft, boom jobs, WAR set seemingly directly against "this so called education," a Liberal Arts student might well wonder why she is "wasting her time" in college and what her position will be when she gets out. Though the talk of a form of socialism for the United States is only speculation, it has many students concerned with just what they will do with a liberal education in event of such a calamity. We wonder if, after all, it wouldn't be better for us to desert and have our playing while we may . . . yet if we realize the purpose of our education and the value of it — if we realize the responsibility incurred with our educational opportunities, we will be glad to read the "Iliad" instead of typing eight hours a day.

Mr. Percy Marks tells us that one purpose of our education is teach us to live . . . this implies teaching us to learn to learn and to learn to think. When great numbers of students, who were formerly exposed to this privilege, have turned rather to profits for the present — it makes the responsibility of those of us who are left greater. It makes us realize that there is much more to a history course than just passing tests — it makes us realize that there is much more to reading literature than just sensuous pleasure — it makes us realize that this business of running a student government is vastly more important than the fact that our candidate won or lost the last election.

Before we depart from the ranks of those who seek "a higher learning," we must ask ourselves if we have matured enough to relate the things that we study to the way that we live . . . enough to see real value in what we have studied, and to see that there is infinitely more to be studied . . . enough to begin weeding out philosophies for ourselves . . . enough to face tomorrow intelligently . . . enough to think of our country and its future in relation to the past, the present, and to ourselves? Have we matured enough to be citizens — and good ones? Leaders — and good ones?

If we have not, we should find that there is a good time in taking our work seriously; we should learn to evaluate; we should see today's big week-ends in the light of the up-side down world of tomorrow; we should face our adversaries squarely and know that we can beat them . . . or we should join a national a, b, c and draw a government check each month.