

OPEN FORUM

A WORD IN FAVOR OF JR. - SR.

The United States government, in drawing up a list of priorities, mentioned cosmetics. This item may seem insignificant, perhaps trivial. But our government realizes that cosmetics play an important part in the morale of the people.

As everyone in every country needs everything possible to maintain morale, so do Salem students. Many of the girls have not left school since Christmas time, and many will not leave between Easter and commencement. These girls look forward to activities other than studies to keep their spirits up (shall we put it tritely?) It is not fair to them to call off a dance which they have been anticipating as a relief from the monotony of books.

Salem, we say proudly, is grounded in tradition. We have old bricks, old trees, old buildings, old furniture, old ideas — and we rejoice in them. Shall we not then rejoice more in a tradition from which class upon class has found one of its greatest pleasures? We do not ask for a return to former days, but we do ask that this one joyous tradition be upheld.

This tradition has been told to class upon class as it entered Salem so that from the opening of Freshman year the girls have looked with longing eyes upon the fortunate Juniors and Seniors. And now, are we going to deprive this year's crop of giving this occasion? Will they always be forced to live J.-Sr. vicariously? Give them an opportunity to hold this dance — it is their privilege, as it was that of Salem generations living during peace time.

Salem is sheltered from the war. Our existence here has changed little since December 7 — except that we get up in the dark and eat dinner at noon. Why should we make a decision as abrupt as calling off an annual dance? If we do want to give money to some organization — if we want to badly enough — we have dozens of ideas of self-deprivation that will form an essential part of a school-wide drive. We have raised money in the past — and we can again, with proper co-operation, therefore, let us use this money for the purpose for which it was originally collected. Here's to the Jr.-Sr. dance of 1942!

—Louise Bralower.

A WORD AGAINST JR. - SR.

Did you ever realize how much benefit is achieved by the dollar you pay each year for Red Cross membership? Much of the personnel work is volunteered and very little of the money goes to the big objectives. For as long as we Salemites can remember, these have never been of great interest to us personally — caring for European soldiers or the victims of a Japanese earthquake. But now it's us — our friends and brothers and cousins and O. A. O.'s! If you can still say, "Not mine," we are glad, but don't you know that time is the only factor which is protecting you — and that changes very rapidly?

Perhaps the realization that it can happen to you will make this war seem real. We cannot go on as before — for the situation is not as it was. Our values must change, we must accept a new scale of relative importance! How can any one of us honestly say that a few hours of dancing and "fun" for less than a hundred of us is more important than the blessed drugs and bandages, relief and life that can be bought for the same price?

And don't leave this job to "someone else!" The fallacy of this was shown in the fall of France. This may sound overly dramatic, but I believe that it requires extremes to knock us out of our ivory towers.

—Lib Read.

Le Coin Francais

Le 12 février est une date qui reste dans la mémoire de tous les américains — c'est l'anniversaire de Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, le sixième président des Etats-Unis s'est prouvé un des plus capables, des plus droits, et des plus honorables que les Etats-Unis ait jamais connus. Les blancs (même la plupart des gens du sud) et les negres se rendent compte de grandes qualités que Lincoln a possédées. Ci Lincoln vivait aujourd'hui et s'il pourrait voir le voiarne due monde et les methodes impitoyables et ambitieuses de cet homme qui tient le pouvoir en Allemagne, je me demande ce qu'il ferait et ce qu'il dirait. Il est difficile de répondre, mais nous sommes sûrs que Abraham Lincoln dirait "Liberté ou rien." Rendons grâce à Dieu que Lincoln n'a pas vécu pour voir le monde comme il est aujourd'hui et rendons grâce aussi que nous a donné un américain tel que Abraham Lincoln qui pouvait donner à sa patrie de tels efforts pour soutenir l'idéal que nous défendons contre ceux qui ferait des esclaves de tout le genre humain.

—Justine Weaver.

The Shelf Behind The Door

With Valentine's Day approaching the shelf is getting cleaned up in preparation for the new crop of sighs and smiles that will come pouring in. Though most of our hearts stopped when we read our exam grades — they'll start beating again with a little encouragement from the B. F.

2nd Floor Clewell has been in a dither over Vida's leaving, naturally. In those parties they slung for her she got the most interesting gifts — as Stone and Mary said when they handed her the package, "And it looks just like an evening dress!" Vida and her far-away expression have been spreading sunshine all over the place — though much to Dr. Down's surprise her French was prepared right up till the final good-bye. What a gal! Bye, honey, be happy!

Speaking of weddings, an ex-Salemite, Kitty McKoy of Wilmington, married Lieut Harold Trask last Saturday . . . wedding gown of shaped neckline . . . " etc., etc.

We hear from certain undercover sources that the only "news" story to break on this campus since the Little Red Man was killed, was shushed by the authorities — no wonder the gossip column is the high light of your Salemite! Hohum, sometime we'll report for Mr. Scratch down yonder way where the headlines are five miles high.

OF TIME AND THE DITHER

(With Apologies to T. Wolf)

Sunday afternoon, by an act of God and Mr. Roosevelt, one whole hour was declared null and void, and clocks all over the nation were turned back a unit. This is no doubt a very fine thing for industrialism, capitalism, Americanism, and what have you, but I am only a sleepy Salem student who resents having sixty minutes of her life ruthlessly snatched away and who, added to that, feels that the sacred ties between clocks and sunrise and sunset have been tampered with.

To begin with, it is more than a little upsetting to arise with dawn's dim grey light, stagger sleepily to the window to see the still present moon with its corners turned up in a nocking smile, and know for a positive fact that while your clock says quarter 'til eight, it's not quarter 'til eight at all, but quarter 'til seven. Everybody knows that it's a lie. They say at breakfast as they leepily bump into tables and stumble over chairs, and they say it again at night when the clocks say six and it's tacidly understood to be five. I say that, as no one can reach up with a mighty paw and order the sun around, that the mere changing of digits is immaterial. And it is only we who operate on a schedule governed by the mighty peal of bells and ticks of clocks who suffer. Others sleep until "nine" o'clock instead of "eight," and go to bed five or six hours after the sun has set regardless of the infamous lies clocks tell. But, they say, if Roosevelt wants to call it nine o'clock when they get up instead of eight, all right. It isn't all right, because Roosevelt wants us to call it eight o'clock when we get up, and we actually get up at seven.

Psychologically, the effect of this new order has been calamitous. There is not one person, except those fortunate enough to have a sun-dial, who has not been profoundly disturbed by the change. Subconsciously, unconsciously, and pathoconsciously, it has wrought havoc, and many warped and twisted personalities will doubtless result. Those learned in studies of inferiority complexes, allergies, and inhibitions (unfortunate and all too common ailments) tell us that when a left-handed child is forced to write with his right hand, it leaves a scar upon his soul that may change the whole course of his life. And I say to you, if an instance like

BIRTHDAYS

February 17 —
Mary Ellen Carrig
Marilyn Stralow

Poet's Complaint

Moonlight is fine and stars is great
If and when you have a date.
But when you gotta go by moon-
light to get your grub
It kinda gives the wrong kind of
rub.
Just anybody oughta confess
This wartime time is really a mess
But when you gotta go by moon-
and sour
They're gonna push it up another
hour.
We'll go to bed with the chickens
and get up feeling fowl.
'Twon't funny, McGee, so don't you
howl.

that has such a tragic bearing on sensitive natures, what will be the effect of violating nature's great law of time?

Studies have noticeably suffered and students seem to find it doubly hard to prepare assignments due to loss of sleep, etc. It may be hoped that certain crass remarks from teachers in regard to this subject will be revoked after having been shown such deep insight into the problem.

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