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Not so many years ago the smokers at Salem got their first smoke-house. It wasn't a very attractive place and the hours for smoking were very limited. Since that time many changes have been made and the smoking regulations have been relaxed until now they are practically nonexistent. Now we can play bridge in the smoke-house; two years ago that was a criminal offense. Now we can take our dates in for a smoke. We couldn't do that two years ago either. We like the new regulations. We like to be able to smoke when we want to without waiting for those certain hours which somebody had arbitrarily designated as the hours when we could smoke. We like the new smoking room. For most of us it is easier to get to and it is bigger. There is more room for fun, but it isn't comfortable. It is probably the most uncomfortable place in Salem College. It is badly arranged and the chairs and benches are just one degree better than sitting on the floor. It is absolutely impossible to sit on one of the hard things for more than ten minutes at a time, and that is most inconvenient when you are in the middle of an interesting conversation. But the worst things about the game room is the air we have to breathe. Yes, I know it would not be smoky if we weren't down there smoking, but still, something has to be done about the smoke. In the winter when the windows are opened there is such a draft that everybody almost freezes to death, and in the fall and spring when there is little wind the smoke won't go out the windows anyway. We need a ventilating system and we need it badly.

Now that spring is almost here, we upperclassmen are wishing that we had the old smoke-house back again. My favorite memories include the joy of smoking the first cigarette of the day while everything outdoors was still fresh and dewy and the mist was still rising from the May Day Dell; and the nights when everybody sat outside in the moonlight just before bedtime and sang old songs while we smoked the last cigarette. It was fun. Out there we didn't need a ventilating system. We know that it will be next to impossible to get anything done to our favorite hangout before the end of this school year. We know that there will have to be discussion and more discussion before a ventilator can be bought and installed, before comfortable chairs and maybe even a second hand sofa or two can be dragged

Question-Of-The-Week

The question of the week is, "what would you like to have on the Civic Music Series next year?" The girls who were questioned were allowed five choices to be listed in the order of preference. These choices were selected from different types of programs: soprano, contralto, tenor, violin, string quartet, baritone, piano, cello, vocal ensemble, orchestra, ballet, and joint programs. Also, each girl could name any particular artist that she wished to have next year.

Out of the total number of selections, the most popular form of programs, proved to be a tie between the piano and orchestra. Soprano was the second choice; and tenor violin, and ballet tied for third choice. Next, in the order of total preferences were baritone, vocal ensemble, string quartet, and joint programs. No person included the cello in any of the five preferences.

In listing the programs according to individual preferences, and not according to the total, soprano, piano, and ballet tied for the greatest number of first choices. The orchestra was the most popular second and third selection, while the soprano was the leading fourth preference. Tenor and baritone tied for fifth place.

In naming particular artists that they would like to hear, the girls named such individuals as Richard Crooks, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Lawrence Tibbett, Ruth Draper, and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Also suggested were the Russian Ballet and the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

ARE WE COLLEGE STUDENTS?

Most of us have been spending a great deal of the time lately working on term papers. Not only are the rate cards being used, but the walls in the stacks as well.

We are students in college, but with the handwriting on the wall appearing with illustrations, in such a place, I rather think that high school pupils would be more appropriate. Have you been in the stacks lately? Have you been sitting at the tables?

I'm quite sure that note-taking for term papers could not possibly cause us to become so absent-minded as to begin taking notes on the walls. White walls won't stay spotless, and the walls can't be repainted after each term-paper writing — need I say more?

—C. D.

STEE GEE ELECTION

Thursday was election day for Stee Gee president. If Reece had not announced in chapel that we were to be sure and vote, probably not more than a half a dozen students would have cast a ballot. There were none of the old heated arguments and campaigns . . . no one seemed to care. Have you realized the utter lack of enthusiasm and interest in the coming elections is a rather passive way of strangling ourselves? We are not interested enough to vote: yet we will be interested enough to complain when we see our leaders vainly floundering for someone or something to follow. In the past we have elected girls for their complete conformity to set ideas and patterns — now that they are coming up as campus leaders they find themselves lost without a guiding hand to steady them. The girls we elected as Freshman and Sophomore student government representatives — the girls we elected to head our classes — the girls we elected to the "Y." cabinet are the only girls that have had the training to be leaders. It is not they who should shoulder the blame of inadequate government, but we because we have voted without thought and foresight. Our ideas of what constitutes a good leader have boiled down to one, now rather warped, aspect of the good leader — harmless goodness. Goodness, genuine goodness, is a virtue that we like for our leaders to have — but is goodness the only requisite that we are to have for our campus officers? Such superficial selection of officers goes back, not to high school, but to primary and grammar grades. Then we elected the little boy who had

never been scolded by teacher — regardless of the fact that he hadn't the physical strength to life a gavel. As college students, we should be just a bit beyond that level — We should require that our leaders have intelligence, understanding, personality, and the fearless force to lead us toward what they think is right. Our leaders should be the girls in whom we have confidence, not the girls at whom we scoff. Our leaders should have somewhere to lead us — some goal at which we would all be proud to aim and to work cooperatively and whole-heartedly for. They should make us make new horizons for the rising students — our aims should unfold new and higher aims. There is ability in the rising senior class that we have failed to recognize — there is ability that we are overlooking in our frantic search for inane goodness. Before we vote again let's honestly seek out our true leaders and vote for them — Let's for once put aside our petty grudges and have a genuinely worthwhile election.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is a letter, a letter to anyone who may happen upon it or to anyone who may be interested in reading it; it is my letter to you, whoever you are, wherever you may be. There are many things I must say, and each of the things I shall say may amuse you — all of to talk about you — and about me. Some of the things I shall say may amuse you — all of them perhaps, and if you are amused, I shall be glad to have entertained you, but I shall know that you have not heard what I have been saying.

We have work to do — you and I, and the time is short in which we must do it. We cannot undo our past actions, but we can avoid repeating them in the future. You will laugh when I tell you that you and I are responsible for the disorder around us, but we really are, you know. The very fact that we deny our responsibility proves to me that at some time we must have recognized and evaded it. We have waited for someone else to do for us that which we alone can do; now we see the resulting chaos. To state the fact bluntly, we have been selfish, you and I; we have believed that we could care for ourselves alone and have expected the rest of the world to care for us too. We have forgotten that there are things greater than we. But we are remembering now.

And we are remembering the hard way. We are closing our eyes to people and to situations and are promising ourselves to awake when the emergency is upon us. If the world is to fall, we'd rather enjoy ourselves until the last moment before the crash rather than roll up our sleeves and do something to avoid the disaster. We like our fun — you and I, but then, we are descended from a long line of fun-lovers. Our parents were making merry at Versailles, and our older brothers were laughing too loudly to hear the voices at Munich. You and I have witnessed the fall of France, we have heard the bombs at Pearl Harbor and the gunfire at Singapore, and yet we dare to say that we can wait, that we can let someone else defend our interests while we dance. If we do not accept our responsibility, who will?

We are indolent, you and I. We place our interests in the hands of others because we will not take the trouble to attend to them ourselves. We watch the structure we call society fall about our heads, because we cannot exert ourselves to support it and keep it in order. But we are learning the hard way; we are learning that what affects society sooner or later affects us. We cannot ignore the group forever; sooner or later it shall engulf us in the chaos we have failed to control.

We call ourselves happy, but we really aren't, you know. We're contented — like cows chewing grass in a meadow. We are satisfied to let others order our society for us; we utter a few protests perhaps, but we rarely do anything actively constructive; we are too busy maintaining our state of blissful ignorance and content. But someday we shall awake — you and I, we shall awake to find our house in ruins, then we shall behold standing at the threshold the responsibility we have long neglected.

And this is my letter to you, telling you of the work we have to do and the responsibility we have to face. If you must continue to sleep — then, pleasant dreams and may the angels guard you when you awake.

—R. T.

out and moved to the game room. But it would take but little effort to give us permission to use the old back porch once more. We could go down there between classes with no fear of being late. We could sit in the fresh air and bull, and smoke in a healthy atmosphere. Maybe we could even regain some of that old spirit which used to originate in the smoke house and which seems to have been lost somewhere in the past two years. How about it?

—F. Y.