

# The Salemite

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## A MODEST PROPOSAL

Last week an editorial request was made that we be allowed to use the basement porch of Main Hall for smoking. We who smoke would enjoy that privilege tremendously; but while we're asking for greater leniency in smoking regulations, may we ask the council and the administration to also consider a request that we be allowed to smoke in our rooms. We don't want to seem like a group of wild-eyed revolutionists flying about with bombs under our coat-tails, but we do feel that Salem could keep her smoking regulations apace with other colleges at least in the Carolinas.

The strongest argument against smoking in our rooms seems to be something about fire insurance. Well, while we admit not knowing all the ins and outs of insurance policies, we find it rather inconsistent reasoning which permits the faculty to smoke in Main Hall and at the same time forbids the students to smoke in far better built dormitories.

A second argument against our smoking in the dormitories is a purely social one . . . and may we answer simply that we certainly haven't reached college age without learning the fundamentals of common courtesy. Although most of us who smoke have room-mates who smoke, those with non-smoking room-mates hardly need be reminded of the consideration they have to use over and over again in their daily living with people.

The last con in the smoking argument is an hygienic one . . . and all necessary here is to ask that the council and the administration jaunt down to the game room and see for themselves if it's humanly possible for any one place to be less hygienic than the game room.

Perhaps there's some reason which we don't know against our smoking in the dormitories . . . and if there is, we ask only to be told. If there isn't any better reason, however, we think it only fair to be given the same smoking privileges granted to the girls at Carolina, Duke, W. C., and Converse.

# OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Do you remember, or rather can you ever forget, those grueling exam days? The days when we were all complete wrecks? . . . the days when we were so confused from cramming for two exams daily that we could learn absolutely nothing? Do you remember how we finally threw up our hands in desperation and decided what the heck? Do you remember how order and sanity and pride left us, and how we were to tired to do anything well?

I remember . . . and I don't want to do it again!

Someone told me, when I was a bewildered freshman who had never faced an exam, that the purpose of examinations was to give the student a chance to organize the work she has done chaotically throughout the semester into a neatly ordered unit. And after my first paralyzed day on exams, I liked having two weeks in which to organize my thought and to pick up those odds and ends which I had overlooked . . . I liked trying to tie up all my subjects into some semblance of order . . . I liked feeling the purpose of work that resulted from a survey of the semester . . . I liked taking exams then because there was reason behind them. Exams done slipshodily, as ours had to be done, are a waste of time.

Do you remember how we felt last semester after we had studied all night for two exams? Do you remember how all those Spanish words kept cropping up in our history outlines? . . . how with an utter turmoil for a brain, we left one exam and had to start immediately preparing for the next day's exam? There was nothing really accomplished by those exams . . . their only value was testing teacher's ability to grade papers and get results in on time, and we already knew they could do it. There was no real test of the student's intelligence, for intelligence had to give way to meaningless memorizing. There was no opportunity to think over books and notes and to derive our own conclusions from them . . . we had to be blind scholasticists accepting on faith what we saw printed.

When I think of the worn out tissues, the strained nerves, and the upset stomachs . . . when I think of the nights, even after the gruel was over, when I was still too nervous to go to sleep . . . when I think of the disinterested faces that greeted second semester, faces still too groggy to get excited about clean slates and new horizons . . . when I think of what we did to our bodies at the time when the government as well as our common sense demanded physical fitness . . . well, I'd rather have five zeros than to face such an orgy again this semester!

## WE DO HATE SATURDAY CLASSES!

In the Spring, a young girl's fancy turns to weighty matters of war, life, philosophy, the new deal, and improvement of the status quo. In this frame of mind, with grave consultations as to what could best improve living conditions of the Salem workers, a new idea evolved. Startlingly new and to the best advantage of both students and teachers . . . this is it: that all Saturday classes should be permanently suspended, and should be made up by having classes in the afternoon until five on week-days. There would be no cuts. To those suspicious that such an idea was engendered by indolent ambitions, we will try to put it in a more acceptable light.

Firstly, our teachers, poor overworked, underpaid, worthy individuals need the time to rest on week-ends as well as to enjoy much needed recreation. Do you see, students, how selfish we have been in accepting the sacrifice of Saturday classes? Our teachers hate that eight-thirty class as much as we do, and because we hadn't sat down and analyzed the problem, we have accepted their well-meant offerings

without objections. Will we continue to allow their self-denial??

Secondly, to resurrect an old axiom, "when you work, work hard; when you play, play hard." Would not added pressure during the week necessitate more application and a greater amount of concentrated study?

Thirdly, our teachers have long complained of the evils of the cuts system, and how cutting classes upsets their entire schedule. We are entirely in sympathy with them. Cuts do upset test dates (and other dates). The student misses out on work, and the poor teacher eventually has to make it up with her. Again, we are motivated by concern over the teacher's welfare.

Fourthly, and this summons up all our other points, the general happiness of everyone — students, teachers, and the cuts committee, would result. We advocate no Saturday classes and no cuts. In the sacred name of patriotism, consider it. To boost moral! Liberty on week-ends and the pursuit of happiness — students, what about it?

## WHAT IS I. R. S.?

What does the organization I. R. S. mean to you? Does it suggest, as past elections of representatives have indicated, a social organization completely divorced from the academic, athletic, and dramatic phases of college life? We usually say, when discussing nominees for the I. R. S. council, "Jane is just the girl. She's always dressed neatly." Well, suppose Jane does dress neatly . . . do you want the well-dressed, if brainless, Jane to say to the world at large that she REPRESENTS Salem?

We have allowed ourselves to accept this precedent without thinking once what an organization titled "I REPRESENT SALEM" should mean. From the handbook we learn that the purpose of the I. R. S. council is to act as a "Social Standards Committee" and to "improve and further the social activities of Salem." The duties of the I. R. S. are to suggest when and where stockings should be worn, when and where hats should be worn, and to give one dance a year. The powers of the council are nil. The president is automatically made the I. R. S. representative on the Student Government council. When a girl is "tried" for being negligent about her hose and hats, therefore; she is penalized by the Stee Gee council? . . . with only one vote from I. R. S.

If it is necessary to tell college students what they should wear at specified times, and the point is debatable, is it necessary to have a council so sadly misnamed to report these girls to another council for punishment? Organization thus gets lost within itself, government gets confused, and the whole effect is bunglesome and inefficient . . . and entirely unnecessary! A social club such as I. R. S. may represent one side of Salem, but we hope that it does not represent the Salem that we love and work for. It represents a narrow, finishing school Salem which was replaced many years ago by a Salem dedicated to the development of thoughtful, intelligent well-balanced citizens.

If we are to pay part of our budget money to an organization called I. R. S., it should be an organization of which we are proud . . . it should be an organization that we would be glad to have represent us at any time for any occasion. If we are, in our points system to give the officers of I. R. S. recognition equal to that given Student Government officers . . . then, we should see that they are deserving of our recognition. The girls we elect to the council of I REPRESENT SALEM should be girls that are outstanding in all college fields: they should be good students, good leaders, good athletes as well as good socialites. Unless we have an organization that represents Salem at its best in its best, we would do better without any organization at all.

## MUSIC IN THE AIR

Next week Misses Mayme Porter and Hazel Read will present the third in a series of faculty recitals. The program will consist of Johann Sebastian Bach's "French Suite, Number IV;" two Scarlatti sonatas; and Mozart's "Sonata in D-major" played by Miss Porter.

Miss Read, accompanied by Margaret Vardell, will render Mozart's, "Sonata in E flat for Violin and Piano."