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OUR PART IN DEFENSE

The average college girl has proved herself an enthusiastic backer of the National Defense Program. First Aid and Motor Mechanics Classes have been so well attended that a knowledge of the pressure points and the gasoline engine is becoming a social asset.

Though information on artificial respiration and changing tires is extremely valuable, the minority will actually utilize this instruction in active service to the country; thus most of us must make our contributions in smaller and necessarily less glorious ways. The Defense Board would probably much prefer that you co-operate in endeavors to save tin foil, newspapers, tooth-paste tubes and to sell defense stamps and bonds than it would that you strive after a semi-professional knowledge of medicine; would recommend that you consider your own health before attempting to master the methods of splinting and bandaging.

It is these lesser efforts which will count in the long run, and we should not neglect them in an over-ambitious or over-energetic attempt to do our part.

—B. V.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Ever since the first day I came to Salem College I have been amazed, amazed that the American Flag does not fly over our college.

Every time I walk toward the dining hall I see that lonely flag pole and no flag. I always wonder why this is so. Often I have asked upper classmen if they have ever seen a flag on the pole, and the answer has always been no. This leads me to two rather startling conclusions. Either Salem has no flag, or no one has enough pep and energy to go and put that flag up every day. I hate to think the former is true and if it isn't then something should be done to see that the flag is displayed. I am sure that there are many other people aside from myself who would gladly do this.

I do not believe that we Americans have to outwardly show our patriotism, but I do think that the American flag, the symbol of all we hold so dear, does have its place on the Salem Campus. What do you think?

Sincerely,

—Dorothy Stadler.

READ THIS — IT'S WORTH IT!

Are you afraid to think? Are you afraid to grow? Had you rather be placidly not-unhappy than to think, if the thinking brings pain with realization? Are you just one of many "sacs with open mouths for food to slip in?" Do you decide blindly that life will form itself around you if you let it?

Our fathers and mothers were just such a generation. They were a generation whose whole philosophy was negative. They were a generation that made the twenties roar . . . they were a generation that was too busy amusing itself to ever have a really good time. They were shallow, and they liked being shallow so well that they refused to attempt to think. They were so busy being a generation of non-war that they became a generation which begat the most wide spread of all wars. Perhaps we have heard the phrase "win the peace" so much that it has become meaningless . . . NOW we are faced with deciding whether we want to be a generation of peace or whether we want to take our short-sighted pleasures while we may. NOW we have the opportunity of deciding what sort of world we want for our children to grow up in. If we wait until tomorrow to decide, our day will have passed and we, like our fathers, will see all too late that we should have been thinking about happiness in terms of years and generations rather than in terms of week-ends. Tomorrow, if we wait, we too will be a generation not only fighting but begetting war! Do you want to win the peace or had you rather take the dead-end street of complacency?

When we see signs splashed all over windows, when we hear radio commentators bark, when we see at the bottom of each advertisement . . . "Buy bonds for liberty!" We have to wonder, "Liberty for what?" If we are screeching for the liberty to go on day by day living our own selfish lives, if we are letting boys die so that we may have the privilege to make another and perhaps a bigger mess than the present one . . . If we are fighting for that kind of liberty, then we are wasting our energy. Such a liberty is in reality its own prison . . . such a liberty is not worth fighting for and the world that it creates is not worth living in.

Remember the now rather hackneyed phrase, "all that's wrong with the world is the people in it.", and decide if you are one of its troubles.

—M. B.

"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID . . ."

We, the editorial writers of the "Salemite," once a week, put aside the common sins of the masses (that's you), and become oracles of wisdom — berating you for chapel tardiness, not wearing hose down town, not appreciating your opportunities, etc. We are not to blame for that. It is our business to write editorials, and silly, meaningless editorials we will continue to write as long as there is that traditional allotment in the left hand corner labeled "editorials." But this week it is different. We have something to say, and we demand your attention.

There is one sin that has not ranked among those usually attacked by editorial writers. We are all guilty of it, and because it is so common, we fail to do anything about it. The crime of which we speak is lack of concern for the other fellow. You gossip; habitually, almost unconscious sort of gossip that makes you say cruel, unkind things about people you hardly know. You mistake sarcasm for wit, and other people's blunders for fun. Think now. Haven't you slipped into such habits? Do you laugh at the girl with the odd-looking clothes and thick glasses? Do you find it easier to snicker with the rest at misfits than shame yourself to be seen with them and help them? You sit smugly at your table in the dining room, and lazily tear other girls to shreds as they walk past. Do you criticize idly a certain girl who irritates you until you have worked up a positive dislike for her? If you stopped to think, you might realize that there is enough hate in the world without your contributing.

Our sin in being unkind in little things is in being petty, narrow, and weak. If the challenge of war does not make us want to strive for a more adult tolerance and sympathy, then there's nothing for which to strive.

—N. R.

OF MOUNTS AND MOLEHILLS

It sometimes seems as if our little lives are burned out in a futile endeavor to transform mountains into molehills and, likewise, molehills into mountains. We lack that mystic sixth sense which tells us what things are important and what things do not merit our precious hours. We lie awake into the night pondering over minute details which we shall have forgotten by daylight, and yet, when life itself begs our consideration, we have no time for the things which really matter.

We look around us and see the obvious and so concern ourselves with the obvious that we miss the subtle factors. We burn out our minds and our bodies pursuing will-o-the-wisps her.

If we continue to wait for someone else to do our tasks, if we continue to allow someone else to assume our responsibility, we shall soon find ourselves weeping over the lifeless body of that which was once our civilization. We cannot forever ignore that which is rightfully ours; time and fate are merciless avengers. No happiness, no peace have ever resulted from neglect.

Mountains loom large on the horizon, and we attempt to wish them away into molehills, while the very molehills under our feet assume gigantic proportions and haunt our dreams. When will we learn that molehills are the stuff that mounts are made of, that until we recognize the one, we can never cope with the other? We must know what things are important. We must meet our molehills and call them such; by putting them in their proper place, we have only to enlarge our scope when and have nothing left for reality. We cry out for the waters of wisdom but make no attempt to discover the source of the spring. We plead for the fruits of labor without having earned them. Where are we going and why?

Our world is no longer the safe, secure alcove in eternity that we would have it be. By our own carelessness and by the carelessness of countless thousands like us, it has been transformed into a threatening wilderness through which no travelers may aimlessly wander. We must know where we are going and why. We must have purpose and plan; we must be aware of our destination, or suffer ourselves to be engulfed in chaos. There remains no haven for those who haven't time to care. Fate is not kind to those who ignore we deal with the mountains. As long as our proportions are correct, life and living become a matter of growth. When we distort our symbols, we create stumbling-blocks for our paths.

Why do we hesitate? Why do we not awake? Our sleep is filled with nightmares and our dreams are empty wishes. The sunlight and reality are not so harsh as the nothingness we are doomed to encounter in our aimless wandering.

—R. T.

