

The Salemite

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE STUDENT BODY OF
SALEM COLLEGE

Member
Southern Inter-Collegiate
Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

Distributor of

Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative

420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-In-Chief Carrie Donnell
Associate Editor Barbara Whittier

EDITORIAL STAFF

News Editor Doris Shore
Sports Editor Louise Bralower
Music Editor Alice Purcell
Faculty Adviser Miss Jess Byrd
Sara Henry, Leila Johnston, Julia Smith, Frances Neal,
Daphne Reich, Katie Wolff, Mary L. Glidewell, Elizabeth
Johnston, Barbara Lasley, Margaret Moran, Marie Van Hoy,
Helen Fokaury, Margaret Leimbach, Mary Lou Moore, Betty
Vanderbilt, Mary Worth Walker, Elizabeth Weldon, Mary
Louise Rhodes, Lucie Hodges, Frances Yelverton.

FEATURE STAFF

Feature Editor Eugenia Baynes
Mildred Avera, Dorothy Dixon, Anita Kenyon, Nancy
Rogers, Nona Lee Cole, Elsie Newman, Cecil Nichols, Mar-
garet Ray, Dorothy Stadler, Elizabeth Griffin, Betsy Spach,
Kathryn Traynham, Reece Thomas, Marion Goldberg, Mary
Best, Katherine Manning.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Nancy Chesson
Assistant Business Manager Dorothy Sisk
Advertising Manager Mary Margaret Struven
Exchange and Circulation Manager Dot McLean

ADVERTISING STAFF

Flora Avera, Becky Candler, Doris Nebel, Betty Moore,
Adele Chase, Mary E. Bray, Nancy McClung, Sarah Lindley,
Allene Seville, Elizabeth Griffin, Margaret Kempton, Sara
Barnum, Jennie Dye Bunch, Lib Read, Harriet Sutton, Ruth
O'Neal, Yvonne Phelps, Elizabeth Bernhardt, Edith Shapiro.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

"It's so messy looking that I just hate to go down there!" And no wonder. A poor besieged term-paper writer decides to drop her work for ten minutes to spend a short rest period in the game room and to drink a coke or smoke a cigarette, and she has to wade through a mass of cigarette stubs and coke bottles to get into the room. As she starts to sit down on the table, bang! crash! and another coke bottle casualty is added to the list of "Y" losses for the year. When she finally gets her cigarette lighted and relaxes for a comfortable smoke she is suddenly startled out of her reverie by a cig stub flying past a stray lock of hair.

She begins to complain about the frightful appearance of the room and wishes that she could smoke in her own room as all other college girls do now but the ones at Salem or that someone would clean up the room to make it presentable.

"Why I'm ashamed to bring anybody down here to show them the game room!" she exclaims. Then she looks at her watch, jumps up, rushes toward the door and at the same time pitched her cigarette butt against the wall, adding another one to the pile and at the same time mumbling about the "messy place."

And nobody seems to realize why ash trays were invented or why several of them are provided in the Game Room, nobody seems to notice the trash cans for paper cups and candy wrappers; and nobody seems to care about saving the coke bottles. It's true perhaps that these Salemites probably wouldn't be careless if allowed to smoke in their rooms, but how can one be sure when one sees the recklessness that goes on in the Game Room. And if nothing better than the Game Room is available now why should we object seriously to putting stubs in trays instead of on the floor and trash in cans?

Think about it Salemites. You realize that as long as there is no other solution to a problem it is best to do as well as possible with what you do have. How can anyone trust you with something better if you can't handle capably what you already have?

? Y. W. C. A. ?

Dear Students of Salem College,

Several weeks ago an editorial appeared in the Salemite asking the reason for the I. R. S. This letter asks the same thing about the Y. W. C. A. I have been meaning to write to you for several weeks, but feel especially moved to do so tonight.

I think the Y. W. C. A. at Salem College is a farce, an antiquated hangover from the days when such an organization meant something. And if it is to continue on the same path it has travelled for the past few years, I favor its total abolishment.

College young people are interested in religious and philosophical questions. In spite of anything you may say, I know that each of us at Salem is interested in a vital life-involving religion. Our bull sessions give ample evidence that each of us feels a yearning for something larger than ourselves. Since our concepts about religion are changing during college, anything which can give us new ideas is welcomed. And that is why a religious organization theoretically has a place on the campus.

But in spite of the universal nebulous interest in religion, the Y. W. C. A. doesn't contribute a thing to anyone's ideas. Theoretically and ideally, the "Y" could mean a lot. I had imagined the Y. W. C. A. being this year a common meeting ground of ideas and providing material for a synthesis of all our studies — psychology, history, art, literature, science — into a meaningful whole. I had hoped that some of the more advanced thinkers among the students would contribute a lot to our religious ideas. Instead, the "Y" has been a miserable failure.

I think that the main reason for this failure has been indifference and intolerance among the students. Too many of you have a false, narrow concept of what the "Y" can mean and strives to mean, and you think that the "Y" is nothing but an antiquated Sunday-School set-up. And you are either too lazy or too indifferent to try to find out what the "Y" hopes to do.

I don't feel that the cabinet is at fault. I believe that the cabinet is the most representative group of girls on the campus, and many viewpoints on religion and other ideas can be found among these girls. Get out your handbook and see who's on the cabinet and you'll see what I mean.

The Vespers programs haven't been at fault, either. They have been excellent this year, and I can think of but one or two that didn't really mean something to me — and I'm hard to please! And yet, hardly anyone comes to Vespers, except a few cabinet members and their obliging roommates, and many of those come from a sense of duty. We had Dr. Vardell to give a usical program; thirty people were there. Mr. Kenyon showed examples of religious art; thirty people were there. We had readings from a book that would make a Fundamentalists' hair stand on end; twenty people were there. We've had student programs, and we've had outside speakers; regardless of what or who, the same dreary dutiful few have appeared, with never a single different face. We can't have any more outside speakers, because it's too embarrassing for them to give a well-planned discussion to the faithful fifteen. Frankly, I'm discouraged. I believe that even if we had Sally Rand and Clark Gable to give a program at Vespers, nobody would come!

And when Dr. Redhead was here, over half the student body didn't come to even one of the informal discussions. Over half of you didn't even take the trouble to find out what he was like before you criticized. And if you don't think that's discouraging, you just haven't any imagination.

We have tried to stimulate the social life at Salem. We had hoped the "Y" Teas would be chatty, informal get-togethers. Instead of taking advantage of this opportunity to see your friends and acquaintances, you inquired in advance what the bill of fare was. If it wasn't caviar you didn't come. Or you came, wolfed the food, and walked out, bearing handfuls of cookies to your "sick roommate."

We tried a "Y" Music Hour on Sunday afternoons, to promote get-togethers. The results were depressing: I believe ten came once.

And there have been other well-planned things that have flopped miserably, because of lack of student support.

The Y. W. C. A. is your organization, and if you don't want it, for goodness' sake, wake

OPEN FORUM

Dear Salemites,

You can't have missed these HUGE defense posters plastered all over the campus! Aren't they wonderful? At the same time they make me feel guilty. I haven't done too much about this defense business myself. My empty toothpaste tube is still on the shelf in my room — I've been intending to take it over and drop it in the container at Gooch's but just never have got around to doing it — and my poor little defense stamp book! It has eight stamps in it which I bought in the heat of my first enthusiasm. I thought I'd learn to drink my coffee without sugar, too — after all the British or somebody claim that the taste is ruined by the addition of sugar and cream and I should like to be able to make away with after-dinner coffee — straight! But again I haven't done too well. Yes, I'm taking a first aid course, but so far I haven't read a single lesson assigned or practiced any of the things we've done in class. You can see I'm rather disgusted with myself and with good reason, too.

When Reece and Sara came back from the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Governments conference which they attended in Lynchburg last week-end they were hanging their heads in shame. It seems every other college represented there except Salem was doing something for defense even if it was only boosting the sale of defense stamps. WCUNC is saving about 90 loaves of bread a week by merely taking what they are going to eat and leaving no left-overs. They found that if they made it a rule to eat every bit of bread they took they wouldn't be so complacent about the number of slices they'd put on their butter plates at one time. At Duke on certain nights a boy must present a defense stamp to the Defense Council before the girl whom he is dating can come down to see him. At other colleges admission to script dances is by defense stamps. Some senior classes are presenting their colleges with defense bonds for their class gift. At still other schools tinfoil and toothpaste tube drives are being conducted.

Don't you think it would be a good idea if we started something in earnest here? When we go through the cafeteria line in the morning we could help the school cut down on food bills by taking only one biscuit or one piece of toast. We could really save a lot of tinfoil if we put all the tinfoil from our cigarettes in a box downstairs. And then there's that container for toothpaste tubes over in Gooch's which wouldn't take long to fill up if everyone at Salem did her share. Why couldn't we suggest that our dates send us defense stamp corsages for the last two dances of the year instead of spending a lot of money for something that won't last? You saw pictures of them in "Life" didn't you? And they were still very attractive. We might even buy a few stamps on our own. And then there's no harm in doing a little first aid before the exam. We all know what little good a course does us in which we cram just enough the night before the test in order to pass. I hear Miss Averill has persuaded Mrs. Shelbourne Johnson, a defense worker, to speak tonight in the Old Chapel at 6:45. Won't you go over with me and hear what she has to say? I'm resolving to mend my slipshod ways right now and I think she might have some light to throw on the subject that would help me. Maybe you're doing all you can for defense. But the rest of us can go!

Sincerely,
Pate Riotic.

up and toss the relic out the window. This lukewarm attitude is positively nauseating.

It seems that the only good the "Y" has done this year has been off the campus. Maybe the sixty dollars spent for the support of an Alaskan Orphan, and the thirty dollars used to buy milk for a needy family did some good. And the money given for foreign students was a generous gesture on your part, and will mean a lot. But the rest of the activities of the "Y" have been meaningless.

If only some of you intelligent, thinking persons had helped a little with ideas and criticism and interest, maybe the "Y" would have been worthwhile this year and would not be in its present moribund state. An organization like this cannot function in a social vacuum.

Perhaps the hamburger I ate several hours ago has upset my digestion so that this letter appears unusually bitter. But indigestion or not, my ideas are still the same. Maybe now you see why I favor the dissolution of the Y. W. C. A. at Salem, unless something is done to save it in a hurry.

Your discouraged friend,
—Leila Johnston.