

The Salemite

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WE GIVE UP

"No intelligent person is ever bored." How many times have you heard that one? We might as well face the facts. If there is any truth in the old bromide, the I. Q. of Salem College has hit a new low. Most of us are thoroughly fed up with class routine. "One more term paper — three more meetings — one week from today" . . . This is the student train of thought. The faculty is concerned with crowding the last possible ounce of work into the last possible minute . . . and surely no one can blame them for that. Unfortunately, however, assignments have become only tasks to be "gotten through," and knowledge is something to be crammed into brains more or less crowded already.

What is the reason for this state of affairs? The prosaic answer would be simply: "End of the year let-down." I attribute it to variety of subtle influences, chief among which are open windows. There is more research done in cloud formation than in eighteenth century art, literature, or French. I am well-informed about the shape of the trees on a distant hill to be seen from a certain third floor class room, but at the same time I am rather vague on Plato.

Open windows are the invasion centers for bees, yellow jackets, and hornets — singly or in swarms. There is nothing like a large angry hornet for finishing off an already weakened morale. Incidentally, there are two methods for fighting the invaders. One is passive, immobile resistance — for the steady-nerved. The second, and more popular method, is a wild leap and flutter of skirts — accompanied by menacing gestures. This latter method has two advantages: it frightens the hornet to death, and it entertains the class.

Is there any cure for our debilitated condition? Yes — either close the windows and ignore Nature, or dismiss school while all go think lovely thoughts in the woods. All of which leaves us exactly where we started — at the end of the year — and there is no cure.

Last Call for Work

It is my gentle task this week to write an editorial. I sit in a mild last minute frenzy, chewing my wayward pen, calling in vain for the fickle muse, looking in my heart — and alas! finding nothing to write.

The topic assigned to me is most timely for those of slothful natures — those lazy, indolent students whom I am to prod into utilizing reading day and preparing for exams. I do this with great feeling. I have two term papers, preparation for three classes, and also the matter of exams hanging over me — and I went to a movie this afternoon. Now, overcome with pangs of remorse, I speak with fervor and some sincerity to plead with you not to follow my direful example.

It is by far the best policy to pursue to study and review ahead of time. Everybody knows that is the thing to do. We should all do it. It's as simple as that. Ask yourself what you came to school for anyway — to have a good time or to learn Plato and history? . . . Well, let's not put it that way. How will your parents feel if you disappoint them with low marks? What would your friends say if you flunked out?

I counsel you to take light cuts frantically! Study as you have never studied before! — and take your grades seriously (everybody else will)! Ignore the movie calendar and the invitation to a bull session. Ignore spring and lovely warm walks and roses and gaming squirrels. Until the dreadful days are over, ignore everything that makes life beautiful.

If you are one of the "lazy, indolent students" whom I professed to prod, you will not heed my warning. But as one who is none too certain of her own position on this count, my last word to one and all is to grab a big wad of gum on the fatal day so that you won't chew your nails off, and — good luck!

Le Coin Francais

"On Connait les amis au besoin"

De tous les pays européens, la France était, avant la guerre actuelle, celui qui attirait la sympathie de la plupart des Américains. L'amitié traditionnelle qui existait entre nos deux pays remonte, au moins, à la Révolution américaine; et même avant, car les idées de Montesquieu, de Rousseau, et de Voltaire ont joué un grand rôle dans la formation de notre Constitution. Et ce n'étaient pas seulement des idées que la France nous a prêtées pendant notre lutte contre la tyrannie: La Fayette, Rochambeau, et Beaumarchais, nous sont venus en aide avec des soldats, des fusils, et des baïonnettes. Et enfin, quand nous avons réussi à établir les Droits de l'Homme dans le Nouveau Monde, c'était la France qui nous a offert cette belle statue symbolique qui lève aujourd'hui son flambeau dans le port de New York comme phare pour les peuples opprimés.

Or, aujourd'hui la France est en deuil. Notre ancienne amie est tombée sous le joug du tryan le plus cruel que le monde moderne ait jamais connu. Les rues de Paris, ville de lumière, sont obscurcies, et résonnent aux pas des Prussiens. Marianne est violée! La faim, monstre aux yeux creux, rôde autour les berceaux. Un Judas est assis sur le trône du peuple, et la source de la démocratie semble tarie à jamais.

Et qu'est-ce que nous faisons, nous autres Américains, pour encourager ce peuple abattu? Comment est-ce que nous rendons les bienfaits spirituels dont la France nous a comblés dans le passé? Nous rendons-nous compte de la souffrance des pionniers de la Liberté, mis, par une force physique supérieure, en esclavage? Chérissons-nous l'art, la musique, la littérature, et la langue de notre amie comme gages de l'immortalité de l'esprit humain?

Peut-être est-ce possible que nous puissions mesurer notre confiance en la dignité humaine, notre croyance en les principes de la démocratie, et notre foi en nos amis. La France a besoin de nous . . . et nous avons besoin d'elle.

—Un francophile.

COMMENCEMENT SCHEDULE

Saturday, May 30 —

Alumnae Class Reunions.
Alumnae Board Meeting.
Alumnae Luncheon — 1:30.
Corner Stone Service, Hattie Strong Residence — 3:00
Commencement Concert by School of Music — 8:30.
President's Reception in Main Hall — 10:00.

Sunday, May 31 —

Baccalaureate Sermon, Home Church —
Rev. George Mauze of Winston-Salem
Buffet Supper for Seniors and Families —
President's Home — 5:30
Vespers — 5:30.

Monday, June 1 —

Graduation Exercises — 11:00
Governor J. Melville Broughton.

SAVING PAPER FOR DEFENSE, NO DOUBT

We students think we're adults. We want everyone else to think we're adults. We resent the parent-child attitude that the administration assumes toward us. We gripe because we're not considered old enough to stay out later than ten-thirty. We gripe because we're not considered capable of discriminating between where to go and where not to go. We gripe because we're considered so infantile that we can't smoke without setting fire to the campus. We gripe because we're considered too stupid to know when it's time to go to bed. Oh, there are a thousand petty rules imposed upon us to indicate that the administration still regards us as infants. Well, how in the name of heaven can they possibly think otherwise of us? How, when they look at the walls in the stacks or the walls in the Seminar Rooms, can they conceivably decide that we're anything except overgrown kindergarten children?

Perhaps these wall scribblers are too young to have ever heard and comprehended the Golden Rule. Perhaps they don't realize that Salem is only what they make it. Perhaps they don't realize that the library is one of the most beautiful buildings on the campus and that it's criminal to deface the walls. Or perhaps they simply haven't the will to suppress a diagram or an initial. If they feel the writing urge, Miss Siewers will be more than glad to give them a piece of paper. But again, perhaps they are striving to preserve their mental processes for posterity. Well, if its posterity they're concerned about, may we ask them just who gives a rap about Joe Jones? . . . in fifty years, he'll still look like Grammar-School Katie's youthful beaux up there on the wall.

Fortunately, most of us can't even imagine a college woman writing on walls; but those of you who do it, won't you please divert your talents toward something less destructive?

WHAT IS AN A?

Last semester we were knocked out of our day dreaming by a broken pledge — a pledge more sacred than our many traditions, because the pledge was a living thing which was revered by each and every one of us. We found that the honor of the whole was destroyed by the dishonor of a few. We had to admit rather shamefacedly that our honor system, of which we had so proudly boasted to less fortunate students in other schools, was no longer impregnable. We had to admit that none of us were any longer worthy of the trust of our administration and of our teachers. The horror of awakening shook us — shook our faith in ourselves and each other. Now we have had time to get back on our feet, to gain a perspective, and to do some constructive thinking. The point of this editorial is to ask each student to think seriously about what cheating may do to her, to her fellows, to her parents, and to her school. The student who cheats may carry home a report card with all passing grades, and yet she has not accomplished half as much as the student who carries home her own grades though they be all F's. There can be no credit to anyone when a student who has dishonestly put her name to her neighbor's work displays her "marks." Grades are a negligible sort of thing that were devised to show the parent approximately where a student stands in relation to her fellow students — the grades themselves are unimportant, but what they stand for isn't. It is not surprising to occasionally find a child in grammar grades erring enough to think that some gain may come from cheating, but is it indeed a disillusionment to find intelligent college women thoughtless enough to jeopardize their own happiness and the welfare of their fellow students' work. We hope, now that we have had time to think, that the cheating of last semester was merely a temporary lapse of reasoning. We hope that we were right about the fundamental honesty of our students. We hope that we may brag again about a system of honesty that works because each and every student is as strong as the strongest link. We hope that we may now deserve the respect that our administration still holds for us. We hope to strike the word cheat from both our vocabularies and our thoughts.