

# The Salemite

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## OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Have you ever planned rather carefully on something; worked it out to the last detail; and found that your schedule clashed with another, not more important perhaps, but more immediate? Have you then complained because you were too polite to stick up for what you believed was your right? We, the Pierettes, have been having one series after another of just such encounters. We feel that when we are working hard every day to produce a play, we have some claims on the Old Chapel. We feel that we have the right to ask people not to schedule meetings there in either afternoons or nights that are not absolutely necessary; we feel that we have the right to ask advance notice of any such IMPORTANT meetings. It is a hard enough job to get the whole cast together for rehearsals, which are becoming more important every day, but to call a practice . . . and to be rudely informed that such-and-such a class or such-and-such a choral meeting is scheduled for that same time at that same place is a little too much for us to accept affably. We have assumed precedence over other organizations, for the Old Chapel is the only place that we can practice the play. We would like to ask the various choral organizations to try, if possible, to use Memorial Hall which has been set aside for them; we would like to ask the various classes and clubs to try, if possible, to use the larger class rooms for their meetings; and we would like to ask any and all people who schedule meetings in the Old Chapel to please tell us far enough in advance so that we may make other plans for Hans Brinker rehearsals. We ask only common courtesy; surely we can get it.

Sincerely,

—An Agonized Pierrette.

## I Heard It This Way...

It might be war, or it might be the onslaught of six weeks or it might even be the tragedy of State beating Carolina . . . but whatever in the name of all that's good and holy it is, it has some more ruined our morale! As we sit here raking about for things having been heard, we vehemently desire to be off somewhere on a two-by-four tropic isle . . . alone! So when this colyum stinks too bad, you will have the comfort of having been warned in advance.

Despite being at zero ebb right now, we can remember having thought that the dance Saturday was much fun. Since there weren't hordes of men present, we had a chance to do great amounts of floor-cutting with the faculties . . . and really had an honest-to-goodness superior time. The music, furthermore, was a tremendous improvement over some of the orchestras we've dragged in, in times past . . . even if something of dance atmosphere was sacrificed. All in all, we say, "Thanks, Stee Gee, for a grand evening."

Then we can remember having felt so disgustingly smug on Friday because we had evaded a Bible test. We had sat there in the room with all the lights off and all the doors closed and all the mouths bound, until exactly the allotted number of minutes had labored by. As soon as the clock had struck, we had cased up and snuck out a window . . . it was magnificent. And on Monday, we hadn't quite got over how foxy we were . . . and on Monday, we received a double dose of the quiz scheduled for Friday. There just ain't no justice at all!

Tuesday we were thrust into an unusually pensive humor by Dr. Mauzy's "What's Your Name?" He is one of the few people we'd go almost anywhere to listen to . . . one of the few people who can get away with asking us what meaning we have put into our name. With chapel programs like Tuesday's, we suspect that a cut system would be superfluous.

What really gives us this complex we're nursing all over the campus is them folks getting married every other day. Fizzie was married yesterday, Ruth Beard will add another name in two weeks . . . and, so help us Zeus, we caught Lib Read buried underneath a cook book the other night. That does it!

Finally, we feel it our duty to go on record as having said that making people appear on the hockey field in the afternoon is wondrous to behold . . . but how in the blaze does the phys. ed. department reconcile its action with them words in the catalog which say: TWO hours work per week and two credits per semester? We don't like it, Boys.

And now, the dinner gong having blown ten minutes ago, we quit and leave with you this tender caution: Don't let anyone try to tell you that life ain't great . . . it ain't!

## Le Coin Francais

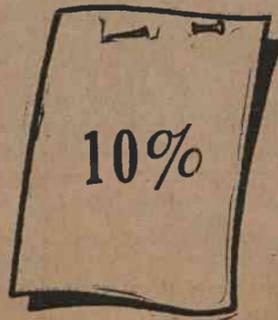
En Amérique nous disons que nous battons pour la liberté. Mais il me semble que la plupart de nous dit cela sans y penser. Quand nous parlons ensemble, nous discutons les choses extérieures que nous ne voulons pas perdre: la liberté de discours, de pensée, d'adoration et beaucoup de choses qui manquent aux Allemands spécialement.

Nous disons que nous haïssons nos ennemis. Mais combien d'entre nous ont pris la peine de nous demander si nos soldats les haïssent aussi? Je crois que nous trouverons la réponse très surprenante. Je crois qu'ils la regardent—cette guerre, je veux dire—seulement comme une tâche désagréable qu'il faut finir aussitôt que possible.

Peut-être nous pourrions combattre mieux et plus effectivement si nous nous rendions compte qu'il ne faut pas haïr les ennemis. Nous devons, au contraire, haïr les choses pour lesquelles ils résistent: l'avidité, la haine, et autres. Si nous faisons cela, nous gagnerions la guerre plus facilement et plus tôt, et nous gagnerions surtout la paix après la guerre.

—Elizabeth Bernhardt.

## WHERE DOES YOUR CLASS STAND?



## IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

Last year our Constitution was changed—much for the better. Instead of just anybody representing all the students, the Student Government representatives were divided into two groups. One of these groups was Judicial—the other, Legislative. The purpose of the division was to afford a larger student representation in Student Government.

The Legislative body is concerned with laws and rules—the making and changing of them. Twice a year it meets to discuss and plan better regulations for the student body. Tuesday, November 10, the first meeting is scheduled.

At this meeting an attempt will be made to thresh out such problems as smoking at dances, Freshman dinner date privileges, the fairness of light-cut violation penalties, and smoking in the living room of Bitting.

These are only a few of the problems which could be tackled. You Freshmen have a million pet peeves about the way this institution is run, all Sophomore classes are famous for suggesting changes, and the Juniors and Seniors have supposedly reached a point where they are able to see what should be done. This, Salemites, is your chance to see that things happen!!

Obviously, the students on the legislative committee are not able to hear everyone's plan by just ordinary contact. It's up to you to let them know what you want done. It's a very simple task to scribble down your complaints and suggestions on a piece of paper, and hand them in to the Salemite or Sara Henry. You don't even have to sign your name.

The point is, the set-up can't be improved unless the committee knows exactly what is wrong. If you would like to be able to smoke at the dances in the Gym—say so! If you Freshmen rebel at the idea of having to stick-around the campus instead of going out to dinner with your date—say so! If you're mad as fun for having to go on restriction because your room-mate left the light on after lights-out—say so! But don't sit back passively and say, "Well, I guess somebody else will mention that!" This is your time to bawl about everything.

Come Tuesday, let's see a pile of letters in the Salemite office and in Sara Henry's hands. Let your wants be known—but loud!

—N. S.

## A PLEA FOR UNDERCLASSMEN

We are speaking in behalf of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes when we ask just where the members of these classes and their dates may go to have dinner. It's a bad situation when underclassmen and dates are forced to go to Gooch's or Welfare's for a sandwich and milkshake instead of the Toddle House or hotel for a real meal. Yes, we used to complain dreadfully about the slow service and high prices of the Winkler, but now we see that it was like an oasis on the desert compared to the conditions of our neighborhood drug stores.

We have investigated this matter and found that permissions to go out to dinner vary. One week the Freshmen are allowed to go to the Piccadilly. The next week they can go nowhere. No definite rule or regulation is being abided by in this connection. Is it not possible to make some immediate arrangement for the underclassmen which offers cleanliness, decency, and good food? It would be the solution to an immediate problem and an embarrassing situation.

—K. T.