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OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

In last week's SALEMITE you announced **Who's Who**, and I carefully read every word you had to say about it. I think the selection this year is very excellent; but I can't help wanting to ask a few questions which have baffled me ever since I came to Salem. These are not malicious questions; they are simply a matter of wanting to know enough to throw more favorable light on "**Who's Who**." I admit that I know absolutely nothing about the organization; and frankly, I hadn't cared until someone told me that it was a "very sought-after honor."

The primary question I'd like answered is: who is responsible for the selection of girls for **Who's Who**? I know that Salem is given space for nine names, and I know that it's been an obviously difficult job to fill the quota in years past. A rumor has it that one student and several faculty members are sole judges of who fits the rather vague qualifications and who doesn't. If this is true, Salem students have been done an injustice; for one person is scarcely representative of three hundred students . . . nor are four or five persons representative of fifty faculty members. These are, of course, only roughly approximate figures; but they can't be far enough wrong not to indicate the top-heavy ratio.

The second question I'd like answered is: wherein does each student chosen measure up to whatever standards there may be? and why aren't these reasons published? I know that these girls must be "outstanding assets to their school" and useful members of "business or society," but almost anyone could fill such requirements . . . according to the point of view.

I personally feel it my right to know something more specific about each individual than her mere ability as an "asset;" for, after all, she is the standard by which I am supposed to weigh my own merit as a Salem student.

May I insist that my opposition is far more fundamental than who-gets-what. I am simply proposing that "**Who's Who**, if it is to truly represent an ideal Salemite, be shielded with a little less secrecy and showered with a little more democratic treatment.

Sincerely,
—An Average Salemite.

I Heard It This Way...

In retrospective digging for sidelights, we find that last week-end was a "thing of beauty." People were so morbidly bored with the Wake Forest-V. M. I. game that they completely forgot to sign up their dates for the evening. Oh Boys—what a furor! So the deans have been busy conferring with law breakers all this week—ain't it fun?

And in "things of beauty," we find joy forever—which drags us back to the laugh of the season. There we were, helping Joy Flanagan tap feet for her date on Sunday—the same date who had tapped his feet at her on Saturday. Then the telephone summoned—"Joy," he murmured, "you go on to dinner—I've already had mine." Yip-yip-yahoo!

Monday was a very grim day—quote October 30th, "I Heard"—so grim, in fact that we shall ignore it altogether.

Tuesday was also very grim—except for the piece of spice we picked up under a rain drop. Scoop: (If you didn't congratulate her, laugh; if you did—cringe, sucker!) Nona Lee Cole is not engaged, Gullibles—not for one minute! It all came about when she was lured into Jay's Credit Jewelers by a sparkling \$150.00 rock. She ambled in, wistfully got closer to said gem, tried it on—and found herself railroaded into a trial-by-approval salestalk. From there, you may know wherein you stumbled—and for a check-up, you may cover Jay's Credit Jewelers, where the object of deception lies peacefully in its blue velvet box. For further inside dope, see your local Salemite.

Wednesday was a gayer day—tree and ivy planting turned out to be a tradition we enjoyed to its fullest. But who in the world would stoop to dig up the roots' pitiful little pennies? We personally specialize in bigger stuff—nickels, say!

Wednesday was also the site of the hockey season's opening battle. In full array, we spotted the "too-stiff-for-the-lively-freshmen" class—running, please up and down the field at half-time in their little plaid skirts and warm-up drawers. Who says they'll default to the Juniors on Monday?—Why, they've already got four men on their team! Prize winning comment of the afternoon, however, burst forth from freshman goalie, Riffkin. It was in the late third quarter that she bellowed up from her cage, "Please let 'em bring the ball down here—I'm frozen!" So they did—obliging folk!

Now we must betake ourselves from the deep past to the pressing future—but not before we publicly award the week's gold star to Mr. Weinland for his finesse in handling an unruly Bible class. Ah, ladies, what a crew of worms were seen to crawl at noon on Wednesday! Good night!

ALWAYS PRYING

Now we know why it's called a Gallup Poll. We literally galloped from one end of Salem campus to the other flinging at each shocked individual—"Have you ever studied French? If so do you or do you not read the French column?" and "Have you ever studied Spanish? If so would you or would you not read a Spanish column if we have one?" It was fine until we started catching people on the re-bound. We would go rushing up to any group at all—begin with a "Have you . . ." and if they are still there, we hadn't asked them before.

Now to prove that we have not had any mental disorder, we will explain just why you kind folks were hounded with questions. One of the most debated subjects about the SALEMITE is this question of "Who reads the French column?" and "If we have a French column, why don't we have a column for the other language clubs?" With the exception of Spanish, \$300 worth of Linotype matrices would have to be bought for each of the other languages—and that is out of the question. Therefore, we have seriously considered having the French column only every other week and having a Spanish column the alternating weeks.

To find out if this plan was acceptable, the most logical thing to do was to take a poll. The results were astonishing. We actually didn't believe that anyone read the French column but Dr. Downs—but they do! Among the students who have at one time studied French but do not take it now, there are 27 who read the column and 73 who do not. Among the students who are now taking French, we found 39 who do read it and 7 who do not. This makes a total of 65 students who read the column and 80 who do not.

The interest shown for the Spanish column was encouraging. We found among students who have studied Spanish before, but who are not studying it now, 43 who would like to have the column and 3 who would not. Among the present Spanish classes 83 are all for the plan and 29 are not. This makes a total of 126 who want the column and 32 who do not.

So now we know. If there are, however, any students who escaped our questioning and would like to express their ideas just leave them in the Salemite office.

Merci beaucoup, Mademoiselles.
Muchas gracias, Senioritas.

DITHER . . . DITHER . . . SHATTERED LIFE

This business of permission for dates has me in a whirl. If one has to have permission, what must she do if someone very dear to her comes to Salem unexpectedly? What must she do in order to have a date with him? Many things very sad can happen. Take for example what happened to me last Saturday night.

Well, about eight-thirty the house phone rang, and it was for me; I had a caller. I dashed down the steps and into the campus living room . . . who should stare me in the face but Bill. Bill was on his way from one Army post to another, and I wanted to see him so-o-o-o badly. I rushed into the dean's office and started asking permission to two empty chairs before it struck me that both of them (the deans) were gone. My hope dropped . . . the soldier's morale hit rock-bottom. This wasn't even patriotic. My next hope was to find the president of the student government or some Salem official that had the authority to give me my much-wanted permission. I chased all over the campus from one building to another, up stairs and down . . . searching, hoping, longing. My search was in vain . . . all traces of officers were gone. Some had dates, some had gone for the week-end, and there I was . . . Bill's and my morale was now ceiling zero. I suddenly thought of Mrs. Rondthaler . . . I dashed over to her home and punched the door-bell very vigorously . . . Mrs. Rondthaler was at home. Alas! I stammered out my request and awaited an answer. I saw her cast her eyes to her wrist and then look at me with that "I'm sorry" look . . . 'Tis true, it was 10:45. No permission! Disillusioned, sour on life, and afraid to face Bill, I trudged across the campus into the campus living room. I found Bill under a pile of cigarette butts. I told him. His morale completely collapsed . . . so did mine. He left, and there I was unhappy, disgusted, and without Bill. Bill gone, maybe forever . . .

This is just what can happen (in an exaggerated form) if we have to have permission to have dates. At this time, which appears to be most opportune to me, I make a plea to the legislators to regulate this rule so that if someone should drop in unexpectedly, we could have a date without all formalities—with simply a sign out as we do to go down town in the afternoon.

—P. N.

THEM POOR STARVING GREEKS!

There's an old idea that where the griping is the worst, the morale is the highest. If that statement is true, the morale of Salem College is way above the clouds. Our griping in the dining hall surpasses that done by the boys in camps. We probably make the army, navy and marine corps look like pikers.

Griping comes naturally to most of us—and food is one of the first things to complain about. But we know, even if we won't admit it, that Salem serves powerful good food. The tables are always attractive—flowers and all. Russell, fine man that he is, makes our dishes mighty appetizing. Remember that baked dish the other night—the one with peas and potatoes decorating the top? And remember the feast Hallowe'en night?

These are war times, and as far as food rationing is concerned, we have hardly felt it. Our table service is still good, while girls at Vassar are waiting on their own tables. And if you don't think our food is swell, just visit a few well-known girls' schools in this vicinity! Salem seems like the Waldorf-Astoria.

Most of us do appreciate our beautiful dining hall, Miss Stockton, her staff, and our good menus. Yet in spite of the way we really feel, we gripe—and we can't change. While we are complaining good-naturedly, however, let's not forget to be grateful in our hearts—even if we could never feel it in character to spout forth words of praise to the girl sitting next to us.

—N. S.