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A PLEA FOR STEE GEE

We all know that the new constitution this year specifies that there be faculty and students in the Legislature of the Student Government Association. Naturally, it is necessary for the administration to know what is going on at Salem, and to approve of the laws that the students initiate and pass; but we find that we can hardly sit in awe at great words of wisdom before lunch only to forget respect in upholding principles in the afternoon meetings. We find ourselves wanting to say "Yes, ma'am" to ideas that weren't quite what we meant at all; we find that in and by respect we have railroaded ourselves into things we hadn't wanted at all. So are our visions of the failure of the new legislative idea just inaugurated this year by our impressions at the preliminary meeting.

To a great many of us, it seems that the measures should be initiated by students alone and that nominations should be made by students alone. Why couldn't the faculty make their suggestions to members of the student committee; who would, in turn, bring up the proposed matter for discussion in the Legislature. It doesn't seem necessary for the faculty to be present, and it may even be awkward some times to have them there. There are a lot of subjects that the students might like to "hash out" without having the faculty present to listen to the discussion. Why couldn't the Legislature pass their measures, present them to a council of the faculty before putting them in effect, and then if the faculty vetoes the measures, have a student-faculty meeting on the disputed measure and reach some decision that way? Maybe some of you students can supply a better solution to the problem, but don't you agree that the Student Government should have a student legislature?

—D. S.

I Heard It This Way...

Hockey is a magnificent game! Don't let this column prejudice you against it just because we're too mangled from said sport to have heard anything at all other than how pained are the more active members of Salem at this point. Chiefest catastrophes have turned up upon: 1) Hobson's eye, 2) Nuchols' shin, 3) the Seniors, body general. However although we loathe bringing this thing up over and over again, we refuse to let hockey kill us off before we've had our chance to cry, yeh! yeh! at the Freshmen. Dear Babes, the Seniors hav decided to

Now, with vengeance wiped almost clean out of our soul, we select as our hit-the-yellow-sheet-gal this week . . . Miss Mary Ellen Carrig! Just as out of every trap comes some mouse, out of every A-student comes some disaster. We, therefore, take glee in announcing that an F has just blotted an otherwise spotless career. The thing that puzzles us, however, is how the blaze does one manage to get an F on a course that ain't convened but once in two weeks?

Having muddled that little matter up, we now feel called upon to comment that an unwholesome number of folk deserted their work for "Gentleman Jim" this week. For two hours we awed at Errol Flynn . . . and we have now positively concluded, "Oh, to be a nightclub dancer!"

Although we definitely think that the WSSF drive is one of the more worthwhile campus projects, we can't help poking fun. Have you seen the poster on the Scenter's door which asks: "What if you were in a concentration camp instead of on the campus?" and then, the student dig: "Are you kidding?"

It's from the married battalion that we extort this next meat. Doris caught flu to stay with hubby, Vivian caught relatives to stay with hubby, and Fizzie ain't got back to tell what she caught yet. We deny that our mouths are full of sour grapes . . . we merely wish we had some excuse!

Despite our aim of keeping this column as low as possible, we can't resist the temptation to marvel at Dr. Anscombe. How we could possibly sit through all those unlimited Bible and history courses under him . . . and STILL enjoy him more than most any other body in chapel . . . is a down-right mystery to us!

Then about this black-out business . . . all we've got to say is that it looks mighty foolish to us for all the people on third to hurdle all the people on second and first in order to get up the shutters by the time the two latter floors get to the shelter. Grand organization!

And from behind-scenes "Hans Brinker," we gathered this bit. Some confused lass jumped ahead of her lines, and skipped right on over the plot to where the doctor was supposed to enter. "See who's at the door," she cried . . . while Mildred Lee ventured to steer back to intelligibility by opening the door, seeing the doctor, closing the door, and saying nonchalantly, "Nobody."

That last didn't make sense to us either . . . I think I'll be forced to quit.

Le Coin Francais

Une des plus grandes tragédies de la Grande Guerre II est la situation du peuple français qui oppose les Nazis. Il est ironique qu'un peuple si digne, soit conduit hors du chemin par une minorité des chefs politiques. Quoique le Gestapo soit partout, on a développé des organisations pour conduire des activités souterraines pour harasser complètement l'état Nazi. Cette activité n'existe pas seulement en France mais aussi s'est étendue dans toutes colonies françaises.

En Madagascar, par exemple, le signe de la Croix de Lorraine est devenu un symbole mystérieux de l'organisation souterraine. Le Nazi tache de supprimer, mais toujours l'opposition reparait. L'organisation, appela "Tanarive Libre," est un edifice si caché que personne ne sait pas avec qu'il travaille. Les assignments sont passées en bas du plus haut et sont conduits parfaitement d'heure en heure et de jour en jour.

Après la Guerre des centaines d'histoires des braves français, le vrai peuple français qui nous a légué notre idéal démocratique, a toujours été notre allié.

WHY THURSDAY?

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock in sixteen hundred twenty. Those folks really started something; yes ma'm, they started plenty! They were mighty glad to be here—so glad to be still living, That they took a day off Thursday, and had the first Thanksgiving. The Indians came with heap much corn—in jugs and on the cob; The Pilgrims shot some turkeys, just to feed the hungry mob. It doesn't seem to make much sense—but a fowl time was had by all. I'm tempted to stop the poem here, but I just ain't got the gall. Thanksgiving is coming Thursday—that's why this epistle— Hope you get a lot of turkey—with very little gristle!

—Mil Avera.

GRADES FOR GRADES' SAKE?

All during our six weeks tests the general cry has been, "What did you make? What's your grade?" We do not condemn this interest in grades. It is natural to wonder how one compares with one's fellow students. We do think, however, that the emphasis which the majority of students tend to place on "grades for their own sake" is deplorable. This emphasis is pure Materialism.

We Americans defend our materialistic viewpoint by saying that we are not responsible for it. It is forced upon us by circumstances. It is difficult for us to place any value on intangible, non-materialistic things. A good grade is something that we can make, something that is placed on our college record for all to see. It is definite, therefore we value it. The same thing applies to other phases of our life. For instance, the girl who has beautiful clothes, excellent grooming, and plenty of money to spend, is a social success in our eyes. We can not take money and the things money can buy for granted, because our fathers have spent all their lives, devoted their time and effort, to securing money. What we are trying to point out is that there is no denying that we live in a world which emphasizes the worth of material things at the expense of the spiritual, mental, or whatever you may call it—that something which is the difference between happiness and dissatisfaction, between living life to its fullest and simply existing.

Circumstances may tend to force the materialistic viewpoint upon us; but as college students we should be able to rise above our environment. Why should we wish to free ourselves from the materialistic viewpoint. In reply we may ask ourselves the question, "Why did I come to college?" We may have come because our parents wanted us to have more advantages than they. We may have come because of the social life involved. We may have come to mark time before securing a job or being married. We ay have felt that there is a great deal in this world about which we know nothing; and we wanted to do soething to remedy that ignorance. We may have realized that the majority of adults are not even aware of the problems with which they are faced; and we may have thought that in college we might learn something about these problems. We may have chosen a profession and come to college to prepare ourselves for that profession. Whatever we came to college for—we're here, and might as well do something worthwhile with the four years we must spend before we can graduate. If our minds are on grades we shall find it impossible to get everything which college life offers. We're all familiar with the saying that one gets out of something exactly what one puts into it. Nothing could be truer about our life at Salem.

Six weeks tests are over. The freshmen know just about what is expected of them. The upperclassmen already know. In the next weeks of this semester why not set out to study to learn, not to study for grades? It is not the material grades of today which will count in later years. It is the knowledge which is with us to stay, knowledge which becomes a part of our spirit, that brings a fuller, happier life.

—B. W.

Lil' Abner says—



Gawsh! There ain't much time before New Year's—and we gotta sign up fer War Bonds with 10% of our pay by that time!