

# The Salemite

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## WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I SPAKE AS A CHILD (AND I STILL DO)

When Billy Bob, a small tot of nine, wanted a "grown-up" bicycle his daddy dogmatically refused him one. Undaunted, the child quizzed, "Why?" Pop then led the boy to the back yard where both gazed upon a wrecked, rusty, weather-beaten side-walk bike. Said daddy, gravely, "Son, you haven't proved you could care for a small one. Do you think it fair for me to buy another?"

A fine tale . . . But, Salem ladies, are we not comparable to a nine year old son? When we look at the black spots in chairs, the tid-bit like holes in the rug; when we come face to face (yes, usually after breakfast) with the smouldering butt-filled cups sprinkled lavishly over the campus living room, aren't we reminded of a student body of infants?

Surely if we aren't capable of a neat, well-kept smokehouse, we aren't brazen enough to request more smoking privileges? Is this room not adequate until we of Salem cease to behave in it like the squalor of the streets? . . . I believe, Salem ladies, it is.

—K. M.

## THERE'S MONEY—THERE'S FUN

Wouldn't you honestly like to have books of your own? More than that, wouldn't you like to win some of them? You can if you want to bad enough. Now that Christmas is just around the corner, how about that list that goes home with suggestions! Include some books on it; and who knows, come next May you may be the proud possessor of the best self-library at Salem—and that's something to be proud of.

You see it all started two years ago when the Salem College Library began trying to interest girls in books. The best way they knew to do it was to sponsor a contest for the girls with the best libraries of their own. It proved so successful that they have continued the tradition. The lucky ones of last year were: first prize—Lelia Johnston; second prize—Doris Shore—this was open for Juniors and Seniors. The first prize for the Freshmen and Sophomores went to Lucille Newman, and the second prize to Katie Wolff.

Now if you are a Junior or a Senior all you have to do is make out a list of books that you own which you think would make a winning library. It's as simple as that. Later you will be called upon to bring your books to the library to compete for that \$15 or \$25 prize.

If, however, you are a Freshman or Sophomore and your mind is not quite clear as to the type library that you would like to own, begin thinking and making out a list of "would haves." It doesn't take long before you have a list that, with an occasional bit of shifting—may be capable of winning \$5 or \$10 prize.

Perhaps you think that I'm being too optimistic—I'm really not—for some one must win—why not you?

—L. N.

## I Heard It This Way...

Well, here we are on this last lap of 1942 . . . it's been pretty hectic since last Christmas vacation, hasn't it? We've seen girls mature into women . . . we've seen Salem slowly transcend tradition and get in the swing of trying to do her part toward the war effort . . . we've seen boys we used to party with go off to England and Australia and Africa . . . we've seen ourselves gradually come to the realization of what a big job is expected of us. But despite it all, we've been able to hang fairly closely to our "old way of life."

Part of the old order was the I. R. S. dance Saturday night . . . and all we can say about it is that it was positively filthy out; and that we present the orchids of the week to Peggy McLelland. In her usual eager generosity, she played Santa Claus . . . wearing white beards, calling out no-breaks, and adding general joy to the whole occasion. But do you know how she happened to fall heir to the task? She had asked Mrs. Beal to let her go down and watch the decorating . . . she had watched the I. R. S. big dogs start to stuff the Santa . . . she had begged to try the suit on before stuffing took place . . . she had fitted into said costume . . . and she had volunteered for the job. Thank you for just the right touch, Peggy.

It's a rare day when we venture as far away as the theatres, but we resorted to "Tales of Manhattan" last week . . . and mighty glad we did. We find ourselves bound and possessed to state that we enjoyed it more than any movie since "Citizen Kane" . . . except for Bette Davis' latest. It was artistic and beautifully done . . . but we can't for the life of us understand how any of you college women could have been among those who laughed with the screen audience at Charles Laughton! Please say you were crying, too.

Then there was "Remember Pearl Harbor" day. Promptly at noon, the bell gonged out for all of us to drop our work and observe something or another in silence. Promptly at the ringing of the bell, we packed up our books and used that as an excuse to depart from class. And promptly at noon, we spied in the halls one Casserole . . . looking rigid as an Egyptian mummy . . . eyes closed, head lifted, and expression ultra-solemn . . . remembering Pearl Harbor, she said! So we regret that we're facetious . . . but, honestly, can anyone explain what silent observances do for a thing?

## Le Coin Francais

En juin 1942, deux ans après la capitulation de Bordeaux, la situation de la France était claire. Grâce au général de Gaulle, la France honorait toujours la parole donnée à la Grande-Bretagne. Grâce aux Français Combattants, la France, dont ils représentaient la personne morale et l'esprit de sacrifice, était restée dans la guerre aux côtés des Alliés. Grâce à de Gaulle, d'importantes parties de l'empire colonial français—Afrique équatoriale, Etanissements du Pacifique et de l'Inde,—restaient dans la guerre et offraient aux Alliés des communications aériennes rapides et sûres. Les 8 et 0 décembre 1941, dès le lendemain de Pearl Harbor, la France Combattante se déclarait l'alliée des Etats-Unis et en état de guerre avec le Japon. Grâce à de Gaulle, dont la vie ne comporte aucune énigme, le drapeau tricolore n'a cessé de flotter fièrement et glorieusement sur terre et sur mer, partout où l'on se bat. Grâce à l'exemple et aux exploits des volontaires à la croix de Lorraine, la résistance de peuple français à l'oppression nazi-vichyssoise s'est trouvée galvanisée, unifiée, orientée. Les trois principaux groupes clandestins de résistance "Combat," "Franc-Tireur," "Libération" reconnaissent le général de Gaulle comme leur chef et le Comité National de la France Combattante qu'il a établi à Londres, comme le seul gouvernement français dont ils acceptent le programme, la direction et l'autorité. Des émissaires de ces groupes, échappés de France et venus à Londres conférer avec le Comité National, ont appris au monde que les distinctions politiques d'avant-guerre n'ont plus aucune valeur: on est, en France, pour la victoire des Alliés, donc "pour de Gaulle," ou contre les Alliés, donc "contre de Gaulle." C'est très net. Or les Américains savent bien qu'au moins 90% des Français sont pour les Alliés. En conséquence de ce fait indéniable, la plupart des Nations-Unies reconnaissent pour unique gouvernement français le Comité National de la France Combattante que préside le général de Gaulle, et ce dernier comme l'unique chef du gouvernement français. Pour toutes l'Europe, dès juin 1942, la situation était donc nette. Il est dès lors facile de concevoir la surprise et l'amertume des Français Combattants, le désarroi moral des groupes de résistance français, et aussi les inquiétudes des groupes de résistance des autres nations européennes, devant les conséquences de "l'expédient" accepté en Afrique de Nord par les Alliés.

La déclaration de President Roosevelt, du 17 novembre, en expliquant et en soulignant ce qu'il y a de temporaire et de local dans l'accord conclu avec Darlan, a contribué à calmer les inquiétudes du premier moment. Il est certain aussi que l'occupation totale, avec ses exactions et ses répressions sauvages, que la misère et la famine organisées par les Nazis partout où ils passent, que les futures grandes batailles dont la France est encore une fois appelée à fournir le théâtre, que la révolte, les hécatombes; que tout ces souffrances cèreront un drame d'une horreur telle que toutes les personnalités en seront dominées, et que finalement la parole restera au menu peuple de France, au peuple des villes et des campagnes, aux travailleurs pour que de Gaulle est dès maintenant le chef. Il se trouve enfin que les groupes de résistance qui préparent l'action des populations, sont unanimes à condamner la réactionnaire "Révolution nationale" de Pétain et à vouloir une Quatrième République dans un idéal de vraie démocratie, de liberté individuelle et de justice sociale, en quoi ils se proclament en plein accord avec le Comité National que préside le général de Gaulle. Le Président Roosevelt a fort justement prédit: "Le Gouvernement futur de la France sera constitué non point par une personnalité dans la France métropolitaine ou dans la France d'outre-mer, mais par les Français eux-mêmes, une fois qu'ils auront été libérés par la victoire des Nations-Unies." Or les Français, y compris les socialistes, font confiance au général de Gaulle.

## ALL WE ASK IS YOUR OPINION

Hmmmm — so we're "polling" again! Yes, sister, and we're doing it for your interest. We tear our hair, lose our voice, and practically get run over while you are trying to make up your mind. We ask you your opinion and give you your choice on Tuesday — then come next Friday night you begin complaining about everything in general until we get to you the following Thursday and then—swish, your mind's a perfect blank. Oh, it's a dog's life!

"Whether it is better to be liberal or not to be liberal" — that is the question. Or as we repeatedly asked, "Had you rather have the old or new policy of the 'Salemite'?" The question seems simple enough, but had we asked for the laws of gravity we couldn't have been greeted by blanker faces. Honestly, aren't you conscious of our paper? It comes out usually every Friday night. It has all sorts of interesting things in it—among which there is an editorial page. This year, more than in the preceding years, the editorial page has been completely liberal in its ideas and in its expressions of what we thought to be the opinion of the majority. It seems that we have been wrong, for according to conversations of yours, the editorial page is not the opinion of the majority. Really, how do you expect us to express anything but personal opinions, if you don't co-operate? We have pleaded, begged, and just plain asked you to express your ideas about the paper. After all the "Salemite" is being published only for the students of Salem College. If you aren't interested in it—no one is.

Come! Come! We didn't mean to scold, but our hotter side got the better of us. Now that that little uproar is off the chest, we can get down to actual facts. It seems that quite a few of you still maintain the "old regime." Now that's a fine business, if you are willing to do something about it! Let your feelings be known! To be exact there were 37 of you who prefer a less liberal and startling paper. Also among this same group are those who actually object to scoops.

Then comes that innocent and rather small gathering that are strictly neutral. In this group we also classify the three girls whose only statement was, "We don't read the paper, but if we did, we would prefer the happy medium." That's what they said! There are 26 others who could never make up their minds, because they could see no difference in this paper and papers of the past.

The last and largest group consists of those who are strictly for the new policy. The reasons are mainly the scoops and the new editorials that have not been "warmed over" for a hundred times in the past. There are 113 of you who joined this class.

Well, there you are! Again to those of you that we missed, leave your ideas in the "Salemite" office. And now, until the next "polling," God bless you and give you an opinion!

—THE SALEMITE STAFF.

Five more, four more, three more, two more—no more days 'til Christmas! With a feverish song and dance we count the days, hardly daring to breathe lest we break the spell and find that we were only dreaming. We sit staring vapidly, hiding our visions of laden trees and plump brown turkeys. We remember with a sigh that Christmas won't be the same with John and Fred and Terry gone. Then with a leap our hearts begin to sing again . . . Christmas, a pagan holiday done in brilliant reds and greens: a bustle, a hurry, a flash, and it's gone.

Somehow today we should know because by remembering and by thinking we should make it not a pipe dream, but a living, everyday reality. Once very long ago in a land very far away there was a baby born; his mother wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger . . . and the angels sang! Today so very far away in a world so very new may we, too lift up our voices and sing,