

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The Student Body
of Salem College
Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

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OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Last week you printed an editorial about the absence of suggestions for legislative changes. In this editorial, we were labeled "indifferent to our government." We were asked if we had the right to complain of "outmoded" rules in the face of our apparent lack of interest . . . if we were worthy of a student legislature. Well, I'd like to answer these charges from the point of view of what is perhaps the minority group.

Why didn't we propose new legislation? or changes in old rules? For just this reason, Dear Editor: we have made countless suggestions before . . . suggestions which seemed to us to be perfectly reasonable and in accord with progress made by other women's colleges. We fought for rules that would place a greater part of the responsibility for our conduct on our own shoulders instead of on the shoulders of the faculty, the administration, and the deans. We fought for the recognition that we were adults who had the power of discretion . . . that we were no longer babies who needed to be told when to go to bed and when to come in and where to go and what to do. Yet all the while, we realized the necessity for some rules and some protection . . . some guarantee to our parents that we wouldn't be simply turned loose on the world. And with what results? We were laughed at; we were called "Radical"; we were accused of agitating revolution. The legislature felt that we weren't even capable of knowing when to turn off our lights. I'd like to ask you, then: if the privilege of deciding for ourselves when to go to bed was denied us, is there any possible hope that we'll be granted other privileges? We are discouraged and disillusioned. We know that any suggestions we "Bolshevists" might make would receive scoffed-at treatment or no treatment at all.

So, Dear Editor, we "Radicals" made no suggestions; and there you may account for at least one group of students . . . a very small group, I dare say. As for the lack of suggestions from other groups? Well, it seems that the writing on the wall indicates, no indifference, but a content with the rules as they are. So aren't all of us justified in not seeking change?

A Skeptic.

I Heard It This Way

What do you know, Joe? . . . somebody DOES read our editorials! Saturday's vocal tribute to Betsy Vanderbilt just plain set on fire the cockles (hmmm) of our hearts. We thank you, Readers . . . most gratefully, we thank you.

Chronologically, we should have started with the oh-woe-is-them department. Poor old faculties! Such whitewashing as Friday night's ain't even decent . . . but we couldn't help it! Although hating to rub salt into their wounds, we feel it necessary in behalf of revenge to coo . . . and who, Mr. Kenyon, was going to polish off whom? We play tiddly-winks, too . . . a challenge perhaps!

The dance seems to be time's next job, and we wish to state here and now that the A. A. definitely outdid itself. Rarely have we spotted such quantities of pretty dresses (i. e. Lib Griffin's black lace, Jennie Quinn's black velvet, Elder Wooten's black net) . . . rarely have we lamped so many men . . . and rarely have we taken in better dances. Muchas gracias, Senioritas.

Even Sunday produced a story this week . . . and one that's too good not to pass on to those who haven't heard. It seems that two spirited Seniors were aroused by some gosh-awful static which disturbed their Sunday afternoon radio devotional. When they returned from supper, still in a great gripe because the symphony had been obliterated, and found that they couldn't even hear "The Great Gildersleeve" . . . that was too much! They stormed every room in Bitting for hair dryers and electric razors. Upon not apprehending the radio destroyer in the rooms, they bounded down to the Bottom to swat a knot on whomever was running Jane Garrou's movie projector . . . and into the Davidson Deputation Committee's expounding they bammed . . . in their night-shirts, please! Will Salem ever be able to lift her head from such chagrin? Tch, tch, tch!

And to Miss Marsh we offer three highly polished fire-flies for Tuesday's not at all fifth-rate exposition. After having caught ourselves intrigued with her nice sense of humor and her exceptionally pleasant voice, what we want to know is . . . why the blaze has she been buried over there under records and annuals and things all this time? There have been lots of speakers we'd prefer to have the alumnae secretary pinch-hit for.

And while we're in this generous spirit, we'd like to yah-yah at all of you who didn't have the foresight to sign up for Mr. Holder's political science or political philosophy or whatever the dickens they finally wound up calling the course. It's distinctly one of the more worthwhile ventures of our academic career . . . but if Main Hall explodes one of these first days, it's sure to be the juxtaposition of anarchist, socialist, communist, and democrat. We're just sorry we don't have a Nazi to make things really pop.

To Dr. Willoughby, our sincerest sympathy . . . and we're awfully glad to have her back.

And now it's parting time again; but keep up the stink, Students . . . we have to have SOMETHING to throw into this column!



THIS IS THE LITTLE RED MAN

This is an Ashflicker



This is the Little Red Man looking at an Ashflicker.

Dear Editor:

Last year the Editor of the Salemite ran my picture in the paper several times and made people sorta realize that I was still around doin' my dooty. You know my story:

Once upon a time (over a century ago) there lived in Salem an exceptionally industrious Moravian Brother, who wore red clothes from head to toe. He worked with the other unmarried men digging out the cellar for their new homes. One night after the Vespers service was over he suggested that they go back and finish the cellar before bedtime. The others agreed that it was a good idea. They would dig a while and then run out from underneath as masses of earth fell to the floor. Only one time the Little Red Man did not run fast enough and was buried beneath the fallen dirt. His spirit stayed with the brothers and still lives in the deep arched cellar

of the Brother's House across the square—watching over Salem to see that all goes well.

Last year I tried to get the students to rid themselves of the "Apple Polishers," "Ditch Diggers," "Clock Watchers," and "Salem Snakes." That picture you see at the top of the letter is me watching an "Ashflicker." I know you don't see nothin' but me there. That's because an "Ashflicker" is such a small insignificant creature. Small though it may be, it exists in large numbers at Salem. It is one of those things who is charming except that it doesn't know how to handle a cigarette. It lets ashes fall where they may, burns holes in the rugs, her clothes, and those of its neighbors. Students, I, the Little Red Man, warn you that if the Ashflicker is not educated to better ways, your smoking privileges are going to be removed.

"SPRING WILL BE SO SAD"

Here we are again with the same old problem and the same old story. We have been called variously "ditch-diggers," "corner clippers," and "ornery worms" . . . being an offender myself, I would choose the latter term. So we're worms—so what?

For those of you who are new-comers, I would like the space to sketch Salem in the spring for you; but I must merely say that Spring plays a big part in making Salem a warm spot in your heart for years to come . . . the campus, at its best in a new green garb, verily inspires the poet in us; makes us want to sing; and urges us to go Rousseau-an. For the old timers, I offer an apology for the muddle I must have made in your own private recollections. For all of us, I want to say—Let's do our best to keep the campus as beautiful as possible. And surely the red-brown edges to the walk past Bitting, the whole red-brown mess in front of Corrin, and the sundry red-brown trails all over the campus do very little to enhance even the winter bleakness. In a word, we have been unpardonably sloppy and thoughtless in wasting the one thing O. P. A. is not likely to ration—Nature's contribution . . .

Now that winter has really come and we're hoping Spring's not far behind, I'd like to take a stand in favor of conserving beauty . . . in this case we can both conserve our pie and eat it, too. For when we let the grasses grow up as they should, we shall have a home that's powerful inspiring to live in . . . STAY OFF THE GRASS!

—M. B.

WITH YOUR PERMISSION

Dear Editor:

We have noticed that the library on Saturday nights is a lonely place, and we wondered if that time spent by the staff in serving us couldn't as well be changed to Sunday night — or couldn't the Sunday afternoon hours be changed to Sunday night? Often student's activities run through Sunday afternoon — then Sunday night is spent vainly wondering why the room-mate forgot to sign out that book for Monday's assignment.

As we say, we know nothing of the whys of the present arrangement, but we offer this suggestion in hopes that it will be possible to make some change.

Sincerely,
—Interested Students.

SO LITTLE AND YET SO MUCH

Have you been to the Red Cross Sewing Room lately? Perhaps you are like we were. We'd heard a great deal about it. Sponsored by the Defense Board under the supervision of the Home Economics Department, it has not lacked publicity. There have been numerous announcements in chapel, and posters in conspicuous places about the campus, concerning the Sewing Room. Nevertheless, for some reason or other you have not done anything. You may think you don't have time; but there is an old saying that you can find time for anything you really want to do. Surely you could go sometime from three to six on either Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. You may say, "What, me sew? Why, I can't even thread a needle!" We discovered that there are other ways to help. You may be hesitating because you are not sure of the location of the room. It is very easy to find—on the third floor of Main Hall right above Miss Covington's apartment—with a big sign on the door.

Won't you leave the Smoke House and those bridge games for a few hours to work on something that really needs your attention? We'll try to do the same!

—B. W.