

The Salemite

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YOU MAY BE SORRY SOON

This year most of our vesper programs have been one or two man affairs. There has not been a prevalence of group discussions and bull sessions. Sunday night at 6:45 in the recreation room of Louisa Bitting, Miss Turlington will give us present-day plans for peace after the war; and afterwards, she will invite our ideas and opinions on the subject. We hope everyone will come and show her interest in a much-talked-about and much-thought-about topic.

As many of our college men are being inducted into the armed services, it is left to the college women to do constructive thinking and planning for the future. One of the best ways to do this is to talk together and exchange ideas with one another. Sunday night will provide an opportunity to think intelligently about plans which will concern the entire world.

—F. N.

ARE YOU ILLITERATE? . . . NOT AS A SMOKER EXCLUSIVELY

Each semester a survey is made throughout small liberal arts colleges to determine the number of books each student reads of his own volition.

In order to discover the number read by the average Salemite, we examined the library circulation records dating from October through January . . . And the results were startling! During that period, only 3387 books, excluding reserve reference texts, circulated among the students and the faculty. Those statistics mean that the average number of books read per student totaled a meager 1½ for the first semester. Moreover, the nation survey indicated that the average number read is 6 a semester.

Now Salemites, our library has over 28,000 volumes in it . . . volumes which we have sadly neglected. But we have an opportunity to boost, not only our standing, but our minds. So let's all resolve to exhaust the abundance of wealth found within the library treasures between now and June . . . And we promise, none of us will ever regret the effort.

—K. M.

Le Coin Francais

A sa Maitresse

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose z
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa oobe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu, cette vèprée
Les plis de sa robe pourpée,
Et son teint au votre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elee a dessus la place,
Las! las! ses beautés laissè choir!
O vraiment marâtre Nature,
Puisqu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Done, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que votre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:
Comme è cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir la beauté.

—Ronsard.

I Heard It This Way

Despite the warmth of the sun, the gentleness of the breeze, and the budding of the willow; we feel distinctly more disposed to writing elegies than spring songs. Our sunshine! Our sunshine! Whether hath it flown? If you were at the station seeing Mr. Kenyon off to the wars, we need say no more. Did you manage to recognize through your tears though Thalia's touch? (Heh! heh! Dr. Smith didn't believe we learned this much mythology!) His reading equipment included: "True Confessions," "Superman," and "Ladies Home Journal." So he probably had a very first-rate sort of journey . . . but oh how we miss him!

Another thorn in the flesh of what would otherwise develop into an ace case of spring fever is them Russian plays Dr. Willoughby has been thrusting upon her drama seekers. Honest-to-Zeus (pardon us while we just dive head long into this mythological rut . . . can we help it if the roommate has taken to shrieking Homer to herself every night about this time?), we have, after weeping over Chekhov, finally heard our true calling . . . we hereby appoint ourself to rush over to the Allies and spread at least one or two cheers among them. It really is superb to at last have an aim in life!

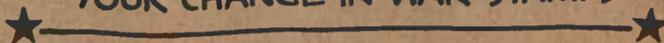
The third hindrance to life enjoyment is them long harrowed faces that crop up this season every year . . . spring or no spring, only worse if there is. No one had to tell us what the trouble is . . . we just guessed. And well do we remember the days long ago when we trod about the library extracting items about peanut cultivation and uses. So we feel that we have reached the age of wisdom at whence it becomes our duty to speak to you babes from experience. We didn't have any interest in any special field either . . . that is, not one you write about to hand in . . . but we developed one. Indeed we did! . . . only the eve of term-paper dead-line ain't what we recommend at all. See what we mean?

From within the closed circle of the staff came a faint ray of hope that man may laugh again. During the SALEMITE'S Tuesday get-together, reporters were pouring long and hard over best bets for bond queen. After much whispered deliberation, two or three propagandists set forth the name of Feature Writer Nimocks. "Oh no!" she wailed as she fell off the newspaper rack, "That would look like an inside job!" And speaking of bond queens, reminds us that the SALEMITE is just before waging a war on the Y . . . we fully intend to sabotage their carnival Saturday night, unless . . .

With this, we part to contemplate nature and the evils of drudgery in the spring, tra la. Have you ever watched those little birds that fly into that sort of door hole right opposite the campus living room? It's marvelous . . . they ain't missed yet!



THREE BLIND MEN
(BLIND TO AMERICA'S WILL TO WIN)
OPEN THEIR EYES BY INVESTING
YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS



THE TIME HAS COME . . .

. . . for members of the nominating committee to bestir themselves concerning nominees for heads of the major organizations on the campus. With its "politicking," petitioning, polling, and subsequent election of Salem's leaders, March is always a tense month at Salem.

As stated in the student government constitution, the major organizations, (Student Government, YWCA, Athletic Association, May Day Committee, Editor-in-Chief of the Salemite, Editor-in-Chief of Sights and Insights, IRS President, and Chief Marshall), may submit recommendations for nominations to the "Nom Com" before March 1. The committee posts the nominees, petitions may be made, and polling is held during the rest of the month. The entire student body elects by a majority vote all of the major officers except the Editor-in-Chief of the annual who is elected by the rising senior class and the Editor-in-Chief of the Salemite who is elected by the staff.

We feel that the election of the editor of the Salemite by the members of the staff who know from experience the abilities of each girl, is a far superior method than that accorded our sister publication, Sights and Insights.

The belief that Sights and Insights is published by the senior class seems to be prevalent on the campus. If this were so, then it would be only right that the rising senior class should elect the editor. The truth of the matter is that our annual is published by Sights and Insights, Incorporated. Although the senior class is featured more than any other class in the annual, there is no other reason that it should elect the editor. Is it true that the classmates of the editor know her well, but the staff members know her even better. If the election of editor of Sights and Insights is given to the rising senior class because these girls know their own classmates better, why are not the elections of the very important offices of Student Government President and YWCA President also taken over by the rising senior class on the same grounds?

We realize that a change in the constitution so that the staff of Sights and Insights could elect its own editor is legislation which should have been proposed to the Legislative Committee earlier this month. Since it was overlooked, we are wondering whether or not there is anything that can be done about it before elections start this year. We offer the idea for your consideration. If something cannot be done now, it is up to those who are here next year to see that it goes through the Legislative Committee at the proper time.—B. W.

MAD AS FIRE, AND WISHFUL, TOO

"I'm sick and tired of the whole thing," says Carlotta Carter, badminton manager; and I must say that quite a few people can see her point. Most of you so-called athletes of Salem college certainly haven't lived up to your names. There is absolutely no excuse for signing up for a badminton tournament and wasting several people's energy and time to make out a schedule, if the attitude you have taken is going to prevail. At least four announcements have been made in chapel urging all entrants to please hurry and play off their games. To date, only four of the ten couples signed up for the first rounds have shown any signs of interest—much less played off their matches! The schedule has even been taken down from the bulletin board by some thoughtful person.

The inter-class basketball games have been scheduled to start next week and therefore if anything is to be done about this disgusting situation it should be done quickly. If the first rounds have not been played by Monday, a default by one of the contestants will be compulsory. Not being able to agree on a time to play is a poor excuse; because the gym is open all day, at night, and on Sunday. Come on, you Salemites, let's exert a little energy and prove that we aren't a bunch of lazy, spineless women.

—S. F.