

# The Salemite

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**MORE DANCES**

Many of the student body feel that we do not have enough dances at Salem. Suggestions ranged from tea dances and formals on alternate Saturdays to turning the gym into a U. S. O. center every week-end. The general idea of the suggestions was to give us all a chance to meet new people and provide something to do over the week-ends.

There is really nothing impractical about dances each week. It's true they take planning, but they need not be elaborate — even a square dance would do. All you need is a nickelodeon; refreshments aren't necessary. If you do have refreshments, they could be paid for by a small admission charge. In the past different organizations have sponsored dances in Bitting. Why shouldn't they be started again? Don't you think we could get enough boys for small informals? After all there are the C. P. T.'s, med students, and signal corps boys to augment any possible out-of-town dates. This seems like a good start. What do you say, Salemites? Would you like more dances? If so, make yourself heard. Maybe something can be done about it.

—E. H.

**CHEER FOR THE TEAM**

What in the world is lacking here at Salem? Very few of us ever go to the basketball games, or the hockey games in the fall either. We all used to look forward to the games in high school and went faithfully with the greatest enthusiasm and interest. But here at Salem, we can always think up something else we would rather do, even studying. So many of us give as the excuse for not going to the games that we have too much studying to do. But, usually, in the afternoons we find time to go down town to the show. And there is always plenty of time to play "just a couple of hands of bridge," which, incidentally, turns into a few "rubbers."

What causes this lack of interest? One possibility might be the lack of knowledge of the game itself, but most of us know about the sport through our gym classes. Another reason for the lack of interest might be due to the fact that Salem has entirely intra-mural games. But with the war situation, it is practically impossible to arrange for games with other schools. Maybe if we had class cheer leaders at the games, we could develop a lot more enthusiasm and interest. Why don't we bring this idea up at our class meetings and find out what the students think?

At the next game let's all go and cheer for our team the way we used to, not too many years ago!

—S. A. L.

## I Heard It This Way

Maybe it's because the sun shone for a few minutes this week . . . or maybe because three new buds cropped out on the willow . . . or maybe it's just because we had brownies for lunch Monday. But don't you feel that life has just a trifle more lilt about her now than she had last week? Spring CAN'T be far behind!

Juniors came off with gigantic success despite all the lack of enthusiasm and lack of dates (or are the two synonymous?). There were far greater tribes of men than had been anticipated; and the Juniors did themselves proud with the music and the food . . . there were, furthermore, lots of gay new dresses to add to the festivity. All in all, it was a grand party . . . and the Seniors thank you, Juniors. Poor little underclassmen!

We have just had an interruption which led us outdoors without our coat . . . which definitely clinched our suspicion that this column stinks. Ain't it awful?

From Park Hall, however, we heard a tale of what the young scientists are having on the ball . . . ye gods! It seems that Becky Cozart started a great but absolutely harmless fire which would have burned all the way out without any damage whatsoever had not three-months-from-a-B. S.-degree Neal rushed to the rescue. With towel in grasp, Fanny smothered the fire . . . caught the towel aflame . . . threw the towel in the waste paper basket . . . and set the whole bloomin' works to blazin! A wise move! All of which goes to prove that we A. B.'s are comparatively safe from the dangers of education.

Then from the week-end came the story that we've waited long and hard to harken to . . . so throwing our oath not to mention a body twice consecutively in this column, we here launch into a tale concerning one Mot Sauvain. From Raleigh, she came after the basketball tournament . . . with great bruises on her upper lip . . . from a door, please! We ain't casting any aspersions at all hardly; but we've practiced ever since we first lamped her, and we simply cannot hit upper lips on doors without hitting, at least a nose or a chin or a forehead or a lower lip, too! Anything but a DOOR, Mot!

Then there's the general white-washing of the Seniors by the Freshmen . . . they simply weren't prepared, that's all . . . the Seniors, I mean!

And from the bond queen department, we hear that a dark horse named McLendon is looming high up in the race . . . frankly, we expect to be tied to an asylum bar by next SALEMITE when the winner is announced. Want to lay a small wager?

Things have come to a pretty pass when the Juniors' little sister—namely the lowly freshmen—gather at the Soph-Junior basketball game and loudly root for the rival team. P. S.—They don't even know which horse to bet on!!

Ah Spring! Can't you smell it? And can't you smell this column? Ah yes . . . it is indeed time to smell the Spring again! Good-bye.

## Le Coin Francais

**TRISTESSE**

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,  
Et mes amis et ma gaité;  
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté  
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

Quand j'ai connu la Vérité,  
J'ai cru que c'était une amie;  
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,  
J'en étais déjà è degouté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,  
Et ceux que se sont passés d'elle  
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.  
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde  
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.

Musset.

**EDUCATION ELSEWHERE**

"Education" on Nazi terms has become a major interest of Vidkun Quisling, the Norwegian Quisling. Smuggled reports reveal the puppet premier has put the scientific works of Marie Curie and all books by authors of Polish origin on the "verboten volume" list. At the same time, libraries were ordered to display "large pictures" of Vidkun Quisling. (A. C. P.)

Quisling has a juvenile delinquency problem, too. He's using police to force Norwegian youngsters to attend youth service meetings, fining parents if the kids play hookey.

Radio monitors have picked up a report that Italy's "schools of higher learning" will close for good April 30. All students will be drafted for army duty of farm work (A. C. P.)



**TO BURN OR NOT TO BURN,  
THAT IS THE QUESTION!!**

For two years I have lived within the four walls of Old Salem, and for two years I have wondered just how these girls would react to a blazing fire. I know well that some of these buildings are supposed to be fire-proof, but still, in the most fire-proof buildings the greatest and most disastrous fires occur. In the good old days, I have heard, every one was ready to meet such occasions. Yes, there really were such things as Fire Drill.

What we need today is more of them. Yes, if the whole school were to be in flames, many of us would still be running up and down the hall wondering what to do. Probably half of us would be burned to death from sheer ignorance; one fourth would fatally injure themselves jumping from second or third story windows; the other fourth would give up in utter despair and either be crushed in the rush or sit calmly and wait for the claws of fire to leap out at them and grab them in. It would be a sickening shame to see three hundred and fifty girls all burned to an even crisp or mangled from a terrific jump. What can we do about this? I'll tell you exactly what we can do. Turn on the old "Ford Horn" fire siren, organize, gather the wits and have a genuine, old-fashioned FIRE DRILL.

—P. N.

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES**

There are some things that cannot pass unsaid. Among them are these comments on Salem Square. As you all know, the little plot of ground in front of the school, known as Salem Square, belongs to the city of Winston-Salem and not to Salem College. However, people associate the Square with the college, and what an impression they must get of the girls that go here!

With four sidewalks running through the Square, there does not seem to be enough for Salem students, for we have made a fifth one opposite the arch. It would save the city money to lay another walk instead of planting grass seed two or three times a year. But this would spoil the effect of the whole square. Well, it wouldn't look any worse than it does now. One would think that the Square was the College trash pile by looking at the candy and chewing gum wrappers, the torn up letters, and even the torn up test papers strewn around. If you don't want other people to read your grades, why tear them up to be scattered to the four corners of the Square?

It appears to me, dear students, that now is the time to wake up. We have been destructive long enough. With Spring at the front door, we should open our eyes to glimpse the beauty of nature, which puts on such a beautiful display in Salem Square.

We not only ask you, but beg you to uphold the beauty of Salem Square.

—M. B.

**BIRTHDAYS**

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**BIRTHDAYS, MARCH 14-21.**

Sara Lou McNair—March 17.

Pat Woltz—March 18.

Isaac Hanes—March 18.