

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

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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Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

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LET'S TURN THE WORM

Dr. Hornell Hart's staggering statement that college courses should be "thrilling" and "inspiring" provoked a very obvious and practically unanimous expression of incredulity. Some simply regarded the remark as a statement of arch idealism, and let it go at that; others pounced upon it with a "Eureka! I have found it" expression; and immediately twisted the meaning to suit their own purposes. Thus the "My courses aren't inspiring, so how can anyone expect me to make any effort" type of reasoning was born. Still others attempted a more or less scientific analysis of the situation; and tried to discover just why courses were or were not "thrilling," as the case may be. This examination narrowed down to a consideration of the respective roles of student and teacher in class work. Unfortunately, the old grammar school concept still prevails; and all too many students see themselves only as absorbers . . . they cannot understand that some real effort, some contribution on their part is necessary if their study is to have any interest and value for them. When a girl has reached the college level, it is taken for granted that she can glean for herself a good deal of the basic, the routine sort of information; and that the teacher can enlarge on that groundwork. Needless to say, it all too often doesn't "happen here"; and the instructor has to regress to the ordinary, "run of the mill" type of discussion, which, if it is dull and uninspiring for the student, is just twice as painful for the teacher. After years of meeting stoney, incomprehending stares everytime he dares to advance beyond mere fundamentals, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a teacher may lose some of his spark and spontaneity, and a good deal of his enthusiasm. Thus if courses are not as stimulating as they might be, the fault does not always lie with the faculty member, as is apt to be the general conclusion.

This inquest will in no way vindicate the instructor; on the other hand, it will expose many instances where he is equally blame-worthy. Listing, however, would be of little interest to the general majority, since the student mind has already exhausted all possible means of criticism. The question so often overlooked when an evaluation of the interest of a course is made is not "Does the teacher inspire me?" but "Do I inspire the teacher?"
—An Interested Student.

I Heard It This Way

Well bless John Brown's body if we ain't seen everything now! Do you guess your memories of March 31, 1943 will be tarnished even when you're five million and three years old? We know ours won't . . . secretive herding of suspects into the smoke house, last minute crashes of evidence into the swimming pool, midnight summoning of victims to the deans' office. Ain't the Stee Gee got nothing at all to do? And then there's always Paul Revere. We personally thought they'd confused poor old Paul Jones . . . until it turned out that Formy Duval had appointed herself to carry the tidings. Ye gods from Goldsboro! Please let it just have been an April Fool's prank . . . there's enough that really needs attending to without goose-chasing off on something like a treasure hunt. Great sport . . . truly great sport.

There's also a tale, not nearly so good but plenty good enough for any ordinary week's "I Heard," about the latest library scandal. It appears that Miss Siewers glided out of her office and into a mass of humanity prostrate under the card catalog files. It was only Peggy Mellland . . . not sick, not fainted—just tired! What twist will spring fever develop next?

And with the Pierrettes there also lies a tragedy. Not having anything to amuse themselves with betwixt scenes of "Pure As The Driven Snow," they delved into racks of old costumes . . . Miss Stoney going in for one of them wasp-waist-out-in-the-front-out-in-the-back contraptions. Well, she got in . . . and just as she was getting out again as far as the armor plating, Mrs. Williams bellowed, "Stone on Stage!" Gasping, clawing, groaning noises drifted out from back-stage in response until the hero of the show, an honest-to-goodness male, decided that then was the time for him to really play his role . . . oh ho ho ho!

And from yesterday's student activities chapel, we feel called upon to state that we certainly are gratified to see Miss Dolch's interest in student affairs . . . the student body remained, the faculty departed, and Miss Dolch remained. Grand! Incidentally, while we're on the student activities may we say, "Bless you, My Children!"

Adele Chase, engaged currently in social working among the less fortunate, vows that her project child (aged nine) has a higher I. Q. than she herself has. Well?

Now, the fever has definitely got us by the coat tail . . . so we'll stroll out and smell the grasses. Good-night but not good-bye . . .

Le Coin Francais

LA FIEVRE DE PRINTEMPS

Je suis paresseuse. Pourquoi? La raison est évidente — il est printemps. J'ai beaucoup de leçons à préparer, je dois répondre à beaucoup de lettres, j'ai beaucoup de choses à faire — et que fais-je? Rien! Rien—parceque toutes les fleurs, tous les oiseaux sont ici. L'air résonne de musique; mes oreilles résonnent de musique; partout où je regarde je ne vois que la beauté. Dans la classe je n'écoute rien, mon esprit divague, quand j'étudie, mes pensées passent à d'autres choses. Oui, j'ai la fièvre de printemps. Ecoutez! N'entendezvous la musique? . . . Vous aissi? . . . Docteur, où est le soufie et la mélasse?

—L. THIRAS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STATISTICS

There is, in Salem, a voting population of 318 students. We students, in choosing our leaders, more or less dictate the general policy of our organizations. If we don't like the way the organizations are run, we complain loud and strong . . . and yet there are some 40% of us not voting for anything. What do these figures mean to you?

Election	Voters	Percentage
Student Government	211	63%
I. R. S.	213	63¾%
Y. W. C. A.	180	56½%
A. A.	191	60¾%

An estimate of voters by classes for the A. A. election is:

- Seniors: 76%
- Juniors: 82%
- Sophomores: 64½%
- Freshmen: 64½%

A MORAL AND A POLL

The question in Clewell: Would you be interested in having a small reading room on the second floor of Clewell in which you'd have **Time, Life, Harper's, and Atlantic**?

The response: (Population - 142; girls in rooms at poll time - 74) 74 pro.

The question in Bitting: Would you be interested in supporting a dormitory reading room in which you'd have **Time, Life, Atlantic and Harpers**?

The response: (Population - 37; 22 girls in the dormitory at poll time) 22 pro.

Once upon a time there was an intelligent little girl named Lilybet. Like other children, she had her wants and desires. One day she explained to her mama that she'd like to join the Junior Literary Guild in order that she might read some informative children's books; but her mama lightly tossed the idea aside as absurd, and sent Lily back into the yard to play.

Now the moral of our tale is this: the poll published in this **Salemite** definitely shows that Salem students, like Lilybet, wants copies of **Harper's, Atlantic, Time, and Life** in the Clewell "Y" room and in Miss Lawrence's living room in Bitting (which she has consented to our using). We merely want these two rooms as sort of circulation departments . . . that is, in each magazine we want a library card on which the borrower may sign her name and take the periodical to her bedroom if she chooses. By this arrangement, we students might read while we relax in bed.

The cost of the subscriptions is \$22.50. If, however, the response to Salem's Paul Gallop is genuine, we don't think we'll throw out this idea as Lily's mama did. And if the people questioned represent a good cross-section, we think that, unlike Lilybet, Salemites will remain indoors to read in the future.

—An Interested Reader.

UNITED WE STAND

Come, Mr. Holder, you've been teaching us the Unification of Italy and Germany for years—now how about some practical advice on the Unification of Salem College? We really need it, but we didn't fully realize it until these elections caught up with us. Honestly we're divided into so many pieces that we make the jig-saw puzzles laugh. This is about the size of it:

The Lehmanites; them Sisters, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Day Students; First, Second, and third floor Clewell; the Strong gals; and Senior—Honestly how we ever came to any one conclusion is a mystery to me and a mystery, I dare say, to the poor candidates who have to survive it.

There really isn't anything gained from all this except bruised friendships, black hearts, and blue feelings. Why can't we stick together? It is natural, when there are elections, to have differences of opinion, but it really isn't necessary for clans to form and pull against one another until some one is hurt—or are you one of those who puts loyalty to the clan above capability?

Let's stop this fighting among ourselves as though we were all descendants of the Indians, and stick together. With all of the coming elections, stunt night, May Day, etc., we will really need co-operation — not clanishness — in classes and in the school.