

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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LET'S BE INFORMED

For years Salem has successfully carried out the plan of offering each girl a lecture ticket, which entitles her to a series of lectures. This is made possible by the student budget fund. We are very fortunate to have the opportunity of hearing some of the most interesting and well-informed men of our time. Those that have heard the lectures in the past, realize all that the speakers have to offer. And those that have not had the chance to attend the lectures have a great deal to look forward to in the lectures planned for this year.

Of course, our minds are now centered on the war and world affairs taking place from day to day. The committee for selection of the lectures realized this, and therefore, has asked men who are especially fitted for discussing these topics. All of our speakers this year will lecture on current events and post-war planning. From them, we shall get a clear picture of the affairs taking place now. Among our lecturers are an ambassador, a member of the Foreign Policy Association, and a correspondent. Here's a chance to have all those questions, that have been on your mind for a long time, answered.

Tuesday night, William Henry Chamberlain will speak to us on an important subject to us all, "Russia." This is the first lecture in the series. Salemites, let's attend 100 per cent and hear the opinions of a man who has much to tell us about our ally.

DO YOU GO?

Salemites hear many bells ring out over the campus during the day, but to some sixty girls and faculty members there is a very special significance to the peaceful sound of bells heard over old Salem just before 8:15 on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings . . . it is that ringing out that calls together a small group of college girls for a few moments of song, scripture, and silent prayer before the start of a busy day.

Those of us who put aside for those brief moments thoughts of homework, tests, and classes to sit in quiet meditation receive a personal satisfaction and a feeling of reverence that helps us to know God and feel His presence as we rush through these hurried days.

Won't you ask your roommate and the girls across the hall to come with you to Chapel Service Monday morning?

ON CHEATING

Last week's editorial on the Honor System seems to have provoked considerable thought in the student body.

Among other discussions has been the question as to just exactly what is termed cheating. Plagiarism is probably the most usual form of cheating. Copying work already done by a friend, letting someone else do your assignments, and copying material from books without giving due credit to the author—all are forms of plagiarism. There are those who let the other girl do all the work and then annoy her until she tells all the answers she worked to find. The girl who lets someone else do her work in this manner may not be cheating in the literal sense, but she is cheating herself.

The girl who resorts to cheating to get through college is wasting both time and money: she should have stayed at home. If she neglects to do her own work for herself, she will make no progress: it takes no concentration or real thinking to copy someone else's work. If she happens to get through college with her lax habits, she will very likely be worse off than when she began. A developed habit of cheating has a spreading influence upon one's own character and that of others. And cheating, once practiced, can easily become a habit.

WARTIME DEMANDS ON WOMEN STUDENTS

There are two sets of motives which influence women when they are deciding whether they should direct their energies toward the survival of the nation or the preservation of its cultural values. One includes real, the other, false motives.

The real motives that have convinced some women students that they should abandon liberal-arts studies for immediate war service are: concern over the survival of the nation, and the conviction that only outside of the University can they make their maximum contribution to their nation. The false motive that has swayed others is fear of being thought unpatriotic if they continued in school.

The real motives that should guide the women who decide to continue their liberal education are a genuine concern for the preservation of cultural values, and a conviction that by continuing in school they can make their greatest contribution to the nation. The false, unjustifiable motive is fear of the discomfort and hardship that would attend leaving the University for service in industry, agriculture, or one of the auxiliary armed services.

This simple, sane analysis avoids the emotional emphasis that has frequently been placed on the problem. Too often it has been attacked by contrasting life in Guadalcanal and a Berkeley sorority, concluding that college women are unjustifiably leading soft lives while marines fight and die . . .

While others are working and fighting, the women who choose the course of continuing to seek a liberal education must accept the responsibility of learning and understanding. They must sincerely strive to acquire the background knowledge that will be needed when the time comes to build the peace.

They must remain apart from the hatreds of war. Theirs is a haven of refuge from blood and sweat, but the function of this haven is not to enable a group of young women to live comfortably while their brothers and sisters are fighting and working. Its function is to turn out people who will be ready to carry on the cultural values of our civilization; to guarantee that there will be no bankruptcy of informed, educated opinion after the war and in the years to come; to guarantee that this generation will suffer the least possible handicap in carrying out its future responsibilities because its education was cut short by a world conflagration.—The Daily Californian.

Le Coin Français

Aimez-vous le théâtre? Aimez-vous rire aux comédies? Savez-vous être furieuses, puis folles, puis gaies, à votre tour? Est-ce que le théâtre vous fascine comme il fascine beaucoup d'autres?

Si un beau matin vous êtes pres de la salle de classe vingt-deux et vous entendiez une femme riante, un homme frappant à la porte furieusement, et vous entendiez un homme chantant des mots drolats. Vous seriez bien étonnées, j'en suis sûre.

Il y a un autre cercle dramatique à Salem maintenant. C'est la classe de Français 103. Maintenant la classe lit La Farce de Maître Pierre Pathelin, une comédie du XVI^e siècle. C'est l'histoire d'un avocat méchant.

Si tout va bien, peut-être la classe présentera cette comédie au cercle français. Nous l'espérons. Nous croyions que notre professeur, Mademoiselle Lachmann, est née pour l'étage, mais nous sommes contents qu'elle est à Salem. Prenez-garde, Pierrettes!

Don't Quote Me...But--

Here we are! Assuming that most of us survived those six-weekers this column should be dedicated most appropriately with a hymn of joy—no; we don't think it would fit either . . . so down to business.

Flash! . . . A whole senior team seen down for hockey practice . . . the old ladies aren't dead yet . . . What's more, though we cringe to admit it, we predict a brilliant season for those sophomore gals too.

Before we go a bit further, we want to say "Happy Birthday, Mother Strong and many, many more. Please have them all at Salem, too."

To Mr. Curlee, our sincerest sympathies . . .

And to Mr. Owens, our heartiest congratulations . . .

This time it ain't a rumor—we don't think . . . Miss Savacool is going to try to get home this week-end . . . via train, of course. Don't make the mistake of mentioning planes, whew!! Also to Miss Savacool, an orchid for admitting that she gives hard tests that cover everything . . . these Yankees—you can't beat 'em.

L. S. — M. F. T. — L. S. — M. F. T. — dot, dot, . . . dot, dot, dot — really, such things tend only to break the public morale. It's getting so one must be intelligent to listen to the radio. For real pleasure, try WIXR . . . in between spurts of static, it's grand, really . . . and seriously, for a refreshing half-hour of relaxation between the early and late hours of studying, there's none better than "Uke" and Bing on the Kraft Music Hall program Thursday nites . . . By the way, wonder when those Sunday night broadcasts from Memorial Hall, which we enjoyed so much last spring, are going to begin?

Thanks to Dr. Anscombe for a good description of the once-Duke of Wales: "He was at one time admiral of the British fleet, but he's now third mate of an American tramp." He doesn't like Wally, either.

For the best story of the week, see Dr. Stephenson or the Ed . . . even "Don't Quote Me . . . But—" doesn't quote such things . . . but it's good!

Then there's Park Hall, where chocolates always seem abundant . . .

We could go on and on, but here is as good a time as any to take a bit of Dr. W.'s advice. The advice? . . . "Why waste words!"

Apuntes Espanoles

Varios amigos, un militar, un poeta, un cura, un usurero y un pintor, estaban de sobremesa discutiendo acerca del valor relativo de algunos grandes hombres. El criado de la fonda los escuchaba encantado.

-Propongo un brindis, dijo el militar, -por el primer hombre del mundo, por Alejandro Magno.

Protesto! exclamó el poeta; -el primer hombre del mundo fué Byron!

Protesto! exclamó el poeta; el primer hombre del mundo fué Byron! nació de Loyola.

-Proclamo, - chilló el usurero, - por primer hombre del mundo a Malthus.

Protervo - vocifero él pintor; el primer hombre del mundo fué Miguel Angel.

-Pobres señores! - se permitió decir el criado de la fonda. -El primer hombre del mundo fué Adán.

Este despropósito cayó tan en gracia a los amigos, que al acabar de reír ya no se acordaron de su discusión, ni de dar propina al criado.