

NOVEMBER 11, 1943—NOVEMBER 11, 1944?

(In honor of the 25th anniversary of the Armistice Day of World War I, and in hopes of another Armistice Day in the not-too-distant future, we are dedicating this page to thoughts on World War II — ideas of both servicemen and Salemites. We feel that since this subject is foremost in all our minds, this use of the page might help to formulate some new views as well as to learn those of the men who are fighting the war and those of our associates here at Salem. Ed's note.)

Once again Armistice Day rolls around and finds the world gripped in the fourth year of another war—a war greater and more horrible than any war known to mankind. Twenty-six years ago the first great World War had just ended, and there was a prayer in the heart of every world citizen that this was the "war to end all wars." Little did the average American citizen believe that within a quarter of a century there was to be a second World War in which their sons would be required to fight for their very existence and for all that is sacred to them. We do not yet know whether the victory this time is to be ours; we can only hope, pray, and devote all our energies and resources toward a victorious end.

If we, individually, will give our utmost in all our work and continue to put the guns and ammunition into our men's hands, this time next year we may be having the greatest celebration of Armistice that we have ever had.

TIME—OUR MOST USEFUL WEAPON

"Procrastination is the thief of time!" All our lives we have heard this old adage, yet how many of us have heeded it? Very few, I expect. Most of us usually put things off until the very last minute, then have to work overtime trying to catch up! Wasting time is definitely one of us girls' besetting sins.

The secret of not wasting time lies in the organization of our work. If each of us had a definite time to do each assignment, we would have much more time for extracurricular activities. How often have we heard girls say, "I wish I had time for that Home Nursing Course—or do that Red Cross knitting or bandage rolling."

In the future, let's read that history parallel, or do the research for that source theme on time so we will have more leisure to devote to outside activities. We owe that much to Salem and the war effort.

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What Am I Fighting For?

By Sgt. Thomas N. Papas

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Sgt. Thomas N. Papas, of the Armored Forces, was inducted into the Army on March 11, 1942. He is completing his second lieutenant's training. He was born in Memphis, Tennessee, where his parents, three sisters and a younger brother still live. He spent three years at Southwestern College, in Memphis, played football, wrote stories for the Memphis Commercial Appeal, got movie-struck and spent two years in California. His father came from Greece in 1907, owns a Memphis restaurant.

I am fighting for that big white house with the bright green roof and the big front lawn, the house that I lived in before Hitler and the Japanese came into my life. I am fighting for those two big sycamore trees out there on the lawn where my brother and I spent so many happy and never-to-be-forgotten hours.

I am fighting for that little sister of mine, the one in the eight grade, the one who shed so many tears when her brothers went marching off to war.

I am fighting for those two gray-haired grownups who live in that house right now. Those two hard-working and intelligent people who planned the lives of those two boys who went marching off to war. Those two people who fought so hard to give those boys a good education, to keep them well clothed, well fed and clean of body and mind.

I am fighting for that big stone church with its tall, stained-glass windows, its big organ with the magnificent tone, its choir, its people who were always so glad to see us. That big stone church with its great principles and ideals, its irreplaceable position in the community, its educational program for the young, its living testimony to the Creator of us all.

I am fighting for that big brick schoolhouse, that fine old college with all its tradition and its ivy-covered walls, that nice little roadster I used to have, my room at home with all the books, that radio in the living room, that phonograph with all its records, that piano, that tennis court back of the house, and that little black cocker spaniel with his big bright eyes and his funny walk.

I am fighting for my home and your home, my town and your town. I am fighting for New York and Chicago and Los Angeles and Greensboro and Hickory Flat and Junction City. And, above all, I am fighting for Washington. I am fighting for those two houses of Congress, for that dignified and magnificent Supreme Court, for that President who has led us so brilliantly through these trying years and for the man who succeeds him.

I am fighting for everything that America stands for. I am fighting for the rights of the poor and the rights of the rich. I am fighting for the right of the American people to choose their own leaders, to live their own lives, to pursue their own careers, to save their money if they like or to spend their money if they like.

I am fighting for that girl with the large brown eyes and the reddish tinge in her hair, that girl who is away at college right now, preparing herself for her part in the future of America and Christianity.

I am fighting for that freedom that so few of us seemed to realize we had before the war struck at us. I am fighting for that American belief in equality, in justice and in an Almighty God.

These are the things I am fighting for, and there are millions more in the Army fighting for them, too, and back on the home front the rest of the millions are buying the Bonds to help pay for the weapons of war and working day and night on the production lines to produce the weapons of war.

We cannot lose.

Cheer the boys in the hospitals. Make scrapbooks, favors, and place cards for their trays. Collect jokes and pictures to go in the scrapbooks. Sign on the bulletin boards before Monday for what you want to do. Do your part for the war effort.

Don't Quote Me...But

Ah... hockey... it's a wonderful sport!!! What with all of our broken fingers it is just by the mercy of the gods that we can type... else, what would happen to this column? Hummmmmmm...

What could have been more appropriate than to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" as the clock struck eleven on the 25th anniversary of World War I Armistice Day... and to see our president standing reverently with bowed head? He seemed to have enjoyed the community sing as heartily as the girls!...

To Miss Hixson, we're glad to have you back... and our deepest sympathies...

This we picked up at "Tree Planting"... quote Mrs. (Pres.) Rondthaler, "Now you freshmen know where to get spending money." Quote the junior class, "Oh, would we were trees!"...

It most grieves us to tell you that the honorable Robert R. Reynolds will not be a candidate for renomination to the United States Senate in the Democratic Primary of May, 1944. And just when we were becoming eligible to vote...

Dean Vardell, you are wonderful! (And we say this modestly.) Lib did herself proud, too...

In spite of all the chaos it's still a grand ol' world, says Miss Savacool... oops, Mrs. Sanders. Arrived in Washington on Sunday morning... came home a Mrs. on Sunday night... that's right. That is all well and good... but, our grievance is that she didn't save it as a scoop for the Salemite. Her reason... she couldn't wait one measly week to wear her ring!!! Now we ask you... what kind of a reason is that? Seriously, though, congratulations and all of the best wishes and happiness that it is possible for two to have!...

To those girls who responded so willingly to the call for "models" in various pictures made this week, the Office of Public Relations wishes here and now to thank them. Such cooperation is greatly appreciated!...

Remember that proposed measures and amendments to the Constitution must be handed in by Tuesday, November 16 at one o'clock. Measurer and amendments must be submitted in writing and must be signed by ten per cent of the student body which will be thirty-two persons. Isn't it great... this land of democracy?...

For an unusually attractive bulletin board, consult the one in Clewell sponsored by the "Y"...

Oh, that we were a member of the Riding Club! Just to think of the long horseback ride out to Clemmons tomorrow afternoon in the crisp (!) autumn (!) breezes (!), the chicken-pie supper, the overnight stay at the Rondthaler's, and the jaunt back to town Sunday after an early breakfast makes us green with envy. On second thought... after that hockey practice, we don't think we'd be able to make it. (Groan)... surely our fingers couldn't hurt there...

LET'S WAKE UP

Our boys are at the front fighting to protect their homes and their women—they are protecting us, but not to the point that we can afford to cloister ourselves so as not to realize what is going on in the world.

The majority of Salem students tend to shut themselves in a close little world of bridge, cokes, week-ends and books and to ignore the fact that they have an obligation to those boys on the front.

Several weeks ago we made our pledge to the W. S. S. F. Last week the goal was far from reached. If it has been since, it is only because girls have made a door-to-door canvas and almost literally dug the money from our pockets.

In the bond drives the results have been pitifully small. And the mites collected were done so because our spirit of competition was fired.

Come one, Salem, wake up. There IS a war, and we ARE in it! Honor your pledges gladly and willingly; make it possible to have a stamp and bond stand doing business every day.

IN THE COLLEGE GIRL'S DEFENSE

War is the reality that makes our "bull sessions" merrier because we know our chatter can stop, our laughter gayer because there may come a time when there won't be much reason for laughing. Behind our giddiness, our constant searching for fun and pleasure, is a ragged fear, a doubt that lurks always just beneath consciousness. Every girl, in these days, wonders, more agonizingly than she will ever admit, just what this war will mean to her before it is ended. She knows that all odds are against her escape. She is sure to be hit in some vulnerable spot, whether it be in what happens to a brother, or to the boy she plans to marry. All these things are as true of college girls as of other girls.

People say a college girl seems to cling to "things as they were." She does cling. Probably more than a member of any other special group, she clings. This may be that she is spoiled by more luxuries than other people. It is more likely that she realizes more than others do how different things could be. But her clinging does not make her an escapist or one "untouched" by the war, as she is often accused of being.

What about that uncomfortable little twinge at the bottom of her stomach when she has a seat on a bus and a soldier stands? She thinks, "I'll be home for Christmas," then remembers how many people are not able to say that, and it isn't such a happy thought any more. She keeps making herself remember the phrase she has heard so often, "But college is a wartime job." What about that picture always in her mind of "me on the second row in History class—him in a foxhole with a bullet throbbing in his shoulder"?

She hears of what happened to the group of American boys just before they were released from the Japanese prison camp. She receives news of another friend "missing in action" in North Africa. Then she turns back to the problems for her tomorrow's math class, or trudges over to the lab to find her "second unknown," or studies for a Foods test. But is "untouched" exactly the word you want for her?

SALEMITE'S HOUSE IS NOW IN ORDER

With a newly-decorated office and a newly-announced staff the Salemite should serve its purpose to the fullest.

The apprentice reporters who are now full-fledged staff members, were chosen for their ability to write, their reliability, their quality and quantity of work. Their duration as staff members depends upon their desire to improve their work and their continued co-operation—the 1:30 Tuesday meeting is a "must."

Recently we have received several unsolicited manuscripts for which we are grateful. Due acknowledgement will be given later in the year. We challenge you to submit further contributions. Remember—a mast-head is very flexible.