

The Salemite

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"TIME ON YOUR HANDS?"

What do you do in your spare time? Most of us hide our heads in shame when someone asks this question. We feel that our extra hours should be our own to use as we wish, and therefore, we go to movies, have "bull sessions," etc. whenever possible. It's true that we should be able to do as we like, but why can't we combine work and pleasure?

With all the extra curricula activities that Salem offers, we shouldn't have any trouble keeping ourselves busy. Of course, all of us belong to some of the organizations on the campus, but we could be more active members than we are.

The "Y" has started a new program this year that includes every member of the student body, but I'm afraid if a survey should be taken, it would be found that only a few really participate. Also a Surgical Dressing Room has been started, and is open three days a week, and Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The results of this have been much better than expected, but there are still many more students who could help out. I haven't even mentioned the Athletic Association, the Student Government, the language clubs, the Salemite, the I. R. S., etc. All these organizations are pleading for your cooperation. Let's all back them, and arouse the Salem spirit.

Now, more than ever is it important to keep our own morale high, and most of all to help the boys in the service. All these organizations are trying to do this, but their efforts will not be successful without your help.

Miss Hixon is anxious to have a general survey of what we all do with our spare time. This next week someone will come to see you and ask you to fill out a blank. Please do this as honestly and correctly as you can. Be thinking about it before then. Know what organizations you belong to and how you spend your extra moments.

Don't Quote Me...But--

Life, indeed, is a gay thing. It would be fitting to our mood that we now expound on spring, at length—but, alas, our better judgement permits us only to say, "tra-la!" . . . that over, we shall attempt to tie down our momentarily high flying spirits that we may look around and comment there on . . .

It behooves us first to laugh off the unresponsive challenge . . . after all basketball is a rather winding sport and the outcome would, with out a doubt, be of serious consequence to the academic morale . . . Then, too, Killer Kenyon isn't here to urge his team on to victory with the help of Georgie "Glamack" Downs and "Sneak-Em-In" Shavely, as it were . . . Doesn't an unanswered challenge mean admitted defeat or something, hummmmm? . . .

To fit right in with the worth-while things in life was Miss Mary Gould (pronounced Goo'ld, please) Davis. She took us right back to the days of pigtails and we loved it. Who other than Miss Davis could have made of us such ready fans of the "Jack Tales" . . . (incidentally, who other than Mrs. Holder could have made that absolutely precious introduction?)

Children can be delightful . . . at least one of our "teachers to be" thinks so. It happened that one small pupil insisted in probing into "teacher's" life history and accepted with enthusiasm the fact that she was married on Valentine's Day, she not only got many for herself but found one in the box for her husband . . .

Then, while we are acknowledging V's. D., this one . . . it seems that the other married-one-among-our-midst went home V's. D. expecting to spend it alone; since, the husband was to be on duty. When she got home, on the hall table she found a Valentine saying, "Look in the desk drawer." In the desk drawer there was another saying, "Look in the dresser drawer." In the dresser drawer she found still another with directions to look in the closet . . . She opened the closet door . . . and . . . behold—Norman & box of candy . . .

More than likely a great many things have happened this week; but we have forgotten them . . . or never know about them . . . and what with the roommate's bellowing, our cheerful self shall soon take wing; so we had best take leave of you, moppets . . . but take care of yourselves, and never disagree with the Holders . . . Ye gads!

Good Night—

Le Coin Francais

Au milieu de la guerre, en un siècle sans foy,
Entre mille procez, est-ce pas grand'folie
D'essire de l'amour? De manstes on lie
Des fols qui ne sont pas si furieux que moy.

Grison et maladif r'entrer dessous la loy
D'amour, O quelle erreur! Dieux, merci je vous crie;
Tu ne m'es plus Amour, tu m'es une furie,
Qui me rends fol, enfant, et sans yeux comme toy.

Voir perdre mon pays proye des adversaires,
Voir en nos estendars les fleurs de liz contraires,
Voir une Thebaide, et faire l'amoureux!

Je m'en vais au palais; adieu, vicilles sorcieres.
Muses, je prends mon sac; je seray plus heureux
En gagnant mes procez qu'en suivant vos rivieres.
—Pierre de Ronsard

And You're Only Asked to Buy War Bonds



MORNIG WORSHIP

The morning worship period on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:15 is a new thing on Salem campus this year. This plan was devised for the students at their own request for such a service. The students who suggested this idea felt a real need for the setting aside for a time of religious worship. Is this spirit dead among us now?

The administration and faculty worked together last summer in order to establish such a plan for the students. A plan was devised for the convenience of the students. Now every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:15 ten minutes are set aside for worship. Programs are earnestly planned. We are offered a reading from the Bible, a period of religious meditation, and specially arranged music. Our president, vice-president, and music department are giving us their time regularly for these programs, in the belief that it is in the best interests of the student body.

This service is not required—not required purposely. Checking attendance would destroy the spirit, and also the intent of this worship. The students asked for this devotional because they truly wanted it, and needed it. It is, then, entirely up to the students to maintain this privilege.

Many girls whom we all have known worked on this project with all their hearts. The administration happily worked at this idea, and made it an actuality for us. The service was ideally organized for us. Will all these efforts be completely ignored? Is the plan a failure because our student body lacks the urge for religious worship? Is 'all' lost because of you?

CLASS SPIRIT

What is Class Spirit? Is it a certain indefinable, mystical something which is difficult to obtain and still more difficult to keep? Is it an art for which one must study; is it a special characteristic which only a few can ever hope to have?

Class Spirit is none of these things. To put it quite simply, it is just the willingness of a group of individuals to "get in there and pitch." It is a personal interest and feeling of pride in what the class is doing. It is an enthusiastic attitude of helpfulness if help is needed—of support, if backing is needed—and of co-operation, which is always needed.

The class composed of girls who sit around passively waiting for someone else to do the work—the class composed of girls who never advance ideas and plans—is a class without class spirit.

Now that we have defined Class Spirit, let us see how this applies to our everyday activities. Soon the basketball season will open officially and the various class teams will be fighting their hardest to win the games and chalk up one more honor for the class—Only a few people can play, but the rest of us can be there lending our enthusiastic support, letting the teams know that we are proud of them. Classes will be giving stunts money-making projects, or plays which will not be successful unless the people for whom these programs are planned cooperate.

In the larger sense, Class Spirit is Salem Spirit—a sincere love and enthusiastic appreciation for the things that Salem does and stands for.

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