

The Salemite

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LIGHTS OUT, PLEASE!

What has happened the last few weeks to cause so many girls to get that feared letter of "automatic restrictions?" Certainly these restrictions have not resulted from intended breaking of the rules. It is true that the majority of the girls have received a week's restriction because of carelessness on their own part to turn off their lights by 11:30. We must watch this—the proctors dislike giving restrictions to us, and it is unfair to them as well as to ourselves to break these rules.

It is obvious why we have been given the deadline of 11:30 for light. Some feel that even this is too long for us to stay up, and those are given the privilege of going to bed early provided the rest of us keep the halls quiet during quiet hours. For those who feel that they cannot complete their assignments during the days, two light cuts a week are allowed. It is very easy to get these light cuts by seeing the sub-house presidents from 10:45-11:15, and this time should be convenient for everyone.

The college has tried to help us with our work. They have set the hour of 11:30 for lights out for an obvious reason. They realize our need for sleep, and we should be thankful for this deadline. But if there are some night owls, who want to stay up and do their work, please let's help the proctors and house presidents. Let's sign up for light cuts when we want them, and let's make sure when we do not have a light cut card on the door that our lights are off at the last warning.

"If you feel you can't buy War Bonds, write your reasons down on a piece of paper and mail it to a friend or relative of yours on the fighting front. A friend or relative who is facing the hell-fire in modern war... a friend or relative who may be lying, body torn, on a bloodstained battlefield far away from home. Tell HIM you just can't buy more War Bonds." (A. C. P.)

Le Coin Français

MOLIÈRE

Molière était né à Paris et fit de brillantes études au Collège de Clermont, et, dit-on, suivit à Orléans des cours de Droit. Son père, tapissier du roi, lui destinait la survivance de sa charge, mais l'attrait du théâtre fut le plus fort.

Malgré l'opposition de sa famille, il s'engagea dans une troupe d'acteurs, et il devint bientôt le chef. Cette troupe alla de ville en ville, pendant 12 ans. Molière avait une vie de riche expérience, et cette expérience se montre en son ouvrage. Molière apprit à connaître la nature humaine, et il appliqua cette connaissance en ses pièces.

Il était protégé par le duc d'Orléans, frère du roi, Louis XIV, puis par Louis lui-même qui l'installa au Palais-Royal. En moins de 15 ans, il composa, pour le public ou pour les plaisirs de la Cour, plus de 30 pièces. Plusieurs d'entre elles sont d'immortels chefs-œuvre: "L'Ecole des Femmes", "Tartuffe", et "Le Malade imaginaire." C'est en jouant cette dernière pièce qu'il fut saisi d'une crise violente dont il mourut.

Molière a créé la comédie. Maintenant, nous étudions son "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", une satire sur un homme assez riche, appartenant à la classe moyenne. Nous l'aimons bien.

Don't Quote Me...But--

Wonderful is the only word we have to describe our present condition. We can't imagine what has kept us in the clouds for so long, but honestly living is grand isn't it? ... perhaps it's the bright fact that six weeks tests are over and everybody is at last settling down to more normal existence ... perhaps it's the fact that Mrs. Marks is back ... (we are afraid to even breathe it, tho', for fear the gremlins will hear and carry her off again to the realm of the unknown—that would be most sad; so we shall make no further mention of her return but play like she hasn't been gone at all) ...

Then there is the Cleveland Symphony ... and they are going to play Brahms's Second Symphony ... everyone is very considerate these days—if we can't have Shostakovitch what, please, is better than Brahms? Then, too, the whole last of the program is to be Wagner—lovely Wagner! Add to this a bit of Beethoven and it equals a perfect musical evening.

Everyone has been pretty worried about poor little Mr. Bair and the U. S. Army ... they couldn't possibly want him more than we do ... and besides what ever will happen to *The Old Maid and the Thief*? ... tsk ... tsk ...

It seems that everyone is highly dramatically-minded these past few weeks doesn't it? The Freshmen Dramatic Club has really been putting out. They no more than give one play afore they are off on another—these times ... these times ... not to mention, of course, the grand piece of work that the Pierrettes put on all alone—sans director and everything ... it was really fine business ... we should say "congrats" to every one who helped ... it was a swell job of cooperation and just shows what can be done if enough people want it to be done—the first real showing of spirit so far ...

Some mighty big boners were pulled this week ... red faces were not at all an uncommon sight among which was ours—as usual ... but the most truly artistic "Oh—what—did—I—say—that—for?" experience this week was one made in ye ol' Art Lab by one Mrs. Marks ... oh—what she said!!! You see, it was like this—we were up there dutifully doing what was assigned us, and Mrs. Marks was dutifully standing over us seeing that we did do what was assigned us then company arrived ... The Rev. ... no, we just can't tell it ... we haven't the heart (and neither do we wish to fail outright the said course—mainly we don't want to fail, etc) but it 'uz a good'un, tho ... it really was ... But that wasn't enough, she tried to blame it on us ... Now we ask you—what do you think of that?

We have heard some slight mention of stunt Night or something to that effect ... also we have heard that the Senior's would like to have a Junior-Senior ... weeeeeelllll ...

Oh, hum ... life is rightly beautiful ... but the most wonderful thing about life is the people one meets ... (don't know why this sudden rush of affection for humanity in general) ... My! aren't we getting philosophical? Must stop before Diogenes gives up the hunt for an honest man and decides he wants a philosophical one instead ... we couldn't bare to leave this world now ... Heh, heh (wishful thinking, we think it is termed) ...

Enjoy life, children—

SPRING

To discover the new birds in spring
to hear the piping of the frogs
to feel the sun on the first warm morning
to find the first blade of green grass
breaking through the brown earth
to picture dancing fairies and elves
in the cool, green delfe and glen
to listen to the trill of birds
and hear their tuneful symphony
to sketch pictures and faces
out of wisps of white clouds
to experience the glorious feeling
of living
to sense that God is near
at dawn, sunset, dusk,
and after a rain.

Rosemary Cleveland

LONG LIVE MAGARLIS!

Not many years ago the first day of May was one of great celebration in Czechoslovakia. It was the day dedicated to the young, to joy and to pride in the homeland. It was the day of Magarlis—the day of love.

On Magarlis, in the Czech towns, the parks and squares were filled with gaily dressed couples—all in the colorful, quaint, traditional costumes of their section of the country. Everything was alive. Tiny stands showed wares of various kind—embroidery, cakes and kalatetty. The very young ones—unaware as yet of the real significance of Magarlis—wandered from place to place in groups leaving behind them bits of gay songs and the memories of vigorous dances. The whole country rang with the music of laughter and love.

When the German army marched into little Czechoslovakia, one of the first customs they abolished was Magarlis. It aroused too much national spirit. Thus, the peasants of Moravia and Bolivia—and all the fun-loving people in the Czech nation—were deprived of their beloved May Day celebration. No more have the parks rung with music or the laughter of the young people; and the Gypsies have had to stay their wandering feet to please the German conquerors.

This May Day at Salem is a dedication to all of the conquered nations of the world which, for the present have had their dearest customs wiped out. Because this settlement was founded by men from old Moravia, it is fitting that Czechoslovakia should be chosen as the country furnishing the theme for the Salem May Day. Perhaps, in some small way, we may carry on the Czech tradition while the Czechoslovakians are not able to do so. We hope to keep alive here at Salem the spirit of Magarlis—the spirit of Love.

Nancy Stone
(Chairman of May Day)

Apuntes Espanoles

Del Salón en el ángulo obscuro,
De su dueno tal vez olvidada,
Silenciosa y cubierta de polvo
Veíase el arpa.
! Cuánta nota dormía en sus cuerdas,
Como el pájaro duerme en las ramas,
Esperando la mano de nieve
Que sabe arrancarla!
! Ay! pensé; ! cuántas veces el genio
Así duerme en el fondo del alma,
Una voz, como Lázaro, espera
Que le diga: "Levántate y anda!"