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Music at the Battle Front

In the work of the Federation of Music Clubs emphasis is now placed on soliciting and transporting musical material to soldiers on the battle lines, in training and in hospitals. The former peacetime plan included many projects advantageous to the public, most of which has been continued although new goals are set forth.

Clubs affiliated with the Federation sponsor concerts in towns where a Civic Music Association is financially impossible. Many young composers and artists have experienced their first public performance under its auspices. The prizes and scholarships enable further study.

Rising to meet present-day conditions, the Federation is under taking an enlarged program. Not only are they reaching forward with what they have now, but also they are searching for new fields. In Psychiatric diseases they work to find in music a successful cure for certain cases. Already trained groups of musicians have been organized to perform in hospitals. The study reveals that nervous patients should not be treated to Wagner: a more likely solution to their problem is Chopin. In one instance a piano was sent by cargo plane to an island in the Pacific. A search is carried on regularly for musical instruments requested by wounded soldiers. The records and record players are of outstanding value to high morale.

Affiliated with the Federation in Winston-Salem are the Mozart Club, Salem College Choral Ensemble and Thursday Morning Music Club. Praise should be extended to these active organizations.

CUT IT OUT!

So you keep on having the nagging suspicion that you should be in the Waves or something, do you? And you roll bandages six hours a week? You've given generously to the Red Cross, and you intend too keep on giving for a long time? And you write to boys in the service regularly? That's fine. That's great.

But there's one more tiny thing you can do. It isn't nearly as hard to do as any of the above things which you already do. Just cut off the lights when you aren't using them!

If the use of electricity were cut down 10% this year, four million tons of coal would be saved. Think how much more good that coal would do in the hands of the Navy, say, than it does burning on and on in your empty room!

Le Coin Français

"Au printemps le caprice d'une jeune femme retourne facilement aux pensées d'amour." Maintenant nous lisons, proprement, les poèmes d'amour d'Alphonse de Lamartine et d'Alfred de Musset. Lamartine à côté du lac de Bourget lamente sa bien-aimée qui était morte. Dans Le Lac, il "évoque . . . eurs jours de bonheur . . ." Dans la Nuit de Mai, Musset, "désespéré par sa rupture avec George Sand, est trop triste pour chanter le printemps." Il écrit d'une manière originale un pélican, —une comparaison étrange, mais touchante entre l'oiseau et le poète. Le bout du poème est encore un refus d'écrire:

Mais j'ai souffert un dur martyre,
Et le moins que j'en pourrais dire,
Si je l'essayais sur ma yre,
La briserait comme un roseau."

Don't Quote Me... But--

In case you're wondering, this weather we are at the point of madness over, is the result of a Northeastern . . . that is, if you don't know, some shape of a storm or something . . . we heard but didn't comprehend. Anyway it doesn't matter. Who cares—who cares about anything?

If we aren't cheerful it's only because we are sure we're coming down with scarlet fever or measles or something drastic . . . Of course it is right expectable since May Day is just a week off . . . and then we have to worry about the said Northeastern and wonder if it will wander by about 5:00 on May 6 . . . oh, brother—it never has before . . . but the luck of the Irish! Brother . . .

Just to show one disadvantage of teaching, notice the epidemic of "childhood plagues" . . . If this sounds absolutely hideous keep in mind the fact that this was to beat the deadline and if somebody doesn't pull in our line we are going to be goners . . . it's that bad . . .

We could mention Junior-Senior—but why . . . there will probably be a feature on it anyway . . . so why bother . . . The little Eastern Airline man was around—but he didn't interest anyone because he only offered \$128 per month . . . then the WAC's have arrived and everybody urges that we look interested . . . it really ain't a bad idea considering their past receptions at our honored institution . . .

About the opera . . . well, thankful are we that in previous days we took the trouble to listen to practices and to take heed . . . otherwise we might not have known they were singing for a while there . . . Did you notice the sets—you couldn't have missed them . . . they were perfectly precious . . .

While we are on the subject of music we might take notice of the first performance of Dean Vardell's Contata, "A Christmas Prayer In Time of War." . . . from what we hear it must have been grand . . . we have never seen more women invading our campus—everywhere, everywhere . . . one lost dear came rushing up and in the greatest indignation asked flustered freshman, "Why don't they put up green arrows for us to follow—I can't find my way around this place" . . . said the frosh, "Well I've been here almost a year and they haven't put up any for me . . . I'm lost too—have been for eight months." . . . it's a droll world—

Apuntes Espanoles

EL MUCHACHO LISTO

El padre y la madre de Juan vivían en un pueblo de la provincia de Badajoz. Cuando el muchacho tenía doce años le enviaron a estudiar a un colegio de la capital de la provincia. El día veinte de junio, al fin de la primavera del año siguiente, volvió Juan a su casa para pasar allí el verano. Para celebrar la vuelta de su hijo, la madre preparó un excelente comida en la que sirvió dos conejos. 1

Juan vio la ocasión de lucir la ciencia aprendida en el colegio y dijo:

Padre, cuantos conejos cree Vd. que hay en la mesa?
-Dos conejos, hijo. No es ves?
Pues hay tres, no es verdad, madre?
-No, hijo, no hay más que dos.
-Pues yo voy a probar que hay tres.
-Eso no es posible—dijo el padre.
-Sí, es posible—dijo el muchacho—Voy a contarlos: uno y dos; uno y dos son tres; por consiguiente, hay tres conejos en la mesa.
-Muy bien—dijo el padre. Yo me como uno, tu madre se come otro y tú te comes el tercero.

1. conejo—rabbit
2. lucir—show to an advantage

STAIRWAY TO DESTINY

"An education is a wonderful thing—every college should have one." So often we say this—jokingly, of course! But think—are we really being educated at college, or is it just the college that is being improved?

What is an education? What is its value? An education is more than memorizing names, dates, foreign words and formulas. While we are studying the past, we must look towards the future. Many of us come to college to learn, but not to think. College should train us to think, and when we get out of College—that is when we should "reap the fruits" of our education. Many of us think that learning should stop after graduation day. If you share this thought, leave college at once. You are wasting your time, your energy (the amount of which you have minimized no doubt!), and your family's money.

To-day, in this war-time world, the eyes of the nation are turned upon the young women—educated women. We must not fail in our obligation to society. We are responsible for its future.

"What can I do when I finish college?" Some girls content themselves with the idea that they will take a six weeks typing course, and work for Papa for the duration. Others aren't even that definite. We must abolish this vagueness. It is imperative that we formulate plans for our future now—immediately. While we are here at college our thinking is being stimulated, training is offered us, and we should grab the advantages while they exist.

We are letting valuable opportunities escape us. Our minds have become stagnant because of laziness and lack of foresight. We are too wrapped up in our daily routine to think about the future. Oh, Poor Mortals! How many times in life we will say to ourselves: "If I had only done some serious THINKING while I was at college . . ."

OUR PART FOR "D-DAY"

All of the newspapers have been filled of late with preparations and news of the coming invasion. None of us know exactly when "D day" is actually coming, even though various people seem to think that it will be sometime this spring. Whenever the day appears it will come with a swift and terrible force. Naturally, a tremendous number of casualties can be expected on both sides. Now, some people may say this is too morbid a thought to put into words. True, none of us like to think of our boys lying wounded on some far-off battlefield. We would all give anything we possess to keep those we love from being hurt in any way. It is impossible for us to prevent injury to our loved ones in battle, but there is something we can do to help ease this pain.

You may ask, "What can I do? I'm in school, and I have so little time to do anything. Anyway, what is there to do? I'm over here, and he's over there. And that's so far away." Yes, "over there" is mighty far away. Yet, there is something that every one of us can do to bring it closer home. We are not able to give our blood to be sent overseas and use as lifesaving blood plasma while we are here at Salem, but we can still help in a very tangible way.

On our campus we have a Surgical Dressings Room which is open eight and a half hours every week. He may not realize how very fortunate we are to have such a room located on our campus. Perhaps you didn't know that very few, if any, other colleges in the state have Surgical Dressings Rooms located on their own campuses. It is not necessary for a person to go to the Room and spend the entire afternoon or night making bandages. A lot can be accomplished by one person in an hour, or even a half hour. Every worker, no matter how long she stays, adds something to the total number of surgical dressings made. And this total must be large.

At the present time the armed forces use between 1,000,000 and 4,000,000 sponges daily. This number can be expected to increase during the coming invasion, and this need must be met by people like you and me. We can't be at his side to give him treatment and nursing, but we can supply the sponges that are needed by the medical attendants to treat his wounds and perhaps save his life.

We can all help in the coming invasion. Perhaps, the best way for us here at Salem is to prepare the surgical sponges needed by the Red Cross. What about it? Don't you want to help?