

**Democracy: Internal and External**

(If you have been keeping up with the William and Mary College newspaper question, you will be interested in the following editorial written by John Temple Graves. The article appeared in the Winston-Salem *Journal and Sentinel*. Ed.)

Three cheers for President John E. Pomfret, of William and Mary College, who has stood up against the sentimental misconception that asks freedom of the press where there is no responsibility of the press. The blow for liberty which his student body may believe it has struck in voting their undergraduate paper out of existence rather than let it be subject to any limitation by the college authorities who must bear the burden of its mistakes—is a blow against, not for. Liberty's great name is impeached by those who forget that it is a thing in qualification for which children must be trained, savages must be civilized, and students must be educated.

It is true, of course, that the undergraduates at William and Mary are neither children nor savages and that even the most freshmen among them are as competent for the exercises of citizenship as many of their elders outside. But the undergraduates at William and Mary have a status as students as well as one as citizens. In their status as students they have identified themselves with an institution, submitted to an authority, accepted a regime, which from the very nature of these things, must limit some of their current liberties in the interests of their ultimate ones and in the interest of the college itself and what that college means to liberty and to America through the generations.

"We learn by living." How many, many crimes have been and continue to be done in the name of that slogan of so-called Progressive Education! We do indeed learn much by living. But there are many, many things which we can't successfully live without a preliminary learning. And there are many other things which simply can't be lived while they are being learned. Freedom is still a thing for which we need to qualify, and in course of the qualifying, whether it is because we aren't fit yet or whether it is because the institution that qualifies us must protect its regime—we cannot be wholly free.

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**On The Other Hand**

By Effie Ruth Maxwell

At least one Salemite is aware of fleeting Time—a note on the Clewell bulletin board laments the loss of "One Golden Hour set with sixty diamond minutes, somewhere between Sunrise and sunset." It's things like six-weeks tests that make us wish we could find a few of our lost minutes.

But on the other hand I guess no time is really lost because no matter what happens, it goes down in the "Deep Well" (Ask Miss Byrd's comp students for concrete meaning!) and is bound to come bubbling out in some fashion sometime. For example, all those plans and bonds for an indoor swimming pool will materialize some day—we hope, we hope.

Hearing this year's average on the voting for SteeGee president compared with last year's makes us think we're getting a little government-conscious—and that's a desirable state . . . But then just consciousness is a desirable state. A lot of us have become basket-ball conscious this season. The original cheer-leaders and the Junior apple-sellers enhance these action-packed games—and take the edge off that envy which gnaws me while I watch the graceful players and wish I could drop a goal in. That senior-sophomore game really finished off the season with a flourish. The seniors showed themselves "to be what they used to be" after all. And did you notice how the faculty turned out for the game and enjoyed the antics?

Speaking of consciousness, have you noticed U. S. AT WAR, a new book in the library? It's a sort of camera-annual and a wonderfully quick cure when you're feeling sorry for yourself . . . Wonder what the "Deep Well" will do with the hours wasted on feeling sorry for oneself?

Consciousness is dented also by the newly-painted flag pole—the sudden change for the better of the toast at breakfast—the pig-tail gang—the ever-increasing signs of spring, especially the green feathery willow tree back of the budding red maple seen at sunset, beside Lehman.

The radio is one thing I wish I could hear more of. The Philharmonic program on Sunday afternoon means twice as much after you've had Miss Read's music ap. course, by the way. And maybe my wit is simple, but Bob Hope's Tuesday night program is a riot to me.

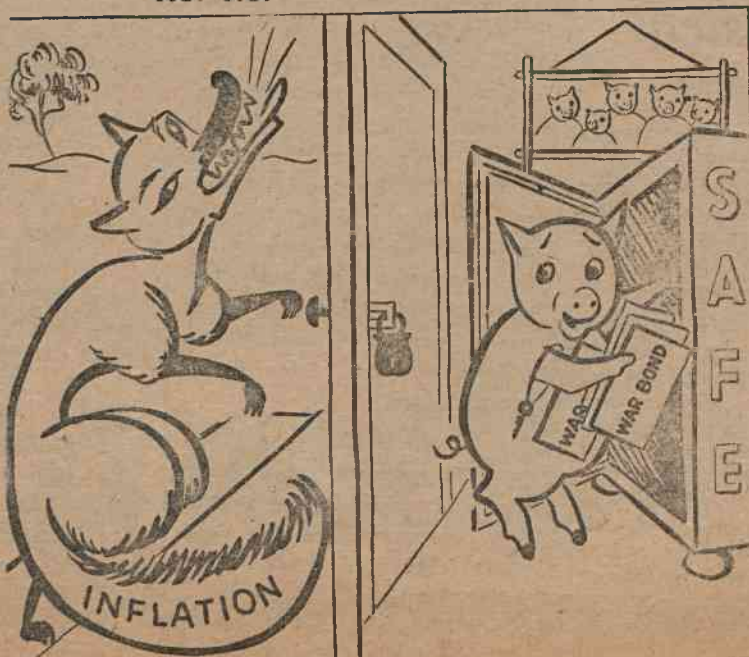
Lost time—term papers—classes—the swimming pool of the future—elections—basketball—spring—books—the radio—

Oh, dear—"the world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy (well, if not as happy, remembering the state of the world, at least as interested) as kings." And some complain about being bored!

**Apuntes Espanoles**

Esta semana y la semana que viene las estudiantes aquí a Sálem estarán estudiando para los exámenes de las seis primeras semanas. Muchas estudiantes estan turbadas porque tienen dos exámenes el mismo día o porque tienen un examen varios días siguientes. Pero las exámenes son los exámenes, no importa cuando uno los tiene. Son una parte íntegra de la vida de escuela. Buena suerte! Señoritas.

**No! No! Yo! Can't Come In**



**No Rationing of Spirit**

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it." We were once accused of this fault, but something HAS been done about it. Everybody here at Salem was complaining about our school spirit, or rather the LACK of it, but lo something has been done. Anyone who has attended the recent basketball games can not deny this.

Just what is SPIRIT? Well, let's say (with apologies to Mr. Webster) that spirit is that undefinable "oomph," that group emotion, or to be more technical: spirit is a spontaneous outburst of a homogenous group.

At our basketball games we have at last gathered the group, and from all signs, the spirit is there. But we need more of it! Your class teams deserve your support. If they can go out and get black-eyes, sprained ankles, and mighty out-of-breath for you, the least you can do is go down and strain your vocal chords for them! C'mon, girls, and remember, spirit is one thing that needn't be rationed! Don't save it—spend it. The more you spend, the more you have. P. S. There's a softball season coming up soon!

**Ten Dollars For Books**

Dear Salemites:

Miss Siewers has asked me to tell you a little about the annual library contest and what it means to win five, ten, fifteen, or twenty-five dollars just to spend for books.

I was one of the lucky girls who entered the contest in the spring of 1943 and won ten dollars with which I added four prized books to my library.

Entering the contest was easy. All I had to do was write down a list of not more than thirty books that I would like to own. It was hard to limit them to thirty. Of course I wanted to include a few basic reference books just in case I found myself in need of facts when I couldn't step over to the Salem College Library. Then there were the books which I had read, reread, and would like to read again—such as *Jane Eyre* and *David Copperfield*. For pick-up-by-the-fire reading I chose a collection of short stories of the year, a book of plays by Eugene O'Neill, and some informal essays by Dorothy Parker. My poetry choices were slightly colored by my favorites in English Literature—Byron, Shelley, and Keats. This year I believe I would add Ogden Nash to my list of poetry.

The list went on and on—I typed it (including the names of the publishers and the price for each book) and handed it in to Miss Siewers.

Then one Tuesday in chapel, I was called out of the audience and handed a check. All that simple!

The next step was a long chat at the book store with Mr. Snavely who ordered the following books for me: *Nine Plays* by Eugene O'Neill; *After Such Pleasurer* by Dorothy Parker; *Men of Art* by Thomas Craven; and *The Poetry of Shelley and Keats*.

You might order other books. But no matter what books you bought I know you'd get a thrill out of buying them. Why don't you try your luck this year?

Sign up at the Circulation Desk.  
Sincerely,  
Mary Ellen Byrd.

**The Green Subject**

Several weeks ago, the *Salemite* had an editorial concerning the "Keep Off the Grass" campaign. It stated that the grass around Salem was in a sad plight and that one should refrain from trampling over it. The editorial evidently went unread or else unheeded if read.

Why don't you look around the campus at the bare spots where grass should be? The ground is completely barren around the dining room door and along many of the paths placed over the Salem campus for the purpose of preserving the grass. The paths are spacious and should not require that anyone walk on the grass, not even when the doors to the dining room are locked on the week-ends.

Mr. Riggan, our Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, has asked especially that we give the grass a chance to grow so that he will not have to place those ugly little green posts along all the paths. The Salem campus is especially beautiful in spring and there is no point in marring the outstanding beauty of the campus by placing fences along all the walks.

We once again plead with you for cooperation in our "Keep Off The Grass" campaign. Let's make Salem as beautiful as possible!