

From Where I Sit....

by Effie Ruth Maxwell

The sun shines bright—the air is almost balmy—its time for a poem—

College is so full of books and tests,
I think its time we all took some rests.

—or—

Tell me, Snavelly, tell me
What is my name today?
From now on yours is Phiffle,
'Specially 'bout the first of May.

And have you seen—

the art gallery? Evett has added another painting to his collection. Better look now—after the end of the month, he exhibit will be moved to other colleges in the state—
the white bunny in the practice house? Queen Julia declares she's going to carry him on a leash come May Day—
or heard—the two new phones in Clewell? The Clewellites are properly thankful—but can't help wondering if they couldn't have been made a little more private with just as little trouble—
—which reminds me, there are a few things I want to say

On Complaints

Complaints are something we hear a lot of these days—make a lot, too. Everything goes wrong at the same time. Nothing suits us, and anybody who tries to please us is just sticking their neck out.

Complaints are a disease. And there are a lot of "complaining Mary's" spreading it around. Nice thing about this disease, however, is the easy cure for it.

The treatment is as follows:

1. Remember that life is nice, also humorous.
2. Get eight hours of sleep every night.
3. Consider the other fellow.

Idealistic, ain't I? That's because on

February twenty-second
Washington we honor thee.
Long ago you made our country
Strong and healthy, great and free. —(author unknown)

CLAPP CHATS

Guess I'm what is known as an opera fiend . . . one reason is cause they're so full of good tunes—I mean good tunes that you think are good tunes . . . our American popular music is deeply in debt to opera—the most famous individual borrowed tune is "Avalon" (I left my heart in Avalon—do-dee, da-dee!) . . . that little melody was sung by Jan Peerce in TOSCA a couple of weeks ago, only he used the words "E lucevan le stelle" minus the fox-trot tempo.

A more recent example: "Intermezzo"—the top tune of 1941, owes its distinctiveness to Wagner—it is one of the leading phrases in TRISTAN AND ISOLDE . . . it's lasting popularity should prove that Mr. Wagner sho' did a good job in the first place . . .!

Don't know if you've heard this one or not—the tenor's heart-breaking aria from Leonecavallo's PAGLIACCI serves as a climax of the song called: "My Cousin Carus" (With apologies to Enrico), the English words: "His voice so dreamy, Like da peaches an' creamy, Oh, wot's da use! He's my cousin Carus!"—

TOSCA seems to have given some sub-conscious assistance to Mana-Zucca in creating the tenor's standby—"I Love Life"—as well as "Avalon" (cf. Puccini's duet in the first Act) . . . "Yes, We Have No Bananas" has a hint of "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" from BOHEMIAN GIRL . . . "The Big Bad Wolf," the Disney classic, is an echo of Strauss's "Champagne Song" from FILEDERMAUS . . . et cetera and so forth. . .

God of The Shower

Don't tell me of gods who hold earth in their hands
Or Fates who change lives as they weave.
I know of a god who could brandish a clod
And all Mt. Olympus would leave.

A horrid, implacable demon is he;
He claims Salem girls every hour.
They give up their youth in the sacrifice booth,
For he is the God of the Shower.

He waits till the victim is helpless and bare,
An innocent lamb to the slaughter,
Then "Geronimo!" slips from his now smiling lips
And he does dreadful things to the water.

A weak little stream that will drip on the head,
A torrent that steams with its vigor.
You cannot predict, for you'll always be tricked.
It all ends with mortis plus vigor.

A lenient monarch, however, is he;
The choices he offers all these:
To turn on the "hot" and boil like a pot,
Or turn on the "cold" and freeze.

Some slaves of his, blindly continued to bathe
Thus entering where no angels tread.
He gleefully watches and checks off in notches
Each soul that is crippled or dead.

Catherine Gregory, '48.

Method Incites Students

"Your room is now in good condition . . . Rooms will be inspected at the end of each semester."

Now, for student reaction to the bills that were sent after "damage in your room" had been discovered by the ubiquitous administration: "It just isn't fair; the scotch tape didn't even take the varnish off" . . . "That finger-nail polish was put on our light switch two years ago!" . . . "That rule about the beds wasn't even posted" . . . "Ha, they didn't even fine us for having fifteen nails on the wall." . . . "They didn't fine us for our toaster either" . . . "We thought painting the beds helped" . . . "What's the tuition for? We're paying for the spirit, and by George, we're losing that!"

It is generally conceded that for irreparable damages, the administration is justified in assessing "the occupants" of a room. Defacing of property such as throwing ink bottles at the walls, intentionally peeling plaster from the ceiling, or even breaking out a window-pane or two in a fit of rage, is just cause for complaint from the financial stronghold of our institution. But we do object to the method used and to the fact that the students were not properly informed or prepared for the notices which they received.

It seems plausible that a student body meeting would have been as effective as the curt notes from the administration in showing the girls that they had been negligent in the upkeep of their rooms. The majority of girls at Salem are mature enough to treat their rooms at school as they do those at home. Furthermore, the room check does not seem to have been systematic or thorough, judging from the student comments.

There are, however, other issues which the students would like to call to the attention of the administration. The committee investigating rooms at mid-semester probably was not aware of the following facts: In many rooms closet doors have faulty locks. There are dirty shades which do not work properly. No room in Clewell is furnished with two bureaus (which accounts for the large number of boxes under beds). Every week articles of clothing are lost in the campus laundry. Hot water is not available in most of the dormitories after 8 p. m. These are only a few of the complaints to which resident students feel they have a right.

As a whole, Salem students are enthusiastic over additions and changes in the present status, and they support the administration whole heartedly in its efforts. They are incited by the way in which the current issue was handled and not by the fact that the administration though it necessary to investigate depreciation in the various buildings. Let's get together on your complaints and our complaints.

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Open Forum

To the Salemite:

It seems to me that those students with B averages or higher should be permitted to take four cuts in any one class. I base my opinion on the following:

1. Those with B averages have shown their ability to make the average. They should have enough reason to use four cuts per class with discretion.
2. If those with C averages get three cuts it seems only fair that B averages and above should have four.
3. This addition to the amount of cuts per class would be an incentive to work for a B average and to keep it up.

This change would involve no addition to the total number of cuts which may be taken.

Sally Boswell

To the Salemites:

Last spring the Sophomore Class decided to have as their project a new date room. The purpose of this room, called Davy Jones' Locker, is to provide a place for the Salem students to entertain their dates. This room has not been a complete success.

A great deal of time, money, and effort has been spent on this room. It is nearly being taken care of now. A permanent nickel-completed; the few unfinished details are odedon has been ordered and should be here within the next few weeks. Miss Ada Allen, who has helped with the interior decorating of The Locker, and several sophomores have been shopping for suitable furniture. The students have stated that the room lacked comfort and entertainment. Soon we will have new furniture, lamps, and rugs to add comfort; a nickelodeon, bridge tables, and ping-pong to provide entertainment. What more do we need?

—MEN!

The Sophomores

Where 300 Tread

Two people can walk together very conveniently on the brick walks that form a fine network all over the campus of Salem. However, when three hundred people try to walk side by side on the narrow path in front of the refectory, it is a different story.

At lunch time, and especially on Sundays, there is always a crowd in front of the dining hall which can not possibly fit the walkway. As a result the hungry students overflow on the ground, trampling on the space where there was grass last fall. Gradually the grassless space is widening from the continual overflow.

Rainy days increase the problem. Many who are forced off the walk get wet and muddy feet.

Could the walkway there be made wider? The improvement would be beneficial both for convenience and for appearance.

Does Salem Value Books?

In the midst of the Hitler terror some one wrote, "When Hitler, in his viciousness, burned the books, the words leaped from the flames which devoured the pages and were free. He could not destroy their significance. He could only destroy their external form."

However, the latest Associated Collegiate Press release notes an indifference to books among students. Dr. Daniel W. Pearce, head of the psychology department at Kent State University, says, that "in contrast with men like Abe Lincoln who walked miles through the snow to borrow and return books, students of today hesitate to walk a block to get a book from the campus library.

"The trend in education is to appease the student instead of seeing to it that he does learn what he should, as our parents had to do a generation ago," explained Dr. Pearce. "Students no longer have the respect for 'book larnin' they had fifty years ago."

From the writer's observation reading other than that actually assigned is sadly neglected here at Salem. Couldn't something be done about that?