

# On Being A Gal....

by A SALEMITE

The first breath of spring on the campus and the Junior-Senior Dance convinces us that this must be Heaven. To the juniors go congrats for the most original decorations. And we didn't have to put up the forty-eight flags to find our dates either. This dance should traditionally become a Card Dance.

## SNAPS FROM THE WEEK-END

Margaret West's date arrived a little eager before breakfast Saturday.

Snyder got a two-fold surprise Saturday afternoon.

Oh, Where is Peyton?—Meredith sighs.

Lois nearly went mad hunting for Marianne.

Marjorie and Rosie danced with short and tall boys respectively.

Casteen congratulated a senior on the decorations.

Senora danced while Jack read a book.

Carol obtained her share of the stock.

Juniors ate at Old Town Club before;

Juniors ate at Senior afterwards.

Sally and Norman threw rolls over the heads of fifty people at the banquet table.

A drug store cowboy makes good at Salem.

## ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

Perhaps you have been aware lately of the frequent use of abnormal psychology in the movies. Two current movies of this type are "Spellbound" and "The Lost Week-end." Each presents an abnormal case: the first, an amnesia victim and how he was cured; the second, a dipsomaniac and how he spent a week-end.

There are many other movies which each concern a psychological problem or principal:

Lady in the Dark—a career woman who needed love.

I'll Be Seeing You—relations between a neurotic and a murderess on vacation.

Enchanted Cottage—a disfigured war veteran sees a new world through a girl.

Leave Her to Heaven—the effects of possessive love.

Gas Light—a man drove his wife crazy by the use of a false theory.

Conflict—the guilt complex drove the murderer back to the scene of the crime.

Hangover Square—the effect that noise has on man's ear drums.

Mildred Pierce—the problem of a too-adored child.

A Guy Named Joe—a pilot's after-life in heaven.

Between Two Worlds—a study of dead people on a boat with its destiny heaven.

## SPRING ARRIVED

Its just lovely, lovely! No other way to express it. A beautiful garden of spring flowers. Who could be a better sunflower than Martha Brannock? Or a fresher pansy than Sara Clarke? And the stinkweed Harrison followed by that too, too shrinking violet, Jean Pierce. M. P. Evans was a perfect clinging vine with the johnny-jump-up jerking Betty Wolf near by.

Amid this garden were seven trimmed American beauties wearing the most unique sun bonnets with all the frills upon it. Ultra-spring—we enjoyed it . . . come back again.

## SUCCESS

The new project of the International Relations Club was very successful Wednesday night. Many were present to discuss present conditions in Russia and Germany based on very inclusive talks by Vidette Bass and Marjorie Conrad. Interesting pertinent facts were given by Bill Miller who lived in a German village during the war.

This is the first student forum of a bi-monthly series originated by student request. The purpose of these informal discussions is to keep us informed as to what is happening week-by-week in all fronts. Though the actual war has ended, these weeks may be more eventful in determining our future. Students should voice a strong opinion and keep well informed to meet any crisis.

## Reciprocity Is Answer

In his column, The Washington Merry-Go Round, Drew Pearson recently wrote on an ominous note: "Today, less than one year after the war is over we are drifting on a turbulent sea of international rivalry, our rudder smashed, our compass lost, with only a hazy idea of where we are going. Meanwhile, one of our former allies knows exactly where it wants to go while another is sailing with a leaky hull, and we are bogged down from our attempt to keep it from capsizing altogether."

The Draft Board, Mr. Pearson says, is liable to do a rush business all over again—but it won't do any good." It would be mass suicide to expose large groups of helpless foot-soldiers to the ravages of atomic warfare."

"The time is short and we as a nation must wake up." Post war complacency has stolen over us. To save ourselves from another war we must act now.

Russia, at the same time Secretary Byrnes was in Moscow offering to share the secret of the atom, was trying to steal the secret. But we have wronged Russia in the past and are probably responsible for her suspicious nature, since we isolated her for 17 years.

The question, however, is not who is right or wrong, but where do we go from here. The present path-friction with Russia plus unrest in Iran Turkey, Trieste, Manchuria—will certainly end in war.

Mr. Pearson says the way to escape war is to "call for a show-down based upon an exchange of social and cultural relations between the Russian and American people."

We won't fight Great Britain. We understand the British to a great extent. American tourists visit Britain, and our scholars study there. British lecturers and newspaper men come here by the hundreds.

But with Russia it's different. They want to send thousands of agents over here. They denied our newspaper men and even our-entertainers entrance. The "they" is the little group of military men at the head of the Soviet. Language also presents a difficulty.

The only sound basis for United States—Russian friendship is complete reciprocity. Students, professors, literature, newspapers, radio broadcasts, movies must be freely exchanged. The Russian people must be convinced that only trouble between our two countries lies in a few men at the top, says Mr. Pearson.

And the American people are going to have to be convinced of that, too!

# The Salemite

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## We Shirk Responsibility

As citizens of the United States, Salem College girls have more responsibility in the formation of a new world than we have shown until now that we are willing to accept.

The facts are before us—in every daily paper. Our chapel speakers, for the most part, have been capable of stimulating and arousing the students. Many of us have become aware of the present world situation, but no action has been taken.

In European countries, it is the students who influence the elections of government officials and the formation of government policies. Certainly, students in the United States are equally capable of taking a part in national affairs.

If we adopt the policy of open forum assemblies to discuss the many problems that face our country today, and inform ourselves, we shall be able to take an active stand. The opinions of 350 college girls should carry some weight. If we can become informed enough to form definite opinions, perhaps we can make at least 350 voices be heard in Washington. The answer is forum discussions. The chapel program committee should plan in the very near future for student participation and leadership in discussions of our relations with Russia; the workings of UNO; the strike situation; the effectiveness of military government; food for starving Europe; the extension or abolition of O. P. A.

We must awaken to our responsibilities and show our support of President Truman's plan "for moral and spiritual awakening in the life of the individual and in the councils of the world."

## CLAPP CHATS

Dear Friends:

I have had a complaint. Some people seem to think that this column lacks coherence. I offer my humblest apologies. It will never happen again.

Lauritz Melchior, world renowned heroic tenor, presented a program of unusual merit before a most enthusiastic audience in Reynolds Auditorium last Tuesday night (OOPS! Is that sentence too-oo long?!) The artist's performance was greatly enhanced because he was accompanied by a concert orchestra under the direction of Otto Seyfert. It is regrettable, however, that the public was not better informed of the calibre of the program itself. There was musical fare for the connoisseur as well as musical offerings of popular appeal.

. . . aw, piffle, heck, phooey . . . my brain, she just doesn't run in complete sentences . . . a thousand apologies, Miss Byrd. I tried (!)!! Maybe I should oughta go back and take English One over again . . . or maybe it's hopeless . . . — ?

Now I shall let the hair down about Mr. Melchior (which name Virtie taught me how to spell last week) . . . If there were an adjective that means CUTE in a gigantic sort of way, it would be the best one for this roly-poly, twinkly, cherub of a man! Even had the empty seats in the palm of his hand . . . (and what a disgrace that there were so many empty seats—just because he's been in a couple of movies doesn't make his artistry any less—in fact, it makes him about the most versatile singer on my list!) . . .

Highlights of the program were Mr. Melchior's two opening numbers, "Siegmond's Love Song" from Die Walkure, the well-known "Vesti la Giubba" from Pagliacci; my special choice, "Tonerna" (don't say I told you so—I already know it means 'music' in Swedish, so there!); the group of German lieder—ask Jo Holler about "Caeicilie" (Strauss); and the encores—"Because," Schubert's "Serenade," and others . . . thanks for the laughs, the chillbumps, and an occasional happy tear, Mr. Melchior—it's seldom that we pore students get such treat as hearing GR-R-REAT operie stars like you-oo-OO!

Some of you folks may not know it, but Mom Horton is the best of the best hostesses in this town—she specializes in a combination of good food and good entertainment—Ridenhour vs. Hayes, peanuts, cracker-jacks, popcorn, chewing gum, and a rhythmic coffee-pot—anything for the asking! Plus all the comfort of home . . . pity all you gals don't major in music—great life!!