

W. S. S. F. Receives Thanks

(The following letter was received last week by the W. S. S. F. Committee from Eleanor Durham, regional secretary, upon receiving Salem's first check of \$320 for the World Student Service Fund.)

63 Auburn Ave.
Atlanta, 3, Ga.
March 11, 1947

Dear Emma:

I was very much pleased to receive your letter telling about how the drive at Salem College went and enclosing a check for \$320. You and the committee did a wonderful job to raise so much money from a rather small student body. "Yet," too, was impressed with your plans and felt that they would be most successful.

Please express my appreciation to your students and faculty for their generous contribution and to the committee for all the time and effort they gave toward planning the W.S.S.F. drive. The money has already been sent into New York and from there will go directly to Geneva and Shanghai to be used for student relief.

By the letters which we receive continually from these continents, we know that our gifts are appreciated not only for the material aid which they give but also as a symbol of our interest and concern that students abroad should have an opportunity to gain an education.

Sincerely yours,
Eleanor Durham
Regional Secretary

A reminder is given that all pledges are due April 1, so that Salem may complete her \$1,000 total to be sent in.

End Overtime Lecture

The regular class period at Salem allows a teacher fifty minutes in which to present the day's lesson. We realize that most of our courses are survey and general introductory courses, in which a great deal of material must be presented in a short time; and it is a task to cover a voluminous textbook in a semester or even in a year.

However, we do not feel that a teacher should lecture overtime. Two or three minutes do not seem long, but they can cause a student to be late for his next class, especially if she must go from Main Hall to Memorial Hall, Park Hall, or the gym, or vice versa. She is then subject to receiving a half cut for tardiness which she could not avoid. The teacher of the next class is also imposed upon, because he is deprived of some of his fifty minutes by the interruptions of late-comers.

P. A.

School Spirit Lags

they have worked hard to win a game. Each student owes it to her class, if not to herself, to be present at the games for both points and team morale.

The school spirit seems to be forgotten when it comes to athletics, especially basketball games. The students have had six weeks' exams and term papers, but so have all the players. In addition to the hour of game time, the players have had many more hours of practice. It is very disheartening for players to see so few of their class interested when

The Salemite wishes to express its deepest sympathy to Marjorie Crickmer because of the recent death of her father, W. B. Crickmer.

Reaction

I have a hatred—
A deep, seething hatred;
A thought-twisting, rest-denying hatred
Of human suffering;
The whole of it.
My hatred extends
From the self-consciousness of the ugly—
And the unbalanced gait of twisted bodies,
And the frustrated tongues of the mute,
And the poisoned gossip of the frustrated,
And the sound-seeking ears of the blind,
And the debauchery of the hopeless,
And the peace-longing of the oppressed,
And the dull weariness of the workers,
And the fear of mothers, adolescents,
Lovers, friends, enemies,
The unemployed, the sick,
The weak, the poor, the young, the old—
Down to the agonizing appeal and lonely fear
Of the dying.
These things I hate:
With each of these I die.

—Rosalie Green

Quarter Past Four....

By Rosamond Putzel

Mrs. Peverell sat in the stiff wooden rocker and knitted. She expected to have to wait some time for her granddaughter; try as she might, she had never been able to teach Ruth the value of promptness. She compressed her thin lips and set her chin still more firmly as she thought of Ruth's deficiencies, and the needles clicked rapidly as if to emphasize her thoughts. She liked to knit; it kept her hands busy. The devil makes work for idle hands to do, and it was quite obvious that Mrs. Peverell would have no dealings with the devil.

Oddly enough, the room looked like Mrs. Peverell. There might be curves in it somewhere, but they all seemed to be angles; it was a staid, Victorian, uncompromising room. The green plush carpet lay sedately on the floor, with never a wrinkle to disturb the even tenor of its ways. The heavy damask drapes hung stolidly at the windows, falling in folds so carefully patterned as to appear pleated. In one corner was a white marble fireplace, which remained eternally white because it remained eternally a stranger to fire; light and warmth would have seemed out of place there. In the center of the mantel was an old French clock, its hands never moving from quarter past four. Flanking the fireplace were massive white sliding doors, always tightly closed to deny entrance to fresh air and strangers.

Mrs. Peverell, too, was staid and Victorian and uncompromising. She always wore somber colors in memory of the husband who had died twenty years before. Today she had on a black dress with a neat white collar—a dress just long enough to indicate her disapproval of skimpy modern skirts. Her hair was pulled severely back and pinned firmly into a bun on her neck, and she wore no make-up; she considered cosmetics and permanent waves slightly immoral. Mrs. Peverell prided herself on disapproving things.

The steady clicking rhythm of the needles missed a beat; the old lady raised her head as she heard the sound of a familiar step on the porch. A voice called:

"Grandmother?" It was a young voice, a happy voice, the liveliest sound heard in the old house for many years.

"In the parlor, Ruth," Mrs. Peverell spoke in an even, conversational tone; she did not consider it genteel to raise one's voice. The tapping of Ruth's heels was heard in the hall; ridiculous shoes, Mrs. Peverell thought—noisy, impractical, expensive shoes. Her own were neat, comfortable black oxfords.

"Grandmother, I hope I'm not too late this time!" Ruth bent to kiss the cheek the old lady turned to her. Mrs. Peverell had her clean white handkerchief ready; she removed the lipstick smeared on her face and glanced at Ruth indignantly. The girl tossed her fur coat over the back of the carved mahogany sofa, which squeaked complainingly under the unaccustomed weight. "I've been in a dreadful rush all day, getting my things packed, and I've only a minute to stay."

"You never have much more than a minute to stay," said Mrs. Peverell coldly. Mrs. Peverell did have feelings, and it hurt them to know that Ruth didn't want to come home; sometimes she was very lonely for Ruth.

"I know, grandmother, but I can't leave the office until five, and I have my cooking and sewing and work around the apartment to do at night. And it is so far out here from uptown." Ruth sat down on a stiff little chair, purposely avoiding the sticky horsehair sofa, which she regarded as an old-fashioned booby trap. Her narrow blue skirt barely reached her knees, and the old lady ignored that fact pointedly. Ruth pulled the skirt down a fraction of an inch, which was as far as it would go. She was slightly embarrassed and angry with herself for being so; somehow her grandmother made her feel that legs were an unnecessary affliction.

"What have you been packing for?" asked Mrs. Peverell in a polite effort to relieve the tension. "Are you taking a trip?"

"Yes. To Florida. A manufacturers' convention of some sort, and Mr. Palmer thought he'd need a stenographer. It came up quite suddenly; he just told me yesterday."

There was a brief, ominous silence.

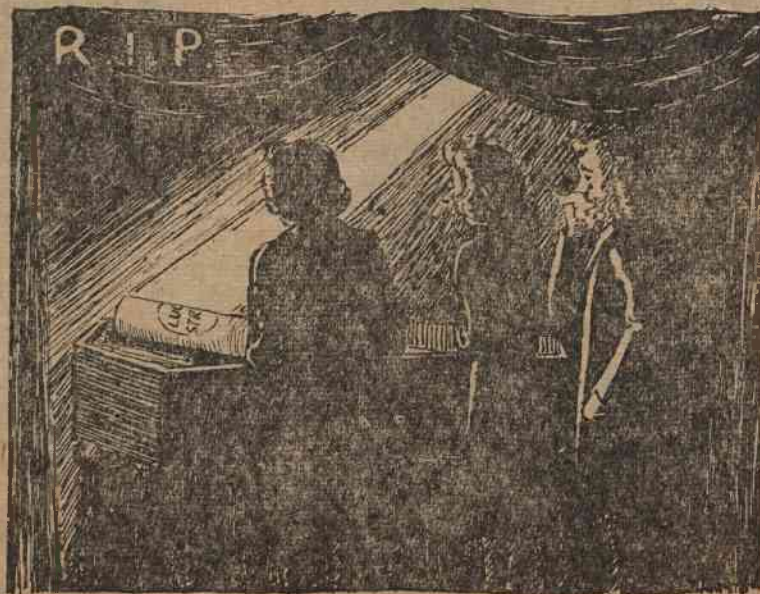
"Do you think that's advisable, Ruth? Going to Florida with that man? I mean, for the appearance of the thing; you must be careful of appearances."

"I think it will probably be all right with the Watch and Ward Society, grandmother," Ruth explained gently and a little acidly. "Mrs. Palmer is going, too."

"Oh." For a moment the conversation was out of Mrs. Peverell's control—but only for a moment. "I should have known you would consider the situation wisely. 'Bring up a child in the way that he should go'—and I did try to do that for you" Her self-satisfied tone implied that she had certainly succeeded.

"You did very well by me, grandmother," Ruth answered

(Continued on Page Three)



Some More Bricks, Please

Spring is just around the corner, and with the spring comes the beautifying of Salem campus. We feel that our campus is one of beauty of which we might all be proud.

There is one suggestion, however, we would like to make to improve our campus. A few years ago the Salemite suggested that the walk leading to Corrin Refectory should be extended in order to give the girls more room to walk without stepping on the grass or making their own individual paths. This was done, and since that time the appearance of the lawn in front of the dining room has improved greatly. We are now suggesting that the brick walk extending between Clewell Dormitory and in front of Bitting Dormitory be widened. The walks are not sufficiently wide now to permit more than two girls to walk on them without stepping on the grass, therefore, the grass in front of the senior dormitory is sadly diminishing. The appearance of this section of the campus means a lot to Salem. A few bricks added to these narrow sidewalks would improve the appearance of the campus in the eyes of both students and visitors.

Clapp Chats

A bunch of orchids to the Civic Orchestra, who came out in flying colors at their debut concert Wednesday night, in spite of flu, bad colds, oboe trouble, and what-not! From all reports, the performance was "wonderful," "excellent," and no complaints in evidence. . . . Special laurels go to Mr. Lerch, conductor, Mr. Phillip Separk, manager, and soloist Marjorie Halpern, who played the Mozart Concerto in D minor. Quoting from Mr. Bair's article in the JOURNAL. . . . "The premier of the Winston-Salem Civic Orchestra marks a new era in the music and art life of the city. The orchestra's advent fills a gap in the community art structure which has been lacking for many years."

RECITAL No. 2: Jean McNew. . . . Monday night at eight. See you there!—for you non-music bugs: remember, the more you hear, the more you'll know about music. Jean's program includes examples of all types of vocal music—from early Italian airs, German Art Songs, an aria from CARMEN, to modern American numbers.

Next Thursday night: Civic Music—Isaac Stern, violinist.

Opera broadcast season is over. . . . what to do with a whole free Saturday afternoon???

3-4 P. M.—Indianapolis Symphony. NBC
5-6 P. M. Philadelphia Orchestra. CBS
(That is, if you're not picture show minded, ahem?)

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz. . . . is all we've heard about the Margaret Truman debut last Sunday night. All press notices seem to be tres complimentary. . . . Poem:

With Margaret Truman's broadcast done,
A brand new era has begun;
At last a Truman at the "mike,"
Republicans are bound to like.

—STAN ARNOLD

GREAT NEWS: Kirsten Flagstad, reported the world's leading Wagnerian soprano (better than Traubel is hard to believe!) is back in the U. S. She is planning a concert tour in the West—couldn't you make it in the direction of W-S, lady.

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