

## Crises To The Starboard

Various columnists, economists, and commentators have warned that unless prices stop rising above the peoples' purchasing power, there will be a severe recession. Industry has not only failed to lower prices (as their spokesmen in Congress promised when O. P. A. was dismantled), but has continued to raise prices during this entire year. Since our productive power is higher than it ever has been, the "crash" must necessarily be worse than that of '29. Therefore, it is in the interest of our national economic stability to support labor's demands for higher wages without price increases for the working people—organized and unorganized. Only in this way can the purchasing power be sustained.

One argument in opposition is that: higher wages for labor do not raise the standard of living of the working people because the people live on what is produced—and higher wages do not increase production." To simplify this in analogy form: If a man is eating a bowl of stew, he gets no more by eating with a larger spoon. The answer is: With two men eating out of the same bowl, a larger spoon in the hands of one would give him a larger portion than the other. Labor wants a larger spoon to feed the 60,000,000 working people and families. And they contend that the estimated 60 families who control the productive wealth of this country could still remain overfed with a smaller spoon.

A higher standard of living for the working people is not only in their own interest; but, by raising the purchasing power, works in the interest of the so-called middle class—and even, in avoiding a "crash," will benefit those from whom they ask a higher standard of living.

Rosalie Green

## The Old Order . . . .

. . . . changeth with this issue. Retiring editors, Boatwright and Stroup deserve nothing less than top honors for their journalistic output this year. News stories have been improved vastly; more interviews and features have appeared; and the entire page make-up of the Salemite has been revamped.

Stepping into the boots of the 1946-47 editors gives the tyros a Truman-after-Roosevelt feeling. But we have big plans for the "new" Salemite. Some of them are apparent in this issue. There's one we're hitching our wagon to a seven-column paper for the next year. We're open to suggestions, and we hope the Letters to the Editor column will be filled each week.

## Y Report . . . . .

The following budget is submitted by the 1946-47 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Expenses	
Devotional Publications	\$ 30.00
Stenographic work	7.55
Freshmen Handbooks	53.00
Painting Y Room, filing cabinet, name plates on Clewell doors	97.36
National Y. W. C. A. dues	84.00
Publications	10.00
Coke bills	132.55
Florist bills	32.36
Book Store bill	26.17
"Y Store"	83.10
Conference Costs	86.26
Christmas Mailing	6.75
Gifts	18.00
Memorial Industrial Orphanage	25.00
Moravian Alaskan Orphanage	60.00
"Y Room" Sign	12.00
American Bible Society donation	5.00
Stamps	17.40
Speakers	10.00
Stationery	19.75
Total	\$816.18
Income	
College Budget	\$233.80
Balance forward	415.33
"Y Store"	150.73
Coke Machine	140.33
Donations for orphans	17.00
Gift check	10.00
Income	967.19
Expenses	816.18
Remainder	\$151.01

This budget is based on calculations up to March 1. Numerous expenditures have been made since then. This should explain why \$1.75 is charged each girl for Salem-Davidson Day. The day will be very expensive, and the Y asks your cooperation to make it a success. Submitted by

Catherine Moore, Treasurer, Y. W. C. A.

## Diary Of An Editor

by Martha Boatwright

Monday . .

Another week and another paper. I'm going to be ambitious this week and have a six page issue. Went to the Public Relations Office, Deans' Office, President's office, club presidents, class presidents, music department, and Clewell smokehouse for news. . . found three important items. . . one club met and served ice cream instead of punch, Mr. Weinland has gone on a trip but nobody knows where, and Music Hour was postponed this week. On second thought I think I will just have the usual four pages this week.

Tuesday . .

Wracked my brain trying to think of whose picture I could put in the paper this week. Finally thought of two people I could use. Looked through 500 pics in the Public Relations office and couldn't find the right pictures, therefore used two 1943 ones. The girls don't get very mad when you do that . . . they just don't speak to you again! Took the pictures to the engravers with strict instructions that they be made 1 column wide and three inches long.

Wednesday . .

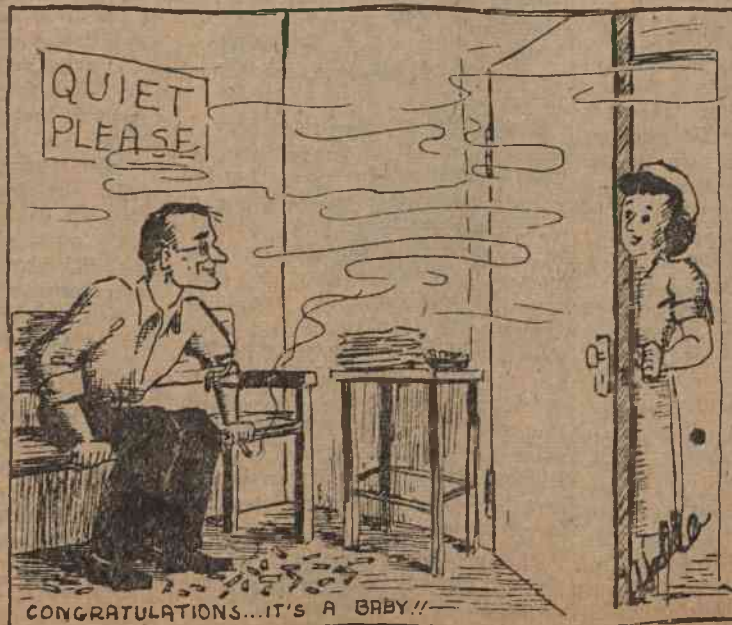
Dead line was at six. Only three articles were in, I must have a meeting of the staff next week and congratulate them. After rounding up the other twenty articles the rest of the editors and I did the copy reading. We typed the fifteen articles that were scratched by hand on notebook paper, then rewrote the other six that we couldn't read. We rewrote headlines until our vocabulary was reduced to nothing but five and six letter words each punctuated with a verb. Next we drew the make-up pages and planned the approximate length of each article. We won't know until tomorrow that ten of the articles are too short and we need five more.

Thursday . .

Another day at the Sun and as usual everything went along nicely. The linotypist was sick and couldn't type but half the material. They promised he would be back sometime this week. I just hope he makes it before the deadline Friday. Five of the headlines we wrote were too long and had to be rewritten. They ended by being "dead-heads", which isn't too good according to Miss Byrd. There weren't as many ads as we had expected, therefore we dashed off three features after we got up there. The cuts came and were two columns instead of one which meant changing the make-up of the whole paper. The editorial page was just plain empty so we strained to find something to complain about.

Friday . .

Per usual five important articles came in this morning with instructions from authorities that they must be in this week's paper. Some of these days I'm going to remind those same authorities that there is a deadline on Wednesday. We rearranged the make-up again, took out the three features we had written and put in the five important articles. Someone wrote a poem for the editorial page, Waldo drew a cartoon, the linotypist got well, and the paper went to press at five minutes past three . . . exactly five minutes and thirty seconds after the very deadline. At six-thirty the smokehouse was filled with eager girls looking for their name in print, and at eight the waste basket in each room had two Salemities in it. Another week and another paper. It's all over again until next monday.



## Seeing Thangsi

Our editor with the symmetrical initials — to wit, pd — stared with mounting desperation at the empty spaces in the editorial page.

"We've reached the end of our rope. We'll have to ask her."

Equally symmetrical pg stood up. "We ain't that desperate!" she said emphatically.

"Who else, then?"

It was the unanswerable question.

"But she's practically an idio—oh, well." Sighing, pg sank into her chair.

The Ed. brightened. "Maybe nobody'll read it!"

And thus this column was born. The name derives from the fact that our room is haunted. Small dark malevolent beings sit around under the furniture, emerging at night to trouble our repose. Their subversive influence may readily be seen by observing our conduct during the day. (They really don't affect my roommate. Personal Identity and Truth must be sacrificed, in columns, to the obsequious "Editorial We.")

Anyway, Waldo once christened these forces "thangs." This comes from our mid-night dialogue:

"Whuzzat noise?"

"It's just one of them thangs."

All this chit chat is designed to serve a two-fold purpose. 1) to explain away our faults and failings, which is cowardly; and 2) to use up space, which is practical.

What do you like to read? Do you prefer humor? Current events? Gleanings from the world of letters? Light sophistication? Ponderous thoughts? Household hints? Well, if you do, may we suggest that you step to the magazine rack of the library, for this column will hold no charms for you. "Then," you ask, "what is it going to be about?" That, my children, is precisely the question. Only Time will tell.

If you have said something clever; if your little brother or your friend has said something clever; if you know or have read something clever;—don't bring it to us. We will laugh in your face and ignore you. This column is going to be ruggedly individual. We will bow to public tastes as readily as the Rock of Gibraltar sways in the breeze. In short, WATCH THIS SPACE — the Chesterfield Ad will probably be here next week.

Catherine Gregory.

## The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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Alice Clewell Building-Basement

Subscription Price—\$2.00 a year—10c a copy

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