

More Stew....

(Ed. note: This editorial is a reply to "Crisis to the Starboard" that appeared on this page last week.)

Economists, columnists and commentators are right. Prices must come down. Our standard of living must continue to rise. We must avoid a recession. How is this to be brought about? By increased productivity, which depends upon both labor and management. Capital and management can absorb wages up to a point and still reduce costs, reduce prices and increase sales, but they can't do it alone. It must come through the organization of teamwork—that is of sustained cooperation. Miracles are worked in the application of science to manufactured goods and the large sums spent on scientific research are universally accepted as highly constructive.

Systematic operation has been so well developed in American industrial plants that they have become the envy of the world. But the organization of team work, which has to do with people rather than things, is by comparison with the other two almost totally neglected. If the three are out of balance the organization as a whole will not be successful. If balanced, there will be a marked increase in production, accompanied by a decrease in grievances; spontaneous cooperation cannot be forced, it must be won. When we learn how to win it, there will be greatly increased productivity. Wages are paid according to the productivity of the worker. When we produce more, prices will fall (according to the inevitable law of demand and supply); employment will increase; and purchasing power will be sustained.

It is quite true that in the long run a man eating from a bowl of stew gets no more by eating with a larger spoon, but is it not true also that if the bowl of stew were larger he would get more? It appears to me that the solution to our problem lies in increasing the amount of stew.

Raguet-raising

These days Clewell Smokehouse has a rival meeting-place—the tennis courts. On every clear day those two lonely little courts are busy with people even waiting to play. Since a large number of students seem to be interested in tennis, and it is such a fine sport, we feel that more than two courts ought to be kept up. Over the weekends especially, there are many girls who would like to play, but cannot because of lack of court space.

We would like to have the rest of the courts put in "work-order" so that anybody who wants to play can always find room. We would like the courts to be rolled more often: being in such constant use, they become rough and torn-up very easily.

Dear Editor:

Why is it that Salem students are afraid of science? We are living in a world of science and yet only twenty-five students came to hear Dr. Wendt. The lecture itself was not too deep for even a high school student—Aren't we old enough to understand a few matters of life? Is it not time that we wake up and make science a part of our life, along with English, history and music? Seriously, Salemites owe it to themselves, their school, and their country. Glance into the future. Wake up and live—You cannot live without science!!!!

A Science Major.

The Salemite

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SEEING THANGS

"Down with convention! Good-bye, Stuporville; Hello, New York! Romance, adventure, etc!" Flinging this challenge behind them, Salem graduates each year wrench out of their ruts and rush to New York. There they become clerks, typists, filists. This process is known as "Seeing Life with a capital L."

But—Editorial We predict a definite deviation with the present Sophomore class. Here is a rare thing—a class with a built-in chorus line! Anyone who has seen Martha Brannock, Say-So Morris, Katherine Ives, Eaton Seville, Jane Paton, Betty Ann Epps, et al., in their numerous public appearances, must realize with startling clarity that a Higher Purpose planned it. They are all so attractive and so alike in souls and sizes. The Rockettes are mismatched rheumatics in comparison. And so you see that anything short of a mass migration to Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe would be flaunting in the face of Destiny.

From Hollywood, Ladies and Gentlemen, we bring you the newest program on the air—the program that's better than "Bride and Groom"—in other words, "Death and Transfiguration!" Yes sir, folks, for the first time in the history of radio, a man is going to die on the air waves! Studio contestants have married, mated, laughed, cried, been debased and humiliated, done just about everything so that all you nosy, frustrated listeners with empty lives and unhealthy curiosity could pry into their hearts and souls. And now, in response to the morbid, depraved, Little People all over America, we are bringing Death and Transfiguration, the ultimate!

Our sponsors, the Detachable Life Insurance Company, are presenting today's contestant with a handsome mausoleum of genuine lapis lazuli with platinum fixtures. Among the other features of this simply stunning Final Resting Place is an electric eye device which plays "The Lord's Prayer" whenever a wreath is laid on the threshold. Atop the building is a Tibetan prayer wheel, run by electricity. The coffin is autographed in gold script by Lloyd C. Douglas.

And now let us turn to our contestant. What is your name, sir?

"Max S. Quattlebaum."

What does the S stand for?

"Schulman. I was named for the famous writer of the same name."

How nice. Well, Mr. Quattlebaum, tell the studio audience how you first became aware that you were going to die.

"When I bent over to tie my shoe Tuesday morning, my head dropped off and rolled under the bureau. (humorously)—I kind of figured something was wrong."

(audience laughter)

And how did you know that it

And I Quote....

Zwertyniop

by Nancy McColl

Betsy Boney has read the longest best-seller of them all, Lydia Bailey, and complains of feeling seasick and travel-worn long before the end. The story skitters from Philadelphia to Tahiti to France and at last to Tripoli, all more exhausting than a Cook Tour. According to Boney, Lydia is the blindest of a group of amazingly unreal characters. Faced with a bloody revolution and subsequently captured by pirates, she remains eternally poised and perfect. Jane Morris did say it's accurate history, and reading Lydia Bailey would be one way to learn what went on in 1800. It might be less demanding than a history textbook, though Boney says not.

Inspired by Charm Week, the library staff has culled the stacks for helpful books to put on exhibition. This will probably be our only chance to put in a word for Emily Post, whose Blue Book we consider extraordinarily fascinating, as to both style and content. Her fictitious characters, examples of how one should live the good and lackeyed life, are downright narcotic. What we like best is the chapter on getting Katherine de Puyster Eminent's breakfast upstairs to her. It requires the services of five domestic employees, who run a sort of ritual relay from boudoir to butler's pantry. But Mrs. Eminent's thank-you letters to Mrs. Gotham Toplofty are simplicity itself, very democratic ("How did you guess exactly what I wanted?")

Mrs. Post's basic teachings may be boiled down to one formula, though. Don't worry about what to say, she says. Just make a few pleasant remarks. We are advised to make these few pleasant remarks on every occasion; one should make them to one's ex-husband, to the King of England, and to anybody whose name one can't remember. Mrs. Post admits that her era is dying out, but we hope with all our heart that it survives until we find out what those few pleasant and always unspecified remarks really are.

would be this afternoon?

"After I got my head back on, I went downstairs and got myself a bowl of Rice Krispies. They rose to the top of the cream in lumps and slowly spelled out YOU WILL CROAK FRI. AFT. This I took as a sign."

Ah, yes. Well, our time's almost up, folks, and Mr. Quattlebaum has fallen to the floor. Listen and you can hear him gurgle. The program will close with organ music. Tune in tomorrow for another hour of fun and entertainment.

Catherine Gregory.

For A Place In The Sun

In Coughtown Insanitarium, the telephone shook out a ring. Miss Paranoically leaped to the floor, did a ballet twirl and landed on the third ring.

"Miss Paranoically speaking. We have alcoholics, neurotics, psychotics, epileptics, schizophrenics—name yours."

Do you have space for an escaped corpse?"

"We generally—speaking—don't take cases—cough—in that condition. Have you tried the pulse department at Morganton Blood Bank?"

"It's like this, Paranoically, we have a deceased McWhorter here who claims to be up getting a little sun. According to newspaper files, Miss Effie departed from Coughtown in 1917. Can't keep her here! She's abstractly dressed. You say you've got them all tied down. Well, thanks anyway."

Policeman Blueco turned around, switching on the third degree lamp.

"Oh, thank you. I was beginning to get a trifle chilly—even though night air generally arouses my spirits."

"Now listen here, sister, if you

kicked off in 1917, whatcha doing around here. Why haven't you taken the elevator to the basement or second floor?"

"I had a sightseeing ticket to both, but I misplaced them in the mad rush to Sunrise Cemetery. You don't suppose you could get another round-trip ticket, do you?"

"Now lady, ain't I having enough trouble, getting you a room for the night?"

"I have a room for the night at Sunrise but it's such a hole."

"Yeah, yeah—how long do you plan to honor us with your bag of bones? You know this ain't our usual line. Now why don't you behave like a nice dame and go get horizontal. Come on, I'm going to take you to Sunrise."

"You caaan't. I'll get that disease again. Nooooo."

As Miss Effie shouted these words in twisted horror, the lights staggered out, and her corpse turned a glowing red. (Wouldn't you if you were in the nude... she only has Cemophobia.)

Virtie Stroup.

(Continued next week.)

by Marilyn Booth

It can't have been more than a few weeks ago that I saw a red-bird against the snow in the courtyard back of the library. Now it's April in that courtyard. Trees with pink blossoms big as powder puffs drops their petals on the ground. And there are some girls who think enough of the view from the little courtyard that they risk getting locked out to go study there.

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,

A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—

An April day in the morning.

—Spofford.

Are you the type who welcomes spring for its crimped jonquils or dogwood flowers blanched in the sun, the smell of the lilac and the soot in the tulip? Or do you welcome spring for the way it makes you feel?

Gladness is born of the April weather,

And the heart is as light as a wind-tossed feather.

—Rexford.

Does it make you happy that you're young, that this is your time with its promise of a pot of gold? When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,

Has put a spirit of youth in everything.

—Shakespeare.

Or does Dr. Rondthaler hit the nail on the head for you? He says: Have you ever read a lesson into nature's progress? Can you see the significance in the way young trees burst into leaf on the first warm day, while the older ones, like the elm, thicken gradually and cautiously, in their knowledge of when spring

—Dr. Rondthaler.

Or maybe you're the kind of person who's indifferent about the good earth and growing things. You know they've always been there and think they always will be. Really, they can't be conscious of anybody's admiration and so need no encouragement on your part.

Or it could be, to tell the truth, that you're sick of the whole thing. Surely there's been enough said and written about spring, yet every year there are a few who have to make something out of it again, as I have.

Spring would be but gloomy weather,

If we had nothing else but Spring.

—Thomas Moore

Sound-Sight

To S. G. H.

What do you see,
O Daughter of Orpheus?
What do you see
Beyond the gates of your gaze?
Encircling the keys like
An aura of harmony—
Of golden and black chiaroscuro;
Pale, raging, racing, sober.
Fingers in concentration bent,
Swift, flexible.

Undulating sound, unworded
Elusive, gigantic in meaning;
Periphery to the strains
Of man's emotion.

Do the composers reach out
In the pain of their melodies
What do you hear
In their message of sound?
What do they tell you?

Rippling the keys
Like grass leaves by a wind,
What do you feel?

Do you feel man sighing and weeping?

Dreaming and stirring?
Frowning and tensing?

Do you think of your fathers?
Of lyre-bearing Homer?

Of fragile and fragrant singing—
Of sweet-voiced Horace?

Do you see white-robed Milton
Hurled his rainbowed lightning
Through a spaceless heaven?

Do you catch the faint, childlike-tunes
Endlessly vaporing

From the rain-covered earth?
Do you hear Beethoven and Milton?

Back and Horace? Tell me!
Light-fingered Daughter of Orpheus!

Tell me! What do you see?
Rosette Green