

What Next?

After UNRRA - - what then? UNRRA dies June 30, and this death can largely be traced to pressure from the United States. As early as the 1945 meeting of the council, it was evident that UNRRA's life was to be short. What then is to take its place? Should not the United States accept a large part of the responsibility for relief in the world? What other nation is able to do it?

Several organizations have been set up by the United Nations, but they are seriously handicapped by lack of funds. The International Refugee Organization is to provide relief for some 850,000 displaced persons. For this purpose the technical committee of the UN has estimated a budget of \$538,000,000 for 1947 to be used in Austria, Greece, Hungary, Turkey, Italy, Poland, China, and Trieste. To date this money has not been appropriated.

In December, 1946 the General Assembly of the UN established a Children's Fund which is to provide an additional 700 calories a day for some 20,000,000 children, probably about one-third of the number in the countries which are eligible for help. To finance this far from sufficient program an estimated \$400,000,000 is needed for food and \$50,000,000 for essential clothing. At this time the only substantial contribution to the International Children's Emergency Fund is \$550,000 turned over by UNRRA.

The Interim World Health Organization has taken over some of the functions formerly administered by UNRRA, but it cannot go into full operation until it is permanently organized and adequately financed. UNESCO has been set up, but lacks funds for effective reconstruction in education and scientific fields.

This presents a rather pessimistic picture of good organizations which can do nothing unless they receive more money, but there are encouraging signs:

American voluntary organizations have pledged donations running far into the millions. President Truman has recommended legislation which includes a program of direct relief for Greece, an appropriation of \$350,000,000 for relief to be administered by the technical committee of the IRO, and an easing of the immigration restrictions to permit a specific quota of displaced persons to enter the United States. The War Department and Herbert Hoover have recommended a relief program for Germany and Austria, and General MacArthur has supported official proposals for relief in Japan.

It is a known fact that hungry, unsettled people are a fertile ground for a totalitarian government. For this reason, the United States should help these countries not only from a humanitarian point of view, but also as a sensible diplomatic and foreign policy.

H. M.

Open Forum

Order is the first law of the land. To improve the appearance of the bulletin boards, I would like to suggest something on the order of mailboxes for each girl on the campus, to be centrally located in each dormitory, and on each floor of the large dormitories. In this way, the weekly calendar, library notes, telephone messages, telegrams, Salemite assignments, could reach the girls sooner and without confusion. Hope we are well-boxed by September. Scorpions? Y? Administration? Who's game to make our lives and living easier?

M. E.

The Salemite

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Catty-log

by Porter Evans

A college of knowledge, a school for fools, a hide-out for the tir'd-out, a dump for the slump. See the A'Sylem College Catty-Log for 1947-48. De tails sent upon request.

General Inflammation

Location and Climate. A'Sylem College, located in Winsome-Sylem, a thriving industrial city of eighty-thousand inhabitants, has a smellavation of a thousand feet. The city is within five-hundred miles of the last resort centers of Dix Hill and Morganton. Winsome-Sylem has an exceedingly dry atmosphere. Transportation facilities include one plain service, the Eastern Dare Lines; two railways, the No-Folk and Sudden; and two bus lines, the Bray-Dog and the Carolina Frailways.

The Sattie Tu Long Chair

The incumbent of this chair finds fields in which the girls and graduates of A'Sylem College can be happy.

Admission 36 cents; Procedure of:

1. You may draw a blank, but students should be able to obtain slip upon request.
2. The following records should be supplied: criminal, mental, dental, and anything by Glenn Miller.

Major Requirements

1. Six feet two or three
2. Clean-cut face
3. Superior dancing ability
4. Sparkling conversationalist

Degrees Offered

Third; 32 Fahrenheit; 100 Centigrade

Courses of Intrusion

Figure Construction Ima Phloppe

This course is designed to develop the figure in any given position in rest or in motion. Special attention will be given to proportions.

Personal Finances Miss Engage

Topics studied include elation, taxed forms, installments, and vestments.

Prerequisite: Iron Constitution

Modern Social Problems Emily Posted

An examination of the major social problems in Society, the causes, defects, and the efforts of Society to meet and prevent these situations.

Novel Miss Terie

The most unique course A'Sylem offers.

Romantic Movement in English Poetry

Miss Lead

A study of the advances made by Wadsworth, Coolidge, Byron and Chelly

Children's Litter Tour Miss Read

Mystery of Mathematics R. U. Beat

A study of the men who have made the grade in math.

Pain Analytics I. M. Trying

A careful study of the lines used today; the poles, North and South; and elements of curves.

Materials for Teaching of Modern

Languages Ive Spoken

(See description on page 101).

A Survey of the Greasy Urn, Professor Keets

Peggy Davis

Readings from the Salemite; offered in 1947-48 only.

A'Sylem College Colander

September 10—Refrigeration of Fleshmen.

September 11—Fleshmen begin Oriental program.

September 18—Formal Dopening.

October 10—Flounder's Day.

January 32—Weeding Day.

January 24-31—First Siesta Examinations.

February 3—Second Fiesta Begins.

April 18—Spring Holiday.

April 19—Masses Resume.

May 31—Some are Closing.

SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

Little Twitchey swung the tennis racket into her face and fell to her knees. Miss Thin, the gym instructor, noticed her difficulties and came running over. "Get the ball up, up, up!" she roared in a commanding voice. Little Twitchey smiled feebly and threw with all her might. The ball went sideways and struck Miss Thin on the elbow.

Zwertyuioop

by Nancy McColl

The sweetest term with which the publishers endeavor to befool us is Summer Reading. Like its radio cousin, Summer Music, its very sound conveys something light and idyllic, and makes the winter products seem downright beefy. And it means that every July brings it crop of second-ratenovels. But since most of us are unrestricted by the seasonal whims of advertising agents, we mean to employ the term in its general and uncapitalized sense.

We have observed that summer readers fall easily into three well-defined classes. There are those who spend three months going through reading lists, and a lesser part of the summer going through the books themselves. On the other hand, those on whom the gods smile pass the time in reading labels, lingering long over the line of small print that says "Guaranteed over one month old." They will also spell out the neon signs. Both extremes manage to remain happy and busy the whole vacation, and we have no suggestions for them. But we want to help those who waver in the middle ground and end by reading Cosmopolitan and kindred publications.

One story in the Ladies' Home Journal is easy and harmless. Taken in large quantities, however, their slickness becomes mythical. One hero named Mike or Jeff wins one heroine named Jennifer or Rikki, or vice-versa. So far everybody's happy. But when there is a Mike in every magazine and a Jennifer in every Journal, it's a horse of a very dubious color indeed. The Jennifers all have welaht, beauty, and physical charm in common. One of them may be a budding lady lawyer this month and an already famous doctor the next. She can be a crack journalist in Good Housekeeping, an erratic artist in the Ladies' Home Journal, and an advertising magnate in McCall's. Such undiluted brilliance is depressing, and one can easily founder herself on the composite Jennifer-image. One could even grow to look upon one's given name with displeasure. Finally, the poularity of a few names among the story writers is too confusing to be borne. When Jon Whitecomb illustrates a story whose hero is called Alfred or Harold or Leroy, we'll read it delightedly. But not until then.

It's a far safer path to read the classics, and that's the object of our persuasion. It's a good way to get one jump ahead of the game and feel superior at the same time. We hold out especially for the Odyssey, which can bear a lot of putting down and picking up. Maybe Odysseus doesn't crush Penelope's

Window Pains

by Frances Gulesian

Yesterday, on my nine-time-around-the-campus jog, I was keenly perceptive, as usual, and noticed that everybody's window was not alike. Then I decided that through the various window displays one could probably tell a great deal about somebody's personality and inner self. And so . . .

On the first interesting window, 97 Coke bottles were precariously balanced. Obviously the girl was carrying on a secret romance with the Coca-Cola man. Or perhaps she just had a passion for carbonated beverages.

Hanging out of the next window were twelve golf clubs, three hockey sticks, two tennis racquets, and a pair of boxing gloves. Unless the room was inhabited by a pair of rah-rah girls, Boccock Stroud must have opened a small branch on campus.

Gad! A veritable menagerie! Spotted pigs, striped pigs, clay pigs, glass pigs—as you can gather, the

"Well, you really are uncoordinated, aren't you?" said Miss Thin in a conversational tone. Little Twitchey nodded mutely. Miss Thin took a deep breath. "In a serve you throw the ball straight up, at the same time bringing your racket over your head in one clean sweep, and you try to get the ball in the opposite court. Now try it."

To Little Twitchey this was utterly impossible, but she tried. Open-mouthed with the effort, she threw the ball up and swung her racket back. The ball went straight up, came straight down toward her up-turned face, and disappeared in a twinkling.

"Oh, these slack-jawed southerners! We lose more balls that way," said Yankee Miss Thin. Little Twitchey was carried off the courts.

Later, in English class, Little Twitchey sat quietly. The experience of the morning had subdued her. She listened as her classmates recited. Miss Fowl, the teacher, asked, "What did Shakespeare write?" and called on Toonormal.

"Plays", she answered.

"Wrong!" snapped Miss Fowl, and returned to Pliant.

"You're the best teacher in the school, and beautiful, and intelligent. He wrote adventure stories." Miss Fowl smiled at her and wrote down an A in her grade book.

Little Twitchey bent over to pick up a torn piece of the Charlotte Observer which lay on the floor. Miss Fowl interpreted the slight jerking motion as a sign that she wanted to ask something. "Yes?" she intoned icily. Fear flooded Little Twitchey. Frantically she read off a sentence on the piece of newspaper. "How may I grow perennial hibiscus in sandy regions?" she asked in a high voice.

Miss Fowl gasped. "Leave the room", she thundered. Little Twitchey dropped all her books, knocked over her chair, pulled open the door, and fell out. In the hall were a group of ladies looking at the quaint old building. Little Twitchey fell full at the feet of Miss Swamp, who was conducting the tour. There was a moment of shocked silence, then she scrambled to her feet and loped off as best she could. The ladies burst into excited screams. Miss Swamp, quick-thinking and clever, summed up in her mind Little Twitchey's sudden appearance and her brick red color (from choking on the tennis ball that morning). She rushed to the ladies. "That", she announced, "was the famous Little Red Man. We are indeed fortunate today! And now let us continue our tour."

yielding lips nor carces the soft darkness of her hair, nor murmur between clenched teeth the following formula: "You darn fool, why don't you admit you love me?" In spite of this drawback, he's there for a long time. Best of all, there's only one of him.

window sill was full of pigs. They ranged from tiny to life size, and had a very prosperous look. I wondered if they (the girls, not the pigs) hadn't been making profitable change in church, though I will be tolerant and admit that they just might have nurtured a tender love for the little animals.

But this is one that really puzzles me: over on the third floor Main Hall a certain window displays one sackweight, one butcher's cleaver, one galvanized-iron tub, 50 feet of 1/2 inch rope, one gunny sack, one electric torch, one pickaxe, one shovel, twenty pounds of quicklime, three pairs of nylons, and a beach chair. Also travel folders to Bermuda and Havana. Can't quite figure this one out, but if a solution slugs you in the back of your head, run to the nearest police station (don't even bother signing out - I can square it all with the deans). Meanwhile, I'll be packing - for the mountains.