

Imagine . . .

. . . that you have only one meal a day—say, something on the tasty side like Welsh rarebit. Imagine that all weekends were closed weekends: that there were no planes to cancel schedules, no Southern Railways to take you home, even hours late. Imagine that you didn't have a Clewell bed but a straw mat on which to sleep. Imagine that you didn't go to the Infirmary with a cold or a sore throat but with malnutrition or tuberculosis. Imagine that it wasn't the Alumnae House that was half-built but your own home, if you had a home.

And imagine above all that, under these conditions, you still wanted to go to college. It's hard to believe, and yet it's true that millions of students our age live just such lives and remain ambitious for an education.

Now imagine that we have defaulted in our pledge to help them. Is this true, too?

Needed . . .

. . . approximately 200 wires from Salem College and Academy. There is before the House Foreign Affairs Committee right now a resolution which would entrust Warren Austin, U. S. delegate to the United Nations, to call a constitutional convention for the revision and strengthening of the U. N. Such a measure is provided for under article 109 of the U. N. charter and could not be vetoed because it is a procedural matter.

Most of the proponents of this measure on campus are sending night letters worded similarly to the following:

Representative Charles Eaton
Chairman of Foreign Affairs Committee
House Office Building
Washington, D. C.

Urge approval of concurrent resolution number 50 transforming U. N. into world federal government.

If you want a world of peace, and not pieces wire Representative Charles Eaton today.

A World Federalist

A Tribute

. . . to the fourteen senior English majors who made possible the Willoughby Memorial Fund, presented to the Library Thursday. They have contributed, solicited funds, mailed letters and thanked donors. The *Salemite* wishes to commend all who helped in this project both for providing more books for the Library and for so aptly perpetuating the memory of Dr. Willoughby, who deserves to be made known in some way to future Salemites who will not have the privilege of knowing and loving her personally as we have done.

The *Salemite* expresses its sincere sympathy to Amy Debusk in the recent death of her father.

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

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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Stop . . .

by George Melville

“He’s a Red! He’s a fool! He’s a Democrats’ tool!”
Come the cries of the opposition.
“That’s not true! How you lie!” comes the candidate’s cry
In return, “Here’s my proposition.”
Such are the sounds that oft’ make the rounds
To summon a national election,
But listen to me before you feel free
To make any drastic selection.
What man should be sent as our president?
To serve us in far off D. C.?
How many would vow that the man who’s in now
Is the one who suits you and me?
(Not many I hope) but let’s get the dope
On those who are in the strife.
Who’s first? How ’bout labor? Or your next door neighbor
Or Franklin D. Roosevelt’s wife.
Now let us get down and examine the ground
On which they raise their chorus.
It could possibly be (and if so we’ll see)
That they’re putting themselves before us.
There’s a man who has told of his heart of gold,
And his deeds for the common good.
What he really has done, has been only to run
To the ground on which his party stood.
And what of the man who says “I will stand
On my record of doing right.”
The chances are strong, unless I am wrong,
That his record is hidden from sight.
And then there’s the class of men who wear brass
Who think they’re the best of all men
For the sake of us all, they would answer the call
To duty, but please let’s not call them!
I refuse to believe that these soldiers on leave
Would further the rights of the people.
If I had my way, in the army they’d stay
Or be hung from the highest steeple.
But pay me no heed for I’m not of the breed
That cares for political schemes
For all that I’ve wrote, I still would not vote
For a man who is not what he seems.
But you grind your ax and pay your poll tax
And listen to all the advice;
But when it comes time to make up your mind
In the name of God, man, think twice!

Look . . .

by Joan Carter Read

Russia, Russia, Russia. No matter what we do, think, read, or hear now-a-days somehow Russia seems to enter into it. Pick up your newspapers “Russia—” scream the headlines, turn on the symphony and it will probably be an all Russian program; glance at the *New Yorker* and the best cartoon will be about Russia. I imagine by now that most Salemites are as tired of hearing and reading about Russia as I am, not the proper attitude, perhaps, but a normal one.

If however you can rid yourself of this idea for a few hours I would like to recommend John R. Fischer’s *Why They Behave Like Russians* and it’s only 262 pages long. Mr. Fischer traveled through

out Russia (that name again!) with UNNRA and he has attempted to explain how the system works and how it will bear up under the ever changing balance of power. It is neither a didactic book nor a commendation of their system for he whole heartedly agrees with the statement that there are no experts on Russia—only varying degrees of ignorance.

The human interest in the book is great and it is written from a personal and unbiased view point with so much humor and informality that it is sometimes deceiving. It does offer some hope however, that the day will come when Communism and Capitalism will be able to live together side by side with mutual respect.

Listen . . .

(Ed. Note: This is a reply to the letter to the editor in last week’s *Salemite*, by Peggy Gray, in which she said that she had not got a teacher’s certificate and was not sorry.)

Dear Editor:

Many young people flee from the idea of teaching. It is never the desire of educators to propandize or force candidates into the profession, for teaching is, in many respects, a “calling”, and not everyone should teach; in fact, many should not. Entering the teaching profession means a dedication of one’s energies and efforts in what one feels to be so important, so interesting and vital to the continued well-being of civilization that financial matters are not of primary importance as they are with so many other types of work. Financially, a good teacher can never hope to be paid what her work is worth if she is a good teacher, and this is what perhaps keeps many out. To one who enters advisedly upon this avenue of service, is attached the dignity and prestige now given to a profession holding a top place among a nation’s vital needs. There is also a sense of happiness and satisfaction

at having had a share in the building of a greater tomorrow. There is a challenge in teaching which is not met by the indigent, the emotionally involved, the intellectually “bark-bound” individual. Teaching demands the best potential in its candidates, and the best of candidates in whose hands we may safely entrust the children of today and tomorrow.

When the letter in last week’s *Salemite* indicated that the parents of the writer said that she would be sorry for not going into the teaching profession, it was a prophecy not for the writer alone, but for all people who recognize the handwriting on the wall. We shall indeed be sorry when we find as was stated of this county alone last week, fifty-one vacancies with only the smallest fraction of a possibility of filling such a number. This, remember, is only one county. Yes, it would seem that a new look had come to the teaching profession for it has risen from the realms of commiseration to being the nation’s problem number two. Who is going to teach our children this year, and the year after that and the year after that? And the echo answers “Who?”

Dr. Elizabeth Welch

Of All Things

by Mary Porter Evans



In order to acquaint you with the various organizations and activities that A’Sylem offers to the prudent body we are presenting a few grains from the A’Sylem Sandbook.

The Oui-ja (pronounced Wee-Gee) Association is composed of three boards, the Consecutive, Traditional, and Leggyslaytive. These boards will floor you with their knotty policies. Action by these boards hinges on dovetailed platforms.

The Oui-ja Constitution is robust. Vitamen pills, the indispensable dispensary, lots of sleep and balanced meals have made it this way.

The Oui-ja Bye-Laws:

1. Shake hands, not knees.
2. Thank your hostess.
3. Be brief.

Everyone is a member of the AA during her four years at A’Sylem. The purpose of this organization is to discourage spirits among the prudent body. For your convenience we are publishing the sporty managers for the coming year:

Basketball	Y. Dribble
Hockey	N. O. Stycks
Softball	Ima Batter
Swimming	U. C. A. Stroker
Golf	Upta Parr
Tennis	Luce Knet
Badminton	A. Byrd

The A’Sylemite, the weekly organ, will survive only with your cooperation, interest and work.

Of course, you’ll want to have a record of your daze at A’Sylemite. The annual publication *Sights Intights* will serve as a memory book in the years to come.

Finer Organizations

Alf I oughta et the Pie:

Students who maintain a high battin’ average enjoy membership in the A. I. P. Various activities and programs are carried.

Totterin’ Prance Klub:

The Totterin’ Prancers have recently organized to promote appreciation for the prance as seen through the modern idiot.

The Vanish Club:

The Vanish Club aims to foster an active interest in Vanish among the A’Sylem students.

Other finer organizations include the Peerettes, the Saplings, the Germaine Club, and the Order of the Cockroach.

Social Regulations

We have listed a few of the A’Sylem social regulations. Be sure to refer to your sandbook for complete coverage of the following:

1. Singing in and out
2. Talking and limitations of the campus
3. Wreakreational games
4. Joking and smoking
5. Drugs
6. Pests on Campus
7. Fall Downs
8. Tizzy sings
9. Riot Hours
10. Dining Room, Ours

We hope that these grains from the A’Sylem Sandbook will be an invaluable aid to both the old and new members of the prudent body throughout their college careers.

Miss Aleaneous