

### Salem Is . . .

Tradition, ivy-covered walls, a liberal education—that is what Salem offers. At least that is what has been said, but have we actually stopped to think what Salem really is?

Salem is the students and faculty combined. Obviously, then, not Salem the institution, but we are at fault for the disunity and disinterest on our campus. We are at fault because we avoid the responsibility of living in the community and being a college citizen. Next time you are among a group of girls, look about you and see how many have taken upon themselves any of the responsibilities of college life.

As freshmen we are apt to feel a sense of security due to blindness. We rarely question anything; we have no reason to want to be individuals because we are complacent. Thus we fall back among the members of our class as we did in High School being one of the bunch, being accepted. Thus of course, it is difficult for freshmen to realize this personal and group responsibility. For most of us as freshmen do not realize that college life is going to be very different from the high school life we have just left.

Here we are to become individuals. Here  
(Continued on page six)

### To The Students . . .

There has been considerable argument on campus as to what price should be charged for the major productions sponsored by the Pierrettes. We of the club would like for you to express your opinions of what you consider a fair price to be. Address all letters to Polly Hartle, President of The Pierrettes.

In forming your statements please take the following facts into consideration:

1. There is little money made on major productions.
2. Royalty fees are from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per performance.
3. Paint, nails, flowers, props, programs, make-up, and costumes are "extra" expenses.
4. The Pierrettes are giving four workshop plays this year that are free. The first of these, "The House of Bernarda Alba," has already been given.
5. All extra money made by the club has gone into the CURTAIN FUND.
6. Even though a major organization, The Pierrettes get no income from The Student Budget.

Let me have your answers as soon as possible, so that the tickets for the next production may be ordered immediately.

Polly Hartle

### Carter Writes . . .

Editor's Note: this is an excerpt of a letter to Miss Byrd received from Joan Carter Read, class of '50. Carter was an associate editor of the Salemite last year.

"I am the copywriter for Peoples Drug Stores, Inc.—a chain of approximately 150 stores. It is my duty to write all the copy block on 16 to 20 ads per week (full 8 column ones) and to notify via bulletins, all the stores of the merchandise that will appear in each separate ad. Then too, I act as a liaison between P. D. S. and an advertising agency who handles our TV and radio promotion. That involves selecting merchandise for advertising, checking supplies and prices, notifying stores and editing all their copy both for content and style. You should hear me scrap with the agency writer on being specific—

"You remember how I detested 8:30's and was never awake? Now I am on my way to the bus 1/2 mile away at 6:45 five mornings a week! Arrive home about 6:00 at night which makes it a long day. My drive now is for a car to cut down that hour plus a few minutes traveling time to and from work. My office is partitioned off from the warehouse—dirty, dark and noisy—reminds me of the catacombs only minus that atmosphere and with a much worse smell—that comes from the drug dept. laboratory!

"I get a chance to be more creative and let myself go when I do special TV or radio copy. So the advantages in my mind far outweigh the gripes."

The student body wishes to express its sympathy to Juliana Wright in the loss of her mother.

The student body wishes to express its sympathy to Russel Crews in the loss of his mother.

## Report From Waldo

February 4, 1951

Dear Miss Marsh,

Maybe you were speaking figuratively when you asked for an account of my adventures. I hope so, for thinking back over the four months since I left home I can find no adventure—per se—beside which one in **The Bobbsey Twins Abroad** wouldn't seem like a rip-snorter.

Life in a normal school—even a French one—just doesn't make for derring-do. Especially when, as here, the doors are guarded by an aged and quite deaf concierge who retires at nine p.m.

Nonetheless, I have seen some of the things I needed to see and have prospects of continuing that very pleasant occupation when spring comes.

To go back a little, though: I came over on the **S. S. Washington** with a load of Helen Hokinson-ish ladies from Iowa, bound for Rome and the efficacious graces of the Holy Year; thirty or so English assistants like myself, sent (courtesy of the Institute of International Education) to Better International Understanding or Bust; a few turbaned Moslems; and a cortege of dear old home-going Irish women who gathered in the main lounge every evening to sing "The Wearin' o' the Green." The other passengers were less easily labeled—men who bought berets the first day out, women who wore slacks: most of them bland, Average-American types whose efforts to look cosmopolitan were somewhat abortive.

We were all pretty excited when land—it was Cornwall—finally ap-

peared through the mists one morning. Everybody piled out on deck with cameras and binoculars and someone near me started quoting in reverent tones, "I have loved England, dearly and deeply"—so help me. I was all set to get dewy-eyed myself, but an Iowa pilgrim standing by me got quite seasick all of a sudden and my visions of King Arthur and Tintagel sort of got lost in the shuffle.

We landed at Le Havre on September 20. A couple of days in Paris, then I went to Montpellier. During the two weeks left before the opening of school I stayed there with some family friends who showed me part of Provence and were endlessly patient with my French—which was (and, I fear, still is) sort of an ad lib concoction in the present tense with a noun or two and no attempt at gender or number. The country thereabouts is lovely (I use that adjective advisedly and at the risk of incurring Miss Byrd's wrath): Van Gogh's Arles landscapes understate, if anything, but they give an idea of the blue sky and sea, the yellow-white sand, the green pines and the patina of the stones and old buildings. Those two weeks alone would have pretty well made this year worthwhile. I'm going back when school is over.

After Provence, the region here is an anticlimax. Even the **Guide Blue**, known for its fulsome praise of any place whatever, summarily dismisses the town with: "Agen. Prefecture of the Lot-et-Garonne; bishopric; noted for its stuffed  
(Continued on page three)

## "Sleep Till Noon"

By Bessie Leppert

Acting upon the wise advice of his father (who often spoke highly of Dillinger), Harry Riddle sets out to "get rich and sleep 'till noon". Harry, the poor and undernourished issue of an unemployed capmaker, who lost his business during the hat fad engendered by the Coolidge election, longs to prove what so many shy, sensible, yet ambitious persons long to prove—that one can be wealthy yet preserve his integrity. In this meaty and abstruse novel of class strife, we undulate with the hero in his mighty mental conflicts and social vicissitudes.

**Sleep Till Noon**, as all of Max Shulman's books, is iconoclastic in its breezy ribaldry; it ridicules practically everything, indicating the following institutions.

- Capitalism
- Pedantry
- Civil law
- Dilletantism
- Babbity
- Tourists
- Race and Class distinctions
- Speculative Philosophy

'n loads more.

The style leaps from the erudite (shades of Herman Melville!) such as:

The ignorance I detected in you as a youth has now crystallized into a limitless

capacity for rationalization.

or: "I had looked upon our union," I confessed, "as a long conversation piece, the two of us growing older, but the talk ever flowing until, at length, we are laid to rest in a common sepulcher".

to the simple under statement (shades of Ernest Hemingway!) such as:

Esther's hair was straight and stringy; Marvin's was thick, soft, and curly. People used to say, "It's too bad that he wasn't the girl and she wasn't the boy." These comments caused Esther to hate her twin brother, and that is why she pinched him.

Such whimsical digressions as the lengthy tale about Cowcatcher Nose (called so because of an inefficient operation, giving Cowcatcher's nose the aspect of a cowcatcher) add to the "sheer fun" of this book, although the real wit lies in its candid representation of the obvious. Its robust humor is often excessively coarse (but it certainly is funny). Admitted the slapstick lines, one (if shrewd and perspicacious) may discern numerous connotations. The essence of  
(Continued on page six)

## Fay Gives Digest

By Fay Stickney

### Services Approach Quota

No one has any proof positive how the Korean situation will wind up. But, because of Korea, we, as a nation, are no longer still asleep and wishy-washy. We've perfected all matter and means of weapons, new training techniques, and proved that unification works. Our manpower has strengthened and increased tremendously. The Army is fast approaching its new goals through selective service and enlistment. The Coast Guard is full and the Navy and Air Force have received strict quotas. It has been stated that the draft does not intend to call men over twenty-six. Veterans will not be taken again if they served 90 days between December 7, 1941, and September 2, 1945, or twelve months between September 16, 1940, and June 24, 1948. Since the draft quotas of March and April are set at 80,000,

the Army will no doubt pass its current 1,500,000 man goal before May 1.

### Re-arm Germany

An item quite up in the air is the strong Western Europe problem. It has been stated many times that the combat forces of our allies in Europe are going to be doubled within the next year. The State Department has been unassumingly pressing ahead with its schemes to rearm the West Germans to the extent that the Russians have rearmed the East Germans. There have been countless Communistic threats against this plan and General Eisenhower's observation that the whole matter was for the time being on the table. Many say, men who seem to know, that there are only a comparatively few Germans who are willing to bear arms. How can there be a strong Western Europe with no strong German forces in it?



By Jane Watson

It's funny how all of a sudden you wake up one morning with the sun in your eyes. It's spring again and overnight there are green shoots on the willow tree and wild onions are beginning to sprout in the square. Everyone has to smoke "just one more cigarette" before they leave the lawns after lunch. It's spring again, but is it the same?

The Juniors are speculating about elections over "gin" games. Sally is designing costumes for May Day. Peggy and Lou are packing for Chapel Hill. Daisy is washing dishes at the practice house—but Emily is writing to Dunc in Korea and saying, "I just know everything's going to turn out all right." Ann's hoping Badger will be in dental school before he's called—There's doubt, lassitude. It's spring again, but—

Two springs ago I was trying to finish my term paper before 6:00. I wasn't particularly interested in "Queen Elizabeth in History and in Fiction", but I had been sent to Salem to be a "college girl". Two springs ago it was good to be secure, laughing, running up the stairs two at a time. Sometimes at night we stood at a third floor window and looked over the laundry at the hillside with all its lights twinkling. Those lights seemed small and far away. Betty called them "civilization creeping in", but Civilization never crept in for we were self-sufficient, inhospitable. It was enough to have blind dates every weekend, listen avidly to tales of weekends at the beach and high school days.

Last spring was different; about this time we found ourselves in the midst of Wordsworth's "truths that wake to perish never". We speculated fleetingly about thoughts too deep for tears, but we talked about Phi Gams and big weekends. We talked about transferring because we felt that Salem didn't offer enough—of what we didn't know. We felt vaguely discontented. We began to realize that we were supposed to be getting more out of college than being a "college woman". We began to be interested in what was going on at Salem. We argued about the Honor System. We wanted to work on the Sights and Insights or the Salemite. We began to be interested in world affairs. We argued about Russia. We read more. We wanted to be world citizens without quite knowing what that involved. But we somehow sensed that our world is no place for apathy.

The spring of our junior year has come. We see girls who have changed, girls who are miraculously developing into individuals. We see a math major who reads Freud and goes to art exhibits. We see a music major who keeps junior breakfast going and discusses Plato. We see Salem, not as the end, but as the beginning of being a "college woman". We listen to news broadcasts of the war in Korea. We see racial and religious prejudices. We see doubt, lassitude among ourselves. We see ourselves indolent, realizing how much we should do, how much we have to learn—and we drift on, playing cards, chattering. We are juniors with the responsibility of being seniors next year. We are young, and we somehow still feel that "everything's going to turn out right". Maybe it's because it's spring.

## The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

- Editor-in-Chief: Clara Belle LeGrand
- Associate Editor: Lee Rosenbloom
- Associate Editor: Mary Lib Weaver
- Assistant Editor: Lola Dawson
- Copy Editor: Jane Watson
- Make-up Editor: Margaret Thomas
- Assistant Copy Editor: Marion Watson
- Music Editor: Jean Patton
- Sports Editors: Adrienne McCutcheon, Marilyn Samuel

Business Manager: Betty Griffin  
Advertising Manager: Carolyn Harris

Faculty Advisor: Miss Jess Byrd.