

We Need . . .

Instead of filling this column with aims, policies and plans for next year's **Salemite**, I should like to wait and let next year's **Salemite** speak for itself. I can't tell you now what the **Salemite** will be. That's up to you as the student body. The **Salemite** is an expression of your opinion, your own aims. It will show how much and about what you are thinking.

I have complete confidence in my staff. The ones who have worked before have proved their dependability. The new ones are bringing in fresh ideas and enthusiasm. But the staff should not be responsible for dreaming up ways to rehash exhausted subjects.

We are ready to accept the challenge of the student body. The challenge itself depends on you. We welcome criticism. We want suggestions. We plead for contributions of essays, short stories, poems; but what we need most is you.

We Think . . .

A year ago in April, the Pierrettes were told that they would be on trial this year as a major organization receiving no aid from the student budget. In September, Miss Reigner, Polly, and the Pierrette members returned to Salem determined and enthusiastic—determined to make their year on trial a successful one and enthusiastic about projects and programs they had planned for the year 1950-51.

These projects and programs will be brought to a close with the three student-directed plays to be given April 24th and the final induction service in May.

Preceding these two activities, the Pierrettes gave us "Goodbye, My Fancy" in November, "The House of Bernarda De Alba" in January, "Pygmalion" in March, two tag days, a talent show and a Chapel induction service. "Goodbye, My Fancy" provided three hours of laughter, tears and an understanding of the problems of a small girls' school. The presentation of Fay Kanin's three act comedy involved six weeks of diligent practice for the actors and actresses. The technical crew made sets, provided cues, adjusted lights, altered costumes and prepared props. "Uncle Willie" was drawn, framed, and hung in his proper place over the mantle—and the Pierrettes broke even on this production.

Lorea's "The House of Bernarda De Alba" presented a new type of play, no admission charged, followed by a critical discussion to which all **Salemites** were invited.

The peak of the year was the presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion". The play involved British accents, and three changes in character for the female lead. The set was of the Victorian period, and the costumes demanded long, straight skirts, puffed sleeves, and high necks for the women, high collars, dress coat, and spats for the men.

"Pygmalion" brought a profit of approximately fifty dollars for several reasons. Mr. Gorsuch and Mr. Lawrence offered their time in building scenery, the sets were economically designed by Bryan Balfour and painted by his faithful helpers and the costumes were pieced together by the costume committee.

All of these activities have been carried on with no funds from the student budget. The proceeds from the two major productions have been minute. Looking back on the drama appreciation and the experience that has been rendered, it seems only fair that the Pierrettes should necessarily become a permanent major organization and receive financial aid from the student budget.

Text Of Speeches

By Winkie Harris

A year ago, I was feeling strange because I was just becoming student government president—now I feel strange because it's about to end.

A year ago, I appreciated the honor you had given me as well as your confidence—now I am grateful for all that has gone along with that.

I am grateful . . . to the students for their sincere efforts, honest criticism, support and encouragement—especially the seniors who have saved my skin in many a perilous situation.

. . . to the council for always being in the Stee Gee room at 5 o'clock on Mondays and at all hours of the day during the rest of the week; for being patient, sincere and understanding in all they have done.

. . . to Miss Carlson, Mrs. Heidebreder, Miss Covington and the other members of the faculty for their help and for their guidance.

. . . to Dr. Gramley for his interest, for his always-open-office door and for the confidence he has placed in us which has helped us believe in ourselves.

All this has contributed to the success of the student government.

I was hoping to tell you of the glorious progress we'd made this year. But I can't. The real measure of this or any other year comes from within each of you. The success of the honor system and therefore the student government is determined by your thoughts, your attitudes and your actions. The ideal is a good one, but you and I have to make it a reality.

Think back over what you have done this year—that will tell you just how much student government

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By Margaret Thomas

When I was first elected president of the student government, I felt honored and then scared—scared because I realized the duties and responsibilities that were involved in this office. But this fear vanished with the realization that these duties and responsibilities of the student government are not those of the president alone, but of every member of the student body.

The president and other officers whom you have elected can do nothing unless all of us as individuals accept the responsibilities which are ours as members of the Student Government Association. We have certain responsibilities to ourselves and to the people with whom we live. In accepting these responsibilities there are things which we must sacrifice, but in so doing we learn a certain amount of self-discipline.

We cannot be made to accept responsibility just by talking about it. We must also want and be willing to accept it. Salem can have no honor system unless we live up to it in the true sense of the word. Salem can have no student government unless we all take an active part in it.

The success of the student government is up to you and me. The council is not a gestapo to see whom we can put on restriction, but we are your representatives to reflect your ideas and to carry out your desires.

For Winkie, I have only the highest praise for the excellent example which she has set and the wonderful job which she and the outgoing council have done. We have much to live up to, and much is expected of us. But I feel sure that we will all accept our responsibilities to make next year a success.



By Ruth Derrick

"The fountains were turned on here at Salem April 6, 1951 at 6:00 a.m. This custom has and always will herald the arrival of spring." Katy Kombs traced out the words with her grubby finger for the hundredth time. She breathed a mighty sigh and happily snuggled her little head into the middle of a two-foot stack of **Salemites**, as she thought of that day when she had been called upon to announce to the world that the three Salem fountains had begun their age-old ritual of eruption. Katy remembered.

It had been the same as any other day, but passing by the Clewell mailboxes she had noticed a scrap of paper fluttering from her box. Was it a bookstore bill, one of those model telegrams or a note from the Cuts Committee? Katy thrust her five damp digits into the box. With rapid pulse, dry throat and quivering viscera, she unfolded the paper. It was a **Salemite** assignment for her! Katy read and reread, "Please write up the fountains."

Katy remembered. She saw herself leaving the dorm and crossing the square. There she was holding the **Salemite** assignment in her hot little hand and feeling a sensation she had never known before. That "glorious awakening" made her tingle as if she had just come to life. Even the freckles on her nose seemed to vibrate! She alone of all the Freshman Class had been chosen to write an article. At this moment the new Katy was born.

Head tossed high, she had entered the drugstore and ordered a coke, but conscious of her new position, she quickly asked for an added dash of cherry smash. What had become of the cowering, silent freshman who used to creep to the back booth and whisper her order? Katy grinned, proud yet rather awed by this new savior faire she had just acquired. Surely the simple **Salemite** assignment hadn't done this for her. However, Margie had begun to play bridge with the Seniors after she had become manager of the freshman hockey team, and the other pals had certainly gained something when they had become proctors or had been in the new play. Katy closed one eye, squinted down her straw, and pondered.

Katy remembered . . . She could see herself on that memorable walk from the drugstore to Clewell. In the middle of the square she had stopped to gaze at a dogwood tree and at that moment she had become inspired. Musing about printer's ink, dummy sheets and linotype machines, she saw herself at the front covering Korean battles, she saw herself sitting at the Society Editor's desk in the office of a large newspaper. This was just the beginning—the rest was up to her. All that was needed to write a **Salemite** assignment was originality, 52 hours of spare time a week, an English grammar book, and above all, a touch of genius. She must be original! Katy squared her shoulders and began accosting stray **Salemites**. "And what do the fountains make you think of, Wanda Wheel?"

Miss Wheel, carrying her own private bulletin board, had stared at a fountain and screamed, "Each drop reminds me of my term paper, a class meeting and a book to read!"

These revealing words hastily scribbled in a notebook, Katy spied a shadow lurking near Bitting. "What do you think of the fountains, Sara Shush?"

Lips trembling, eyes lowered Miss Shush had whispered "They're a wee bit noisy, aren't they?"

Ten more interviews and 6 hours later found her typing in Cosy Corner. She had finally written the article—thirty pages of it—and had dreamed of the trying hours when she would accept with retiring modesty the praise of her classmates. But the freshest memory was that of the evening when the **Salemite** arrived. Katy lit another cigarette and remembered . . .

She had rushed to her room paper in hand. She had scanned eagerly page one, page two . . . On the last page Katy had read "The fountains were turned on at Salem April 6, 1951 at 6:00 a.m. This custom has and always will herald the arrival of spring."

But Katy had put down the paper, tossed her head high, and went to the drugstore a coke—with cherry smash.

Polly Reviews Awards

By Polly Hartle

There have been shouts of joy and of anger over Judy Holiday's award for her performance in "Born Yesterday." Critics have explained that it is far more difficult to play excellent comedy than it is to play tragedy, and that on this basis Miss Holiday received the Oscar; for without doubt her performance is one of excellent comedy.

In close competition with Judy were Bette Davis, who has a gallery of Oscars, and Gloria Swanson, who has made a spectacular come-back.

Tallulah, on her program last Sunday night, expressed regrets that Bet Davis had lost and praised Judy for her talent. Tallulah remarked that she felt that Bette had done a splendid job in the picture, "All About ME!" Although the director claimed there was no reference to Tallulah in the film, fans thought otherwise. At any rate, the picture received the film award for the best movie of the year. Here, again, critics have bared their teeth. First of all, not only was the feature long (two hrs., 15 min.); it seemed even longer. The dialogue was spiced,

subtle and difficult, however. Unmistakably excellent as always was George Sanders, the arts patron who carried esteem as a reviewer. A fault was found in the plot's being a long, drawn-out tale filled with anti-climaxes. "Eve" was a theatrical picture concerned with people of the high and low stage. It would tend to give a layman distaste for the theater and to argue that anyone connected with the profession should get out or suffer having no morals left. The story was pessimistic, tearing to shreds man's faith in man and pushing ambition and self-glory.

Similarly in "Sunset Boulevard" references were made between the life of the lead to that of the star, Gloria Swanson. Also similar, "Sunset" was a tragedy. Gloria played a silent-screen star whom the fans have forgotten and who, having failed the test of sound and having grown old, attempts to make a come-back and loses her mind. "Sunset" was packed with weird, unnatural suspense, using flashbacks as did "Eve." Gloria lived a melodrama in a mystery house with her fourth husband, Eric Von Stronheim, cast aside and

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World News

By Kitty Burrus

1953 To See America Strong
Defense mobilizer, Charles Wilson, reports that by 1953 America will be strong enough to give a reasonable safety against aggression as well as a high-level civilian economy.

However, during the next two-year building-up program, civilians will have to tighten their belts. Military production will cause shortages of both goods and manpower. Fighting inflation will also be a tough job.

But after that period, we can then enjoy post-Korean production with the assurance that we are ready to enter upon total mobilization if need be.

Southern Textile Workers Strike
Almost one-tenth of the South's textile workers are on strike for more pay. These 40,000 workers are scattered in five states and are members of the C. I. O. Textile

Workers Union of America. 18,000 are from North Carolina mills.

The union is demanding a thirteen-cent pay raise per hour. And Emile Rieve, T. W. V. A.'s national president, says that they are in position to stand a long strike. However, textile officials say they cannot possibly meet the demands until they know whether their prices will support such extra costs.

French President Visits
Relations between the United States and France have recently been strengthened by the visit of French president Vincent Auriol to our country. He told Congress that France loved peace but would stand with the U. S. in fighting any aggressor. He further stated that France is already rebuilding her defenses and is determined to fight if necessary.

President Auriol is the first of his nation's presidents to visit our country.

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