

An Immodest Proposal..

It is paradoxical to walk within the ivied walls and to see the shadow of a figure climbing in a dorm window at 11:42 p.m., to feel the startled reaction caused by a locked door with smoke seeping through the key hole and to compare an empty dorm to an empty sign-out sheet.

In view of these truths I propose to omit the sentence in the handbook which states: "Personal honor is the basis of all activities of Salem College."

The advantages of this proposal can not logically be disputed. Of the approximately 350 students at Salem, about 315 would be free to trick the gestapo government by revealing their misdemeanors only to non-student government members. The probable results will be a whispering group suddenly becoming silent upon the appearance of a Stee Gee member. This is only fair, however, since the student council comprises only about 10 per cent of the student body, and it is far better that the smaller percentage should be inconvenienced than the entire student body being restricted by the bonds of personal honor. The unfortunate Stee Gee members may adopt a more advisable course. They may, after their election, suddenly acquire an oblivious attitude concerning misdemeanors in which they had previously participated.

Another advantage is that it is good for the idealistic freshmen entering Salem to realize before it is too late that personal honor has no place in our world of today. This valuable lesson may be quickly learned through the example set by upper classmen.

An advantage of no slight importance is that students will be able to smoke and drink in their rooms and they will not be bothered by such trivialities as signing in or out, checking chapel cards and the like.

I can think of no objection that could possibly be raised to this proposal unless it be: Why come to college at all? Such goals as adjustment to group living, acceptance of individual responsibility, and development of personal integrity may possibly be achieved, by allowing the 'personal honor clause' to remain but let no man talk to me of these and other goals until he is ready to make a sincere attempt to establish personal honor as the basis of all activities at Salem College.

Emily Warden

A Modest Proposal

Mrs. William B. Todd has expressed curiosity about the following note to her husband found in a milk bottle on their back porch:

You are cute. I love you.

The note was written on the back of a drive-in menu.

The television room is open to all students, not just those in Strong, at 7:30 p.m. every night.

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

Editor-in-Chief Jane Watson
Associate Editor Lola Dawson
Assistant Editor Eleanor MacGregor
Make-up Editor Peggy Cheers
Copy Editor Ann Lowe
Copy Editor Ruthie Derrick
Sports Editors Jane Fearing, Helen Ridgeway
Editorial Staff: Jean Patton, Betty Parks, Lorrrie Dirom, Margaret Thomas, Elsie Macon, Kitty Burrus and Marion Watson.
Editorial Assistants: Florence Spough, Edith Tesch, Lou Bridgers, Eleanor Fry, Peggy Johnson, Lu Long Ogburn, Jean Calhoun, Cynthia May, Emma Sue Larkins, Jean Davenport, Fay Lee, Jane Schoolfield, Florence Cole, Edith Flagler, Joan Elrick, Phyllis Forrest and Joann Belle.
Typists Betty McCrary, Lou Bridgers

Business Manager Emily Warden
Advertising Manager Ann Hobbs
Asst. Advertising Manager Jean Shope
Circulation Manager Martha Fitchett
Exchange Editor Fae Deaton
Pictorial Editor Marion Watson
Faculty Advisor Miss Jess Byrd

Do You Remember?

By Edith Tesch

I am Youth. You accuse me of losing faith in others and in myself. You say that I do not have the courage for adventure, that I am not willing to sacrifice for the sake of pioneering, that, instead, I spend my energy in a constant whirl of excitement. I do not deny your accusations; I only ask if you remember?

Do you remember January, 1933? That was the year when the depression was at its worst, the month when the banks were closed. That was also the year and the month of my birth—an occasion marked at my house by a stack of unpaid doctor's bills. Among the first words I heard there were many more "you can't have's" than "don't's", but the "can't have's" didn't tell why Santa Claus didn't leave a cuddly pink bunny under the "Twinkle-tree". Perhaps it was because of the envelopes with little windows that came in the mail box. I liked those, because I could see my paper dolls on the other side. When there were lots of envelopes, though, Daddy got very angry and sometimes broke the windows when he took the insides out. Perhaps the window envelopes came from big men who might take away my swing, big sister's piano and little sister's dolls. I didn't understand.

Do you remember December, 1941? One day we went across the hall into the other third grade room. I sat in a desk with the little girl who had fat pigtailed. The other teacher turned on the radio, and there was some music. We had to stand up. Then a nice man talked. He sounded very tired and sad, and my teacher cried. The little girl with fat pigtailed twisted

one of them. I didn't understand. That night I asked Daddy, and he said it was war. It sounded very bad. Then Daddy took the big map out of the dusty red book that had lots of ugly brown pictures of some thing Daddy calls the "First World War". When he listened to the men on the radio, he stuck pins in the map. I didn't like the men. They talked about bombs and planes and dead people, and I couldn't learn my multiplication table.

Do you remember the years that followed? Sometimes when we went to bed, there were planes and loud noises, and we had to say, "Bless the children in England and Germany", because bombs might fall out of their planes and hurt them.

One day I took my tricycle to school and rode it up to the edge of a great big scrap pile. One of the big boys smiled and put it way up on top. That day the teacher gave some of the boys and girls red stamps. I wanted one too, so I gave her my ice cream dime. There kept on being scrap piles and stamps and things like the stamps only without the "sticky". Instead of money we used those to buy food. And sometimes the chimes rang. Daddy said that meant one of the boys wouldn't come back.

Do you remember August 14, 1945. It was all over. Daddy took the map down and gave Mother back the pins. My little sister got the red stamps to play store. The planes and noises stopped. There were no more chimes. The radio, the thing I hated most, stayed. The voices were only sadder and more worried. But, perhaps it

(Continued on page three)



By Lee Rosenbloom

Graduation day was less than two months off. It was time for Sally Senior to think seriously of her future. She knew well that her happy, carefree school days would soon be over. But Sally wasn't sad. A new chapter of life was about to begin. "The world is at my feet", Sally thought. "I have but to choose".

A year in Europe would be nice. April in Paris, looking on the Riviera, handsome French counts. "I can tell Mother I'll study," she chortled to herself.

(Excerpt from Mother's letter in reply to proposal of same—)

Dear Daughter,

No. Why don't you get married, instead? Misunderstood, but never daunted, Sal's thoughts turned to other spheres. After considering Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore and studying the population figures of these cities, Sal chose New York—four men to every girl. She had known that geography would come in handy one of these days. "There ain't nothing like cumulative knowledge," to quote a well-known Salem professor.

"An apartment in Greenwich Village would be nice", Sal decided. "Something with a 12 x14' skylight and Picassos on the walls. I'll have an easel in one corner", she reflected. "That will add a nice arty touch." Sal knew that men always liked mysterious women. She could find some light work—say, 9 to 4, five days a week. Oh yes, Sal decided this would be the way to live.

(Excerpt from Mother's letter in reply to proposal of same—)

Dear Daughter,

We have considered seriously your desire to work in New York. I know that the YWCA would be a lovely place to live, and that you would be well chaperoned there. However, you would have to walk to work alone and your Father and I do not really feel that you are mentally or physically capable of doing this. Why don't you get married?

The really important thing, Sal knew, was to get away from home, to be independent. It really didn't matter where she worked, but she had to find a job that would give free reign to her imagination, that would allow her to be creative. Other people weren't important. The theater, concerts, New York Paris weren't important. Her work was the thing. After she had proved her ability she'd take the big city by storm.

Sal's luck was good. She was offered a job writing adds for Gastric's Grocery Stores. Her office would be in Kernersville. "A truly good deal," Sally thought. "I'll be close to several prominent colleges, where I can go to night school". (It is well known that all men who have ever "gotten ahead" went to night school). "And yet I'll be away from the meddling crowd." Sal sighed esoterically. And of course the best thing about this job, as the Dean reminded Sally, was the fact that Gastric's did not require a personal interview.

(Excerpt from Mother's letter in reply to proposal of same—)

Dear Daughter,

Gastric sounds like a nice boy. I wonder if he knows the Van Lassiters from Kernersville.

I have written your brother in regard to his fraternity brothers. He is to ask three of them to come and visit us this week-end. Come home and do not bring any girls with you.

"Daddy needs a secretary," Sal said in martyr fashion. Let other girls go to New York and Europe. I can never repay my father for the advantages he has given me but the least I can do is to stick by him. At first, I'll do little things—drive him to work, hold his umbrella, light his cigarettes. Then the day will come when he'll realize my true value. I'll open his mail, maybe even type a few letters—as soon as I learn how to type. And one day in the bright and distant future my father will say "Let's drive out to California, Mother. I'll leave Sally in charge. I have complete confidence in my girl's ability. I don't know what I'd do without her."

(Mother's letter in reply to proposal of same)

(Continued on page four)

Only The Cross

By Joanne Field

Alt is quiet
The warfields are bare
The guns no longer sound
Only the crosses are there
Because someone thought
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

He waits and listens—
They have forgotten me—he stirs.
The fifth cross in row three is
Where he waits and listens—listens

for
Someone who will kneel
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

Death hovers silent—
Leave us alone—Leave us alone—
Still Death stands over the mounds
Waiting and listening, fearing—
always fearing
Someone who will kneel
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

Now it's over—

Oh beware what you say
Not 'Retribution and Justice'
But 'Teach them to pray'—
With someone who kneels
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

He listens still
His strong cries are mute
Unheard they echo from each
cross and fade.
Yet someone will come to tell those
who care
Someone must kneel
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

All is quiet
The warfields are bare
The guns no longer sound
Only the crosses are there
Because someone thought
To ask of God
Peace on earth
Good will to men.

World News

By Kitty Burrus

MacArthur Fired

General Matthew Ridgeway has been appointed by President Truman to replace General Douglas MacArthur as supreme commander in the Far East.

The President said he had concluded that MacArthur was unable to give his support to the United States and the United Nations policies. The general was informed of his dismissal in a telegram from Truman Tuesday night.

There has been anxiety in foreign nations over General MacArthur's actions in the Far East.

MacArthur set off the international uproar last week by announcing his desire to use Chinese Nationalist forces to open a second front against the Reds. He also proposed bombing Manchuria. These measures would relieve pressure on U. N. troops in Korea, but European nations fear it would cause all-out war in the Far East and thus divert western U. N. military strength from Europe.

Britain has asked the U. N. for more "effective control of the supreme commands" in the Far East. France also has expressed disap-

proval of MacArthur's proposals.

Draft Age Lowered

The House Armed Services Committee has dropped efforts to write a universal military program into law. This action appeared to clear the way for Congressional approval of other parts of the draft bill.

As the bill now stands the draft age will be lowered from 19 to 18½; the term of service will be extended from 21 to 26 months, and deferments for childless husbands will be tightened.

Some of the most gifted college students may be deferred to finish school. Intelligence tests will be used to determine partially who will be deferred, but local draft boards will have the final word on deferments.

National Guard Units to Europe

Military authorities have disclosed plans to send two more national guard units to Europe within the next six or seven months. These units will join General Eisenhower's Atlantic Pact Army.

Two other U. S. divisions already in Germany will also join Eisenhower. This will make a total of six U. S. divisions in the unified army.