

Response . . .

Let's look in on Room 4 for two different meetings, one a nominating committee meeting, the other a finance board meeting. There's a surprising difference in the amount of interest and enthusiasm of the committee which is trying to get money and the committee which is considering the persons who will head the spending of that money.

First let's sit in on a nominating committee meeting. The Stee Gee president begins by telling the organization heads that they may be completely frank for nothing that is said will go outside of Room 4. She then reads the list of candidates suggested by the respective organizations. The meeting is now open for discussion and careful consideration."

Someone says, "Mary would be good."

"I think so too."

Silence . . .

"I'd like to discuss Ann. She's dependable."

"I think so too."

So the meeting goes—And the candidates are eventually posted.

Now for a visit with the finance committee—Each representative is called upon for a report of her organization's expenditures and requests for increases in their share of the student budget. Then the controversy begins.

The Pierrettes ask to be placed on the budget at 75 cents so that they might use any surplus to build up wardrobe and stage equipment. They are allotted 65 cents on the basis that this is their first year on the budget and their share should be on trial and subject to change next year, if necessary.

A suggestion that dorm fees be added to the budget so that dorms may finance more activities is voted down because organizations already established are felt to need the money more.

The meeting progresses and is notable for the fairness in presenting both sides of the controversies.

It seems a shame that the response and interest in nominating committee meetings isn't even half as good as in finance meetings when the officers you elect direct the expenditures from the student budget.

Responsibility . . .

The student body appreciates the fact that the members of the faculty try in every way possible to treat us as women who are able to accept the responsibilities that come with maturity.

This has been proved several times in the last three weeks. The petition for closed week-end to be opened has been passed. The purpose of closed week-end is to give the students more time to study—now the responsibility rests upon the individual.

The time limit for the May Day Dance has been set at one o'clock, 30 minutes longer than the usual time to be in the dorm after a dance. This is on trial and no student may leave campus after leaving the dance—now the responsibility rests upon the individual.

Thirdly, the cuts system has been changed. Students now have cuts given them for illness and departmental activities. There is no longer the danger of using all cuts in the infirmary. The higher the student's average the more cuts she will get. Thus we have more incentive to make a B average—now the responsibility rests upon the individual.

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Dear Daddy . . .

By Phyllis Forrest

Dear Daddy:

Tomorrow is May Day—my first one at Salem. They've been practicing for a pageant in the May Dell—Lucy Harper is going to be crowned queen.

I was reading about all the May Day plans in the paper the other day, and I discovered that the Communists had May Day, too. Theirs was on the first day of May, and it wasn't at all like ours is going to be. They had huge military parades in all the big cities in Europe, and their leaders made speeches. The theme was supposed to be "Peace," but the headline in the paper read: "Berlin, France, Other Trouble Spots Brace for Worker's May Day Rallies."

Daddy, I got interested in that newspaper—the world is really in a mess—I think. Britain is ready to agree to bombing China; Truman has asked 40 billion dollars for military funds; the Reds have lost 75,000 men—I couldn't find how many we have lost; and, oh yes, the labor unions are returning to the defense mobilization agencies after a two-month strike. Their leaders are really on the ball; they're going to turn the heat on Congress to insure "equality of sacrifice" in the defense effort.

They argue about a few cents, but those fellows in Korea—the ones who won't come back—couldn't argue. You know what? I think the world leaders, or the men who write the newspapers, or somebody—maybe me—is confused. Internationally they talk about "peace;" inside U. S. A. the word is "defense;" but nobody admits what it really is. I wish you'd tell me—don't or can't people say what they mean any more?

Drew Pearson insinuates that MacArthur made one of those blunders that "it is definite military policy not to publicize." Would it be better to heed General Bradley, who wants "all the cards on the table no matter whose errors it shows up," or should we continue in the policy of keeping quiet on the embarrassing military mistakes? The military men can't agree.

I'm getting all confused; I'd better stop thinking. I've got to press my dress for the May Day Dance anyway. Kiss my mother. Tell my brother to be careful with the car (the accident rate is getting higher). And, please, they want everybody to cross their fingers and hope for a sunny day tomorrow.

Lots of love, Sissy



Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor

Just what does make good student-faculty relations?

When I hear girls sitting around the smoke house complaining about "the bad student-faculty relations at Salem," I wonder if they realize it's a 50-50 proposition. After all, you can't see a professor's smile if you don't even look his way when you pass on the street. And what faculty member anywhere can be enthusiastic on student-faculty day when nine girls chit-chat over his head at dinner about their date for that night, all apparently quite oblivious to his presence?

Could it be that the "bad" student-faculty relation—if it is bad—is the fault of the students. And is it really "bad"?

I felt pretty good the other day when I walked into a professor's office on a business matter, and he said as I got up to leave, "Oh, don't go. Stay and chat awhile." Or the time a faculty member took the time and the nerve to tell me about and discuss with me a fault I might otherwise never have realized I possessed. Or the night before exams when a busy teacher took time off to come over to Strong and clear up for her students bothersome points.

Things like that make me think of the faculty as people! And back to my very first question, I think that's what good student-faculty relation means—each thinking of the other as a person, not as an impersonal knowledge machine wearily pumping oil over a wall in an attempt to polish up a set of very rusty cogs.

I get a warm feeling inside

when I think about our faculty at Salem because I think they're more than willing to be real persons to us. If you're complaining about "bad student-faculty relations", ask yourself if you've done your part. Kitty Burrus

Dear Editor

There are many things, many little things which contribute to make one feel at home in any place.

Sometimes it is a sound, a color, a smell.

Sometimes it is a smile.

But for me there is a man whom I will always remember in thinking of Salem. A man whose smile and presence have made me feel that there is more in Salem than an institution, that there is something human.

His wandering silhouette comforts me when I see him walking around the campus with his eternal white (?) companion.

Almost always I call him. It is one of the things one cannot help doing. I cannot see Mr. Gorsuch without feeling that I have to call him, to talk to him. Then he turns around, and I know why I wanted to call him—just because of the friendly smile in the corner of his eye, always full of roguishness and ready for a joke at any hour of the night.

What would the catacombs be without Mr. Gorsuch—what would the Old Chapel be—or the Pierrettes working on their plays?

It is difficult to explain. Those who know Mr. Gorsuch well know what I mean.

Those who don't—they have missed very much of Salem.

Catherine Birckel



By Clinky Clinkscales

It was almost five-thirty. Nan carried a big, thick book in the crook of her elbow, as she scuffed along the brick walk back to the senior dormitory. The heels of her floppy loafers made a dull popping noise behind her. It had rained most of the afternoon, and the dampness made her hair limp and straight. As she walked slowly along, she unconsciously shoved back a strand of hair that kept falling in her eyes. The ground was wet and the grass looked shiny. Nan wondered whether it would squeak if she ran across it and hit it hard and fast with the balls of her feet—the way you can make the sands at the beach squeak when you run along. She wanted to try it, but she didn't.

The air around her was warm and heavy. And the wind moved the willow branches and freed a few drops of rain that were caught on the leaves. The little drops made a spray and hit the side of her face and arm. She wiped her face with the back of her hand. Nan stopped a moment by the willow. It was bright in contrast to the dull sky. Never before had it looked so green—or so sad. As she looked at the drooping branches and the rough, black trunk, she felt almost like crying—Why is it you're completely happy at school for four years, then all of a sudden you look at an old tree—one you've seen hundreds of times before—and you want to cry!

Nan tried to hum a tune, but it got no further than the back of her throat. She felt a little ungrateful, but she didn't mean to be. Her parents had sent her here when she was a freshman, and now—in less than a month—she had to leave.

Nan started up the wet cement steps at the side of the dormitory. Just as she was about to enter, three seniors came dashing down the hall arm in arm. The middle girl waved a deck of cards and a score pad at Nan. Mary always played with her own cards. "Drop that old book and come be a fourth," she said over her shoulder in a high-pitched voice.

Nan managed a smile and shook her head, but Mary hadn't bothered to look back. "Sorry—afraid I can't right now." But she hadn't even bothered to hear her either—it's just as well they didn't really care—That's same, same talk—Mary and Bob's wedding in June and Jenny's in July—Pins and rings and weddings and plans for the future—Any other day I could listen—But not today—Thanks all the same—Not today because—because—Because it's rained all afternoon—And because—in less than a month now we'll all be gone for good—And—

Without knowing it, Nan had moved herself over towards the window. Outside the grass looked shiny, and the branches of the old willow moved slightly. She stared. She watched a tall skinny girl come bounding down the same brick path she had followed. When she reached the building she jumped, and her long legs landed her safely on the third step. Nan knew Sis had not seen her at the window, and she almost wanted to hide. But there was no place. Sis almost bumped into her in her excitement. Gaily she shouted to Nan, "Guess what! I've just sold my cap and gown to Jean Parker for five dollars!" She hurried on up the steps.

Nan watched her—Five dollars for a cap and gown—That's what I paid for mine last year—Is that all there is to it—Five dollars—In less than a month now—

The grass outside looked shiny. Nan wondered whether it would squeak if she ran across it and hit it hard and fast with the balls of her feet. She wanted to try it, but she didn't.