

Lost Generation?

Do we as Salem College students portray the feelings, emotions, and opinions of our generation? Would a portrait of our ambitions, morals and hopes paint a true picture of the generation that is depicted as being one of young people with confused morals, unsympathetic sentiments, void of faith, ambitions and desire for family life?

A recent magazine article represents our generation as the beginning of an era of corruption. According to the magazine survey youth is unconcerned with the cultural aspects of life, advocating a more free sex life, prone to alcoholism, fascinated by fast living, ever desiring more money to spend faster, void of faith, lacking ambition, and even addicted to dope and racing with the moon. We, the ladies of this group, are represented as being the most serious problem—as "emotional D.P.'s" more concerned with a life career than a home and family life.

Are there living in our ivy-covered walls at Salem over 200 "emotional D.P.'s? Do we fit into the dark picture sketched of our generation? No.

Surely the fact that such enthusiasm was exhibited last year during Religious Emphasis Week shows that we are not faithless. The earnest discussions after Dr. Frank Hall's sermons on "A Christian Marriage" is indicative of the fact that we desire homes—and Christian ones.

As for our cultural interests—the active debates at the art forums seem to show that we are aware of the cultural aspects of life and take pleasure in them. The panel discussions on current events sponsored by the I. R. C. showed evidence that we are concerned with the condition of our world and are desirous to understand it.

Our plans have been upset by the Korean situation, yet we have made new plans and maintain our hopes for the future. The girls in Bitting, whose lives have been changed because of the war, the draft, still talk of their marriage plans, previously made but now interrupted for a period. They still have hopes that conditions will naturally evolve into better ones. They have not lost faith in the world.

A swift life? Perhaps we live at a galloping rate, but we have the energy of youth that must be expended. A fast life with its implications of sex, dope and alcoholism, we read of and discuss, but hardly experience. Yet we have no "holier-than-thou" attitude. We feel that we are living—that we are not sitting on the sidelines watching our generation living a more racy life.

Certainly there are some of us that are apathetic, some of us that only exist on campus, that live to be able to run, to do more exciting things and to think less. The majority of Salem students, however, are not in this category and as long as there are a few with hopes, ideals and high principles our generation is not a lost one.

S. J. C.

The Salemite



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

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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Recollections

By Gunilla Graberger

The window of my room faces the lake with its islands, but if I look across the waters to the left I can see three trees towering above the others in the forest edge on the other side. They indicate the geographical center of Sweden. Generally speaking, however, Ostersund is a northern town with long, cold winters and short summers of midnight sun. It is a smallish town without any industries.

All its life centers round the red brick building that houses the secondary school. School is so closely linked up with all I know in Ostersund that there is hardly anything I can do there which does not bring my school years back to me. The dark cafeteria with fur-twigs strewn on the floor is only three blocks away. So close and yet so far . . .

It is cozy in here. The windows are stained and they give a queer

light. The smell of fur-twigs is good. It is warm too, while it is bitter cold. It is March weather.

I sit down in a corner to have tea and to light a cigarette, but the waitress catches my eye and makes a sign that I had better not. Not just yet. No, of course not. I see her now—my French teacher is sitting in the opposite corner looking intently at me. It is forbidden to smoke in the cafeteria. I get up, bow to her and walk out again. I nod to the waitress—I'll be in later. She smiles—understands.

Strolling down the street in the cold I pull the fur coat tighter around me. The snow creaks under my boots and the frost bites my ear-tips. A sleigh makes its way through the traffic. The bells of the horse tinkle gaily but are almost instantly drowned out in the hooting of a big truck. Two children on a chair-toboggan are

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Smoke House Madness

By Ruthie Derrick

An Experiment in Mood

The tune goes on and on—never lower. Louder, louder, fast, and louder. Two hands beat the yellowed keys—the old piano quakes and shudders. The tune goes on—never lower. Smoke fills the air—stale, warm air. Nicotine-stained fingers hold brimming ash trays. The tune goes on—faster. Four bridge tables stand together. Hands clutch rows of cards—bent, grimy cards. Hands shuffle cards and cut them—throw them on the bright red table tops. The tune

continues. The rhythm never fails—it beats, beats, beats and never stops. Faces—white faces smiling through the smokey air. Mouths moving in time to the music. Louder and louder—the tune and the voices. Will they always stay in rhythm—moving hands and mouths keeping time to the throbbing tune—the hateful, pulsating tune? A bell screams above the din. Two hands hit a minor chord on the yellowed keys—the tune stops. Hands drop cards and settle on the bright red table tops. Smiling mouths cease to move. Quiet hour is here—Thank God!

Dear Papa . . .

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,
We understand that prices are going up again because of the new excise taxes. Cigarettes have gone up one cent a pack, whiskey costs 26 to 70 cents more a fifth and mechanical pencils, cigarette lighters, gasoline, new cars, electric dishwashers, lawnmowers and skis have also gone up. Of course all that will bother us girls will be the taxes on skis, dishwashers and mechanical pencils.

Last week we had the pleasure of entertaining some foreigners who had been fighting in Korea. Citizen Truman met these men in Washington and told them "if there's anybody around the country that doesn't treat you right, why you tell ME". We tried, Mister President.

Papa, I noticed in a couple of magazines that a feller named John R. Hardy, sold some Atlanta Negroes a mixture of poisonous methyl alcohol, well water, peach flavoring and moonshine. As a result 350 people were put in the hospital, dozens of folks were almost

blinded, two lost all sight and 37 died. It's bootleggers like this that make even a lady like me want to say bad words.

Some folks say that the present head of the Democratic party is violating the 10 commandments and the Constitution in a manner that has Moses and Jefferson both turning over in their graves. Guess everybody is wondering what General Ike is going to do about taking things in his hands. Mister Truman must be wondering too, because he "invited" the General to come visit him. They talked for a long time but said there was no discussion of politics. If they didn't talk politics I bet it wasn't Truman's fault.

Miss Ava Gardner and Mr. Frank Sinatra have gotten their marriage license. The application was filed 24 hours after Mr. Sinatra got his divorce from Mrs. Sinatra. Sometimes I get the notion that this marriage business don't hold much ground with folks now-a-days.

Your ever lov'en daughter,
Anne

God's Strange Math

By Dr. Julian Lake

Note that Jesus said, "Let no man put asunder what God has joined together." Sometimes the man is an outlaw. I mean by that, he comes into the marriage situation to break up the family; and surely, my dear friends, adultery is a tragic fact in American life. I had a man, one of my officers in my last pastorate, say to me that the most prevalent sin in that particular city, and perhaps it is true here also, was the sin of adultery. It is condemned more than any other sin by the Bible.

Note another thing: Jesus said that these two would become one. Someone has called this God's strange mathematics where you take one plus one equals one. Now, you see, you and I always thought that one plus one equaled two, but not in marriage. That is only in grammar school arithmetic, but not in wedlock. One plus one equals one. The man and the woman become one, and nobody ought to be permitted to break them apart.

Let's go on with this: "If any here present can show just cause why these persons may not lawfully be joined together in marriage, let them now speak, or hereafter forever hold their peace." There are a great many people who wish we would leave that out, but that is the one thing we need to leave in. It is for the benefit of the people who have come to the wedding. Now, definitely, if you have got anything to say why these two should not be joined in marriage, you ought to say it. Be sure you say it before they are married and not after. That is the point of this. Now, of course, if you know the man has a wife and three children back in Ohio, you ought to tell it. Someone has said that they never had been to a wedding where anybody ever stood up and made answer to this particular charge, but at one of the first weddings I ever had, that happened. When I said if any man here knows just cause why these should not be lawfully joined

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By Faye Lee

Katy rushed around her room gathering up her best clothes to put on. Thank goodness her roommate had left her fur coat at school this weekend.

Katy had dreamed of this weekend since she first got her pin. Now at last she would meet Oscar's family! She could already hear them saying, "My dear, we can hardly wait to have you in our family." Naturally she did not want them to accept her on her good looks and poise alone, so she would tell them some of her many qualifications. How impressed they would be that she sang a five measure solo in the choral ensemble concert, once wrote an article in the Salemite, had won five points in athletics and had been a corn stalk in May Day.

Katy finished dressing and hurried uptown just making the bus to Broadslab, Oscar's hometown. After a five hour drive during which the bus completely circled the town (as buses are likely to do), Katy leaped off into the arms of the waiting Oscar. He kissed her hands in his usual continental manner and then led her to the car.

"How lucky that you came this weekend," Oscar said. "My two grandmothers are here. Now don't be afraid of Great-ma. She doesn't believe in marriage and suspects you of believing in it, but pay no attention to her. Grand-ma will love you as she likes anything Great-ma doesn't like." Katy almost lost her confidence at hearing this, but as she always had a way with sweet old women she would try to charm them.

When Oscar and Katy opened the door and stepped into the hall, Katy began to feel a slight trembling in the knees. Then she heard a sharp voice say, "You've got your fraternity pin on wrong." Katy grasped Oscar's hand for support as she turned to face the speaker and mumbled, "Really?" Oscar introduced her to his sister, Sylvia. Giving Katy her cigarette holder to hold, sophisticated Sylvia condescendingly re-pinned Katy's pin with the knowing hand of one who has worn four.

Katy watched mournfully as Oscar disappeared up the stairs leaving her to face the family alone. Sylvia said, "Come, my pet, and meet mater and pater." Katy followed her into the living room and turned on her most dazzling smile. She shook hands with Oscar's mother, father and two grandmothers. As she collapsed to the sofa by herself she realized with horror that she could not remember a thing that she had said. She only hoped she sounded intelligent.

Katy turned to Oscar's Great-ma who was sitting stiffly in the straight backed chair next to her. Katy searched for something particularly sparkling to say to her and finally blurted out, "Uh, have you known Oscar very long?" Katy received only a cold stare to her question. Then the grandmother cleared her throat and said, "Miss Kombs, I suppose your family has always lived in North Carolina?" Katy said, "Yes ma'am," feeling all the time that the woman had been reading too much of William Byrd about the riff-raff that first settled North Carolina.

"We have always been Virginians, of course. Perhaps you have heard Oscar mention Lamarr Hedy, the lovely girl he used to date when he visited me. Why, I couldn't keep him away in the summers. Lamarr was sixth cousin to Chief Justice Spatz. Of course you know him. Lamarr is such an intelligent girl. She holds five degrees and is Phi Beta Kappa. Oscar's mother began asking her about her school. Katy had to repeat her answers to the questions directed at her two or three times and still received a weak uncomprehending smile from Oscar's mother. Katy realized that she had almost lost her voice from fright. She pretended not to hear the next question.

For the next 15 minutes Katy sat listening to the family discuss the worthless girl that their cousin Ed had married. Katy felt the tears roll slowly down her cheeks and thanked her stars for the dim lights. All her dreams of sitting at the feet of Oscar's father and telling him all about seeing President Truman had vanished. Would she never hear Oscar's mother tell her about Oscar as a baby?

Her sad meditations were interrupted as Oscar came in and sat down beside her. Then he leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Relax, Katy. I can tell that they love you."