

Misconception . . .

The idea of the Student Council is perhaps misunderstood by many of us here at Salem. It is not a police force, and putting people on restriction is not its main object. The Student Council is here to serve you, and its members have been elected by you as your representatives. When a rule or regulation which has been set up by the Student Council and the Administration has been violated, it is the duty of the Student Council to see that proper punishment is given. The punishment is not given just for the sake of giving out restrictions, but as a reminder for the future. Each case which comes before the Student Council is considered individually and with careful consideration of both the offense and of the individual. On serious cases the Council often meets for days, hours at a time. The Student Council makes mistakes. It has made many this year, but it tries to realize its mistakes and tries hard not to make the same mistake twice.

Our whole system of government is based upon the honor system. This honor is a personal honor which involves everything we do. Whether it is a question of not wearing a kerchief in the dining hall or of not cheating on an exam, you are on your honor.

Perhaps many of you do not remember what was contained in the honor pledge which you signed at the first of the year. This is what you pledged yourself to:

"I . . . have learned the rules and principles underlying Student Self Government. Knowing what I do, I wish to pledge my honor and my loyalty to Student Government and the College.

As a member of the Student Government Association of Salem College I shall obey its rules, uphold its highest principles, do everything in my power to preserve and protect the Honor System at Salem College, and to the best of my ability shall influence others to do so."

Only by each of us assuming our responsibility as members of the Student Government and being willing to live up to the honor pledge can the Student Council be successful and one of which we can be proud.

Margaret Thomas

Keep Off The Grass . . .

An attractive campus is important to the whole student body. Yet there are inconsiderate, unthinking students who refuse to take a few more steps to one of the numerous walkways. Fences and signs have been put up, but even these are unheeded. Now bare spots can be seen in the grass all over the campus.

Grass has just been planted. Take a few extra steps around the corners and give the grass a chance to grow.

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor
Many times the average student is blind as to what is going on during elections. She just goes to chapel and casts her vote, which is very commendable, but did you ever stop to wonder if someone else shouldn't have had that nomination and wonder why they didn't get it? All jobs require much responsibility but don't you also think that it is an honor to hold a high position here on Salem campus?

Take for instance the girl who became a member of a particular organization her freshman year. She worked hard to hold the small place she had gained. In her sophomore year she remained in the organization and moved one small step up the ladder. Her junior year she was one of the leading juniors in the group, and then came elections.

The nominating committee put up two students; this girl wasn't one of them. Was it prejudice on the part of the leader of that organization or did the entire nominating committee overlook the hard work and her desire to at least have a chance? Why not let more than two people run if they are qualified?

I should like to remind the organization heads to think well before submitting their suggestions to the nominating committee. I should like to ask the committee not to rush in selecting the nominees—give time for everyone to observe who has done the hard work and consider who is capable. Give credit where credit is due. A girl who works three or even two years toward a goal isn't going to shirk her job, no matter how much responsibility it carries.

A Senior

Dear Editor
A few weeks ago a questionnaire was given to each freshman to determine the success of the freshman seminars. As a member of the experimental class, I should like to give my opinion of them.

If the seminars are to be continued, I think that there should be some definite improvements made. In the seminars this year there was too much time allotted to unimportant topics and not enough time spent on important ones. Many of the seminars were wasted on boring and irrelevant topics.

Although seminars were supposed to give the students a chance to become better acquainted with the faculty, there should have been more student participation. Many times students are better able than teachers to get across ideas to other students.

My last complaint against the seminars is that there were too many of them. By the end of the semester, going to seminar became more of a chore than a pleasure. Perhaps next year the seminars could be cut down to one every other week. Maybe this could be accomplished by presenting some of the material during Orientation Week. Orientation Week is so completely devoted to the social aspects of Salem that it might be rather nice to have a bit of education thrown in.

For the most part, I thought that the freshman seminars were a fair success. With a few improvements, the seminars could be very beneficial to the freshmen of next year.

A Freshman



By Jean Calhoun

Bits of conversation. I listened. It was early last Tuesday morning and since some Salemites had mustered up enough spirit to make pleasant breakfast table conversation, I decided to listen to them. Realizing that I myself was too low in early morning umph to talk intelligently, and realizing that I had a column to write today, I cloaked myself in a large gray shadow and began to eaves-drop.

A senior wrinkled her brow and with a slow heart-touching drawl moaned as I passed her table, "We just don't have enough." This girl, I figured, was worried about the economical problems of marriage or the lack of enthusiastic basketball players for the team. I walked back to the table, "Enough what?" I questioned. "Butter," she drawled back.

"Little children—my little boy is just a problem." It was a sophomore. This was interesting. What could the solution be to this scrap of conversation? Another sophomore chimed in, "My little girl can't spell." "My child has a complex." "Mine is too fat." It sounded like a group of mothers at the Wednesday night sewing circle. I investigated. They were psychology students discussing the children they were observing at Central School.

"It shouldn't have happened to her. It'll kill her." I heard this after breakfast down in the basement from someone who was putting a nickel in the candy machine. The girl to whom she was speaking agreed. I fell into a state of melancholy; this sounded serious. I reasoned; her lover had found another; she had slept through a biology lab or had discovered that the Sigma Chi she had knitted the beautiful green argyles for was allergic to green. I shouldn't have—but I pried in order to give a little sympathy to the unfortunate girl. I discovered that Wootie Beasley had trumped one of her partner's tricks and gummed up their perfect grand slam.

"It took seven stitches—oh probably more than that." I knew what had happened; there was no doubt in my mind. Someone had leaned too far out the window watching the Saturday night farewells being said below and had lost her balance. But then, too, it could have been that the Coke machine had toppled over on someone trying to beat a nickel out of it. It was neither. Only a Home Ec. major speaking of altering the waist of her over-sized white uniform.

It was a freshman. "And when I touched his hand, I screamed." This freshman, I thought, is cracking under the strain, for one doesn't usually scream when one touches a boy's hand. Maybe she had shaken hands with Mr. Campbell's skeleton, but—no—she had just been to the P. O. and found the postman's hand on the other side of the letter slot.

Later in the afternoon, while walking past a junior dorm, I heard laughter and chattering voices. Someone screamed, "Gin, Gin, Gin," and the voices lowered. This I could not stand, understand, imagine or believe, so I walked in. I found four juniors sitting at a table shuffling cards, counting score, and beginning another game of gin rummy.

After this day of eaves-dropping, I am a mere shadow of my former self; My Imagination is worn out because of all the leaps it has made to Conclusions. Try eaves-dropping, dear reader, and you will agree with me when I moralize and say: She who listens to conversational bits off the lips of Salem girls, will soon be a bit off herself.

From My Window

By Joanne Bell

From my window
I see: a street
Where people meet,
And children play
Along the way
To school.

I see: a tree
In front of me,
And dying grass
Where people pass
Each day.

I see: men die
Who still defy
Our dream of peace;
Wars never cease
For long.

I have seen: falling leaves
As autumn grieves
At winter's birth;
And all the earth
Grows cold.

I have seen: silent snow
On all below,
A velvet white
Depriving night
Of darkness.

I have seen: wars end
And treaties mend
A broken earth—
Then start the birth
Of other wars.

I will see: pansies grow
In beds below,
And dogwoods tell
The yellow bell
Spring comes.

I hope to see: a peaceful sky
And hatred die
And men believe—
Before I leave
My window.

Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,
If you and me ever decide to go up in one of them airplanes let's not fly over Elizabeth, N. J. They've had so many crashes over there that they've closed the airport for the time being. I still like the idea of getting out of a wreck with my feet on the ground. Don't you?

Little Miss Elizabeth Taylor has decided to try wedded life once more. This time the gentleman is old enough to be her father. Oh well, maybe he'll take care of her like a father and make her behave herself for a spell.

The elements has been pushing the headlines all winter. Trains halted by snow, planes crashing in storms, Captain Carlson alone in the roaring sea, and now a 10,000-ton tanker, Fort Mercer, has split itself in two in a storm. The stern

part is just floating peacefully about 50 miles off Cape Cod. Twenty-one folks were rescued but they think six or more are dead.

Mister Dean Acheson told the Atlantic Allies this week that "We must take actions that will strain all of us to the utmost." I admit the NATO has got a job, especially about the inclusion of Spain, but I do wish all these government men who make speeches would quit saying we got to do this or that "to the utmost." Mr. Dan Webster writes that utmost means "situated at the highest extremity" or "the greatest degree." It's my opinion that if these men in the government would "utmost" themselves more our country would be "situated at a higher extremity" and would be admired to a "greater degree."

Your ever lov'en daughter,
Anne