

Long View Or Short?...

There are two ways to look at life. One can take the long view or the short view. Especially at election time the problem of choosing one or the other becomes pertinent. One can look at a candidate with the present as well as the future in mind, considering all her abilities and the far-reaching effect that she will have on the school as a whole. But the better solution is to consider only her past, the mistakes she has made and one's personal feelings toward her.

Of course the latter attitude is the only sensible one. If a candidate has done something at one time or another which the voter objected to, the voter must naturally forget about her commendable actions and vote for the other candidate.

If, during her freshman year, the candidate made a statement before she realized what she was saying or before she had the maturity to know what she meant, the only thing the conscientious voter and the school citizen can do is remind each student of this mistake every chance she gets, ignoring all the potentialities and ideals that the candidate might have at present.

If, while a member of student council, the candidate asked a voter to turn herself in for not signing out, the voter should broadcast the fact that the candidate is over-conscientious and self-righteous. A student who feels that the honor system is important and should work could never make a good leader.

One can say that the candidate under consideration has enemies. This would mean, of course, that she has definite views on what she believes right and wrong, and that she sticks to her convictions at the possible cost of losing her friends. This would never do.

The girl who makes the best officer is always the one who does what everybody likes regardless of her own convictions. She has no backbone, no force, but at least she has friends. Or rather, she doesn't have enemies. This ability of possessing no enemies is a virtue very difficult to acquire. One must know how to follow the crowd and never to say definitely what one thinks, but always to evade any issue that arises. Any student able to do this has the qualities that an officer needs.

It is also important to watch the actions of the candidate just before elections. For they, too, have the choice of the long or short view. One may go about her duties as usual, thinking that it is the sum of all she does that counts in the end. Strike her off immediately.

The one who suddenly becomes the best friend of every other student she sees is the one who should get the vote. The chances are that she has hardly spoken to these students before she learned of her nomination, but election time is no time to consider such trivialities.

And neither is election time the time to forget grudges. If one decides that a candidate in spite of all these possible faults would make a good officer, she should then reconsider, remembering all the personal feelings that she has for the nominee. If these feelings are of dislike, she should add new facts to make her reasons seem plausible and then tell the story of her grudges to all her friends.

In the last consideration the problem is not which candidate to vote for, but which one to vote against.

E. M.

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ELECTION DAYS - SALEM - 1952
I PROMISE UNLIMITED CUTS, DEERENOS...
WE'LL HAVE NO CHAPEL PROGRAMS...
DOWN WITH BERRY CLOCKS, NO MORE
TERM PAPERS

Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

Most of the public schools around Winston-Salem are closed now. A flu germ has been making the rounds and the kids that don't have it are getting a holiday. Don't you know they are having fun?

It doesn't look like the Universal Military Training bill will be passed any time soon. The bill would have made all the boys who were 18 years old eligible to be called for six months and they would have been in the reserves for seven and a half years afterwards. Our President, Mister Truman, and the man who wants to be President, Mister Eisenhower, were disappointed because the House didn't pass the bill.

Papa, I ain't quite sure how I feel about the government taking over our 18 year olds. For instant, Billy Mahoney has been in our State University three or four months. Now it would be a shame for them folks to jerk him out of school for six months. But on the

other side, our United States has got to be protected and you can't protect it without men knowing something about the military life.

There was a big earthquake in Japan Wednesday. Those Japs really know how Mother Nature reacts to the ground changing. The ones near the coast hot-footed it away as quick as they could because they knew there would soon be tidal waves coming in. And sure enough, when the waves started rolling, there were 520 homes destroyed. But because the folks had mostly gotten out, only 21 were killed.

All gentlemen aren't allergic to getting married I see. A plumber in El Paso has just wedded his 17th wife. Those Texas folks seem to either go all the way or they just don't go. When the man was asked to give the wives' names he rattled off a few and then stopped. "There must be a few more but their names slip my mind just now." The Stars At Night Are Big and Bright...

Your ever lov'en daughter,
Anne

The Christmas Party

By Eleanor McGregor

Little groups of three or four sat around the living room talking quietly, smiling, then taking another drag off their cigarettes and blowing the smoke up toward the ceiling until the room was a haze of cigarette smoke and muffled voices. The only distinct sound Lou heard was a popular tune—she couldn't remember the name of it—coming from the record player across from her. Beside the fireplace there was a tall Christmas tree decorated with blue lights and silver icicles.

Lou sat alone on a long comfortable sofa. She was watching the one couple who was dancing—her date Bobby and Ellen the hostess. Ellen's date, with most of the other boys, had disappeared to the kitchen for drinks.

Glancing toward one corner of the living room, Lou saw Johnny sitting, a silly grin on his flushed face, looking stupidly from one group to the next. He must have gotten to the kitchen early, she thought. Johnny would probably be the type to get drunk on two swallows of beer, anyway.

She sat there watching the dancing couple and the others across the room, flicking their cigarettes, shifting their feet uncomfortably in their spike heels. And looking through the haze of smoke and familiar faces, Lou realized that in the three months that she had been at school her old crowd had changed so that now they were not even the same people that she had played and partied with all through high school.

Last September they had left for different colleges with plans for one of their roaring parties when they were together again Christ-

mas. And this was it—the party she had looked forward to for so long.

Lou remembered another party—their last one that summer before leaving for school. They had packed themselves into two cars and driven for miles into the country to a farm that Johnny's father owned. Then in the blackness of the summer night they had stumbled through briars and over ditches to the watermelon patch, found six fat, ripe melons and stumbled back to the cars.

They drove back to Frank's place, threw the watermelons in the pool to cool and went swimming with them. They roasted weiners over a big fire, cracked the melons in half and ate all the hearts. Then they sat for hours in the cool, fresh darkness singing, joking, laughing loudly—unaffected, gay and alive. That night, for Lou, summed up all their high school years.

And now they sat here—her old crowd—sophisticated, smiling at each other's remarks, blowing smoke at the ceiling.

The record stopped and another that sounded almost like it began. Bobby was about to sit down beside her when Frank came in and told them that there were drinks in the kitchen. Lou didn't drink, but she could see that Bobby wanted to go back.

She sat down at the kitchen table and asked for a coke. She watched Frank mix two drinks and put them in front of her and Bobby.

"Didn't you want a coke?" Bob asked.

"Yes, but this is fine."
Bobby lit her cigarette. She puffed for a minute, then picked up her glass.



By Jean Calhoun

The common denominator of all Salem girls is hunger. Hunger is satisfied by food. The consumption of food is called eating. Now, with the difficult technical terms of this discussion defined, let us proceed.

More intelligent minds than this have divided those that eat, which includes every Salemite, into two groups: those that eat to live and those that live to eat.

Into the former group fall those girls, lacking in vitamin L, M, N and O, who heroically eat brussel sprouts, squash, turnip greens and fried eggs, to supplement their deficiencies. Since their junior year in high school they have planned to weigh at least ninety, and now that they are in college they are still striving. They try eating their meals minus liquids because they have heard via dietors' confabs that this is the way to gain. The following week they eat with liquids, because they have heard from another source that liquids make one gain.

They drink V-8 juice, eat potatoes, meats, biscuits, eggs, candy and cokes. They weigh with their heavy cottons on and their barbells in hand. When they wake each morning, they start the day off right and repeat their favorite motto, "Everyday in every way, I'm getting fatter everyday."

Into the latter group—those that live to eat—fall the majority of Salemites. These girls never realized their consumption abilities were so great until they hit Salem's ivy-covered walls. They had never watched their weight before, it was like breathing, a natural thing that stayed in fairly good proportions with little or no attention.

Today they find calorie counting as mathematically impossible as the Einstein Relativity Theory. Their problem lies, they conclude after careful observation, in their intake. "Vat," they ask themselves with a southern drawl, "Vat makes me eat lika dis?"

The solution is simple and four fold. Into the first fold falls (20th century alliteration) those few souls who eat to kill their idle moments. These girls are either super-geniuses or at the other pole and consequently having much spare time. To their companions they say, "Let's go get a coke and something to eat!" This is the most efficient time killer devised by woman-kind, so this group spends hours at the drug store or coking in the basement.

The second fold is filled with those who are nervous because Mother is upset about the F's accumulated last semester and those that are frustrated because their new navy blue cashmere was not adorned last week-end with a much sought after, planned for and hinted about fraternity pin.

In this group can also be found those emotionally added because "Uncle Sam's mail trucks are doing me dirty again" and those whose last mail included a note from the bank suggesting "that you not write any more bad checks since you have been overdrawn since December." These girls eat for an hour before and after the mail comes in, before and after time for Mother's Monday night lecture call and before and after calls from the gent with the unobtainable pin.

The third group contains the girls of the mechanical age, those that lived sheltered lives at home, unexposed to the complicated, exciting workings of the modern food vendors. These girls hoard nickels, dimes and quarters for the sheer joy derived from depositing them in these food and coke machines. Watch the eyes of these girls as they toy with the change makers. "I get the greatest kick," they say, "when the change machine is low on nickles and I have to jiggle the handle a long time before the change comes."

This group went into happy deleriums when Clewell installed the new coke and nab machines. Their ears perk up and the hair stands straight on the back of their necks when they hear the rumble of the coke as it begins its long journey down the walls of the machine. Needless to say the nickle-arcade fiends must eat the products purchased by their nickles.

Into the last and largest group fall those that eat for fellowship. These girls eat on Saturday night after dates as they sit and "compare notes." They eat over at the drug store while engaged in long bull sessions.

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