

It's Up To You . . .

Before the end of March the new officers of Student Government and campus organizations will have been elected. These officers will be members of Salem College — your friends, maybe your roommate. Each girl will have a responsibility, a job to perform, a standard to which she must live up. But you also have a responsibility—a personal one—for it is you who elects the officers.

You are the important person in the coming elections. It is within your power to elect a person to office. Have you ever stopped to think what this means? The person who enters an office must have personal courage as well as convictions. She must possess capability, self-reliance, and tolerance. She must sincerely believe in the ideas and ideals of that particular organization.

An election is not a popularity contest. Certainly a nominee should be someone who is friendly and understanding, but there is more to it than that. An officer must act in an official capacity—that is, she must carry out the duties and regulations of her office without prejudice. She must further campus activities as well as execute the rules set up by you, the student body.

When you choose officers, remember you are selecting the ones who will put you on restriction if you break a rule; you are selecting the ones who will plan your Christmas and May Day week-ends; you are selecting the ones who will edit campus publications. You must have respect for these girls and be willing to co-operate with them. Without your help and support, they are powerless to fulfill their duties.

There are no restrictions on voting at Salem College. You do not have to be twenty-one years of age, neither do you have to pay a poll tax. There are no party politics or vote-getting campaigns, nothing but the qualifications of candidates to influence your choice. So come to chapel next Tuesday, the opening day of elections, and vote. You are free to choose the girl you want—it's up to you.

C. M.

Honor Everywhere . . .

Honor. What aspects of campus life should be under the honor system?

Most students generally agree that academic regulations should be upheld by the individual's integrity.

Most students seem to feel that social regulations also belong under the honor system.

But there is another matter for consideration. Should not library rules also be supported by all honorable students? Is it not unfair for people to take reserved books out of the library without signing them out?

Books are placed on reserve by teachers so that all students will be able to use the books. Taking reserved books out of the library illegally is a true breach of the honor system and shows a lack of consideration for others.

P. C.

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Every Monday night Salemites are offered an opportunity to attend recitals which are given by a Salem student, faculty member or faculty member from another college. But every Monday night there are only a few people in the main auditorium and still fewer people in the balcony. Why?

It seems to me that music is as much a part of education as getting your lessons, adjusting to dormitory life, or reading books in the library. I think that students are missing a chance to broaden their understanding of the music of their predecessors and their contemporaries as well as see and hear various instrumental and vocal music performed.

Salem certainly doesn't make a good showing when a guest has spent long hours practicing, and appears on the stage to find around fifteen or twenty people to applaud his efforts.

In a few weeks the senior piano majors will be giving their graduating recitals. These girls have spent four years of hard work in preparing for this occasion which to any piano student is a dream come true. How many Salem students will have the school spirit to be loyal to their fellow classmates?

Students say they have term papers or assignments to do, but a recital takes only one hour of their time. This takes no longer than sitting in the basements of the dormitories smoking and talking or sipping a "coke" in the drug store. To the argument that students don't like to dress up for the recitals, I might add that students are not required to do so if they sit in the balcony.

There is one conclusion to draw. Students find time to do things they want to do. They do the things they enjoy and understand. So by attending the recitals a student will grow to understand and enjoy music.

When the next recital is given on March 9 by a senior piano student, how many students will be there?

Edith Flagler

Ulysses

By Cynthia May

Yet, he still was a man
Who lived by his creed,
And that was a creed of honor.
Though his sword was stained
With the blood of many,
He lived by his creed of honor.
His honor drove him for twenty years
To live by the crust of the earth
And to fill the soil with the blood
of those
Whom he fought in the battle
for life.
The lies that he told were countless and many
For these protected his honor.
They were never bad and mostly good,

Dear Editor:

We have here at Salem a great many rules and regulations which we are expected to uphold. There are those rules with moral implications such as the ones regarding drinking, cheating in classes and falsifying sign-out information.

There is another regulation that is listed in the handbook along with those mentioned above: a serious penalty may be inflicted for smoking in dormitory rooms. The implication of this rule is not moral, although an infraction would be a moral issue; but rather it is a practical one.

This regulation is not included in the handbook to make our list of rules longer or to restrict our wishes simply for the sake of restriction. This is often the attitude of some.

This regulation is necessary for our protection and safety. We fail to recognize this fact and argue against its necessity. We say, "We smoke in date rooms; so why not in our rooms?"

There is an answer to this. The date rooms are usually occupied with a number of girls who unconsciously see where ashes fall and consciously put out cigarettes. People constantly walk in and out, and a fire could be noticed immediately.

Our rooms are not public. There are not often more than three or four people there at one time. There is a possibility of falling asleep while a cigarette is still burning.

We say that Bitting, Strong, and Clewell are fire-proof. This is not completely true or possible. It might be true if the buildings were stripped of curtains, bed spreads, rugs and all clothes. The steel beams and cement floors will not burn, but sweaters and skirts will.

These are all practical arguments. We should realize the necessity of this rule. It is for us completely. It is to protect our lives. Why can't we understand?

Alison Britt

And they saved, many times, misfortunes.
He was a man of revenge and he carried it far.
Revenge, too, protected his honor.
The men and women he killed without mercy,
Fulfilled his desire for revenge.
Yes, he was a man who lived by his creed,
And this man's creed was honor.
Men have lived by other creeds,
Like love and truth and justice.
All these and more came under his creed,
But most important was honor.
Ulysses, most godlike, was only a man
And as man, he too was not perfect.



By Sally Reiland

Abbie Ambition slofted herself into the spacious leather lounging chair in the living room of her suite. Burying her stylishly-carved head of hair in her meticulously manicured pair of hands, she sobbed hysterically, mopping her mascaraed eyelashes with her Salem blazer.

She had tried so hard to make a success of her life, and now her dreams were shattered. The month of February—the month of famous people—was almost over, and she had yet to become reknown in any of her many fields of endeavor. It wasn't that she hadn't tried hard enough; in fact, on the contrary, she was convinced that she had tried too hard!

Recalling her failures of the month, the first that came to mind was her attempt to be like George Washington. Since she saw, however, no direct resemblance between herself and the father of the country, she launched a campaign to become the mother of Salem. She would comfort those distressed by biology labs and cure the victims of musichallitis. Signs were posted announcing the times when "Miss Abbie—the brighter light of life at Salem" would be available for consultation.

The result was dreadful! Instead of mothering the girls as was planned, Abbie was mothered into staying on back campus for three weeks by the IRS, who apparently mistook her intentions most miserably. She never did quite understand it though—and she was trying so hard to be helpful too. Oh, well—such is life.

And then there was the time before that Abbie had worked up a mock "War Between the States" as a project in her history class—all because this month's boyfriend, Valen Tine, was a descendant of good old Abe. He had bet her the pair of unfinished argyles she had knitted him for last year's birthday that Grant could still lick Lee—and she refused to concede the point to him.

Well, anyway, refused until the end of the first day's battle during which a multitude of not-too-well incidents occurred. It seemed that the history professor himself was struck with a flying saucer and his companion splattered with a dough hand grenade in the general direction of the home ec. lab. Not only had a trustee been enwrapped in a cloud of "pink violets" powder smoke, but some fellow rebel had also fired a shot of pure H₂O from behind the willow tree which spotted the braid on one of the dean's uniforms. By the time that night fell, Abbie had been taken prisoner by the Student Government and was forced to call a truce on the basis of having used "modern implements of warfare", similar to those often in use on the campus today.

Now, to further her self-injury, she had failed in her last attempt at greatness. No sure that any notable actress had been born in February, but relatively certain that her duty was now to command the stage, rather than an army or a country, she had gone to preliminary tryouts for Broadway, then been held on Old Chapel Boulevard. The training was terrible, but she managed to get through to the stage.

And here she was—five days, three memorized scripts, several voice lessons, a manicure and a hair-designing later; ready for her dramatic debut—as the mute maid in a student-written play entitled "The Unimportance of Being Ambitious." Lifting her face from the mascara-covered blazer, another memory of her past ambitious attempts pounced on her from absolutely nowhere—It was being produced—the play that she spent all of last year's comp class writing!

She wondered if a playwright had the authority to change the title of a play.