

# Can Salem Have A Literary Magazine

Potential authors and readers have been aimlessly discussing for the last semester the question, "Should Salem have a literary magazine." They seem to have missed the point. This is no question, for any college of the caliber of Salem should have such an outlet for creative writing. The question is, "Can Salem have a literary magazine?"

The first requirement for such an undertaking is, of course, writers. The English professors seem to feel that not only do we have potential authors on campus, but that they need the stimulus of a magazine. One's own thoughts printed in black ink can prove to be a great incentive for thinking deeper thoughts and writing more clearly. A magazine would give students the opportunity to discover if they can communicate, not just with one professor, but with the whole college community. Students must want to exchange ideas; they must have something to say. Do we have such people on campus?

The second requirement is an editorial board. A magazine must be proofread, published according to deadlines, and well-planned as to content. Another major office would be created and an organization independent of the existing must be set up. Do we have students who are willing to take this responsibility?

The third problem is money. A possible solution for the first issue is the Concessions Fund, but a magazine is expensive. \$500 might cover this first issue put out as a trial. But after this, the magazine must either compete with the many Salem, Wake Forest, and high school publications in town for ads, or apply to be included in the Student Budget. Can Salem finance a magazine?

These are the three phases of the question "Can Salem have a literary magazine?" Do you have any answers?

S. L. F.

# Do You Have Trouble Making It To 3rd Floor

All the way with the WRA!

But you can't even play hallball with four people—why don't more girls show up for the afternoon games?

The equipment is ready. The referees and umpires have their whistles ready—but where are the Salemites?

Now, it's possible that this theory about the little finger shrinking, etc. is true. Maybe the machine age has made our joints too stiff. Maybe we will soon be permanently shaped like chairs. But the best place to get rid of that "sat" shape and get in condition for three flights of stairs at 8:00 a.m. is the gym.

Maybe we're studying. Ever heard of the absolute refractory period: Can't we time this to hit about 4:45 every afternoon? It's easy to get in a state of chronic stupor—the WRA is offering an easy way to Look Alive, Upperclassmen!

Are we too dignified to charge down the court? Field Day proved that it's fun to be undignified. (Are you sore? Work it out at 4:45.)

Perhaps for the more sedate ones among us the WRA can have a form-shaping class—not professional dancing but just exercises done to music and conducted by someone who knows when we've had enough.

The WRA is for everyone on campus—and no one is expected to be an athlete, so  
**Ya'll Come!**

Cleo



## Letter To The Editor O'Connor Refutes "Square"

As I was reading through the Salemite last Friday night, I discovered an amazing article entitled "Around The Square Or Is It The Cube?" on page two, column four. It was in this article that I found that not only was the weekend of Oct. 9, 1959 considered a failure in the annals of time, but also that "there were grumbles about the last issue of the Salemite concerning the use of so much international news".

After recovering from the initial shock of these two statements, I began to analyze the first. As I recall, the weekend of October 9, 1959 was quite an eventful weekend. The Los Angeles Dodgers won the World Series and \$11,000 per player. The Socialist Party was defeated in the British Parliamentary elections. To most Englishmen, this was a happy event. Another item which received national attention was the invocation of the Taft-Hartley Act by President Eisenhower concerning the steel strike. As a citizen of the United States of America with a sincere interest in the national and international events of our times, I must express my horror and distress that anyone (including H. H.) would class last weekend a failure. I found that the reason that the said weekend had been called an extreme disappointment to the Salem College community was that no young, attractive, appealing Salem girl had managed to separate a fraternity pin from a

young gentleman's sweater and proudly attach it to her blouse to display to the rest of her collegiate acquaintances. Am I to believe that this is Salem's criterion for an eventful weekend? If so there are four hundred girls at Salem College who are wasting \$1850 per year and countless professors and friends and trustees efforts, breathlessly awaiting the procuring of all of the fraternity pins in the area.

As for the statement that "there were grumbles about the last issue of this paper concerning the use of so much international news", I find this disgraceful. The Salemite is one of the best and most frequently published "means" of judging the views, events, people of Salem and type of college Salem really is. This paper needs student views on international news, letters to the editor about subjects that you would like to have an open forum on, academic accomplishments of the students and faculty and events in Winston-Salem. It definitely does not need a half a column on who gets pinned, who hates which fraternity and "Around The Square". This is a college newspaper, young women of America and not a Dorothy Dix Annual.

I wonder just how willing the Board of Trustees and faculty would be to even consider granting unlimited class cuts to a group who judged the historical success of a weekend on whether or not one of its members "got pinned".

Anne O'Connor



# The Salemite

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# Are Quiz Shows Only Taking Us For A Ride?

Dear Uncle,

It seems a long time since I watched Stratosaucer 519 hurtle back to Mars after depositing me secretly in Winston-Salem, Earth. Since then I have managed to make myself over into a pretty creditable Earthling and I don't believe anyone doubts that I am what I say I am—a Salem student.

As you know, our knowledge of Earth has progressed considerably since we perfected antennae capable of receiving television signals from Earth. But if our planned annexation of the planet is to be successful, we must know far more than this. We must penetrate to the heart of what these Earthlings really believe—we must acquaint ourselves with what I think they call their system of ethics. Unfortunately, I have not yet had the opportunity of making a full report to Our Leader on this subject—meanwhile here are a few "tourist" impressions for your personal ear.

Oh—this really doesn't have any bearing on what I am supposed to be investigating—do you remember how interested we were in some television programs we managed to pick up about a Martian year ago—"Twenty-One" and "Tic-Tac-Dough" — and then suddenly, quite unaccountably, they were discontinued. You remember, of course, the isolation booths, the sweating faces—and the prizes which were evidently small fortunes by Earth standards. I remember you commenting at the time that it was becoming quite lucrative to be an intellectual. (Ha-ha! Uncle, you do say the funniest things!)

Well, anyway, Earthling newspapers are now claiming that these Quiz Shows were nothing but a colossal fraud. Naturally, it seems to be right up my alley, so I immediately began investigating. After all, winning \$12,000 under false pretense sounds to me like grand larceny! And do you know, Uncle, that those quiz contestants knew the answers at the time!

Ah, but wait a minute. This isn't as simple as it appears. The people who were asking the questions—the people who were awarding all this money—knew they knew the answers. In fact, they were the ones who gave the contestants the questions and answers in the first place.

Now you see my problem, Uncle. I was set to write a report—but I couldn't for the life of me figure out who was supposed to be cheating whom. From my way of looking at things it all seems to be completely above board.

No laws were broken.

The contestants were not swindlers—they were earning money, not (I regret this will distress you, Uncle) for their intellectual prowess—but for the first-rate acting performances. But what in the name of Mars was wrong with being paid for acting? The sponsors who were footing the bill knew all along what was going on.

What all the fuss is about, actually, is that the public didn't—but they hadn't paid to see the shows anyway—and surely they should know by now that sponsors' advertisements don't always reflect the precise quality of goods. These shows, you see, were merely glorified advertisements — and who believes in advertisements?

So it all boils down to the fact that the public is getting mad because it was taken a ride—and rather cleverly, I think—but isn't fraud, as far as I can see—and unfortunately the whole business doesn't have a thing to do with my field of investigation after all. Perhaps you could suggest a more profitable area of study.

Your affectionate niece,  
No. 1811

by Felicity C