

IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Willoughby's grave in Riverside Cemetery, Charlottesville, Virginia, will often be visited by Salem College students whose English classwork was under her skilled and devoted guidance.

This grave, close to her mother's resting place, faces the landscape she loved—the horizon made unforgettable by the beautiful hills and restful mountains which encircle Charlottesville. She sleeps among friends and lifetime neighbors. Jefferson's Monticello looks across the horizon with sheltering academic dignity.

Dr. Willoughby is "home" again. Characteristically her end came as she was returning to her field of duty.

"Death's truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Where to the world beats time."

(Tennyson, an unpublished Sonnet)
Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler

"Consider that I labor not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning."

Wrapped always in a cloak of dignity and queenly charm, Dr. Willoughby brought a scholarly spirit to her sunny classroom and to all her students who would accept it.

For those who sought wit she offered it—dry and unexpected. The searching scholar excited her own scholarship and she made the average student feel that being average was a privilege. Dr. Willoughby gave to each student whatever was needed most—facts, friendship, confidence or a scolding.

She never lost her graceful dignity. No scatter-brained school girl ever broke her calmness or the smooth plan of her classroom.

Not many students knew much about Dr. Willoughby's personal affairs, but the look in her bright eyes, the gentleness of her manner bespoke a gentle life.

Pity those who will never know her.

Mrs. Richard E. Shore (E. Sue Cox, '41)

Students of Salem College feel deeply the loss of Dr. Pearl V. Willoughby. Her death is the culmination of a rich life and 25 years of tireless service to Salem. Her quiet, gracious manner and her seemingly infinite capacity for scholarship and knowledge have had a profound influence on many students who knew her and studied with her.

Quoted below is a passage from the prayer delivered by the Reverend John Fischbach, chaplain of the University of Virginia, at the funeral last Friday:

"We remember the good and gracious influences in her training and the privilege of a long, useful and honored life. We remember, too, the goodness and truth that has passed from her life into the lives of others and has made the world richer for her presence. These things we recall in silence."

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Seeing Things

by Catherine Gregory

The taxi screeched to a halt in front of Clewell. A small figure crawled out and stood impatiently as the driver unloaded 2 suitcases, a hatbox, 3 laundry bags, a large carton, 2 bulging gunny sacks, a teddy bear, and stacked them on the sidewalk. He received his fare and roared away leaving the girl standing on the sidewalk.

"Oh gee, its good to be back", she sighed, for she was inclined to sentiment and optimism. "I can hardly wait to see the gang and all the rest of the kids", and her little round face beamed with pure goodwill. Little Sociable (for thus she was called) was a born mixer, and she simply adored everybody. So she threw down her stuff and rushed into the Smoke House, arms wide and eyes sparkling. "Golly, how wonderful to see you!" she shrilled to each and all. There were clumps of people all over, but no one even looked up. Undaunted, she charged the first person.

"Mary, how are you? Did you have a good time this summer? What did you do?"

Mary took a deep breath. "The cook quit June 2nd" she said. "I washed, ironed, cooked, swept, bought groceries, scrubbed, sewed, cleaned, and took care of ten small children while Mama and Papa entertained 35 relatives who stayed with us all summer. I went to see a movie in July, though", she added.

"Oh", said little Sociable and hastily moved on. She spied a friend. "Susie!", she screamed out, running over. "How in the world are you? Why didn't you write and what did you do all summer?" Susie forced a humorless smile and looked up. There was a mad look in her sunken eyes.

"Whadda I do all summer, I sit inna library beatin' my head to the bone tryna pass. So what happens? So I pass. So do I laugh and play inna summer like the other girls? No. I go to summer school making up the 62 hours of Hygiene, Bible, Psych., Music Apprec., Interior Dec., Personality Adjustment, Practical Tatting, and Soap-making At Home that it says is required in small print at the back of the catalogue. All summer I sit inna library beatin' my head to the bone tryna pass . . ." She choked up with sobs and turned away.

"Summer school? Did I hear someone say summer school?" Five girls chorused in unison and whirled around to little Sociable. "Oh man, chile, you aint lived until . . ." "No place in the world like it . . ." "Take crip courses, make A's, date every night", "Men by the hundreds", "Lena the Hyena could be pinned in half an hour", "I was pinned 7 times in one semester", "Its Chapel Hill!", they all screamed at once, clapping her on the back, eager for a new audience. Little Sociable nodded agreement and quickly made an escape.

A foptail flashed past and Little Sociable turned in time to see the Grand Gesture as Glenda swept her furs aside. "My dears, she was saying to a circle of admiring freshmen, "I had a simply marvellous time. I met the most simply wonderful man. He has loads of money . . ." Little Sociable passed on.

"Greets", said a standing figure and Little Sociable saw Sal. "How bourgeois", she said, sweeping the room with a look of contempt. "I, myself, read all summer . . . the complete works of Sartre, Shulman, and Lloyd C. Douglas. Changed my philosophy three times . . ." Little Sociable went on by.

In one corner she saw a group of deeply tanned girls. Some were lying on chairs, others on the floor. They were smoking, and talking in loud voices. All looked vigorous and unkempt. "Hi", said Little Sociable. "You all been to the beach this summer?" One of the girls laughed and ground out her cigarette.

"Listen to that! Boy, I'll say! Man, have we!" The others whistled and stomped. "Boy, ole Myrtle was reely rockin', boy." "Man, I mean", the others said.

The room was full of new faces, and thousands of perfect strangers milled around. Freshmen, thought Little Sociable, and suddenly she was discouraged. She looked with distaste at the people she knew. Those creeps, she thought. And I've got a whole rotten year to spend with them. Ugh.

She went upstairs and into her quiet room. She looked out the window and desperation began to mount within her. Suddenly, the door burst open.

"Hey, Little S! Golly its good to see you. Whadja do this summer? I had the most wonderful- . . ."

"Oh, drop dead," said Little Sociable.



"I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO LIKE A REFINED AND CULTURED ATMOSPHERE. WHERE ARE WE GONNA SLEEP?"

Tootsie Spends Busy Summer Avoiding Dirty Homework

by Tootsie Gillespie



A Fable

How to be a Success at College, or, The Two Foolish Freshmen

Once there were Two Aspiring Freshmen who went to College simply Stuffed with an Overwhelming Passion to Make the Grade and become Well-Rounded and Versatile Personalities. To accomplish these things they decided to Sign Up for Everything. School had barely started when they found themselves Reporters on the Paper, Members of the old school Team, Stagehands with the Crew, and Proctors in the Dorm. Not to mention Hail Fellows Well Met. All this would undoubtedly help them to become Good All Round Girls, but what on Earth would it do to their work? Everybody wondered. Their advisors had double apoplexies. But meanwhile their team was winning, the paper was unusually popular, and the Dorm was quiet. And somehow, Schoolwork wasn't neglected.

As the Semester grew shorter, our two friends became Busier and Busier with Activities, and guessed they were being Pretty Collegiate. At mid-year they managed to Get Through Everything without any ammonia cokes, and when it was all over, they played tennis when everybody was Done In.

In a State of Depression, all returned for the Bad News (and Bad it was). It turned out that nobody had done particularly well except our two friends—they had both made the Dean's List.

Moral: Be a Rah-Rah Girl and do more than you should; you can Never Tell.

by Frances Gulesian

icularly if one's partner is her father (my arm now has a two-way bend).

The best sleeping is done right after dinner with one leg thrown carelessly around a bed post, the mouth hanging open and the arms distorted in a sort of "Danse Macabre" fashion.

SEPTEMBER

At any rate, you can't say the summer was wasted! Spent the first part of this month wishing I'd spent more time spending my time in more time-spending ways. However, I found I'd kept up with John's Third Divorcee" and "Life Can Be Terrible". Here the summer was, already vanished, and water or no water, Salem was calling.

So here we all are back again and what is the first thing we ask? "Did you have a big time this summer?" And others of us answer, "Well, I got home from school full of wonderful plans for the summer . . ."

First day after school adjourned:

I arrived home full of wonderful plans for the summer, consisting of eating and sleeping.

Second day: I ate and slept.

Third day: Family decided I had loafed long enough, so they introduced me to a new mechanical invention called a "lawn-mower".

Fourth day: Found out that you can mow a lawn much better in a horizontal position, with the eyes partly closed in an attitude of momentary rest.

Fifth day: Fourth day's idea didn't work so well.

Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, etc. days:

Endeavored to appear to the neighbors as if I were engaged in great, useful undertakings by donning a two-piece bathing suit, stretching out in the sun and mumbling to myself, as if in great thought.

Mother, in parental sympathy, decided I was working too hard and so she let up on my daily duties. Now all I had to do each day was make up all the beds, polish the silver, vulcanize father's auto tires, wash the car and the dishes, chop the pear tree down, re-stuff the sofa pillows that father, in nightly fits of pique, threw at the trained mosquitoes mother bought and spray Roach Doom in the basement.

Discovered that crank grease gives one a wonderful tan and at the same time gives the skin the appearance of a par-boiled alligator.

During this month, mother decided that I wasn't dating a big enough variety of boys and so she baited a cleverly concealed bear-trap in the front walk, I ended up by dating the paper boy, the milkman's son and the hunky man. "Can't be too choosy", mother said. I smiled knowingly.

AUGUST

Found out this month that at least ONE Salemite was alive and kicking because I got a post card from one!

Tried my hand at writing poetry but since my hand didn't do too well, I gave up the idea.

Discovered that one stays on top of the water much better if one moves his body in a vigorous motion anyone's ace, especially if the ace and it's more fun that way.

Found it advisable never to trump belongs to your partner and part-