

### After Graduation?

Got those pre-graduation blues? Wonder what you're going to do when you finally graduate? Like to get some practical experience along with your liberal education? There is one organization on this campus which can offer you work, fun, and experience all at once—the **Saalmite**.

Maybe you have noticed that on Wednesday night lots of people disappear into the catacombs of Main Hall and on Thursday afternoon a group of weary people come trudging back from the Sun ready to drop in their tracks. But have you ever seen them around five o'clock on Friday afternoon with those pleased smug looks of satisfaction as they re-read their masterpiece of the week. The **Saalmite** is out and it's time to start thinking about next week's issue. That might not sound like fun, but just ask any of them and they'll tell you that it cannot be beat.

It is not just those who can write that are important to the success, but anyone who wants to learn to proof-read, write head lines (takes a mathematician to do this), do make-up, and do the dirty work at the print shop which includes a little bit of everything. These are all part of the work behind the scenes.

In case you think that this would be just more work added to your over-burdened shoulders, let us tell you that it has been known to pay off in good jobs after graduation or for the summer. Vertie Stroup, Peggy Gray, Peggy Davis, Carter Read and Pinky Carlton all got jobs partly on the basis of their experience—the **Saalemite**.

Here is your chance to get an education and some practical experience in a specific field that will impress future employers and make your life at Salem a lot more worthwhile.

Interested? If you are, enter the contest that is being announced in this weeks issue. Come on over and join in on the hectic life of

The Editorial Staff

## The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES  
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

#### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

- Editor-in-Chief ..... Carolyn Taylor
- Associate Editor ..... Laurel Green
- Associate Editor ..... Mary Porter Evans
- Assistant Editor ..... Peirano Aiken
- Assistant Editor ..... Dale Smith
- Make-up Editors: Helen Brown, Betty Biles
- Copy Editors: Joan Carter Read, Clara Belle Le Grande
- Music Editor ..... Margaret McCall
- Editorial Staff: Ione Bradsher, Tootsie Gillespie, Ruth Lenkoski.
- Pictorial Editors: Peggy Ann Watkins and Martha Hershberger.
- Ed. Assistants: Dot Arrington, Carolyn Lovelace, Helen Creamer, Lila Fretwell, Mary Lib Weaver, Lola Dawson, Winkie Harris, Sybil Haskins, Robert Gray, Polly Harrop, Frances Reznick, Nancy Duckworth, Catherine Moore, Sis Pooser, Clinky Cljnkscals, Fay Stickney.
- Typists: Janet Zimmer and Ann McConnell.
- Business Manager ..... Joyce Privetto
- Assistant Business Manager ..... Betsy Schaum
- Advertising Manager ..... Betty McBrayer
- Asst. Advertising Manager ..... Mary Faith Carson
- Circulation Manager ..... Janie Fowlkes



LITTLE DITTO

### Folderol Solves Big Test; Uses Effigy Of Teacher

by Tootsie Gillespie

Folderol and Keepstream sighed a sigh of anguish and slapped another Nab between their respective teeth. The ways of the world were hard and cruel, man was born without heart or soul and the democratic way of living was fast disappearing, for it was the time of six weeks tests. For weeks now, young Folderol had studied Eighteenth Century Vagueness and was trying to remember when the time came for the test, to be sure and write in vague, general, circumlocutory terms, so that neither she nor The Teacher would know what she was talking about, thus cementing friendly relations on a common meeting ground.

Folderol dug her toes deep in the mattress in her upper bunk and pulled back a nub, for Keepstream was running amuck in the lower bunk with a pair of scissors.

"I'm tired studyin'!" screamed Folderol, chewing at the lamp cord.

"Git t' work, you!" returned Keepstream, still brandishing the scissors and calling her an ugly name.

Keepstream was in a rather ugly mood, having gone through several of her stiffest tests—Flora and Fauna of the Adam and Eve Period, Brick Masonry Among Heathens 203, How Charlemagne Remained Celibate (a semester course), and Dishwashing Techniques in Typhoid India.

Finally Folderol, in an epileptic-like fit, shimmied down from the top bunk, blubbered under the shower and came out, water rolling off her back.

"I ain't gonna git upset! I AIN'T!" she screamed, jumping in the basin in a careless manner.

"Sure thing, kid," said Keep-

stream, hanging out the window and throwing dirty Kleenex at the tops of passing heads. A belligerent group was gathering outside the window, in pineer-formation.

"After all, six weeks tests are only small tests. Just reminders, just stimulators, that's all. They can't count more'n half your grade and not a teacher I know would be unfair or biased in gradin' 'em'" slobbered Folderol, near the breaking point.

But just to make sure, she stuck a wooden stob into a small effigy doll (which continually bobbed back and forth in a sideways rocking motion), with dark hair, glasses in one hand and wearing a red suit, and offered up a prayer to Voo Doo (her great grandmother had been a New Orleans Creole).

"Ain't you ever heard of modern psychology?" asked Keepstream, running out of Kleenex. "All that stuff won't do you any good. Just don't let these tests git y' down. If ya study from 8:30 til 12:55, 1:30 til 5:55, and 6:30 til 11:20, go t' bed and git plenty of sleep, ya can't miss. In studyin', all ya have to do is read in a sitting position, re-read in a slightly slouched position, re-read in a prone position, and then outline, digest, formulate, underline, select, throw out and then throw up. See?"

Folderol threw up.

That night Folderol, breathing heavily, slept the sleep of a madman. She seemed to see Keepstream cutting up old dirty Kleenex with a pair of scissors, Wetnow, Gancee, Servile, Ante and other exponents of Eighteenth Century Vagueness pointed grey, accusing fingers at her and she seemed to hear small footsteps. Folderol glanced over at the dresser and there she saw the effigy doll, pacing frantically back and forth, brandishing a pair of glasses.

### Deadline Dashes . . .

The IRS is giving a tea Sunday afternoon for new faculty members and new students. It is to be held in the Day Student's Center from 4:00 until 5:00. All faculty members and students are cordially invited.

\* \* \* \* \*

In order that the student body may be given an opportunity to designate which phases of Y activities they are most interested in, a regisgnate which phases of Y activities day. Tables will be set up on the terrace in front of Biting Dormitory before and after lunch. The various committees will be specified and each chairman will be present to explain the functions of her com-

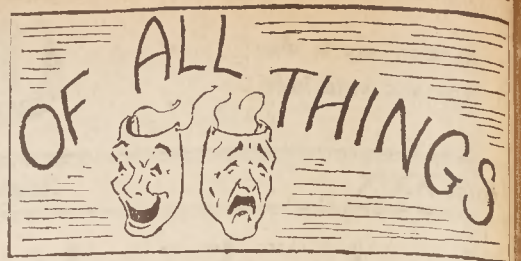
mittee. Every student is urged to sign up with at least one committee so the Cabinet may have an indication of which aspect of Y work she is interested in and call upon her to serve in that capacity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Minnie Smith wishes to remind the students again that there can be no cuts taken before or after Thanksgiving holidays.

\* \* \* \* \*

The IRS is giving a benefit bridge party next week in the Day Student Center. Find three more people and sign up in your dorm. The price is only twenty-five cents per person for lots of NICE PRESENTS and much fun!



by Bitsy Green

Education is "the training of the mental and moral powers, either by a system of study and discipline, or by the experiences of life." That is exactly what I have been doing for sixteen years.

Last night, after a little more study and discipline, one or two additional experiences (as a practice teacher), I climbed into bed at one o'clock.

Not more than sixty seconds later, I heard a noise in the bookcase. I opened my eyes and saw the books moving out of the case and into a semi-circle on the floor. Suddenly, they began to talk. Since none of the books seemed to notice me, I listened and this is what I heard:

**Faust:** The throats are tuned, commence.

**Social Problems—Third Edition:** From the social point of view, the purposes of modern education are much the same as those of education among primitive societies.

**Subtreasury of American Humor:** 1

**The Zebra Derby:** The hell with it, sixty-five dollars a month isn't enough for fending off pimple-faced louts all week long.

**Economics:** It all depends on supply and demand.

**Subtreasury of American Humor:** 2

**Conversational Spanish for Beginners:** Estudia el espanol. No es difeicil, y el profesor no es muy severo.

**Barefoot Boy with Cheek:** I stood that first day and gazed at the campus, my childish face looking up, holding wonder like a cup; my little feet beating time, time, time, in a sort of runic rhyme. A fraternity man's convertible ran me down, disturbing my reverie. With eagerness I proceeded to explore the campus. All around me was the hum of happy men at work. Here were masons aging a building so they could hang ivy on it.

**Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau:** I read at the work-table, I read on my errand, I read in the wardrobe; my head became giddy with reading; I could do nothing else.

**The Beast in Me:** One minute we are comfortably reading the "Idylls of the King" and the next thing we know we are climbing up scaffolding. Last week it was the Empire State Building, to which we were lured from our Tennyson, out of a preposterous desire to climb to a point where we could kiss the Chrysler Building good-bye and report the sensation to our earthbound readers.

**Faust:** I've studied now philosophy And jurisprudence, medicine,— And even, alas! Theology,— From end to end, with labor keen; And here, poor fool! with all my lore I stand, no wiser than before.

**Subtreasury of American Humor:** 3

**First Year Latin:** Scientia est potentia Industria est initium sopientiae. Abeunt studia in mores.

**Outline of Shakespeare's Plays:** It's a wise father that knows his own child.

It might have been chicken salad or textbook claustrophobia that caused this meeting. Who knows?

- 1 Sure.
- 2 Ibid.
- 3 Yoo-hoo! Footnote!