

Dear Editor:

Despite the trials and tribulations of an ordinary day of classes, and the confusion of getting the red tape unwound from matters of great or little importance, there is always a bright spot to be found on Salem campus.

Whenever we see Mrs. Sampson, she has a cheery hello, a word of encouragement, or a question to ask about something that particularly interests us.

We can always find in Mrs. Sampson a person anxious and willing to help students in any way she can. We would like to extend our appreciation to Mrs. Sampson for her un-failing co-operation, consideration and kindness.

A group of students

Dear Editor:

I saw a Robin Redbreast today. This cheery little harbinger of spring was plucking a worm from the emerald green of the Athletic Field this very morning. May the ever-returning robin serve as a reminder that spring is just around the corner.

Miss Hortense Applegate
R. F. D., Route 2
Bessemer County, Ga.

A Suggestion

We have noticed that stakes have been posted in preparation for the new Science Building, directly opposite the front door of the refectory, above the gymnasium.

We are sure that the building committee has considered arguments for and against this site, but we, as members of the student body, would like to ask the committee to reconsider these plans.

If placed in the proposed location, the building will cut off the view of the lower campus. To us, this is the loveliest part of the school. We believe that there are parts of the grounds, at present not utilized, which would present a more pleasing site than the planned one. It seems to us that erecting a building in this location would destroy a great deal of the charm that we, as students, associate with Salem.

We would like, then, to ask the building committee to reconsider the plans, and, if it is in any way possible, to change the site of the Science Building.

The Order of the Scorpion

In Appreciation

Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Bromberg would like to take this opportunity to thank the Salem College faculty for their good wishes and the lovely yellow tulip plant.

"We are counting on our collective eight green thumbs," said the Brombergs, "in order that each spring there will be blooming reminders of your greetings to Christine!"

This Week . . .

. . . begins a plan carried out each year by the members of the Salemite staff. In the spring, senior and junior members of the staff take turns as guest editor for a week. This issue was edited by Mary Porter Evans.

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

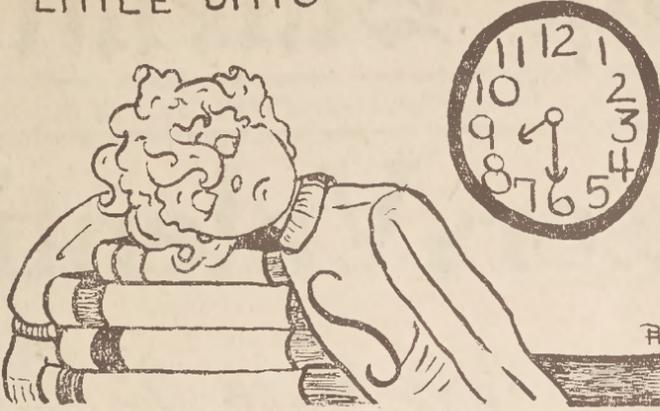
Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year



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LITTLE DITTO



*With minds alert and faces
Bright
Let's start the new semester
right!*

Some Cases Are Neediest
But Salem's Are Seediest

by Tootsie Gillespie

A report was made at the last meeting of the International League of Amalgamated, Frustrated Social Climbers and the following five cases are taken from said report:

1. The case of Keepstream Dinklehorn—foundling, orphan and ne'er do-well. It seems that this child was found in a history professor's desk drawer one day, reading a cheap third edition of Plato's Dialogues, a remarkable fact, considering the child's age (18 months). "Whad'ja expect — fairies?" screamed Keepstream upon discovery. She told a story about how her mother, an engineer and general redecap on the B. and O. Railway, who had become piqued when Keepstream set fire to the house and ordered her away from the premises, diapers and all.

Keepstream, left to her own devices, took up with the dog catcher's son, and together, they made off with all the dogs in the pound, skinned them, and sold the skins to I. J. Wolf at a profit you wouldn't believe if I told you. Keepstream's main problem now is: how can she get a good fourth edition of Plato's Dialogues?

2. The case of Egomount. This case was born outside the pen (Penn U., that is). His father was a retired book-binder from Germany and his mother was a card catalogue. At a tender age, he wore, instead of diapers, a three-cornered M. A. sheepskin which he loved to show to his friends and acquaintances. He took to standing on corners by a soap box and shouting out quotations from books, all of which he'd read at the pen, but soon gave this up because people began to shy away from him in disgust. Egomount's present worry is: now that he has outgrown his M. A. sheepskin and had been forced to give up his soap box quotations, what is there left to live for?

3. Hellion Thin was born, not with

a silver spoon in her mouth, but with a hockey stick in her hand. When she took her first steps at the age of ten she tipped over a strategically placed diaper, fell into a swimming pool and this was when she began her famous stroke-glide method of survival. Her father, a retired pole-vaulter, had the following pamphlet printed which Little Hellion had dictated to him:

Are you a fatigued fuddy? Do you have inability to let down? Do you feel fatigued easily in the afternoon? Do you hit the wrong note on the piano? If so, remember that the stroke-glide method alleviates in-grown toe-nails, sour stomach, malignant scurvy, Chinese rot, exam fatigue, war hysteria, racial prejudice, ecological misapprehension, leaky fountain pens, doughnut deliriums, and in addition, you can pass the fingernail test. But this didn't solve all Miss Thin's problems. No! Now she wonders how she can stroke-glide her way into the bird sanctuary in the Everglades without tangling with Federal authorities.

4. The case of Babe Ruth Olemanski is a sad one (let us pause here, bow toward Mecca, and put a quarter in the plate). Her inferiority complex began when her mother, with a slight admonition (Sheddup, Babe), refused her a whole roast cow. From that day until this, Ruthie has refused to eat anything except all vegetables, fruits, meats, desserts, beverages, chewing gum, candy, cigarettes, and an occasional hog-head of beer. "Everything else is wanton indulgence" quotes Diet Olemanski. Because of her delicate eating habits, she is slightly underweight (32 pounds with overcoat and bed-room slippers) and on windy days has to be carried to her classes on the back of Mary Ann Kirkpatrick. Her problem as she expresses it is: "How can I learn to like food?"

(Continued on page three)

Snavelly Does The Telling
About Books Best Selling

FICTION:

1. The Big Fisherman by Lloyd C. Douglas
2. Dinner At Antoine's by Frances Parkinson Keyes
3. The Naked And The Dead by Norman Mailer
4. Remembrance Rock by Carl Sandburg
5. Cry The Beloved Country by Alan Paton

NON-FICTION:

1. Crusade In Europe by Dwight D. Eisenhower
2. How To Stop Worrying And Start Living by Dale Carnegie
3. Family Circle by Cornelia Otis Skinner
4. Peace of Mind by Joshua Liebman
5. Shake Well Before Using by Bennett Cerf
6. The Gathering Storm by Winston Churchill
7. A Guide To Confident Living by Norman V. Peale

Topics Of The Times

by Mary Aiken

Science on the March

A frontpage item in a recent Agnes Scott News reveals that A-S girls are now becoming star-eyed over a telescope purchased by the University Union of Georgia. The new 30-inch machine is claimed to be the largest in the South.—"All the better to see you with," quipped an ex-Agnes Scott dean.

Popular Sociology

A Vox Pop on the Ideal Mate, sponsored by the Lenoir-Rhynean, shows conclusively that after-altar courting would be enjoyed by all feminine members of Sociology 7 state finally that marriage should not end such small courtesies as opening doors, placing chairs and walking on the street side. Also, they think it would be well if Hubby continued to hold hands in the movies. The men, from their list of pet hopes, add that a woman should never cease telling her husband how much she loves him and should always expect the courtesies. They enjoy feeling that they are gentlemen.

Always a battlefield, whether for the sublime or the ridiculous, the Daily Tar Heel editorial page has now turned from Communism to the sexes. (You can decide which is which.) After many hot words on the relative merits of males and females, someone finally arrived at the profound conclusion that both are here to stay; and we all might as well make a sensible Freudian adjustment. One boy, disturbed by the superficial dating criteria of Tar Heel girls, produced statistics to show that "with coeds who know men best it's frat men five to two."

Local Purge Attempt

More serious DTH news discloses that an unsigned attack against Dr. Graham, president of UNC, turned up Saturday in the mailboxes of faculty and administrators. Mailed from Washington, the letter charged that, although Dr. Graham was not a Communist himself, he allowed Communist-front organizations free reign in Chapel Hill. The four-page pamphlet opened with this dramatic challenge: "If you are an American, if you are a North Carolinian, if you love your country, read this: The case against Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina."

Education and Vocation

If you aren't going to be busy getting yourself or your roommate married this summer, you might be interested in a release from the Blue and Grey at Hood. Two low-cost tri-nation tours of England, France and Holland are now being planned by the International Commission of the National Student Association. Scheduled to begin in July, the tours will cost each student about \$550 for six weeks. Applications are now being received at the Radcliffe NSA office in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Placement in summer jobs for State men is now being made through a new student employment arrangement, the Technician announces. Under the system, each department will find openings and arrange interviews between students and future employers for both summer and post-graduation jobs. Ps-s-st, Faculty, "What am I gonna do" seniors would welcome a similar set-up.

Indoor Recreation

Hints for intra-school fellowship are suggested by Hood day students, who gave resident students their annual "Pop-In" last Saturday. (Offhand, we'd say that this is the collegiate cousin of the more dignified "At Home" Miss Post talks about and the small town "Drop-In".) In order to avoid misgivings about birthday presents, the Hoodians also give birthday parties at which each honoree receives refreshments and a pair of panties.—Such utility, such equalization of the masses. Maybe Little Riding Hood really did wear red.

Financial Section

Old Gold and Black at Wake Forest prints a sham letter from "The Howler" will be out on out on time" Judson Goldblood, editor of the local annual—a jibe at the Howler's recent assessment of the fraternities for forty dollars each for an extra page in the yearbook. Says the author, the expenditures of the Howler for one \$80 record player, one \$120 cherry-colored couch, one \$40 green linoleum rug, etc. amount to \$410, so that each of the ten fraternities will have to pay an extra dollar to make the books balance. P. S. "We can't afford it" Gillespie turned a delicate spring green after reading this little satire. She's now starting an underground movement to bring sororities back to Salem.