

Dear Editor:

We consider the present procedure for receiving telegrams on campus a waste of time and trouble and an infringement on our privacy. Under the present system, the only connection between you and your Western Union is the Deans Office. Messages received during the day are telephoned to the deans and to the deans only. If the deans are not in the office, the Western Union company here in town has been instructed to call after a specific hour or to get in touch with the dean off duty. And you wait! Under the present system, when Western Union and the deans do connect, the message is made out in duplicate, one for you, one for the Dean's Office.

To expediate these conditions we would like to suggest a procedure, agreeable to the Western Union—that A Salem Directory of Students every year be forwarded to Western Union. Then, Western Union could deal directly over the phone with the parties for whom the message are intended. This procedure, we think, would save wear and tear on the deans, would cut down delivery time, and would cut down ill-feeling. After all, they're our messages.

A group of students.

Congratulations . . .

and our hardy appreciation to Dr. Jordan and the Inter-Faith Council for the success of the Inter-Faith Dinner Tuesday night.

This latest campus group was organized last fall on a provisional basis for one year. It has as its purpose closer cooperation among the various denominational groups on campus and closer contact between the student body and the ministers of the Churches represented. Membership now includes the Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist, Moravian and Presbyterian student fellowships.

We feel that a large portion of the success of this group is due to Dr. Jordan's leadership. Besides teaching his French courses, advising the language clubs and the Order of the Scorpion, Dr. Jordan has found time to organize and lead another group on to its success.

In a sense, the Inter-Faith Council is Salem's own ecumenical movement and we hope that it will be perpetuated for the strength and scope that it can add to the spiritual life of the campus.

Editor . . .

. . . for this issue of the Salemite was Peirano Aiken.

The Salemite

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For all its dripping faucets, creaky chairs, perilously low pipes, and bins of trash, the basement of Main Hall houses a clientele as essential—if not as betitled—as that of the floors above. And Salem, for all her 177 uninterrupted years, would never reach her 178th year were it not for her colored constituents.

The place is like a latter-day version of Erebus, but for a lone 25-watt bulb. Instead of adamantine floors, there are broken bricks; instead of sulphurous fumes there are the odors of pinotol; instead of the wails of the doomed, hymn-singing; instead of the gnashing of teeth, the clatter of pails and mops; and there gather the dusky gods and goddesses who watch over all of us entrusted to their care.

Hampton, who makes the bell toll for thee approximately eighteen times a day, is an institution in himself. Besides keeping Salem moving on time, he keeps the front walks cleared of Hershey bar wrappers, cigarette stubs and leaves from both trees and composition books. He never fails to open a door for a girl who is late to class or to tip his hat to passersby. And, withal, he is a preacher.

Hattie has a heart as big as these 56 acres of ours. Seniors, especially, are her pets—as evidenced by the remembrances they give her each year. Any day, all day, she can be seen scrubbing away at the woodwork in Main Hall or one of the dormitories. If we aren't completely without a stain, it isn't her fault.

Harry Lee is he of the hats—a different one for every turn of the weathervane—purple checked, kahki, black, to fit either his mood or the season. He it is who empties the smoke-houses of their accumulation of whatever. And after hours, he demonstrates for Wear-Ever Aluminum. (He can cook a devil's food cake on top of the stove—A. B. Cooking students, profit, hereby.)

Bright is the guardian angel of Clewell. She does everything from washing blouses to finding light bulbs—all with a seraphic smile. In remembering students names, she is second only to Mrs. Rondthaler.

Tarry Lee, usually called Pat to distinguish him from his aforementioned younger brother, is Hattie's comrade-in-arms in the upkeep of Main Hall. Like Harry Lee, he was in the army during the war—unlike him, he wears a mustache.

Myrtle was until this year one of the mainstays of the dining room. Students always rushed to sit at the back tables where she presided over and provided for her girls. This year, she is at the Rondthaler home, but she is still seen in her blue and white uniform on her way to the grocer or to the kitchen.

Penn has been at Salem off and on for more than 25 years. He tells yarns of the old days when Dr. Edward Rondthaler was president and he himself was chauffeur for the James Grays. A cigarette holder, a big apron and a vacuum cleaner are his marks of distinction.

Winona is the doler-out of toast and/or biscuits at breakfast, and serves the faculty table during the day. Her occasional reprimanding of impatient students is off-set by her hearty chuckle.

Lily Belle, new last year, is the smiling keeper of Bitting. She is page in the living room, blouse-washer in the basement, general caretaker of seniors and a faithful reader of the Salemite. After work, she perches a pork-pie hat on top of her head, and joins Bright for the walk home.

And then there are others who cook for us, keep us clean, help us with our suitcases and trunks, grow our flowers and keep vigil while we sleep. All these are a part of Salem, a part we couldn't get along without.

R. S.

Friend George

by Carolyn Taylor

Until a year ago, I must confess that I had no respect for sand crabs. I had never had much contact with them, socially, that is, and did not believe their intelligence to be as high as dogs or maybe cats. You see, I have known dogs and cats all my life, quite well, in fact. I remember one dog that I knew—Mr. Pompot was his name. Oh, Mr. Pompot was certainly an intelligent dog. We got to know each other quite well in our three years of friendship. We used to sit up nights and discuss the state of the world. Mr. Pompot was a Republican and I was a Democrat and we had many heated arguments. But that's another story . . .

A year ago I found that I was very mistaken about sand crabs. It all happened this way . . .

One hot Sunday afternoon about a year ago, I was sitting on the beach, doing nothing in particular, just watching the children play and the sea gulls fly. Every now and then I would sigh deeply as I had been troubled at the morning service by a remark of the minister's. He had said that the world had lost the Christian viewpoint, that there was nothing left in the world but greed and avarice and that surely another war was coming.

Now I am an optimist and always look on the bright side of things and on most days, particularly on Sundays, I have quite a lot of respect for my fellowman. This Sunday, though, I was depressed and could see no good in the world, no good at all.

I had just finished an especially long and deep sigh when I felt a tug at my feet. I looked down and there in the sand, half-buried, was a sand crab. He was small and white with long claws and enormous black eyes. I doubt if this sand crab would have attracted any attention in a crowd if it had not been for the monocle jauntily stuck in one eye. At the time though, this did not seem out of place—even on the beach.

"Yes", I said, "did you punch me?"

"Surely, friend, thee can't be as sad as thee seem to be."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I am as sad as anyone ever was. I am so sad that I feel as if my heart will break. Surely no one was ever as sad as I am on this hot Sunday afternoon."

"Why, friend, what is the matter with thee? Thee hast all anyone could want—sun, sand and water," he said as he crawled out of his hole and stretched his long claws in the hot sun.

"Sun, sand and water—humph. What is there in these to satisfy me? The world is in a bad state. There is nothing left but greed—But allow me to introduce myself. I am . . ."

"No need to introduce thyself," he interrupted. "We are all equal and sons of Neptune in the sign of the Rod. Names do not matter where I am from. I do not have a name now. But if thee insist, call me George Fox."

"Well, Mr. Fox, or may I call you George?" I said, extending my hand to meet his outstretched claw. "Well, George, I'm glad to meet you, but I must say you don't know much about anything. Have you read the newspaper today . . ."

"Allow me to interrupt thee," George said. "I never read newspapers. In fact, I haven't seen a newspaper in three hundred years. I find one gets along quite well without them. Nothing quite as annoying as newspapers lying around the house." He winked and shifted the monocle to his other eye.

"Well, I always read newspapers. But that's not what made me so sad. I was quite happy until eleven o'clock this morning. But then at church, our minister, Dr. Felker, who is a very nice man, by the way, said that we have all lost the Christian viewpoint. And I am just sad—sad about all mankind" I sighed again, very deeply this time and a tear fell to the sand.

"Surely, thee hast some faith. Why only this morning at our meeting I told our group that we must all have faith in Neptune . . ."

"Neptune, who's that?"

The eyes of George popped open and his monocle fell to the sand. He reached down and picked it up with his claw and blowing the sand off, replaced it in his eye and said, very slowly, "Neptune—the God of all, Creator!"

"Oh," I said in a small voice, "you mean God."

"Call Him what thee wouldst. We, the Society, call Him Neptune—down there—his voice faded. "But let us not get off the subject. Thee is unhappy. Why? Because of the state of the world? My dear girl, I remember back three hundred years ago—there was war and threats of more war. And we lived through that. And me thinks that thee will live through this."

"Oh, fiddlesticks. The future of the world at stake and you talk about three hundred years ago." I turned over and looked away from George.

"Thee needst not turn away from me," and George crawled up and pinched my nose.

"Now, thee listen to me. Things like war and mankind don't change in three hundred years. Anyway what good is thee doing, sitting in the sun and wailing and weeping? Thee canst do something to better things. And be thankful for what thee hast—a sunny day, sand and an ocean to swim in. What is it I have read—'This is the best of all possible worlds' Oh, dear, I probably misquoted. Do excuse me. The sun is setting and I have to get back home. Meeting tonight—Do come to see us down—"

"But where—" I began, but George with a wave of his long claw, scuttled over the sand and out of sight before I finished.

And that's why I changed my opinion of sand crabs. I haven't seen George since then. Maybe some summer afternoon when the sun is hot and the sea gulls are flying, George will come back. I kind of hope so . . .