

# Jarrard Speaks

I am glad to hear that the students of Salem have asked to be given more individual responsibility in determining how they shall receive their education. "Unlimited cuts" is the principle that should guide action in an ideal situation. However, as in many other things, it is necessary to compromise between principle and practice in order to get anything done.

Students that realize that self-education is the best, and students who have the ability to assume the responsibility of their own education, with the guiding hands of the academicians, should be allowed to have unlimited cuts. Some students enter college with these qualifications. As soon as they show that they can do their own work they should be allowed to cut classes whenever they wish. Unfortunately, there are too few of these students who have matured to that point by the time they become college freshmen. Certainly, any student who makes the dean's list should be allowed this freedom. By the time a student reaches the junior and senior level, if he has an above average record, that is, C or better, he should not just be "allowed" this responsibility, it should be thrust upon him.

Students should learn to educate themselves while they are in college where they have guidance available. If it is neglected until they get out of college, it may be neglected forever.

Norman Jarrard

## Dear Editor:

Recently, we have had reason to be proud of the signs of cooperation between the students, faculty, and administration.

A problem was seen by Dr. Gramley and has been solved by the appointment of a Student-Faculty Committee for help on organizations' budgets and social affairs. Some serious problems which arose in the past resulted from the lack of advice on issues such as legal matters, taxes, and other financial affairs that confront the major organizations.

Now with members of our student body working together with the faculty and administration we can hope for a more successful year in financial affairs and certainly a happier one with beneficial results for all.

Carolyn Dunn

## Dr. Jordan Writes

I have thought some lately of writing a letter to the Salemite saying good-bye to the students and giving a good boost to the new regime. What do you think of the idea? I like those Salem students; they were my friends; and I rather hate to walk out without saying a word. I have assigned myself a class of girls this fall out at the Women's Coordinate campus. My highest compliment to those girls will be if I can say that they are just as nice as those at Salem.

With best regards,

Very cordially yours,  
Howard

Ed. Note: This is an excerpt from a letter from Dr. Howard S. Jordan former head of the Modern Language Department to Miss Covington.

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# Alumnae Activity Reported; Some Teach, Others Learn

By Polly Hartle

Salem's 1949 graduates are scattered all over the world in various fields of activity. Let's take a peek into alumnae records and discover what some of them are doing.

Chapel Hill heads our list. We find Tootsie Gillespie, Dorothy Covington, Periano Aiken, Jean Padgett, Betty Holbrook, Carolyn Taylor, and Mary Gaither Whitener, who is studying law. Margaret McCall is at the University of Michigan; Frances Summers is at Texas; Julia Davis is taking education at Appalachian.

Gerry Allegood is reported teaching in Greenville, Jean Bullard and Virginia Coburn in Fairmont, Eleanor Davidson in Gibsonville, Dawson Millikan in Kinston. In the Charlotte school are Alice Hunsucker, Preston Kabrich, Joyce Privette Carr, and Betty Wolfe. Two of our men students, James Hill, and Sam Pruett are both teachers.

September was graduation date for four who received technical degrees at Bowman Gray. Jane Chandler and Mary Willis, Mary Motsinger, who is planning on a job in Charlotte, and Ruth Mabry, whose engagement announcement to Joe Maurice was recently in local papers. Jane Church is in the art department at Bowman Gray. Diane Payne is with the

Forsyth County Home Demonstration agency; Susan Spach Welfare has a social service job in Winston-Salem. Peggy Harrell has a welfare job in Rutherfordton. Reports from Marta Fehrmann and Inez Llorens tells us that they have had a wonderful summer working in the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore, and that future plans include library training at Columbia. Harriett Johnson is spending every minute of her time working in dietetics at Charlotte Memorial Hospital. Sarah Burts and Janie Fowlkes are busy with hospital dietetics at the University of Richmond.

We hear that Miriam Bailey and Candy Untiedt spent a whirlwind summer in Europe.

In the group of "most likely to succeed" we find the brides and brides to be. Frances Reznick had announced her engagement to Joe Lefkowitz. Frances, who is working with a book company in New York, has picked January for the big occasion. Porter Evans di Zerega is at home in Leesburg, Virginia; Augusta Garth McDonald is with John at Davidson College. Betsy McAuley Johnson is busy with community work here in Winston-Salem and is on the substitute teachers list. Mary Patience McFall Dibrell is on the teachers' list in Wilson and Lexington, Ken-  
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# Frances Is Cosmopolite After European Jaunt

By Frances Horne

On looking over my "Impressions of Europe", there are two things in particular that I remember. One is trains, the other is tourists, more specifically, the American tourist (la touriste americaine), characterized by her sensible suits, saddle shoes, and enormous shoulder bags, which usually contain the following: soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, passport, comb, holders for different kinds of money, cigarettes (foreign after the first few weeks—I smoked an Algerian brand, "Star", which comes in a poison green package, and consists of bits of wood interspersed with tobacco. If, after inhaling the first drag, you can stand up by yourself, you are also capable of finishing it. In order to be thoroughly Continental, you smoke the "cig" down to where the stub is less than an inch long and you are scorching your tonsils) matches (Italian matches are the size of kitchen matches and have a head the size of a small marble. If you are unfortunate enough to have one lighted, or are dumb enough to light one yourself within sixty feet of your face, you are ready for plastic surgery), lipstick, powder, dark glasses, film, traveler's checks, lumps of sugar, (from restaurants, in case you happen to meet a handsome Horse Guard) and if traveling, PLENTY OF KLEENEX.

Most American tourists have the "I am getting the most I can out of this," look on their faces, but I must admit ours was strictly I ain't never been here before, Gosh, ain't it swell!"

A European train is basically the same as an American train but there are a few differences. The inside of a car is divided into compartments which are supposed to hold eight people, and a very narrow corridor runs the length of the car. Plumbing facilities on French and Italian trains are practically nil, while on Swiss trains they are pretty good. You must never, NEVER drink the water on an Italian train but must carry along a bottle of wine. Nobody ever minds. Dining cars are a rarity, but if you do get in one, the food is wonderful. The English have the most delightful custom of serving everyone on the train tea in the afternoon (for a nominal

fee, of course). It is a grand idea which might well be adopted over here. The conductor is one of those hazards you might as well be prepared for. One time, coming back from Zermatt (Switzerland) where we had gone to see the Matterhorn, we had an experience with one. To begin with, Leila Graham Marsh and I had slight difficulties getting our Billets des Vacances (Holiday Tickets) which allow you to buy a ticket anywhere in Switzerland for half price. We had not understood very well what they could be used for. In fact, we just had a vague idea that maybe we should keep them. So we were standing in the corridor hanging out the window admiring Switzerland (which is a very beautiful country). L. G. M. the day before had climbed a mountain in her one and only pair of wool socks and had decided to wash them out (her hotel had hot running water). They were still wet, so she hooked them together with a safety pin and was letting them "flap in the breeze" to dry. The conductor approached: "Votre billets, sil vous plait." L. G. M. handed him hers, he pocketed it. She demanded back the Holiday Ticket, which was a thing apart, and started to reach in his pocket for it, but he brandished his arm menacingly at her, at which she brandished her wet baby blue socks at him. And I sort of think he said something about the Billets expiring. We didn't believe a word of it. I decided by golly I was going to keep mine, and I wouldn't let go of it, so while we tugged at it, I in my Survey of Lit., French and he snorting exclamation points and astericks, L. G. M. took the opportunity to retrieve her ticket from his pocket. The conductor was momentarily stymied. Meanwhile, the noise had attracted attention and eyebrows were popping over the backs of seats and out doors. For just a fraction of a second, we looked at each other and giggled. It was our undoing. He saw his opening and bellowed like a bull. We were unable to equal his magnificent volume and subsided, sans billet amid great clicking of tongues and shrugging of shoulders. We two tourists, and as such messengers of Good Will, probably set back U. S. relations with the Swiss twenty years.



By Gene Watt Stokes

I am ready to leave. The bags are packed, the car is waiting, and I have come to say goodbye.

Back of our big brick house is a vacant lot. There are a few trees but there is mostly underbrush and wildflowers and a broken, paint-peeling swing. Long ago, when our decrepit house was new—when my grandmother was a child—the lot had been used as a pasture. We still refer to it as "the pasture" Run down as it is, it has been my favorite "by myself place" since I was a little girl.

The summer had been a path—lovely and lush and green—leading to a strange and frightening end. In summers past I had enjoyed the golden days and nights with abandonment and with no foreboding of days to come. But this was my last summer before going to college and by some strange way we females have of knowing, I know next summer will be different. A year from home and of change will erase the lingering, soft outlines of childhood to which I cling. In June I counted months before the time to leave, but in August the path was shorter and finally, all goodbyes are said; the last day is here.

And now down here in the pasture there is no indication I am leaving or will be missed. The leaves are not yet faded and just a few are yellow. Looking up, there is only a green flecked sky, and the top of the fallen swing in which I'm sitting. Looking down, I see the ashes of a fire built in Spring.

On Saturday, One Boy came home from college, and we cooked a meal down by the swing. I remember how I watched him build a fire with perfect ease; I remember laughing as we tried to eat the burnt potatoes and the greasy cornbread; I remember the smell of smoke and damp earth and a clean, warm boy.

During the early summer after graduation from high school, I didn't spend so much time in the pasture—I came mainly when things were wrong, for this was a place to think. It's funny now, to think that I was ashamed for anyone to find me down there, but when my mother was picking flowers and happened to wander near I always appeared to be just walking around this way. I'm sure, though, she knew about my place of seclusion.

I never went there but once at night this summer and that was near the last of July. It was hot and the underbrush seemed alive with crickets complaining of the heat. As I sat in the swing I heard somebody's radio broadcasting a baseball game, and I watched the heat lighting flash intermittently. It was no cooler here, I know perhaps it was hotter because of thick foliage, but the stars and the quiet did more than any air conditioning for my sweltering body.

Nothing exciting has happened the whole ten years I've been coming here and yet this is the place I hate most of all to leave. A day in the sun or a night in the rain; alone or with my boy, I've loved and made decisions here, but summer is over and I must leave.

It's cool today but then it is the middle of September. A leaf just fell on this paper and it is hard to think the next time I'm here there will be no leaves to fall.

Goodbye, my favorite place. Winter will be hard on you, you broken down and lovely swing, as it will be on me. But after winter comes the spring, and before too many days I will be back with a can of paint to brighten you up a bit—next summer we both will shine!

(Ed. Note. Gene Watt Stokes is a member of Miss Reigner's Freshman English class.)