

Dear Salemites . . .

We've started a new year at Salem. We should make the most of it.

This is the only year—that will be Salem's 179th—that I'll be a senior and you'll be a freshman or a sophomore or a junior in college—that the willow tree and the May Dell will look quite that way—that the science building will be in an it-will-be-finished-in-December-stage—that Mrs. Heidbreder will be our new dean—

This is the first year—that we have had students from other countries—that music rooms have been placed in Lehman—that the Pierrettes have become a major organization—

This is a year which will continue many traditions—the heritage of Salem—"Standing at the Portals" for the first assembly—the Christmas putz at Brothers' house and candle vespers—May Day and its accompanying pageant—

This is a year which gives us opportunities—of showing that we are worthy of an honor system and capable of governing ourselves—of making of ourselves better persons and of helping others to do the same—of following our varied interests ranging from hockey playing to acting—

This is a year which expects from us—our best efforts in academic work—our support of all the campus organizations—our acceptance of responsibility and a personal sense of honor in every undertaking—

This is a year which will be only as successful as we make it. This is an important year. We can make the most of it.

Winkie Harris  
President, Student Body

Attention Please!

The Pierrettes are sponsoring a contest which is open to all Salemite artists. She who can design the best and most original symbol or sign for the club, the Pierrette Players, will receive an award. Entries must be submitted to either Miss Reigner or Polly Hartle on or before September 30th. The winning seal will be used on the new membership cards. Sharpen your colored pencils and your wits. The decision of the judges will be final; the winner will be announced in the Salemite.

New Students . . .

All freshmen and other new students who are interested in working on the Salemite staff this year are asked to meet in the Salemite office in the basement of Main Hall on Tuesday, September 26, at 1:30. This meeting is for those who would like to write features or news, draw cartoons, sell ads, or type. There is room for anyone who will work, and we promise you it's the kind you enjoy.

The Salemite



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"You must be my Senior Advisor. I'm a new student."

Salemities Have Hilarious Summer At Chapel Hill

by Sybel Haskins and Winkie Harris

Diary of the Salemities who went to summer school:

Monday  
Something's wrong! When I was a freshman at Salem they told me what to do every minute of the day. I've been at Chapel Hill twenty-four hours and haven't seen anyone except my roommate. Tuesday

We registered today in the gym. This morning at five someone slipped a map of Chapel Hill under my door. But they disappeared.

Being cosmopolitan Salemities, we were very nonchalant about finding our way around. After hiking for seven miles, we decided to look at the map to see if we were going in the right direction. We pegged the map to the ground, charted our course with compass and protractor. Fortunately, my roommate could do long division.

There weren't but three people in line when we got to the gym. "Be through in half an hour" roommate mumbled. Before she finished talking we were standing at the Carolina Inn at the end of the line. That's why we hadn't seen anybody. They had all been waiting in line since Sunday morning. Wednesday

We finished registering in time to eat lunch. We're taking Science 2537, Aero-Dynamics 84936, and The Child in the Kindergarten 1. They just laughed when we said something about English and History.

We collapsed into bed this afternoon. The door opened. "I'm a co-ed. I wear my hair cut one inch from the scalp. I belong to the GGEGE sorority. That stands for Gonna-get-em-got-em. I just got pinned for the eighth time.

I lived in this room last year. Terribly hot. Window has been stuck for years.

Carolina's a crip. You don't have to go to class unless you're taking Science or Aero Dynamics or The Child in the Kindergarten.

Boys? Well, the ratio this summer is four girls to one boy. But anyway, the hours have improved some. We don't have to come in until ten every night."

Thursday  
We went to class today. The

youngest man in there was a doctor. He had had his PhD for thirty years. The rest of them wouldn't speak.

Our professor believes in research. We have to read four volumes in the Encyclopedia Britannica for tomorrow. He wants our first assignment to be easy.

The library at Chapel Hill is very big. We made our way through the mob in the lobby, and sat on a couch in the reading room. A man tapped my shoulder. "I beg your pardon. This is my couch. I sleep here every day from twelve to one."

We apologized profusely and crept away. There was one chair left in the corner, so my roommate sat on the floor. She started choking and coughing. "Yeah," I whispered, the cigar smoke is a little thick." She couldn't hear what I said, though. Much to our innocent surprise, we found that you can carry ink and a typewriter into the library and use them.

I turned to scream in her ear, and saw her sitting at a table.

I heard her faint "Deal me in."

There was a quiet room on the second floor where I relaxed with the Encyclopedia. Then the building started shaking. I heard men shouting. Heads bobbed up and down outside the window. A bulldozer drove by on eye level.

I ran downstairs, picked up my roommate and carried her out.

We were stopped dead in our tracks by an even dozen football players. "This is Carolina," we thought.

But they were being followed by twenty-four children howling "Daddy, Daddy."

Saturday

We went home.

Salem in September.

"And what did you two do this summer"

"Went to summer school at Chapel Hill" we said airily.

"Ooooooh," significant looks flew back and forth. "Guess we don't have to ask if you two had a good time".

"We did. We had an absolutely marvelous time. It's an experience you really shouldn't miss. There's nothing in the world like Carolina in the summer time. Yes, We had a wonderful time"—and strangely enough, we did.



By Lee Rosenbloom

I don't think I really realized that I was a senior until I drove up to Bitting Saturday and started to unpack the car. When I walked up the steps and into 204, it gave me a funny feeling. Not that I consciously thought—you are a senior—this is your last year in college—it is a serious business. It was just that I realized that I was a senior.

All this week the idea has been sinking in. One thing I'm sure of—my freshman advisees have taught me more than I could ever teach them. At the A. A. picnic I told Joan Rutherford, one of my advisees, that Russel, our cook, has been at Salem for thirty years. As I told her about it, I realized it was a wonderful thing. Then I began to tell her about the birthday dinners, the kitchen parties, and the Christmas banquet. Before it seems as if I always thought that it was a lot of trouble to put on an evening dress for the banquet, but while I was talking to Joan it occurred to me that the juniors would be entertaining us this year. This year we are the seniors. I think we need the freshmen more than they need advisors.

Then there's the business of caps and gowns. Last year at hat-burning, we just laughed at each other. We were like a group of little girls playing dress-up. Not that I'll ever get used to seeing Nancy Florence in one, mind you, but I do think we look a little more like we belong in them this year. I'm glad we wear them in chapel.

It seemed strange at first to see Beth, Ann and Vicki out at school. When Beth said, "You all will have to come to our apartment and study for exams," I was floored. Even though I threw rice at her and George, I hadn't quite realized how different it would be. All summer I've avoided news broadcasts and newsreels. I just didn't want to realize that there was a war. I didn't want to hear about it or think about it or talk about it. Knowing that these girls are married now, certainly sooner than they would have been under ordinary circumstances, makes you realize that there is a war. I guess we aren't the first group of seniors that have been completely unsure of what the future holds for them. There are too many name tapes sewed in my cap and gown for me to believe that. I'm just foolish enough not to want my life upset by another war, though. Beth and Anne and Vicki make me face the situation and not run away like I've done all summer.

Having the foreign students here on campus is good too. Catherine Berkel told me that her friends in Paris thought she was courageous to come here because American girls would be so different. Then she smiled and told us that she didn't feel at all different from us. She's not different, either. It's an important thing for Catherine Berkel and Lee Rosenbloom to know they aren't different.

What I mean is that this week has made me realize that we are seniors, and it is our last year in college, and it is a serious business. It all started when I drove up to Bitting and started to unpack the car.