

We Like . . .

Dr. Gramley's comparison of Salem to a community in his speech on opening day. In fact his analogy seems so plain that we wonder that we never thought of it.

We're glad, however, that Dr. Gramley pointed out that Salem is not a self-sufficient community, but that it is a part of and affected by a world that is in conflict.

Dr. Gramley's speech should give us a good send-off for a progressive year. All around us are signs of material progress.

The indications are for a good year.

Morning Chapel . . .

Monday our first morning chapel was held in the Moravian Church. The large attendance proved that Salem girls do feel the need for spiritual growth as well as mental growth.

In a full and busy day of going to classes, conferences and meetings, morning chapel gives Salem girls the one opportunity for a moment of quiet and meditation.

An Unpleasant Situation

Have you ever been to breakfast at eight o'clock and found that you have to push aside a stack of dirty dishes before you could set your own breakfast down on the table? It is not an uncommon experience.

Dear Editor . . .

Envy you the Salemite staff, catacombs, Mr. Cashion and Gramley boys. Know you will have best year ever with such good editors and staff.

Love, Dale

(Editor's Note: the above is a telegram received by the editors from last year's editor-in chief, Dale Smith.)

The Salemite



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Text Of President's Speech

(Continued from page one) realistic in facing the future. But are you? Are you prepared for what it takes?

The world which you face beckons to you. It doesn't promise an easy, hilarious, joyful existence. It never has. Although some people have come to think life offers a free ride and government promises a hand-out, that isn't the case; in one form or another, everything we receive has its price.

Thus far in life, you have been considerably sheltered because, in this country, it has been possible for parents to protect children and young people in a way that the parents of our visiting students from Austria, Germany and France could not shield their children.

Some commentators may tell you this is the worst period mankind has ever faced, and I am not in a position to tell you it isn't. But I do know people have been enslaved before and their ways of life threatened.

The starting point, quite obviously, is with ourselves as individuals, and from there, like the circling wavelets formed by dropping a pebble in a pond, we influence those we touch and meet.

You are on the march, in varying stages of progress, as you undertake this year within the portals of Salem. I would urge you to give your best, in the classroom and elsewhere.

Think of yourself not merely as students, but as citizens of a small city, for Salem is like a small city within the larger municipality of Winston-Salem.

Salem has no fire department of its own, it is true, and no separate water supply; but it does have a shopping center, moving picture equipment, an indoor and outdoor theatre, parks, a carpenter shop, a laundry, a bake shop, a conservatory of music, a library, a hospital, a recreation department, a newspaper, a fine arts studio, a YWCA, a bank, a town hall, all sorts of women's clubs, and even a men's service club.

Miss Perryman is tax collector; Miss Hixson, superintendent of schools; Mrs. Heibredner, assisted by Miss Carlson and the House Presidents, the closest we can come to a Police Department; Miss Simpson is recorder of vital statistics; and Miss Essie Shouse, as head of the sanitation department, willingly doubles on occasion as fire chief marshal and as superintendent of the street cleaning department.

Miss Biggers, of course, is commissioner of health and superintendent of the hospital; Mrs. Cummings runs the restaurant, and Mr. French is city chemist; Dr. Welch is head of the psychiatric clinic; Miss Covington is chief case worker on roving assignment; Mrs. Moran is director of recreation as well as lifeguard; and Mr. Campbell is biologist and keeper of the zoo.

Mr. Sawyer represents the clergy; Mr. Lerch directs the municipal band; and Miss Marsh and Miss Kirkland head up the Chamber of Commerce. The people in the Modern and Classical Language Departments serve as court interpreters; and Bishop Pfohl and the

Board of Trustees are the Supreme Court itself. I suppose, to round out the picture, I must admit that I am the Mayor, but I assure you my power is limited. In this little city we have traffic problems, of course; a smoke nuisance, I am told; a weather bureau within easy call in the person of Dr. Rondthaler; and only very occasional cases of either juvenile or parental delinquency.

You students, as householders, have the privilege of the ballot in student elections, the right to assemble peaceably, the right of trial by jury, the right of habeas corpus, and the right of petition to the Board of Alderman (seated here behind me). "So what," you ask? Well merely this: Be as good and helpful and responsible a citizen as you hope to be wherever you live after college.

We need more responsible and more intelligent citizens in America if the proved fundamental strengths of our form of government and our way of life are to be preserved. We need faith in our country and in what it stands for in the matter of individual human rights, but we need good works to bolster our faith and our country.

Material shortages are around the corner again as gangsterism forces us to fight in Korea and to be prepared to defend human liberties elsewhere; but such shortages are only temporary; they will be met in time.

The really serious shortages are more difficult to correct. They are in positive attitudes, in morals and manners, in tolerance, in understanding, in basic character, in willingness to work, in acceptance of responsibility. At the same time, we have an over-supply of some things: of self-indulgence, of impatience, of hypocrisy, of wishful thinking, and of the well-known psychology of something-for-nothing.

Additionally, people as individuals and as citizens are susceptible to emotional thinking and decisions. They are gullible, naive and intellectually lazy. They have ingrained prejudices and no desire to overcome them. They refuse to go to original sources for information.

It is to be hoped—it is to be expected—that the educational and citizenship processes at Salem Academy and College will help you overcome these weaknesses and encourage you to assume responsibility, to achieve some common-sense, and to take a stand for something other than the contents of a pay envelope.

We need religion as we strive toward a better social order—a tolerant religion. We need education of course, but education which provides a wider democratization of opportunity. We need a truer understanding of democracy and its responsibilities.

We need more positive attitudes, greater faith, better understanding of each other. We need more tolerance, greater interest in people, higher respect for the dignity of all men. Our instinctive and compelling self-interest, which so often is a narrow, callous thing, needs enlightening—desperately so. We need to understand that we all will be happier individuals as the people about us are happier too.

You students have a keen sense of discrimination and good taste in so many things: in the clothes you wear, in the ways you fix your hair, and I am sure, in the young men with whom you correspond. These are important matters to you; rumor is that you give a fair amount of time and concentrated attention to them; not just



by Jane Watson

Acti was panting with excitement by the time she reached third floor Clewell. She swung her trunk off her shoulders, whistled a short chorus of Shastokovitch's "Polka" to get her courage up, and crawled to her room. Her roommate had already arrived and was just starting to unpack her fraternity pins and stack them in neat piles of six on Acti's bed.

When Acti cracked one eye, Cassandra was standing with a Chanel-soaked Kleenex pressed to her forehead. "Really, Darling, do get up off the floor. I hate violence. You know it's rather fortunate that you arrived this afternoon, two simply adorable gentlemen are flying down from Yale for the weekend, and I'd simply adore to have you date one of them."

Acti hauled herself up by the towel rack, uttered a Rebel yell salaamed five times and began to chant unbelievably, "A Yale Man, A Yale Man—"

By the time Cassandra (we shall refer affectionately to her as Cass from here on out) returned, Acti was swinging from the chandelier (and I use the term loosely) humming softly to herself.

Cass finally enticed her down with dog biscuits, and they began to dress. Cass slithered into a little creation she had picked up in Paris last summer, while Acti pulled on her best cashmere sweater and recklessly rouged her knees.

By 8:00 p.m. both were poised outside the reception room ready for the big moment. Cass flitted through the door, leapt to the shoulders of the two boys; and they did a sophisticated tap routine to "Hello, My Baby". Acti for want of anything better to do gnawed the corner of the rug until introductions were made.

They could have gone to the "Stork" or the "21", but they decided to try Hillcrest for atmosphere. The whole evening Acti rode little pink and blue butterflies around the room. She was at her sparkling best. She recited "Old Ironsides" to appear intellectual; she curtsied after every dance to show her social grace; she told shaggy dog stories to impress him with her wittiness; raised one eyebrow and wiggled her ears to seem sophisticated and bored.

When they arrived back at school, Acti's date patted her on the head and pushed her in the door.

All the next day Acti thought about what a wonderful time she had had, but she couldn't help wondering, as she stroked her broken nose, if her date hadn't realized that the door was closed when he pushed her into it.

(Continued on page four)