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 hope all the Salem girls will remember their part in managing and upholding the honor of the community when something goes wrong and they want to break all the laws.

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. We hope Salem girls through Y. W. C. A. work, through contact with our foreign students, through their studies and through Lecture Series speakers will gain a concept of their part in this larger world.

Dr. Gramley's speech should give us a good send-off for a progressive year. All around us are signs of material progress. The new science building, well on its way to completion, is ample evidence of this. The new heating system, the installation of which has just been begun, is still further proof.

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. Dr. Gramley's thoughtful selections of scripture and meaningful prayers show that he, too, realizes our need. Those who attend come to feel that morning chapel is a necessary part of their college life.

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. The I. R. S. has announced that calldowns will be given for failure to remove breakfast dishes off the table; we think this an excellent idea. We hope that it will have an immediate effect on an unpleasant situation

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 editorin chief, Dale Smith.)

The Salemite

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Text Of President's Speech

what it takes?

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

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. I life which you have known are natural and normal to you. This is so because it's the only tpye of able to experience.

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. do know people have been enslaved before and their ways of life threatened. History, actually, is the story of one crisis after another in mankind's affairs, the important fact to us is that this period is our era in time, yours and mine. It is, thus, both the best and the worst periods from our limited viewpoints. My plea is that we do our individual best to improve it.

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. Individually, thus, each person can be of tremendous importance.

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. And because you are preparing for what follows, I would urge that you view the campus community of which you are a part as a unit of society, almost as a political sub-division in the same sense that your home town is such a unit.

Think of yourself not merely as city, for Salem is like a small city within the larger municipality of Winston-Salem. It is not self-suf-ficient, just as Winston-Salem is not self-sufficient, but this geonevertheless.

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

Miss Perryman is tax collector; Miss Hixson, superintendent of schools; Mrs. Heidbreder, assisted 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 superdepartment.

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. Camp-

Mr. Sawyer represents the clergy; Mr. Lerch directs the municipal band; and Miss Marsh and Departments serve as court inter- trated attention to them; not just preters; and Bishop Pfohl and the

Board of Trustees are the Supreme (Continued from page one)
realistic in facing the future. But Court itself. I suppose, to round are you? Are you prepared for 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 told; a weather bureau within easy have come to think life offers a call in the person of Dr. Rondthaler; and only very occasional cases of either juvenile or parental

You students, as householders, Thus far in life, you have been have the privilege of the ballot in considerably sheltered because, 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 "So what," you ask? behind me). Well merely this: Be as good and know also that the conditions of helpful and responsible a citizen as you hope to be wherever you live after college. Look to the upperclassmen, the student leaders, and the life and atmosphere you have been faculty for the qualities you admire and respect and then live up to the examples they set. If you find their feet are sometimes made of clay, keep your eyes up, and fall love with some ideals.

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. We need a new awareness of the price of citizenship and an awakened interest in civic virtue. We need to understand that the only real compulsion in a democracy is that which may come from the heart.

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

The really serious shortages are more difficult to correct. are in positive attitudes, in morals and manners, in tolerance, in understanding, in basic character, in willingness to work, in acceptance of responsiblility. 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 students, but as citizens of a small psychology of something-for-no-

Additionally, people as individuals and as citizens are susceptible to emotional thinking and decisions. They are gullible, naive and intelgraphical spot is a distinctive entity lectually lazy. They have ingrained prejudices and no desire to overcome them. They refuse to go to original sources for information. They are label conscious, slogan conscious, easy bait for political and other propagenda.

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 weaknessess and encourage you to assume responsibility, to achieve some commonsense. and to take a stand for something other than the contents of a pay envelope.

We need religion as we strive by Miss Carlson and the House toward a better social order-a Presidents, the closest we can come 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, intendent of the street cleaning 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-interst, 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 bell is biologist and keeper of the 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. Miss Kirkland head up the Cham. These are important matters to ber of Commerce. The people in you; rumor is that you give a the Modern and Classical Language fair amount of time and concen-

(Continued on page four)

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 Aeti's bed. Acti crouched miserably in the doorway a moment and looked at the girl who was to be her roommate. She was wearing an offthe-shoulder leopard skin housecoat. Her curly black hair dangled coyly over one slanted green eye. When she noticed the quivering mass that was Acti; she pirouetted around, did a Weidman pushup, and purred, "Allo, Darling, you must be my new roommate". Acti, not to be outdone barked three times, rolled over, and played dead (wishing all the time she were).

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." With this parting shot she swivelled out of the room muttering absentmindedly, "If you ever need me, Stevie, just whistle."

Acti hauled herself up by the towel rack, uttered a Rebel yell salaamed five times and began to chant unbelievingly, "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 biseuits, 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. Her date turned his hulking, tweedy form and acknowledged the introduction by tipping his pinch-nez; Acti giggled and shyly kissed his hand. The boys arranged them selves on either side of Cass when they were ready to go, and Acti rode her scooter obediently behind hiccoughing happily.

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 curtseyed after every dance to show her social grace; she told shaggy dog stories to impress him with her wittinesss; raised on eyebrow and wiggled her ears to seem sophis ticated and bored. Acti knew she was stealing the show. Why, it was all the others could do (and believe me they tried) to sandwick into her repitoire their tales of summers ab road, debutante balls, pah-ties and week-end yachting. Acti was always on hand with some of her homespun whimsy to change the

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

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