

Dear Students . . .

A great deal has already been said about dressing properly, dining room conduct and chapel conduct in connection with the I. R. S. this year—particularly to the freshmen. Very little has been said about the fun and good times that the I. R. S. has in store for all of us.

This month the I. R. S. is planning a Birthday Dinner celebrating birthdays of students and faculty in August, September and October. On October 31, we are planning to have our first big event—a Halloween Carnival. We know that six weeks tests are due then; but the carnival lasts only from 8:30-9:30 p.m., and it is a come-and-go affair. We promise it will relax you when you need relaxation most, and you'll have worlds of fun getting into the Halloween spirit with bobbing apples, going to the Crazy House, having your fortunes told and eating till you pop. In November there will be another Birthday Dinner for November and December birthdays.

December 2 is the biggest event of the semester—the Christmas formal dance. The whole student body can participate in this affair—by helping decorate and also by coming—you'll regret neither!

We begin second semester by a Charm Week in February. There are always grand speakers during these few days who discuss subjects such as marriage, personal charm, careers, etc. Last year one of the leading stores gave a fashion show with Salem models, and we're hoping to do the same this year. There will be three more Birthday Dinners in the spring, and then the other big formal dance—the May Day Dance—is the first Saturday in May. The new I. R. S. will give this dance with the help of the present council.

Sprinkled in this rush of events will be after-dinner coffees, an informal dance or two, perhaps a bridge tournament and a party with the Bowman Gray med students.

Our purpose for the I. R. S. this year, then, is not only to uphold the standards of Salem and be charming ourselves, but also to have a good time and to promote interest in the I. R. S. by getting your suggestions. We hope to have 100 percent participation in all our activities.

Lucy Harper  
President, I. R. S.

Thank You . . .

. . . to the administration—faculty—staff—senior advisors—big sisters—and all others who helped to make orientation a success. Finally to the freshman who have co-operated so willingly and have shown their enthusiasm in everything concerning Salem.

We hope that the same spirit that has been in evidence so far will continue throughout the year.

President, Student Government  
Winkie Harris

The Salemite



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Last Year's Grads Work And Play

by Eleanor McGregor

Been wondering just what's happened to all the gals (and boys) who were seniors last year? Well, they're scattered all over the East from Florida to Connecticut and represent about as wide a variety of jobs as places. However, the favorite occupation seems to be matrimony. **Geraldine Brown** is keeping house in Winston-Salem for her husband, Palmer Alexander. **Ann Linville**, who married Lt. F. K. Burns, is living in Quantico, Va. where she has a job teaching. **Dot Massey** and **John Kelley** are living in Kinston. Living at Emory University is **Love Ryder**, now Mrs. Robert Lee. **Betty Sheppe** has a voice studio in Raleigh where her husband, Tom Moore, is attending State. **Louise Stacy Reams** is housekeeping in Kingsport, where Hugh practices law. **Sue Stowers Morror** is doing double duty keep-house and teaching at Mineral Springs School near Winston. Four ex-members of the class who are married are **Jeannene Durham Knight**, **Betty Earnhardt Barrus**, **Rebekah Huggins Walston**, and **Willie Benbow**, who married **Jane Huss**, a member of the present sophomore class. **Sarah Hudson**, **Mary Jane Hurt**, **Dale Smith**, and **Mary Anne Spillman** are making wedding plans for the near future.

Teaching has claimed 12 of the members of the Class of 1950. **Helen Creamer** has her own music studio. **John Gatewood** is teaching Spanish and studying at Piedmont Bible Institute on the side. **Robert**

**Sawyer** is teaching at Ellerbe, **Jean Starr**, in Hartford, Conn., **Betty Jo Welch**, in Winston-Salem, **Eula Cain**, in Stoneville, Va. and **Carolyn Dunn**, at a school near Kinston.

**Logan Vaught** is giving art instruction at Mineral Springs School. Teaching together in Asheboro are **Bev Johnson** and **Betty McBrayer**. **Bunny Pierce** and **Catherine Ann Pleasants** have also entered the teaching profession. **Lila Fretwell** is planning to teach next semester at Anderson Junior College.

A number of the class members have been ambitious enough to continue their study and do graduate work. **Polly Harrop** is at the Assembly's Training School in Richmond. **Doris Keith** is studying voice at Juilliard, while **Frances Horne** and **Wesley Snyder** are continuing their music study at the University of Michigan. Both **Ruth Lenkoski** and **Sara Ann Slawter** are getting their teachers' certificates—**Ruth** in Springfield, Mass. and **Sara Ann**, here at Salem. **George Waynick**, another '50 graduate, is taking one course at Salem. **Carolyn Reid** and **Homer Sutton** are at Bowman Gray. **Cacky** is studying med-tech, and **Homer** is in his second year of medicine. Another graduate who has entered the medical field is **Dorothy Redfern**, who is in nurse's training at Presbyterian Hospital in New York. **Norman Jarrard** is doing further study at Carolina.

Two graduates who are working  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)



"Do come to try-outs tonight—you really don't need to have any great ability. Of course, you may have to shave your head and play a male character, but the Pierettes feel that the stage is worth the sacrifice."

That was the announcement I heard in Old Chapel. Considering myself a girl of school spirit, I leaped into Room 100 at 7:00 p.m. sharp. **Ruby Nell Hauser** was reading the part of **Agatha** when I came in. I thought she looked awfully silly. She was draped all over a desk, and she kept referring to it as a hassock. I thought everyone was extremely dumb to believe her. In fact, I felt so strongly about the matter that I stood up and told **Miss Reigner** that anyone could see **Ruby Nell** was sitting on a desk and not on a hassock—for some reason she ignored me. When **Ruby Nell** finished, **Miss Reigner** told her to cut the scene and go back to her desk. Now I watched **Ruby Nell**. I just wanted to see exactly what she thought a desk was. And, do you know that she walked straight to a piece of furniture which she had not two minutes before referred to as a hassock! I just don't understand some people.

**Miss Reigner** turned to me and asked if I would like to try out for the part of **Ginny**. I noticed that everyone else had a yellow book with "Goodbye My Fancy" written on it. I didn't want her to think I wasn't creative, so I whipped out ten typewritten pages of a monologue I had written when I was in the sixth grade. I knelt down and began to recite a beautiful proposal to a boy whom I adored. I could almost see him standing in the doorway of Room 100 looking responsive in his blue and white Carolina hat and his ukelele in his hand. Just when I was coming to the scene of most dramatic tension, **Miss Reigner** stopped me. Some people have no appreciation for true art. She handed me a yellow book and told me to turn to page 45. I did. She said, "Read it." I did. Then, she sent me to the improvised stage and took my book away. I wasn't trying to keep her silly old book. I couldn't understand how she expected me to try out for the part of **Ginny** if I couldn't read **Ginny's** lines. I went up to the part of the room designated as the stage. I felt a little silly, so I did an Arabian shuffle step to make myself feel more at ease.

**Miss Reigner** pointed to **Cary Borges** and told me that she was **Agatha**. We were to improvise a scene together. Now, I consider myself to be a broadminded person, but how could anyone expect me to believe that **Cary** was **Agatha**, when **Ruby Nell** had just been **Agatha** sitting on her stupid old hassock? Oh well, I was embarrassed to tell everyone how dumb they were acting, so I decided to play along. I sat down, and **Cary** or **Agatha** (whatever she had decided her name was) began to talk to me. I suddenly realized that she was telling me something about how she used to be in love with my father. My first impulse was to wire mother right away. Then I decided that I'd better answer **Cary** first. My mind was racing through my library of stereotyped phrases. Luckily, I remembered a line from the play. It was something about **Uncle Willie's** picture hanging on the wall. In this tense moment, I looked up and said maturely "Now I know why **Uncle Willie** was hanging on the wall."

For some reason the scene was cut and not mentioned any more.

**Miss Reigner** asked **Lee Rosenbloom** to come up and try-out for the part of **Mary Nell**. She was supposed to be a completely naive, nonsensical character. I could understand **Lee's** doing that part, but when **Miss Reigner** said that **Mary Nell** was **May Queen**, I was frantic. I ran up and politely shouted that **Lee** had a lot of attributes (such as looking impressive in the ink of the Sun Printing Company), but she did not have beauty. I even threatened to get **Beth Kempton**.

It was 12:00 p.m. **Miss Reigner** said we would stop early that night. She told everyone to come back Tuesday, but me. I understood. **Miss Reigner** knew that my great art and love for the theater would drive me to Room 100 Tuesday, without being asked. I was so glad she understood my "arty" personality.

Bessie Discloses A Sensitive Soul

by Bessie Leppert

Lines Written after The Style of John Dryden  
(With Apologies, Also, To Mr. Wordsworth)

by Bessie Leppert

In this vile age of cruel Atomic war,  
When gentle living and leisure are no more,  
When man eats man for frenzied moneyed gain  
In business competition and havoc's reign;  
When interests are utilitarian sole,  
With elevated soul no more our goal,  
And intellect pure weighs more upon our scales  
Than hearts that understand the hills and dales  
Of humans, countryside, the sun,  
the moon—

"The world is too much with us,  
late and soon;"  
When mad and wanton pleasures  
are the rage,  
And smoky cabarets our minds  
engage,  
And deep yet simple thought no  
interest gives—  
Alone, our bodies and crudest in-  
stincts live;  
When orchids fix'd in manner  
stereotyped  
Alone can please—the lady would  
be griped,  
A nosegay sweet of wild flow'rs to  
receive—  
(A horrid fact, and rightly one to  
grieve;)  
When institutes of learning are  
fairly fraught  
With emphasis on grades, and stu-  
dents taught,

(Continued on page three)

Soviet Blocks U. N.; U. S. Asks For Unity

by Kitty Burrus

**Soviet Bloc Proposes Peace Plan**  
**MacArthur's** demand for unconditional surrender of Northern Korean troops has been answered by the Soviet Bloc at Lake Success in the form of a proposed peace plan. The Soviet plan calls for an immediate cease-fire by both sides, withdrawal of all U. N. forces, and free elections run jointly by present North and South Korean governments. The proposal also provides for equal North and South representation on the committee running world-wide elections.

The Red plan has been rejected by American and British spokesmen because it would place Northern aggressors on the same footing as the U. N., recognized South Korean Government. Another key objection is the withdrawal of U. N. troops before acceptance of **MacArthur's** surrender demand.

Western Plan

The Soviet plan contrasts sharply with the Western proposal, which provides that **MacArthur's** forces remain in Korea until stability has been restored and free elections held. North and South Korea would then be united as an independent nation.

Compromise Sought

**Yugoslavia** and **India** have asked the United Nations to try to find a compromise between Eastern and Western proposals. They favor the appointment of a subcommittee to study both plans, and work out a solution using parts of both programs.

Prime Minister **Nehru** of India says some sort of agreement is imperative. Otherwise, the Korean situation may well be the spark to set off a third World War.

Production Priorities Ordered

The U. S. Government has ordered into effect a priority system giving the Armed Forces first call on the nation's industrial assembly lines. The regulation directs all plants to fill any order bearing the priority rating, shunting aside civilian work if necessary.

The military contracts will carry the symbol "D O" for "defense order". This rating may be used by both the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission. Its enforcement is backed by criminal penalties.

"Our national defense effort has first call on the nation's resources," said National Production Authority administrator, **William Harrison**.