

To The Seniors . . .

May Day is over, and comprehensives have driven the blue jean-clad seniors to the catacombs and the secluded spots on campus for concentrated study. As I walked past Bitting's bottom on my way to Strong, the piano beat out the tune of "The Glow Worm" as the words, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, were shouted forth by the seniors rehearsing their songs for dinner. I walked on to my room with the catchy tunes still running through my mind.

I wondered what songs my class would sing next year, and if we would be as enthusiastic. But this was the class of '51—not just a class, but girls who have acquired a part of Salem; and Salem, a part of them—Four years attending classes, writing papers, taking exams. There were also memorable week-end excursions, articles for the **Salemite**, badminton tournaments, and play practices. Week-day trips to the library and week-end trips to the beach—

We were freshmen, young, inexperienced; and they were sophomores. They ratted us, and we respected them for all that we learned. Our junior year found us depending on their advice and seeking their help. We were elected to take their offices and suddenly we realized—

Next year we'll be singing in Bitting's bottom; and after we leave, there will be someone else. But they were the class who each year walked away from Stunt Night with first prize—original, talented and witty. They were the class who produced "Acti" who like her creators must leave Salem's campus.

They came to Salem because of their incentive to learn, to have fun. Now they are leaving campus because that opportunity has been fulfilled.

The station wagon will still carry the practice teachers to their school at eight every morning; the orders of hamburgers and pies will still be the favorite menu of the Toddle House and the mid-night "jam session" will still keep Bitting's lights burning—

Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, then that inevitable graduation—Glorious for you, sad for us.

M. C. H.

Five Girls . . .

Last September five new girls came to Salem, five girls to whom we referred as "foreign students", five girls whom we watched curiously as they passed.

We meant to be very friendly to these girls, but once in a while we forgot that their work at Salem was harder than ours, because all was new and strange to them. When we forgot, we called upon them to make speeches, to appear at luncheons, to help us with our language lessons—and they spoke, appeared and helped.

We often referred to them as a group apart, labelled "the foreign students".

Now it's May and almost time for them to leave. They are no longer the "foreign students", however. They have become Inge, who likes to study in the sun—Catherine, who springs as she walks—Violeta, who always has time to talk and smoke "one ceeigarette"—Erika with the wide eyes—Cary, the congresswoman in "Goodbye My Fancy". They have become individuals to us. Individuals who have become an important part of the student body, because they have all contributed—contributed sometimes a phrase of German, Spanish or French, sometimes a smile, sometimes a little deeper understanding.

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Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa . . .

I'm getting worried about this war business again. Citizen Truman said in that speech he made that Communism in Asia was kinda slowing down and that it was making those Kremlin folks so mad that they might send some of those big atomic bombs over here. Of course Citizen Truman has an answer for everything, and this time it's this: We can prevent being blown up if we prevent war. Papa, where did our President go to school?

You always taught me to pay my debts, Papa. Guess it's because you're such an honest man that you got elected mayor. Did you know that Moscow's lend lease account is \$10,800,000,000? Our government has been nice enough to tell them to make it 800 million and just let it go. Then those Moscow people tried to get us down to 240 million. These Moscow folks are Russians, aren't they? Now I don't mean to be disrespectful when I say this, but I just don't call such loaning sound business.

You would think that with one war going on that other people would keep pretty peaceful, wouldn't you? I guess human nature just doesn't run along those lines because the Arabs and Jews are at it again. Some of them would like to settle up, so they

asked the United Nations to make peace. (The United Nations is that pretty building in New York City, you know.) The UN then asked the fighters to be good. I'll give you three guesses as to what the answer was.

I read in the papers today that we might have inflation pretty soon. That's what Dr. Charles Wilson, the mobilization director, said anyway, and I'm sure he would know. He wanted the government to get prepared to do something about it. Papa, do you suppose that he is old Charlie Wilson's son? The one that quit school because his sixth grade teacher got mad when he didn't know what two plus two was?

The House of Representatives has taken time off to honor Pretzels. They are here to stay it seems. For 90 years the people of America have been eating pretzels, so the people who make them and the House of Representatives are celebrating.

It seems the greatest thing in sports this week is Count Turf's winning the Kentucky Derby. A two-dollar ticket paid about thirty-seven fifty. You and me sure would have liked to have had about ten bucks on his nose, wouldn't we? Then we could have bought some pretzels and helped those gentlemen celebrate.

Your ever lovin' daughter,
Anne

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Last week I took my green print dress out of my closet—the same as last September. The sun falls again upon my dresser and throws its reflection in my mirror—the same as last September. I can lie down on my bed, and watch the clouds in the blue sky—the same as last September. but . . .

I cannot bear this similarity. It is too much like September, and too different also. Last September, it was the "beginning," and now it is the "end." I do not say this just like an old "cliche" of a sentimental college girl leaving school. These words "beginning" and "end" do not mean more to anyone than to me now.

Last September, I came for the first time to the U. S., for the first time to such a far country, very different from mine, for the first time to a college.

Everything, every detail was completely new to me. It was a challenge. I had a whole year in front of me, and so many things to know, to try to understand and to like.

It was 11:00 p.m. when I first entered Clewell. This was the end of the long trip I had thought of for months and months, and I still could not realize very well that all I had tried to imagine, miles and miles away, was here now, in front of me! Miss Hixson and Miss Carlson welcomed me. Miss Carlson led me to my room, and added, "You will have to hurry to bed, the lights will be out at 11:30!" I did not understand at all what she meant by "lights out". My trunk had not arrived yet. I met Sammy in the shower. She lent me a towel. This was the beginning . . .

Everything looked so strange, so out of myself. My room was bare. The walls, the desk, the dresser . . . all this was dead. I looked through the window the next morning, and I wondered about the little house in front of it, with the big, high chimney. I mixed up the floors and the doors, and it took me hours to find my room. In the hall, I passed by many girls, and I felt so stupid when I said "Hey!" but I said it . . . it was one of the things I could say . . . and everybody said it!

Everyone talked a lot, and very fast. I could not understand one word—I said "Yes",—or "No"—never sure that it was the right answer. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it did not!

But I went downtown, and I bought some blue jeans, and I learned how to drink cokes. This was the beginning . . .

This year has passed so very fast that it is hard to realize. I have learned how to be American in many ways. I have learned how to enjoy your way of living. Everything has become so familiar to me here that it is difficult for me to go back to this first feeling of the unknown. The walls of my room are not dead anymore, and I swear at the big chimney when it spits a thick dark smoke: Oh, this laundry! When I say "Hello" to you now, it is not anymore a syllable I don't understand; it means something to me . . . all the time we have spent together, the talks we have had.

It is, at the same time, very difficult and very simple to explain what this year has meant to me. Experience which I shall never forget, extraordinary because of the completely different way of living, because of the distance between me and my home, and my friends. It has been a year so entirely different from all my previous life—a rich year—so rich to me, in so many ways, that I realize it will be hard, in many regards, to go back to my home and readapt to certain conditions, though I know to live in my country is better than anywhere else.

They ask me what I think of the U. S., but I never can answer this question . . . because, I don't think of the U. S. I only think of my experiences here, and of course there are things I liked, and things I did not like.

But all this is very secondary. What is most important to me is that I have met people here whom, I know, will be among my best friends for all the rest of my life—even perhaps if I should never see them anymore.

One morning last week, I woke up realizing suddenly that there was only one month left for me to be here, and I could hardly bear the idea. But now I think I understand better.

What do the distances mean? They mean nothing, they do not exist, since even this far away from my home, I have found such friendship.

Catherine Birckel
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Dear Editor:

I read in the first editorial that the **Salemite** welcomes criticism.

My criticism is slight and per-
(Continued on page four)



By Betty Parks

It has been observed that a dog and his owner tend to look alike after a few months of association. Husbands and wives acquire one another's appearance and characteristics in the same manner. But neither dogs nor humans are the subject of this observation. I want to talk about hats.

Hats and the women who wear them, like dogs and humans, are capable of evolving through some mysterious physiological process to the point of looking like each other. This is somewhat hard to understand when one must, in all honesty, observe that while dogs and humans are animate and therefore capable of change, hats are inanimate and are therefore logically doomed to remain as they were created. Nevertheless, evidences of my thesis are found in all walks of life, and I should like to defend my statement.

The hat most easily detected in a crowd is that which goes by the name of the P. T. A. Special. Wearers of such a hat are immediately typed as school-teacher, and not only their age but length of service in the profession can readily be determined by a momentary glance at their hats. A P. T. A. hat for a young, new-at-the-job teacher is usually a brown felt creation worn on the back of the head with grosgrain streamers or a small yellow feather.

For the I've-taught-seven-years-in-the-same-grade teacher, the choice is inevitably a bright red straw with navy band, usually of the stove-pipe style. But the "My-dear, I-taught-your-Mother!" teacher chooses without a thought the black, over-sized sailor worn directly over the eyebrows trimmed with a tired pink rose and a few wisps of veiling.

Another hat, familiar to the girls from rural communities, is the 4-H Club number of pink straw, pink veil, and pink flowers, secured to the head with a large pink-headed hat pin. This hat, like that of the new teacher, is worn on the back of the head with a forward tilt, sun-bonnet fashion. It is especially good for achieving that well-fed, well-slept, well-scrubbed look for the wearer.

The Daughters of the American Revolution and the Mothers-of-Brides are not free from the typing power of hats, in spite of their efforts to be completely novel. D. A. R. hats are usually a little more conservative than the latter category, but even so they tend to be constructed of such unservicable materials as velvet, taffeta, and ostrich plumes. They are fashioned and worn in a becoming but superior manner, with very little foolishness and a great deal of Devotion-to-the-Cause peeking through the stitches. Mothers-of-Brides, on the other hand, choose small, flowery clumps that fit their new permanents, complete with flower-sprinkled veils and a bow or two. These hats are absolutely useless as a head covering and are seldom suitable for church after the wedding is over and paid for.

The last category of hats is the one to which most women belong and everyone under thirty-five tries to avoid. This is known in chapeau circles as the Old Faithful of the Women's Auxiliary and Missionary Society, and each hat has as its model every other hat in this bracket. These hats come in various materials and colors, but they are never trimmed and are all equally servicable. This is the one hat that never suffers from over-exposure to the public and somehow never manages to wear out. It is always available and can never be discarded with a clear conscience.

There are other hats worthy of mention, but they usually fit into one of the four categories herein prescribed. Such hats as those worn by Junior League and Woman's Club members, music teachers, Girl Scout directors and window-shopping housewives still bear out my thesis that women and their hats look alike. If you are still somewhat skeptical, just take a look around you. One glance at a woman's hat, and you know her life history. And if you still aren't convinced, make a mental note to look at yourself five years from now. If you aren't wearing one of these four hats, I'll eat mine!