

Freshmen...

So you're a freshman!
So you've carried hatboxes, suitcases and stacks of dresses to a bare room in Clewell. While you stood there already planning furniture re-arrangements, your roommate walked in. Both of you just looked a minute, then you began to talk in a rush—and wondered does she like me.

So you've gone through the swish of orientation week. You've chattered in smoke house groups, made new friends, forgotten names and learned dozens of new ones. You've met with senior advisors and heard about the honor system and overnights.

So the year has begun. On Saturday afternoons radios will be turned to football games or maybe you will be washing your hair for a blind date that night. Classes will begin and you will wonder how you will ever learn to write an English theme or memorize the Pythagorean theorem or learn the kings of England.

Soon it will be Thanksgiving. And then Christmas. You will smell the warm mustiness of the Moravian Christmas candles and hear the rustle of evening dresses at the Christmas formal. You will see dorms transformed with bright decorations. Then you will go home.

In January and February the air will make your eyes water as you walk to the postoffice. There will be basketball games and exams.

Spring will bring jonquils to back campus and cherry blossoms to Salem Square. Miss Anna will tend to her pansies and groups of girls, talking or singing, will linger on the lawn long after twilight. Shorts and bare feet will be the style as practices for May Day begin.

So summer will come and you will be a sophomore. Now you are just beginning—a freshman. But most important of all—you are Salem.

Facing A New Year...

We are standing at the portals of a new year at Salem. The freshmen are settled and busy learning names and faces. The sophomores and juniors are filling the smoke houses with tales of their summer. The seniors are becoming accustomed to living in Bitting and are already making plans for the future. But for each of us there is a school year ahead full of work and fun.

This is a year for continuing Salem's tradition—Standing at the Portals, Christmas vespers, birthday dinners, tree planting, hat burning.

This is a year for opportunities—showing that we are worthy of an honor system and capable of governing ourselves, making our trial light system work so that it may become permanent, accepting responsibility and a personal sense of honor in every undertaking.

This is also a year for fun—I. R. S. dances, stunt night, softball, basketball and hockey, Salem-Davidson Day, May Day.

This is a year whose success will depend upon each of us. Let's make the most of it.

Margaret Thomas,
Student Government President

The Salemite



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What Is She?

By Dr. Dale H. Gramley

Between the gawkiness of early adolescence and the dignity of full womanhood, we find a delightful creature called the College Girl. She comes in assorted sizes, weights and ages, but all College Girls seem to have the same creed: To enjoy and profit from every second of every minute of every hour of every day, to delay doing classroom assignments and term papers, anticipate mail and forthcoming week-ends, to engage in bull sessions, and when the last minute of any day arrives to surrender reluctantly as House Presidents and Student Government regulations pack them off to bed.

College girls are found anywhere around campus and sometimes off—on the floor, on tables, under tables, up and down the steps, throwing candy wrappers on the sidewalk, piling books here and there, dropping cigarette ashes, discarding coke bottles in the line of traffic, walking on the grass and parked in automobiles.

Mothers love them, of course, younger brothers tolerate them, other girls envy them, college boys glorify them, Heaven protects them, the Faculty is divided on the matter.

A College girl is Truth with polish on its fingernails, Beauty adulterated only by blue jeans, Wisdom with a scarf around its head, and Hope for the future once a fraternity pin appears.

A College girl is a composite—she has the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the irresponsibility of an overnight guest, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a

dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyon, the gullibility of a yokel, the poise of an actress, the enthusiasm of an evangelist, the fault-finding ability of a taxpayer, the friendliness of a salesman, and the ingenuity of an inventor.

She likes late evening snacks, the movies, trips to town, easy assignments, men professors, take-offs on campus characters, Christmas, stuffed animals, the latest fads, informal bull sessions with the faculty, bridge and canasta at all hours, unlimited cuts and entertainment in chapel. She is not much for 8:30 classes, quiet in the dorms, mending a tear, busy signs, lights out, the dentist, term papers, rainy weather, or discomfort of any kind.

Nobody else is quite so attractive, or so late for meals. Nobody else gets so much fun out of mail or little bits of news. Nobody else can cram into one handbag a supply of tissues, a lipstick, a comb, a boy friend's picture, three letters, a wallet, a wad of lecture notes, a church bulletin, a nail file, glasses, a shopping list, assorted sales slips, keys, bobby pins, and \$1.67.

A College girl is a magical creature. You can lock her out of the dormitory, but not out of your heart. Might as well give up—she is your captor, your jailor and your master—a bright-faced, graceful, friendly, attractively dressed bundle of emotion and good sense. When you pass her on campus or meet her in class, although weighted down by the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, she can mend them like new with a smile and a friendly "Hello."

World News

New Defense Against A-Bomb

According to Army sources, new weapons—mystery weapons described as "fantastic"—before long will ease the threat that atomic bombs may fall on American cities.

A whole arsenal of these weapons is in the making. These are missiles that seek out and chase enemy bombers in the sky. Some can be aimed and fired from the ground long before the target aircraft comes in sight. Others are fired automatically from fighter planes flying faster than sound. "Homing devices" take some to their targets regardless of how the enemy bomber may maneuver to escape. Other missiles and artillery shells are radar-guided, accurate at ranges far beyond those of the past. Most are now into, or getting into, the production stage.

Draft Helps College

Colleges, it now appears, are not to be scuttled by the draft after all. Last spring some college presidents forecast a 50 to 75 per cent drop in enrollment of men students this autumn.

Actually, total enrollment this year is going to be within 10 per cent of last year's figure.

First returns on registrations show that enrollment is higher

than expected nearly everywhere. This indicates that the controversial student-deferment plan is working. A few draft boards have overridden the rules that provide for deferment of qualified students. In some cases they probably drafted men who would have been deferred somewhere else. But most boards are co-operating in the student-deferment plan.

Dewey or Taft?

Battle lines for the struggle over the next G. O. P. presidential nomination now are becoming clear. Unless Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower agrees to make the fight, it will be Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio against a scattered opposition. And Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, masterminding the anti-Taft movement, will be minus the single powerful figure that can hold his forces together.

An impartial survey of the situation by politicians, however, indicates that Senator Taft is far out in front of the field as the situation stands 10 months before the party's National Convention. Many say that he has the best chance of winning a nomination than he has had since his first race in 1940, when he was swept aside by the surge for the late Wendell Wilkie.

Where To Go

By Peggy Cheers

Winston-Salem gives Salem students a variety of civic opportunities, both cultural and commercial.

The Winston-Salem Arts Forum is responsible for musical programs such as the Civic Music concerts, the Winston-Salem Symphony with guest conductors, operettas and special guest artists. Included in the Civic Music program for this year will be Patrice Munsel, La Traviata and a well-known symphony orchestra. All new students will have a chance to purchase Civic Music and Symphony tickets.

The Arts Forum also sponsors an arts and crafts workshop, a dance group and dramatic entertainment through the Little Theater and the Barter Theater. The Barter Theater will present Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* this year.

The merchants offer Salem girls a variety of shopping centers. Students can shop at any of the large number of small stores or in the bigger department stores of the city. Several of these stores are known throughout this section for their fashions.

Salemites can find a number of good restaurants in Winston. Hotel dining rooms, small restaurants, a steak house, a popular snack shop, a Smorgasbord and the Twin City Club give opportunities for any type of food desired.

The main recreation found in Winston-Salem is the Theaters. There are three uptown theaters and several drive-in movies on the outskirts of the city. The Y. W. C. A. sponsors Y-Teen dances to which Salem students are invited. Another popular amusement is skating at Reynolds Park.



Editor's Note:

With the final issue of the *Salemite* last spring, Acti, the imaginary representative of all activities at Salem, met with a well-deserved rest. She was the child of the Class of '51, born during their freshman year, and with them she managed to become involved in just about every situation a Salem girl should avoid. As the days of graduation approached, Acti gradually came to realize that her days on this earth were numbered, that her generation was on the threshold of the cruel world in which there was no place for her. Fate played a merciful trick on Acti, for she met her death while still in her prime and surrounded by her classmates. A new student has come to Salem to take the place of the departed Acti who will be introduced in this issue of the *Salemite*. She can usually be found in the office of the *Salemite* in the catacombs of Main Hall, and all students are invited to come and meet her at their earliest convenience.

By Betty Parks

Katy Kombs brought the last load of shoes, boxes, and potted plants up to the room, dumped them in the remaining space on the window sill, and waved good-bye to her departing relatives. As she crumpled with fatigue on her foot-locker, Katy thought of all of the things to be done before her roommate arrived. Thank Heavens, Aunt Lucia had come along to hang the curtains. Of course, the curtains had required two of the four nails allotted to each room, but it couldn't be helped. Meditating on curtains and nails, Katy launched into the business of unpacking.

Five days, nine hours, and twelve cookies later, Katy squeezed the last bottle of pills in the medicine chest and sat back to admire her handiwork and wait for The Roommate to come. None of the freshmen had arrived, none having been excited to the point of coming a week early as was Katy.

But today Katy was wild with the anticipation of meeting her roommate at last. All summer Katy had sent letters, pictures, and short biographical sketches of herself to Pearl— even worked out a family tree of all living relatives to help Pearl when she came visiting back home in Paradise Creek, W. Va. But somehow Pearl never had found time to answer any of the letters; she was probably so popular that all of her time was already taken up. But today she was coming, and Katy had to be prepared to make that initial impression.

In an attempt to give a neat appearance to the room, Katy blew the dust from the dresser, wiped the tooth-paste spray off the mirror, and watered the drooping plants, turning each yellow leaf to achieve the proper air of balance and proportion. The next problem was to decide how to array herself for the meeting. Rejecting the more formal items in her wardrobe, Katy chose a casual costume of dark blue denim, worn with a blouse of gay print and pinched at the waist with her good old Girl Scout belt (the one that said "Be Prepared" on the buckle). After all, Pearl would be all hot and tired from the trip to Salem, and there was no point in making her feel bad by dressing up.

Suddenly from the hall there arose the sound of many voices, all of them male. The door to Katy's room was flung open, and marched a procession of white-coated porters, each loaded to the eye-brows with luggage (All Matched and Brand New). Next came the express men with steamer trunks bearing labels from every resort in Europe. Then a collection of photographs of what looked to be every candidate of the Mr. America contest. And last of all came Pearl.

Katy looked longingly at Pearl and knew deep down in her heart that surely Pearl couldn't cook—blond hair like that didn't grow on cooks.

Amid a flurry of silks, laces and long white gloves, Pearl coddled lyrically, "Hello, you my roommate?" This show of girlish interest was immediately spoiled by a tormenting frown which appeared on Pearl's lovely face.

Katy looked down at her dowdy outfit and took heart as she saw the "Be Prepared" on the buckle of her Girl Scout belt.