

### Just In Passing . . .

Just in passing we note: That the seniors no longer hobble around campus rubbing sore muscles caused by the beds in Bitting . . .

That the fountains were turned on to celebrate Standing at the Portals . . .

That a number of art students may be seen busily sketching all over the campus now that Salem offers an art major. Judging from peeps over the shoulders of the artists Salem's architecture and the current sunny days provide fit subjects . . .

That Lucy Spencer can now see over the top of her playpen on the Spencer's front porch. That Mr. Shewmake has shaved off his moustache. That Dr. Welch met her children's literature class in front of the infirmary the day she sprained her ankle . . .

That the freshman class is one of the most enthusiastic ever. They manage to get their rooms straight, write letters home, attend handbook meeting and still attend all the orientation programs. Incidentally the orientation committees are to be complimented for an able handling of orientation week . . .

That there are seven new men students on campus and the men student's room in the catacombs gets more lively by the year . . .

That call downs for dining hall misconduct and negligence in dress will be given starting Monday . . .

That the steps by the swimming pool will no longer be an obstacle course at night . . .

That the freshmen will soon be sporting a new style gym suit—white shirts and maroon shorts. No more tunics and bloomers . . .

That practice teacher's alarm clocks will begin ringing early next week . . .

### Woman's Place . . .

Woman's place is no longer only in the home for it now extends into the business world. To emphasize this fact, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women has set aside this week as Business Woman's Week.

In chapel Tuesday Miss Louise Bralower pointed the way to one career freely open to women—Fashion. The Vogue and Mademoiselle contests, offered Salem students, give beginners a chance to get a foothold in the business world, not only with fashion but also in all phases of magazine work.

Former Salem students have entered nearly every field of work from teaching to circus performer. The old stigma on girls doing anything but teaching or marrying has now been removed and young women are free to enter the work of their choice.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

"After 7:30, underclassmen sign out in the Office of the Dean of Students and seniors sign out in their own dormitories." p. 28, as stated in the 1951 edition of the Salem College Handbook.

Standing at the portals in all our caps and gowns, we felt like thrusting out our chests and saying, "We finally made it." Those senior privileges we strived for and dreamed about were now a reality.

But in the past few days, there has been much discussion revolving around the paragraph as stated above and we, as seniors, would like to present our own views on the matter.

As the seniors have unlimited evening engagements, it would not be necessary for a record to be kept. Therefore, they are allowed to sign out in their own dormitory.

There are certain responsibilities automatically acquired when one enters college. To sign out on the sign-out sheets is labeled as one of these responsibilities. Should we have our sign-out sheets at the door to help us remember?

The Dean's Office seems to be enroute to parked cars on Church Street. So it should not be out of the way for girls going out at night. And from past experience, we have found few who prefer the dorm to night life at Hillcrest.

(Continued on page six)

Dear Editor:

There is a great deal of cussin' and discussin' among Salemites concerning Strong's signing in and signing out problem. In case you are not informed on the matter, the debate is: should we, the Strongites, sign in and out in our own dormitory or not?

Should we, when we are having dates in our date room, have to go all the way to Clewell to sign out and in? Should we be expected to leave the dorm to go out in the rain or snow to sign in? Should the junior class be the only class which does not have the "privilege" of signing in and out in its own dorm? Should we have to sign in five minutes earlier than any other class in order to have ample time to get back to our dorm before the door closes? Are such impositions exactly just?

Linked to the controversy, this question is raised: how could Mrs. Heidbreder, the dean of students, keep an account of the Strongite's evening engagements? Well, how do students who have lived or who are living in Bitting manage to keep in touch with Mrs. Heidbreder? It is done simply by having Bitting's house president bring Mrs. Heidbreder the sign-in sign-out record to Clewell. Ann Hobbs, our house president, could do the same.

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Katy took one long look at herself in Pearl's full-length mirror. Her white dress that she had worn in her Junior and Senior High graduations (purely for sentiment) had definitely seen better days, and the candle tallow from the Y installation had done nothing to alleviate the situation. Removing the dress carefully and putting it in the flowered plastic bag, Katy realized that she had achieved within herself the goal of the week-long orientation program—she was now a college girl, ready to put aside all evidence of high school days as represented in the white dress. From this moment on she would think and act as a mature Salem scholar. Knowing the importance of putting her best foot forward, Katy curled her hair and went to bed promptly at 9:15 in preparation for her Monday classes.

As dawn's rosy fingers tinged the verdant leaves of ivy on Salem's aged walls, across the silent campus came the call to duty—the source of which could be traced to Katy's alarm clock, set for 6:47. With the early morning enthusiasm of all heavy sleepers, she crawled foot-first from her bed and felt her way toward toothbrush and consciousness. Gradually items in her wardrobe managed to assume their proper position, in spite of Katy's pre-dawn efforts at organization, and with a few last minute administrations she was ready for breakfast. According to the handbook, Page 28, Article 3, Section B, the dining hall (better known by some as the refectory) opened at 7:30. "No need to hurry", thought Katy. "Mr. Campbell will beat me to the head of the line no matter how early I am. No one else will be there until 8:14."

Breakfast having been completed, Katy dutifully followed Mr. Campbell to Park Hall, where he retired to that mysterious room containing ten years' supply of yellow paper designed especially for his little pops. Soon Katy's classmates joined her in the lecture room, resembling zombies at the early hour. Mr. Campbell, cheery in one of his red ties entered the room, returned Katy's smart salute and gave her the At Ease command, and began to enumerate the requirements of the Biology course. Katy was assigned the first in a series of oral reports, her subject being "Trichonella Spiralis and its Effect on Our Changing Economy".

The class bell rang, Katy grabbed her brief case, tramped to American History and Dr. Singer commenced. Here too, she was given a birds-eye view of the semester's work with 250 pages of parallel per week and a term paper on Philosophic Empiricism not to exceed three-thousand words. Leaving history for her freshman English class, Katy was greeted by the dubious honor of being appointed chairman of a discussion group with the assigned topic of "Is Modern Man Obsolete, and If So, How Is This Tendency Reflected in the Poetical Work of T. S. Elliott?"

At last the bell rang and Katy found herself free until the 2:00 biology lab. Just time enough to wash two weeks' accumulation of dirty clothes and write home for funds. That allowance of hers just had to be increased to a quarter at the rate she was going. As she entered the dorm, Katy glanced into her mail box to find to her delight that it was completely filled with notes. "Signing all the interest sheets may have helped", she thought. The first note was from the Latin Club, informing her that by the unanimous decision of the Horace, Virgil, and Ovid Chapters of that august body, she had been chosen Pontifex Maximus, her duties as such to begin immediately. The Pierrettes had left her assignment too—would she please report to the wings of Old Chapel to remove the paint from last years' brushes every afternoon from 5:15-6:00? Leafing quickly through requests for posters for the Y, A. A., and Choral Ensemble, Katy came to one very small note written in blood on a torn piece of fools cap — her SALEMITE editorial, due by 9:00 p.m. should be on "Whole-Hearted Student Participation." "I wonder if I am guilty of limiting myself to the purely academic side of my college career and neglecting the extra-curricular angle", thought Katy. Firmly deciding to remedy the situation by joining a few more organizations and offering her services, Katy took a deep breath and went to her room to figure out a satisfactory time budget.

## Lady And The Wildcats

By Anne Lowe

If you need extra hours, go to summer school. If you want something to do in your free months, go to summer school. If you have flunked a course, go to summer school. I went to summer school. Chapel Hill is the place to go, said those who should know. Chapel Hill didn't offer the Spanish I needed so I investigated further. Catawba was near my home, I could commute and have a nice solution to my problem. Catawba didn't offer the suitable course either. I went to Davidson.

I was to report on July 24 with pencil, paper, and a desire to learn. With pencil and paper in one hand and a pocketbook in the other I walked to the Chambers Building. It was, to put it mildly, a hot day. In fact it was so hot that the grass looked like it had just been singed the day before. Undaunted by the heat, I walked to the bulletin board to see in which room I was to spend my summer school career. The card was plainly visible. 210 was the number. Then it happened!

I coughed, sneezed, reached for a handkerchief and dropped my notebook on the floor. You see, I had what is commonly known as a summer cold. I tried to control myself as daintily as possible. I reached for the notebook. Just as I picked it up, twenty-five boys walked down the hall. There I was—wet from perspiration, sneezing violently, coughing when possible and practically sitting in the main hall of the Chambers Building.

ing.

I must admit that Davidson boys are gentlemen. They ignored me. Quickly I went to the stairs, stumbled up and turned down the hall. Everytime a boy passed me I spoke nicely, sneezed twice and walked on.

It hadn't occurred to me until that minute that I hadn't seen a girl my age since entering the place. Could it be that I was the only one? You guess the answer. It was at this point that I gave myself a pep talk. "Anne", I said, "you have nice parents, nice friends and have been taught to take any difficult situation calmly and with poise."

Wiping the perspiration from my upper lip, I raised my head, sneezed, and walked toward number 210. The room was noisy as I approached the door. I heard the masculine voices mumbling as I took the last step. The mumbling stopped. Every face turned my way. I am only human, I dropped my pocketbook. Girls, I too have laughed at women who carry everything but the kitchen sink in their handbags. I'll never laugh again. Looking at the floor I saw the following: lipstick, comb, compact, toothbrush, cigarettes, matches, fingernail file, hair ribbon, handkerchiefs (seven of them), drivers license, car keys, sun glasses, and pen. As I stooped to pick up these valuable objects I discovered, too late, that the floor had just been varnished. I slipped, sat down—hard, and looked up

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## World News

By Ann Lowe

The first quintets ever to have been written in America have been uncovered in the Moravian archives. These six string quintets were written by Johann Peter Btun between 1780 and 1790, a time when Mozart had not yet completed his own set of string quintets.

The discovery of this music, forgotten for 160 years, brings us to the realization that Salem may well have been a cradle of chamber music in the United States.

### Negotiations Deadlocked

Hope for a cease-fire agreement in Korea fades further away as a third attempt to agree on a basis for negotiations ends in deadlock. No further meeting has been announced, and the Communist now accuse General Ridgeway of a "conspiracy of stalling".

History's largest jet battle is a U. N. victory in Korea. Seventy-seven Allied jets met with 120 Russian MIG's on Wednesday morning to engage in a terrific duel over northwest Korea. One Russian jet was destroyed and four damaged. No Allied planes were lost.

### German Teachers at U. N. C.

Fourteen young German elementary school teachers are now being orientated to life at U. N. C. preparatory to beginning a study of educational methods in the U. S. These teachers will remain at Chapel Hill six months and will spend three additional months in schools throughout the nation.

### Penny Banks Stopped

Toy manufacturers will turn out no more penny piggy banks for children due to a copper shortage in the U. S.

"Pennies buy very little today, anyway," says the head of the toy company. "Most children don't appreciate anything less than a dime."

## The Salemite



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