

Student's Voice . . .

The Salemite is called the voice of the student body. But if one looks over some of the editorial pages, she might decide that the voice croaks and moans.

The I. R. S. has issued bombastic statements against the unladylike manners of the Salem ladies in the dining hall. The Student Government panics over the broken rules and the Athletic Association screams for better attendance at the intramural games. The voice grows bitter and disillusioned. A reader might conclude that the Salem campus is in a melancholy state. So, for a change we have decided that the voice will sing a few words of praise.

Although the marshals complain that much is to be desired in pre-chapel conduct, the response to the speakers and performers deserves commendation. When a speaker gives a comical twist to a comment and looks hopefully toward the audience, they respond with hearty chuckles. The ovation given the Moravian ministers quartet would inspire a monotone to become a singer. There were sighs for the love songs, laughs for the novelty numbers, and reverence for the religious selections. Rabbi Edwin Herman received the undivided attention that the members of the faculty strive for.

Take heart students, the I. R. S. has achieved their goals without too many broken bones; the Student Government still meets every few minutes but the panic stage has quieted; and the A. A. has all spring to improve game attendance. And so the voice of the Salemite moves on with a satisfied ear toward the climax of a successful year.

Anne Lowe

The Modern Way . . .

Dr. Gramley seems proud of the fact that Salem is progressive and becoming modern. But for some reason he employs a superintendent of grounds who is as old-fashioned as he can be. For our Mr. Reagan has the outmoded idea that students shouldn't walk on the grass.

Now everyone knows that there is no grass to walk on. Just take a look at the patch of dirt in front of Strong. Nothing.

Iron bars have been placed along at least half of the sidewalks on back campus to protect newly-planted grass—by the Mr. Reagan method. Why don't we try the new progressive farming way—stomp on them!

As we all know sidewalks are no longer for the outmoded purpose of giving students directed paths to certain destinations. They are awkward hinderances in all types of weather. For example who wants to walk on a sidewalk when there is snow on the ground? The new grass under the snow provides a softer cushion for the foot than hard brick.

It is rumored that Mr. Reagan has ordered iron poles ten feet high to prove that his idea of allowing the grass to grow is a valid one. We should not let this defeat us. If low fences are put up, crawl over them. If they are raised, crawl under them.

Anne Lowe

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OF COURSE YOU'LL LIKE HIM — HE'S ADORABLE!

Euclid Or Rhinestones?

By Cynthia May

Charm has often been defined as that quality in a female which "pleases greatly". Thus for many years women have been trying to enhance their charm and beauty by methods outside of those given them by nature.

One of the earliest devices was that of the party patch. In 1711, women of England began using them. At first these patches were very successful. They concealed blemishes and moles and also restored a woman's confidence in that certain unspeakable objects were no longer seen.

But the women of the day carried this fad too far. They began wearing them on a certain side of their face to represent a certain political party—the Whigs and the Tories. Husbands objected greatly to their wives interfering in politics, and then too some women had moles on the wrong side of their face. Consequently, the party patch lost its quality of charm.

It was in 1818 that the Rev. John Bennet addressed a group of women saying, "Politics, philosophy, mathematics, or metaphysics are not your province; Machiavelli, Newton, Euclid, Malebranche or Locke lie with very ill grace in your closets."

Thus it was agreed by all of the male sex that women should remain at home. Avoid powder, perfume, and cosmetics, they said. A woman should be content with what God and nature had intended for her, and above all, neatness and simplicity are most important. This being the male attitude, the women accepted it.

It was not until 1833 that women came into their own again. That time it was the rage of the corset. It seems that clothes were designed for beauty instead of comfort.

In accordance with this rage,

The Mirror published the following poem:

Song of the Corset
The beautiful girls with their sun-bright curls
Submit to my pressure sly
Till the hectic streak and sunburn cheek
Proclaim the destroyer nigh! . . .
Oh, she soon will feel that my succede steel
Must stifle her panting breath!
That the sable pall must o'er-shadow all
In CONSUMPTION and pain and death.

Although we of the present generation let what we call a peaches and cream complexion be seen, those of the corset days disagreed. The complexion then was glorified with face powder, rouge and lip salve. And some were of the opinion that perfumes and toilet water were to be substituted for baths.

Do you remember when you were a little girl and used to play dress up? Remember that powder blue crepe dress with no neckline, no sleeves, no waist and the ruffle on the skirt? And do you remember those black patent leather shoes with French heels and a stiff black faille flower on them?

Those were the days of the flapper. The dresses had no shape whatsoever; they just hung from the shoulders and stopped above the knees. And again the women suffered when they bound themselves so as to give the appearance of straightness.

It was in the early 30's that the marcelle became the current hair style. It was nothing but short hair completely waved.

In the 40's the skirts came down, and the bathing suits became less.

And in 1952, girls are wearing little rhinestone clips that are attached to the shoulder by suction.

Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

Folks jest ain't civilized like they used to be. Fer instant, the police have arrested "former Ku Klux Klansmen for floggings of both whites and Negroes in Whiteville, N. C." Back in the days of Scarlet O'Hara and Rhett Butler things like that was done so people could live. Now-a-days these varmints beat and kill for the fun of it.

I certainly do feel sorry for Alaska. They have been trying to get to be a part of the United States for quite some time, and Congress has held them back again. The vote was 45 to 44 against them. That's even worse than losing a basketball game by one shot. Hawaii is going for statehood again in the next week or two. Guess they don't have

much hopes now.

Seven countries, including some on the Russian border, have turned down financial and military help from the United States. They say it's because "the United States is hell-bent for eventual war." Even Mexico and Argentina have refused to accept help, and for once it's not Mister Acheson's fault. Congress is the people who've set up the borrowing rules. I wonder what all this will lead to don't you, Papa?

I noticed in the papers that a full grown whale weighs as much as a herd of 15 elephants. It's no wonder Jonah wasn't killed when the whale swallowed him. Why I bet he had so much room that he could have set up housekeeping.

Your ever lov'en daughter,
Anne



By Emma Sue Larkins

Molly Modern sighed loudly as four old ladies, then four middle-aged ladies and then four young ladies strolled leisurely by her. She was sitting on the ground under one of the big trees which dominated Salem Square.

She was wearing blue jeans without pockets, a shirt without buttons, a tattered kerchief, autographed tennis shoes and her gym socks. Yet—she wasn't going to gym.

She was sipping a paper cup of water. (Her drugstore credit had already stretched past \$5.98. She was eating a candy bar which she had obtained by singing an I. O. U. to the "Y" Store. Yet—she wasn't attending a party.)

She had several books around her which she was using for various purposes. Yet—she wasn't studying. Her English lit book was big and wide and was keeping her off the cold ground. Her history book was flat and level, and her cup of water balanced on it very nicely.

She was watching with interest the three children who were playing with a friendly puppy. Yet—she wasn't baby-sitting.

She wasn't baby-sitting, she wasn't attending a party, she wasn't going to gym and she wasn't studying. Molly Modern was thinking. More ladies walked by. Alumnae, Molly thought enviously. She sighed again.

She thought, if only I could have come to Salem in the "good old days" when my grandmother, mother or oldest sister came. If only I could have been here in B. C. (B. C. meaning Before Change). She had heard her grandmother talk continuously about old Salem. The Carolina Germans and Old South Ball were nothing, to hear her grandmother talk, compared to the monthly walk on front campus.

And she had heard her mother talk about the time when all the girls had first gotten their flapper haircuts. The poodle-cut sensation was dull in comparison.

And her oldest sister had told her about the excitement and the beautiful sadness of the war years at Salem. Girls had left school for weeks at a time to be with fiances who were going overseas. Girls were getting pinned, engaged and married all at one time. Corrin Refectory had never heard so many congratulations sung. There had never before been so many excused cuts.

Molly Modern had heard of "the good old days at Salem" until she felt like an outsider. She felt sorry for herself. She felt like what she had often been called—the lost generation.

They had told her not to expect too much of Salem, because, after all, "it had changed".

Molly got up off her English lit book quickly as she heard her roommate yelling for her to come to the phone. As she ran inside, Molly contemplated the three possible boys who could be calling her and the five possible big weekends to which they could be inviting her. It was Joe, and it was Carolina Germans.

Front campus walks, good old days, phooey—she hung up the phone.

She started downstairs to smoke a cigarette, but the editor of the Salemite stopped her. The editor wanted to know if it was all right with Molly if the Salemite took her picture and used her new poodle-cut for a feature on modern hairdos. Flapper haircuts, good old days, bah—she wondered how she was going to pose for the picture.

Downstairs she smoked her cigarette and listened to some of the engaged girls planning their wedding. They were planning small weddings, because their fiances were going to Korea. It was sad Molly decided—but it was life. The good old days, bosh—these were the good old days.