

Inter-Class Coldness . . .

One of the advantages of attending a small college such as Salem, people have been heard to say, is that one is able to know all the girls on campus. Less than three hundred girls are enrolled here, yet how many of us know each other?

Ask a senior if she knows a certain freshman and note the results. She'll say she has never heard that name before, that she might know the person if she could see her, or she might argue for fifteen minutes that "there is no such person at Salem College." She obviously doesn't know the girl.

Ask a freshman if she knows who the junior is who was just elected to a major office. Unless the junior was here for Orientation Week or unless she was the freshman's Big Sister, she probably won't. She might comment that the junior was pointed out to her the day before elections and that she had remembered seeing her name in the **Salemite** for something. But she really doesn't know her.

A small college is supposed to form more friendships and have a more unified spirit than a large university because of its close association between dorms, classes and individuals. Does Salem?

In state universities the girls in each dorm usually know those in their own dorm. But their dorms do not contain solely one class. Juniors, seniors, sophomores and freshmen are mixed together. By this method it is much easier to form acquaintances with those of other classes and their friends. Could this be a solution to our problem?

The Big Sister and Senior Advisor plan is one step Salem has taken to break down the inter-class coldness. It usually works successfully—for a while. However, after the new freshman has adjusted herself to college life, how many of these friendships remain close? A senior or junior in the freshman dorm is such a rarity at this time of the year that it causes an air of curiosity and suspicion.

What can be done to eliminate this condition? How can there be a closer relationship between junior and freshman, senior and sophomore?

S. J. C.

Essay Contest . . .

The **Salemite** will sponsor an essay contest open to all freshmen. The first entry in the contest is an essay by Betsy Liles appearing in this issue.

The winner of the contest will be announced in the last issue of the paper on May 16 and will receive a \$5 prize. All entries must be in by May 9.

All freshmen are urged to enter the contest by submitting themes written for English classes or those written especially for the contest. The essays may be any length and on any subject. Judges for the contest will be announced later.

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SAIL 'EM SEA

Salem Bridge Rules

By Cyndy May

For many years there has been a great controversy over bridge rules. Both Goreing and Culbertson have written books explaining their own method of that popular game. But there happens to be one more authority that has not been taken into consideration. That is the Salem girl.

The Salem Handbook For Developed Bridge Players as yet has not been published. But upon quick glimpses into Clewell, Strong, Sisters and Biting the following observations have been made and they will surely be included in this useful handbook.

Rule 1—First of all is the conventional club convention. Research has proved that Goreing and Culbertson do not accept or even include this rule in their texts. It seems to be a rule originated strictly by the Salem girl.

One astonished father, when his Salem daughter bid a club convention, bellowed, "What the heck is that?" Nevertheless, it is rule number one in the Salem Handbook.

Rule 2—Another essential rule might be called the hand hold. It is very useful, especially for not losing that extra trick that will set you. The procedure is as follows—One must lead from her hand. She does not, however, release the card until the person to her left has played. If that second card played should take the trick,

the first card is quickly withdrawn. The rule is that until all four fingers and the thumb are removed from the card, it has not really been played. And the scream from the opponent, "A card laid is a card played," is to no avail.

Rule 3—The third rule has often been called the scoop. It also aids in acquiring that extra trick. You are the fourth in hand to play. The card is quickly placed under the other three cards on the table, and with the same motion the cards are picked up. Of course your card took the trick, but it confuses your opponent. There may be some doubt in her mind and she may yell, "Let me see that last trick." Otherwise, the game proceeds as usual.

Rule 4—The fourth rule is a variation of blackwood. When you so desire to enter blackwood, your bid is four clubs. Of course your partner is completely confused but you simply reply, "That is blackwood."

Rule 5—Often times you don't know exactly what to lead. You may lead from an ace or a king. You may lead a singleton or perhaps from a doubleton. No matter what you lead, it is never the right thing. So the best rule to follow is the six or seven rule. The six or seven rule means that you lead a six or a seven of the suit which you want your partner to return to you. It sounds complicated but it really isn't. Try it some time, and good luck.

On Ancestors

Editor's note: This is the first entry in the freshman essay contest. The idea was taken from a story by Frances Grey Patton.

By Betty Liles

First of all, let me tell you that I am a Southerner and I like hot Carolina summers, houses with white columns, big cotton fields, and magnolia trees. But besides the magnolia trees, the South also has ancestry trees whose taproots spread through centuries. It seems that all Southerners have a weakness for hanging some bearded warrior over the fireplace and proclaiming to their children, "That's your great-great-grandfather."

In our living room we have one of those bearded men who is supposed to have been one of Lee's bravest captains (when the truth probably is that he carried Traveler in the stables). I'd often wondered how he'd react if he knew that he hung in a Hall of Fame in our living room and that once a month twenty United Daughters of the Confederacy meet under his picture and sing "Dixie."

Of the twenty women who sing under great grandfather, the loudest voices seem to come from two types; the lady who lives on the heritage of her family name, and the lady who realizes that "back-

ground" is very essential in a little town and who has therefore transformed some innocent Great Uncle John into an "ancestor."

Miss Corneille, a neighbor of mine, lives on her family name. She still calls Negroes "darkies" (this makes Flony, her maid furious), farms "plantations", and the south "Dixie." She lives in a white house banked with honeysuckle and choked with wisteria, a house which is old with a certain respectable kind of dilapidation. Just as Faulkner's Miss Emily, Miss Corneille is our town's heirloom. Mr. Murray, the grocer, once confided to Mother, "Miss Corneille has owed me for eight months and I need the money, but somehow I can't approach her about the bill." Miss Corneille, whose family once gave birth to two generals, a poet, and a governor, is still getting the choice cuts of steak and even little meat scraps for her two Persian kittens, who, incidentally, are descended from a long line of prize-winning felines.

The second type is found in another of my neighbors, Lillian. Lillian loves society and culture. To be able to drop a big word or quote something from the **Atlantic Monthly** is her idea of being refined. She doesn't like to think

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By Wootie Beasley

Along with the windy month of March, what should be blown in but Sophomore Comprehensives. Just what are these comprehensives? There is certainly no sophomore who knows. But as Miss Nicholson would probably say, "They are a means for our discovering how 'Sophomoric' (wise and foolish, thus confused) we are."

I'll never forget the day I saw a notice on the bulletin board in Main Hall that there was to be a required sophomore class meeting in Old Chapel that afternoon. My curiosity was killing me. Were we going to have a party? Had the faculty decided to add an extra week to our Spring Holidays? Was Dr. Singer finally going to tell us what chance the world has to survive, after his latest meeting with Secret Society No. 8? Or, best of all, could we, the sophomores, have actually been selected as the outstanding class to have the privilege of taking these Comprehensives?

Surely, it was the thrilling expectation of possibly having comprehensives that caused me to walk out of the dining room with indigestion.

The day for the personality test arrived. First Miss Hixson talked to us about the test, and explained that the sophomore year was the time of one's life when she is constantly trying to analyze herself. To help us in this analysis, we were allowed to test ourselves with these Comprehensives.

Here was my chance to find out such things as why people giggle when I walk down the street; why I have no interest in the opposite sex; why I throw things at my dear friends for stealing my love comics.

Next were the vocational tests, which helped me to decide what the future has in store. Would it be digging in a salt mine in lower Slobovia, teaching a ground hog how to read, developing a method to make the school chimes play "It's later than you think", or teaching hoboes how to carry more clothes in a smaller bundle.

Then came the speech audition. As I stood before the tape recorder, I was a nervous wreck—my hands were cold; I was shaking all over; my face was ghastly white. But I lived through it! I'm now in the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday speech improvement class.

The next obstacle was a three-hour endurance test. It was called one of "general culture". I could not quite discover why except that it was general though the answers required specific answers.

The gentlemen that compiled the test were puzzled and wanted us to tell them: how deep the water was at Waterloo, what on earth Thomas Gray was doing in a country churchyard, what color eggs Albotrosses lay, how long it would take a duck bill platypus to scale the Eiffel Tower, how many pairs of golashes twelve centipeds would need, or what is the weakest point in Einstein's Theory of Relativity? The ignorant compilers didn't know the answers to these simple questions.

I thought I was completely prepared for the current events test after sacrificing the last three days reading all available newspapers, magazines, and articles on what is happening outside this institution. However, it was quite a shock to find myself faced with such questions as: What famous cock-roach was cruelly executed for biting Truman's toe? and What President had dimples? and What great seamstress mended the iron curtain? With fingers crossed, I guessed at the first two. Of only the last one was I certain—Miss Hodges done it!

Finally they were over, but these comprehensives seemed to have solved none of my problems. Maybe I am Sophomoric!