

Salemite's Return . . .

The brick walk to New Dorm was longer, but the shrieks of friends, silent for three months, spurred her footsteps on. The suitcases and hat boxes seemed lighter as she crossed the threshold into her new home for the year. The pungent odor of fresh paint struck her nostrils. Perhaps—but no, the walls were a caramel color that no paint could produce. The chairs, however, shone with bright new colors.

Unpacking occupied her mind for some time, leaving little time for exploration of the New Dorm. Suddenly she looked up from the suitcase. The room was flooded with light from two windows. Two windows! A sigh of well being filled the room. Gone were the cold concrete floors, the clinking radiators, the showers that wouldn't work.

Slowly the wonders of New Dorm unfolded themselves to her. Gleaming tile, a pleasant view from her room window, a roommate whose virtues were uncountable. Life's brighter aspects were before her.

Down stairs she heard familiar voices. Reaching for a package of cigarettes she kicked a suitcase closed. That could be finished later. There were friendships to be renewed. In the basement voices from the North and South mingled with the cigarette smoke. Summer activities were retold. The Salemite had returned.

Salemite's Tradition . . .

We have started a new year at Salem. Let us try to make the most of it.

This is the only year—that will be Salem's 181st.—that I'll be a senior and you'll be a freshman, sophomore or a junior in college—that the grounds of Salem will look just as they look now—that Mr. Sandresky will be the new dean of music.

This is the first year—that Mr. Snavelly has sold bottled starch—that we have had the push-button system of crossing the street at the stop light.

This is a year which will continue many traditions—the heritage of Salem—"Standing at the Portals" for the first assembly—the Christmas putz at Brother's House and candle vespers—May Day and its pageant.

This is a year which gives us many opportunities—of showing that we are capable of governing ourselves—improving ourselves both mentally and spiritually—widening our range of friends—following our varied interests.

This is a year which expects from us—our best efforts in academic work—our support of all the campus organizations—our acceptance of responsibility and a personal sense of honor in every undertaking.

This is a year which will be only as successful as we make it. This is an important year. We can make the most of it.

Marian Lewis,
President, Student Government

Salemite Announces . . .

The Salemite wishes to announce a meeting of all freshmen and transfers who are interested in working on the paper this year. The meeting will be held next Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 6:45 p.m. in the Salemite office in the Catacombs under the porch of Main Hall.

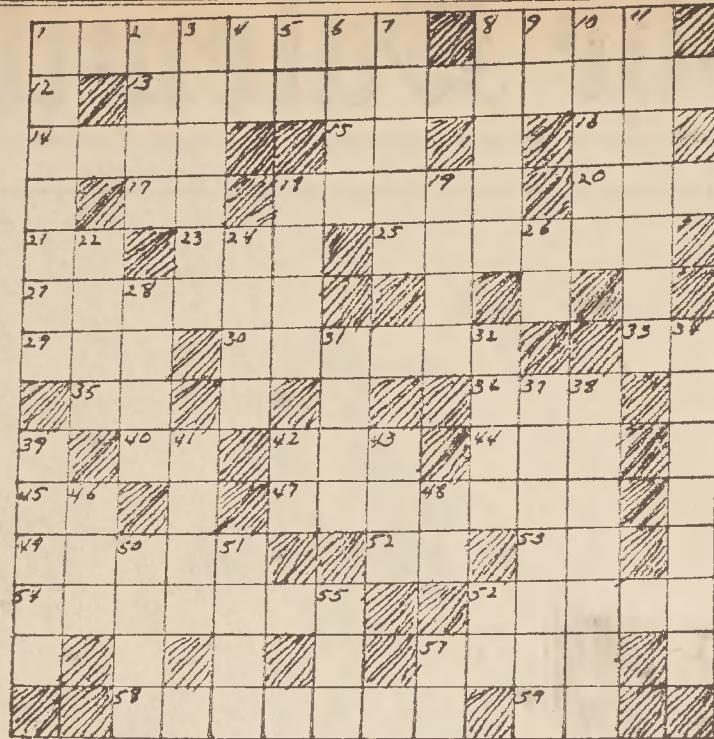
The staff needs not only news and feature writers but also girls to work on ads, headlines, makeup and typing. There is a job for everybody; so come over Wednesday and see how it's done.

The Salemite



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DOWN

1. Salem Librarian
2. Head of the F. T. A.
3. First impression of Salem
4. Degree (abbr.)
5. Pronoun
6. Something freshmen are acquainted with
7. Head of Household Staff at Salem
8. River in Virginia
9. Part of the verb "to be"
10. Audacity
11. Bears
12. Piece of music
13. Resting place
14. Mrs. Heidebreder
15. "A—man now a days is hard to find."
16. Preposition
17. Length of time
18. Acting Head of the English Department
19. North Atlantic Treaty Organization
20. President of Salem College
21. They snap and crackle at breakfast
22. Tasty (comparative form)
23. First it killed the Romans . . .
24. It comes with stamps on—
25. That is (Latin abbr.)
26. Big
27. Salem is a liberal—school
28. Note on the diatonic scale
29. Organization for college graduates
30. Impression the freshman class gives
31. To be born
32. House President (slang)

ACROSS

1. Student of Salem
2. Vice-President of the Stee Gee
12. Personal pronoun
13. First section of the Bible
14. Head of the A. A.
15. Social Sciences (abbr.)
16. Road (abbr.)
17. Preposition
18. Fence ladder
20. Past participial of verb "to see" (French)
21. Boy's nickname
23. Psychological term
25. Official holiday
27. Rhyme and—
29. Fraternity
30. Runner-up for Miss America '52
33. Student Government (abbr.)
35. "—John, —John—"
36. What the Pierrettes do
40. A state (abbr.)
42. Campus organization
44. Exam—
45. Athletic Association
47. Publishers
49. Mode of transportation
52. Yes (Spanish)
53. And (French)
54. Language spoken in Italy
56. "As—goes, so goes the nation"
57. Salem's principal shortage
58. What Salem girls live for
59. They wear caps and gowns

The answers to the crossword puzzle can be found in the Salemite office on the bulletin board.

Voice of Salem

Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from the speech made by Dr. Gramley in opening chapel this morning.

In a sense, I speak not as an individual at all in bringing welcome, not even as the President of this institution, I speak, rather, for a moment or two, as the Voice of Salem.

As such, I am many things; a founding village, an academy for girls, a college for young women, the character of a people, a tradition, an ideal, the center of a religious denomination, a prayer for peace.

I was born in America before this nation was born and I have stood always for the education, the religious development and the fundamental virtues of people. Before I came into existence—for long years before—I had been a dream, an ambition, an unquenchable fire in the hearts of men and women seeking freedom from oppression and dictation. Colonial Americans—immortal names in artisanship, in religion, in sturdiness of character—pooled their strength and courage and faith in God, and, despite great obstacles,

struggled and prayed and persevered that I might come into being.

As a result, when one thinks of Salem—he thinks of integrity, of faith, of courage, of religious devotion, of independence from governmental support, of hard work, of cooperation, of loyalty, and of service.

I am, thus, an influence for good. I seek enrichment of the lives and hearts of mankind. I want better people and better homes. I want a better nation and a peaceful world.

As an educational institution, in particular, I strive constantly to create an atmosphere and strengthen a program on behalf of young people who need so desperately what I have to give as they face today's problems.

But it is up to you, the student, the faculty member, the alumna, the church member, the Winston-Salem community—it is up to all of you who believe in the church-related college—to help keep me alive and to aid me in becoming stronger. People like you have made Salem what it is; you as people can strengthen or destroy it.

Orientation

By Jo Bell

O—rientation, Orientation! I thought this week would never end.
R—ight now I couldn't crawl to a meeting, or make another friend.
I—t seems the only time I've had to call my own
E—nded up at midnight, when I was all alone.
N—ew faces greet me everywhere, I'll never learn them all,
T—here's times I can hardly think who lives right down the hall!
A—t other times I wonder if that will always be the case—
T—hen suddenly all is clear, and I seem to know each face—
I—nstead of stranger's meeting, we've been "buddies since our prime."
O—n almost any afternoon you can hear us say this rhyme
"N—o other week could be like this, if we lived a whole life time!"



By Jean Calhoun

Strange!

Five utter strangers were in Ima Freshman's one room, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, bed-room, home away from home! Five utter strangers were uttering strange one syllable words to her. "Who? Where? Who? etc." To the first "who" she automatically repeated her name, explaining that her real name was "Ima Vera Green Freshman, but all the kids at home call me Ima." To the "where" she replied, "Infinitesimalville," and followed with a long geographical explanation. No one, it seemed, knew that this was the largest speckled eggplant section of North Carolina. To the next "who" she blushed slightly (This was expected, she thought.) and gave name, characteristics, height, weight and brief sketch of Podunk, the "boy back home."

This was the first round. Yet there were still five utter strangers in her room. It was now Ima's turn, so she gave the strange five the "who, where, who" test.

When the games were finished and everyone remembered a few who's and where's, Ima reached for her **Matriculation, Please**. (Ed. note: **Matriculation, Please** is an encyclopedia complete in one staple-bound volume, issued to all new inmates of Salem Institution and containing information essential for the social, economic, political and academic functions of the heretofore mentioned institution where George Washington, not an inmate, but a traveling President, chuckled with a chuckling spring.)

"Let's," Ima suggested hopefully, "Let's see if we will have time to breathe next week. I checked the first three days in **Matriculation, Please** and breathing did not seem to be considered necessary for new students." She glanced eagerly through the pages. "Oh, goody! Look!" she screamed. All five strangers jumped with strange joy. "Ima," they exclaimed, "Must have found a breathing period." "Oh, no," Ima sighed, "It isn't BREAtHing, it is BREAKfast period."

The door suddenly swung open. Three white bodies clad only in swim suits stood before them. The three fell dead-body-in-the-closet style before Ima. The white bodies were frozen. Ima and the strangers revived them. The white three explained with chattering teeth that **Matriculation, Please** had called for swimming. "The water wasn't so cold after we cut a hole through the ice, but the snow we had to wade through to get back to the dorm was somewhat chilly."

Ima and her five left the three swimmers thawing out and began to walk over the campus. "What is that building?" one of the five exclaimed, "the one with all the old looking ladies knitting socks and talking about old times. It looks like an old folk's home." The sign on the dorm read Biting Dorm, Resting Home For Old Worn Out Seniors.

They looked at the fountain, spurtless as it was, at the pansy bed, panisless as it was, and at the George Washington spring, though George himself wasn't there.

"I like it, all," Ima stated and the five, who were strangers no longer agreed, "But what I think makes the campus most attractive is over there."

"That's not permanent," one of the five said. "He is the President's son and he is only a temporary decoration."

The friendly six followed their noses and found they stood before the Home Management house. Things were flying out of the kitchen window. They were not flying saucers, but black biscuits, burned biscuits, practically cremated ones. The Home Economics girls were cleaning house.

But next door from the windows of the Science Building, Ima saw confetti. Large yellow confetti, with red F's and D's on it. "Guess someone else is cleaning house," Ima exclaimed.

The six returned to Ima's room. They screamed as they saw two more bodies on the floor. In the hand of one was a **Matriculation, Please**. Circled was one sentence: "Now is the time to go downtown shopping with your roommate."

Strange!