

We Note In Passing . . .

. . . that Memorial Hall was filled to capacity for Mr. Sandresky's recital.

. . . that the freshmen are adjusting to college life in spite of all the orientation parties, meetings and threats of Rat Week.

. . . that the grass is already showing wear at the favorite short-cuts.

. . . that cigarette butts and bits of paper are still littering the smoke houses.

. . . that the new students are responding well to the calls from various organizations.

. . . that the coffees, picnics and other informal get-togethers prove that the students and faculty can enjoy being together.

. . . that the students cooperated with Lu-Long and the marshals in chapel seating and conduct.

. . . that the students get hungry waiting for the faculty to arrive at meals.

. . . that the pigeons still sit on the clock.

. . . that everyone is commenting on the good meals, especially the pastry.

. . . that the infirmary is already doing a flourishing business.

. . . that large adult night classes have appeared on campus.

. . . that the dining hall doesn't open in time to give the practice teachers breakfast before leaving for school.

. . . that campus groups are enthusiastically decorating their haunts.

. . . that the black pole is still adorning Mrs. Heibreders front yard.

. . . that the faculty seems as over-burdened with meetings as the students.

. . . that Woodrow is frequently on campus taking pictures for the annual.

. . . that more Salemites know of Dagwood's escapades than they do about Nixon's campaign trouble.

We Congratulate . . .

Congratulations are due to Senior advisors and simultaneously to freshman and transfer students! According to reports from Marian Lewis, Student Government President, there were no failures among the handbook examinations.

This is certainly an indication that senior advisors are well informed regarding Salem College regulations, and that they very capably transmitted them to the new students.

The new students also should be commended on their ability to absorb so readily the rules and regulations of an environment so different from that to which they were accustomed.

Such well informed students will certainly contribute toward a better functioning student body.

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BREAKFAST LINE —



Editors' note: The above cartoon is a reprint of one drawn by Margaret Raynal, a student at Salem several years ago.

Salemite Writes

By Anne Lowe

Two letters from a Salemite, one to her girl friend and one to her boy friend, written while on vacation this summer:

My own darling Rickie,

All the way down to this hot water and sand I could think of nothing except you. I can't even enjoy this lovely cottage without wishing that you were here to enjoy it with me. The ladies who own the place are dears. They even serve us breakfast in bed.

While I am here with my thoughts of you, Fran and Mary have gone to the beach to renew acquaintance with some boys that we met while swimming this morning. I refused to go because, as you know, I highly disapprove of such casually met men. Why this morning when that awful boy approached me I was positively revolted. To think that he could possibly think that just because he was six three, had curly hair, and vivid blue eyes that he could divert my thoughts from you. He even had a crooked smile. Ridiculous.

Tonight we are having a small beach party and I intend to spend the entire night proving to him how much I love you.

Darling, I have to close now in order to get the hot dogs ready for the party. Please don't be jealous. He is really awful. I would enclose the picture he gave me

just to prove it but I've already sealed the envelope. Remember that you are my one and only.

Forever yours,
Gerty

Dear Betty,

We arrived at this glorious place this morning. After renting a room from an old bat that I'm certain is a dope fiend, we put on our bathing suits and went out hunting.

Now for the big news. Just as I spread out the beach robe and started applying lotion, who should walk by but the most perfect hunk of man I've seen in years. Tall, blond, handsome and a crooked smile—can you imagine anything better? Luckily he had two friends that Fran and Mary went for immediately, in fact they are on the beach now. I didn't go because Tommy and I are going sailing in just a few minutes.

Tonight we are having a beach party; just the two of us. I've got the blanket and he has the food and the radio. We should have quite a time because Tommy is really an intellect at heart. He even told me that Russia is actually sending materials to help the Communists in Korea and tonight he is going to show me how the Army taught him to send signals while he was at Fort Benning.

I'll see you soon.

Your girl friend,
Gerty

Dove Hunting

By Cynthia May

Old men, middle age men, young men and teen age boys smiled with anticipation when they read "Dove hunting — season officially open." Old women, middle age women, young women and teen age girls frowned, thinking of the lonely hours ahead.

When the season was opened this year, my fiance informed me we were going dove hunting. The reason "we" were going was that next to me, he loved dove hunting best, so he said. He would therefore have two pleasures, yours truly and a dead dove.

For days I made excuses not to go. I told him I had packed my old clothes, that I didn't want to tramp through muck and mire, that I would be eaten by bugs, but no

excuse would alter his determination. We went dove hunting.

We drove out in the country. Malcolm loaded a shot gun and handed it to me. "Let's go," he said. All I could see were cotton fields and corn fields and not the muck and mire I had expected. "Where?" I asked blankly. "Out there," was the answer.

I could not see myself circling a corn stalk with a loaded shot gun on my shoulder; so I stayed in the car.

Off he went. I followed in the car. I drove down country roads, up country lanes, across cow paths and around deserted farms.

Malcolm's one kill of the whole afternoon was a bird that looked like a dove but really wasn't. As for me, I had a course in cross country driving.



By Emma Sue Larkins

Fanny Freshman stood amidst dozens of boxes and suit cases of all sizes, shapes and assortments as Woodrow, the photographer, took her picture. The flash of light blinded Fanny Freshman only momentarily. Orientation Week was to not only blind her but to make her dizzy forever.

Her head swam round and round as she herself did a beautiful crawl in Davy Jones.

"Only a school like Salem would have a swimming pool in its basement," the House President sang as she stood aloof on the piano.

"Only a school like Salem," shuddered Fanny, "could possibly have given her such a roommate. Philadelphia Freshman, Fanny's roommate, must have once been a Powers Model according to Fanny. Long ago, of course, before she became a movie star, because only a Powers Model and a movie star could have achieved such poise, such charm, such maturity at such an early age. And such men! As Fanny glanced at the Rogue's gallery on Philadelphia's dresser, she slipped Freddie Freshman's picture in her dresser drawer. Philadelphia was definitely "not ready for Freddy".

However, "Room-mate-itis" was nothing compared to "Orient-tation-itis". Fanny grew more and more dizzy as the "Orient (tation) Merry-Go-Round" grew faster and faster. She caught the first gold ring and another and another. The gold rings engulfed her, swamped her, covered her. The gold rings had names on them. They were named: "Placement Tests"; "Senior Advisor"; "I. R. S."; "Big Sister"; "A. A."; "Assembly"; "Call-down"; "Stee Gee"; "pops"; "labs"; "cuts"; "Y"; "come as a movie"; "fashion show"; "F. T. A."; "light cut"; "write for the Salemite"; "Mrs. Heibreders"; "restriction"; "Dean Hixson"; "Library"; "Community Sing"; "Vespers"; "Quiet Hour"; "Hungarian Songbird of I. R. S."; "Sing out."

Fanny tried to count all the gold rings, but she was too dizzy. They kept hitting her on the head. Finally, she had all the gold rings but one, and the Merry-Go-Round went slower and slower.

"I'm getting adjusted," Fanny screamed at Dr. Welch with delight as the gold ring began to fall into place, and her pony slowed to a walk. Almost at once, Fanny's head began to clear. She noted with satisfaction that Philly Freshman (as she now had nerve enough to call her roommate) had donned bobby socks and was exclaiming that she was "ready for Freddy" and "all the way with Johnny Ray."

"If only I could catch that last gold ring," Fanny mumbled, "so I could be thoroughly and completely adjusted."

Suddenly and without warning the gold ring fell on her head. Fanny groaned, "It's not over," she wailed. "I'm getting dizzy again."

"Strong Are Thy Walls, Oh Salem," no longer was playing. The Merry-Go-Round had changed tunes. Fanny noted with horror that she was no longer on the gentle pony. She was now on the measly little rat. And riding beside her on the Merry-Go-Round was a huge ferocious lion.

The sophomore on the lion adjusted the golden ring around Fanny Freshman's neck as the Merry-Go-Round played, "Freshmen, the Sophomores Will Soon Be After You."