

Let's Realize . . .

Now that the novelty of a new year at Salem has begun to wear off, let's realize that we have the privileges and responsibilities of being Salemites in the true sense of the word. One important phase of our campus life is taking a part in the major activities of each organization. Let's not sit back and miss out.

The spiritual activities on campus give us the chance to put the most important things in life first. One of the main objectives of the "Y" this year is to build up the attendance at these spiritual activities. This includes "Y" Watch, Morning Chapel, and Vespers.

In addition to the spiritual lift that it would give us individually, good attendance would give a better impression of Salem to people outside of our campus. Just imagine what an outside speaker must think when we ask them to speak at Sunday night Vespers and only 15 students come. This is the Vesper service for the whole college, and yet only 15 people are interested.

Remember, whether it be Vespers, Morning Chapel, Y Watch or "Spiritual Emphasis Week", attend, not because we want a big crowd, but because we feel you will miss something.

Marilyn Summey
President, Y. W. C. A.

Why Study? . . .

Why study? This is a question that perplexes most college students, but more especially the freshmen. The freshmen, not realizing the great gap from high school to college, come to college with the idea that college is just another form of high school.

When they are confronted with a problem they cannot solve, they think what's the use?

Why is it necessary to learn so much? College is not made up of formulas and theorems. If that is the idea that one gets from college, it is all wrong.

We come to college to learn how to better ourselves and our environment. We study the different subjects so that we may learn how different writers express themselves, and through this we broaden our own minds.

The names, the formulas, the theorems, the rhyme schemes—we will forget, but we will not forget the impressions all this made upon our minds.

After studying the many different subjects, we will leave college with a better understanding of human nature and what makes human beings act as they do. This is the reason for studying.

L. M.



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

Camp Holiday

By Jane Smith

Fourteen years old is an excellent age for children to go to camp, and what could be more fun than a co-ed camp? This was the salestalk used by two teachers in Selma to win my parents' consent to send me to their camp—Camp Holiday near the lovely Gulf of Mexico. The two maidens, Miss Matthews and Miss Turner, were also successful in getting about nineteen other boys and girls to go to camp.

On a July morning we left Selma on a chartered bus and were so excited we hardly kissed our parents good-bye. The first inkling we got that it was not going to be the most glorious month of our lives was when we arrived and saw the campsite. It simply consisted of two houses—one tiny, for the boys, and the other rather large where the counselors, all the girls, and the cook were to stay.

The houses were in a state park in south Alabama and adjoined a lake with water that was warm and tea colored — just right to cause ear fungi. The Gulf was two miles away, at least that is what the counselors said. I am convinced it was five miles, since we had to walk over once a day.

But our spirits were still undaunted, and all went well until around ten o'clock that first night. Then I remembered my parents were in Mobile, only 30 miles away, attending a golf tournament. How easy it would be for them to come by camp, pick me up, and then the three of us go home together. As I thought of them, I began to cry.

Suddenly I was jolted to reality by a voice which said, "You are a

yellow dog with no guts. If you want to go home just start walking." It was the soothing voice of my counselor, Miss Amy Matthews. I was so frightened that I dried my tears and told her I loved the camp and wanted to stay the whole month. From then until camp was over, I cried only when I was in bed, though I remained somewhat a problem child.

Miss Matthews and Miss Turner had previously been in charge of a work camp in North Carolina; therefore, they were both advocates of campers working. We made our beds, cleaned our rooms, set the tables, peeled and cleaned vegetables, scraped the plates, and anything else to help the cook have a good time.

We complained among ourselves about our duties and began calling the camp Work-a-month rather than Camp Holiday; however, performing the tasks must have made an impression on us, at least on me, for when I returned home I amazed my mother and the cook by helping around the house for the first time in my life.

Every camp must have a strenuous sports' schedule, and Camp Holiday was no exception. Never athletic, I did not like the schedule, and I let it be known quite openly. After a lecture on the matter from Miss Turner, who was a physical education teacher, I did make a conscious effort to enjoy the volley ball games, the two swims a day, the long hikes and the competitive events.

During camp V. J. Day came. When we heard the news, we all knelt in prayer, we were so thankful.

(Continued On Page Three)

City Bred

By Anne Hobbs Helsabeck

I was city "born and bred" and when I moved to King in July, I was plenty skeptical about how I was gonna' like a small town. I was typical city gal goes to the country, and "I ain't never had it so good."

King has advantages Charlotte never thought of. First of all there is only one stop light. Now anyone who drives knows the fewer lights he has to contend with the better, but the stop light in King holds a rather peculiar position. The people in town fought 'till they got it and ever since have been bragging about it—but no one ever pays it the slightest bit of attention when it's red. They just keep right on going, and "Bad Eye Beasley" — our law enforcement agent—never knows the difference.

The second great advantage is the party lines. At first it upset me no end to have an audience everytime I made a phone call, but then it dawned on me that I could listen, too. The first time I tried, I got a new recipe for spaghetti and found out Mrs. B. was going to have another baby. Day before yesterday I heard that my husband was taking a couple hours off to watch the World Series on Mrs. S's television—it was the first I knew of it.

Then there is the garbage service. The most unique part of this is the man who collects it.

He drives a beat-up old Ford truck, is always dressed in white shirt and tie and is extremely crossed-eyed. The first morning he came, we became involved in a lengthy discussion on the various types of garbage, during which I kept shifting and moving trying to get in his line of vision. Finally he quipped, "Just might as well give up Miz H. You'll never look me straight in the eye." Since then when discussing garbage with him I always stand stiff as a board and stare at the bridge of his nose.

Then there is the hospitality. I soon learned that no one ever locks their doors and that after you've visited someone once it's quite proper to just walk in the next time and scream for them. However, I find that this has a few disadvantages. One morning I was in the kitchen and heard someone wandering around the house. I walked out and walked smack into a perfectly strange man in our bedroom. Undecided whether to run or faint, I just kinda' gasped and stood still. Slowly he turned and said, "Howdy, Miz H. I'm Lem and I've come for Dr. Bill's dry cleanin'." I was just looking around the house." I was so relieved I gave him practically everything wool in the house and I haven't gotten the bill paid yet.

What else will happen I don't know, but King is much more fun than the city.



By Betsy Liles

Fanny Freshman was making her nightly pilgrimage to Moe's shrine on her dresser when the lights blinked.

"Suffering Sophomores," squeaked Fanny grabbing Moe's picture (the one taken in his Waughtown Valley Academy uniform). "Eleven thirty and I haven't written Moe a letter since yesterday. And, 'lo, I've just got to tell him about Rat Week!

With a sly smile and an evil look in her eye, Fanny dashed to the closet, tossed out her furs, and tossed in a lamp, her stationery and a copy of "Guide Sheet to Love Letters and Term Papers." Her mouth screwed up in a bitter chuckle as she strung black curtains across her transom. Slithering on her stomach into the closet, she bade her roommate sweet dreams and uncapped her fountain pen.

"Moe, my dearest,

'Lo, if you had only been here these past days. My lily whites are reduced to red nubs from washing socks and more socks. The Kinston mob was fiendish — they wore their socks inside and out for two weeks.

And our costumes, 'lo, how lowly! But I was quite conniving—the first day in Old Chapel when they stripped me of my black skirt and sweater, they thought they had me stymied. But Moe, now dig me, I had five more black skirts and sweaters and I didn't give out of outfits 'til Tuesday night.

I was truly pierced to the roote when a hand thrust some scented papyrus and a style at me and snarled "Write!" IT stood over me while I scribbled in Arabic hieroglyphics (now, Moe, puh-leze don't be peeved) a love letter to Davidson. As inexperienced and shy as I am, I managed to fill one page. I was mildly surprised when I received four fraternity pins by return mail and some few hundred boys serenaded me outside my window last night. And Moe (you'll be proud of me for this) I was selected as "the girl with the most R. A. (rat appeal)."

Intelligently speaking, the cerebral nuerons in the sophomore craniums are definitely inhibited. One sophomore had me translate her French—and dig me, Moe, I did every sentence wrong! 'Lo, I'm inclined to be suspicious that it was she who squirted green chlorophyll toothpaste on your picture, Moe.

But Moe, dearest, we frosh really swept over the sophs at Rat Court. That night in Old Chapel, the tension was mounting when I was given my Rat Court assignment — to propose to the Biology professor. In the glare of the footlights, I strode up to him masterfully, bent him back from the waist like a lily and whispered to him in a thrilling low voice that I acquired at Miss Reigner's speech lab. Everyone afterwards told me it was a breath of pure passion.

After rat court was over, it was a touching sight to see the sophomores drag themselves to bed with great shaking sighs of relief. After I had carried several more delicate ones to the infirmary, I did my nightly pushups and "I must, I must" exercises.

And Moe, dearest, that is the tale. I hope you are fairing as well as I. Don't forget to drink your Ovaltine every night. My thoughts are constantly and forever with you and the other Waughtown Valley Boys.

Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
Fanny

As the church clock struck two, sweet Fanny's little form curled up around her shoe rack as a tender sneer escaped from her lips and she fell asleep dreaming of next year's Rat Week.

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