

Let's Be Personal . . .

Let's be personal in the way we look at people and in the way they look at us.

People show themselves to us in the way they speak, their manner of dress, the things they own and with which they surround themselves. Sometimes we all think, "What's the use of cleaning up my room? No one will see it anyway," or, "Why shouldn't I wear a kerchief to the dining room. Who cares?"

Just suppose all of us felt the same way at the same time. What then?

Let's be personal and be good to ourselves. Let's look our best and be glad that we do. Salem has a high set of standards and of high traditional living.

We are lucky that we did not have to set these standards—only live up to them in the best way we can.

Let's be personal in the way people look at us. When we get a call down for an unmade bed, negligence in dress or poor conduct, let's accept it and admit that we are wrong. Let's not bear a personal grudge against the person who gave the call down.

The call downs the I. R. S. gives are given in the spirit of trying to improve and maintain the ideals and standards of all Salem girls.

Let's be personal when it comes to carrying out the purposes of the I. R. S. They are everyone's responsibility.

When we have our campus dances, let's take an active interest. Let's decorate, dance, and have fun.

One of the main purposes of the I. R. S. is to broaden the social life on campus and to plan activities that will be fun for everyone. Take a personal interest in your college social life. Help plan things that you will enjoy and like.

Let's be glad that we are at Salem. It was our choice and we all represent it. Let's do it well.

Elsie Macon
President, I. R. S.

Freshman Contest...

The **Salemite** is sponsoring a freshman essay contest open to all freshmen. The contest opens today, and the closing date will be Monday, Nov. 10, 1952.

We will accept any freshman theme written for freshman English as well as themes written for other purposes. These articles should be turned in to the **Salemite** office or to a member of the staff.

First prize for the contest will be \$5.00. Several of the entries will be published in the **Salemite**, and the winner will be announced in the paper of Nov. 15. Judges have not been selected yet, but will be announced later. We urge all freshmen to enter the contest.

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This cartoon is a reprint of one drawn by Polly Hartle, Salem graduate of '51.

Do Clouds Scare You?

By Cyndy May

Do clouds scare you? I don't mean the little white sleepy ones, but the great big black elephant ones.

When I was a little girl I spent a lot of time on our back porch. Our house was built on a cliff, and the porch was built out from the back of the house on the cliff side.

It was supported there by two posts. The tops of the trees surrounded the porch on three sides. When I looked up into the sky, there was almost a frame of green around the patch of blue sky.

From this spot I could see all sorts of wonderful, frightening things. Once I saw a great dinosaur marching over the mountain of green and across the patch of blue. It looked as if he were coming to step on me.

He was big and black, and very ugly. His mouth was open, and his gigantic tusks looked like stalactites. I would shrink against the sofa in mortal fear. Then he would lumber over the top side of the roof and be gone.

Followed by this dinosaur was the weasel. He wasn't very pretty either. He was not huge and monstrous. He was little and snake like. His body was no bigger around than a telephone pole, and his arms and legs looked like braided, heavy black yarn.

He didn't come toward me. He stopped and doubled over to drink in a pool of blue water surrounded by green grass. Then he straightened up, looking thinner than ever, and sauntered away.

The third animal was a miki miki. He was round, he was big, and his color was steel grey. He had no head. His face was in the roundness of his oval body. His arms and legs were pencil thin, and he looked as if he might have once been thin.

He sat down on the blue carpeted floor with the green draperies all around him and snatched at the little marshmallow clouds that gingerly scampered around him. And as he devoured them, he grew greater in size. And then, poof, he was gone; he had exploded into many pieces of harmless gray cloud.

These were not childhood fancies that I thought I saw. The other day when I was on the hockey field here at Salem, I saw a hippopotamus. He was almost as big as the hockey field.

He was a pretty gray. His teeth looked almost like oval, marble table tops. His skin was smooth and his tail curled under him like a scared puppy. It was his teeth that bothered me, and when we lost the hockey ball, I know that old hippy swallowed it.

Randy Writes

Editor's note: Below is a part of the letter which Mrs. Heidbreder received from "Randy" Wurr in the latter part of September.

I have had a wonderful summer traveling around in your country and I liked the empty West in California very much. I also spent a lovely time with the Langleys in the beautiful mountains of Montana. Going home on that famous big ship "United States" was quite an experience too, and I enjoyed it a lot. There were again many European students going home on the same ship, and we had a nice time together exchanging our experiences in your country and trying to talk a proper German again. Passing through France we were allowed to spend an afternoon in Paris, and after having seen a little of this city, I know that I will go back there sometime.

I was glad to get home to see my family again and they felt the same, but after only a few days I was longing for America, for Salem and for so many things we do not have here. My parents were very sad about it, but by now I have gotten accustomed to German life again.

I have had letters from Gunilla and Liisa and they both felt the same. Now we look with more critical eyes at things in our countries, and some people think we do not like it, but it is just

the time we spent abroad that makes us like that.

Getting home I have become quite busy with preparations for my sister's wedding and then we did have a nice festival.

Shortly afterwards I went down to the South of Germany to report to the Moravians at Bad Boll, and then I went to look for the university.

I am now studying at an interpreter school here at Munich and I like it very much. I think I will go for one year and then try to get a job. Studies are much harder here than at Salem and they demand a lot of time. I am taking English and French which keeps me quite busy though. I am living in a room by myself in a suburb of Munich and am riding the bicycle every morning for about 25 minutes to get to school. It is getting rather cold already as Munich is stationed at the foot of the Alps, and I am often thinking of the mild climate in North Carolina.

At Salem school has opened for another year and I am thinking very often of all the girls who can be there again. Please give my best regards to everyone on Salem campus; to faculty and students. I wished I could write to you all, but studies take most of my free time. However, I will write to some of the girls soon.



By Betsy Turner

Miss Week-Day plowed through the clothes and debris on the floor of her room, dug a hole in the heap of clothes on the bed, and with a sigh relieved her arms of a number of fat books. Then she glanced in the mirror.

For Miss Week-Day she looked normal—but she would never do for Miss Week-End. Hair in curlers, a drawn look at the mouth, pale lips—with the remains of the morning's application of lipstick that she had not eaten, chewed, or wiped off, drab skirt and go-to-school sweater, unshaved legs, ink on hands.

For five days, Miss Week Day has smiled her sexless smiles and been her unromantic self. Last night she rearranged her room—lifting her cedar chest, hauling something here, putting something there. For five days, she has lived loudly — telling jokes, yelling from building to building, and eating herself literally sick. "Stuff" — that's Miss Week Day's motto at meals.

For five days, Miss Week Day has complained about teachers, work, hockey, lack of men—especially lack of men. And dominating all of this, she is a mess — a physical wreck.

One hundred and fifteen miles away, Mr. Week Day enters his room. He doesn't even attempt to plow through, just walks over the debris on the floor. Mr. Week Day glances in the mirror—a five day growth of beard completely hides his face, the stretched neck of his sweat-shirt droops on his chest, dirty jeans, old shoes, and ink stained hands, together with uncombed, unruly hair, complete the picture.

For five days he has grouched and grumbled on campus and at the Fraternity house. He has shoved his way through crowds, slammed doors, and cussed over everything in general—especially the womanless campus. By this time, he has practically forgotten what it is like to open the doors—for other people, old, young, thin, or fat.

For five days he has poked any and everything into his mouth—just as long as it was edible—candy, apples, cokes, nabs. At meal-time his motto is "hog it." But above all, he looks like a caveman of 12,000 B. C.

One hour later, Mr. Week-End leaves for Salem — close shaven, well dressed, shoes shined, suitcase in hand. For two hours during the drive to Winston, he dreams—dreams. Miss Week-Day is lovely to him—so neat, so orderly. If they were married, their home would always be a glistening example of good housekeeping; they would eat well-balanced meals regularly. He wonders if he could live such a life of order for more than two days.

He enters the front door of Strong and watches Miss Week-End walk daintly down the steps to him—softly curling hair framing her face, figure draped in new becoming clothes, and an enticing odor of perfume on each jeweled ear.

She smiles her sweetest smile and extends a soft, white, red-nailed hand to him. They wander into the date room — he opens the door quickly. "What a weak thing females are," he thinks. "What Manners!" she musses, so polite and so well dressed. Thank goodness he's never seen me on week-days.

Sitting on the sofa with closed eyes, he listens to her soft voice murmuring sweet, amusing, nonsense syllables. "Such lovely clothes she wears"—If he should ever see me during the week—

Together, they go to a restaurant—together, they eat—she, daintily, he, mannerly. Love is indeed in bloom—disillusionment is one aisle and six bridesmaids away.