

Food For Thought . . .

Why do girls who date on campus and live in Strong Dorm have to sign in and out in Clewell dorm? We feel that it is an unnecessary inconvenience for a girl and her date, who plan to spend the evening in the date room of Strong, to be forced to leave the dorm twice and sign in and out in another dorm.

Why is the Men's Organization not represented on the Student Government Association? Though the men students do not live on campus and though they are not directly affected by Salem's social regulations, certainly their ability to reason through Student Government problems is equal to that of female students.

Why is it necessary to feed us at every meeting of every club held on campus? It is either that club programs are poorly organized, or that our only interest is in places where food is served.

Why are we members of clubs only once a year—the day annual pictures are taken? It seems that a picture in the annual with no participation in the club activities would be an embarrassing situation.

Why is there no placement bureau here at Salem to place graduates in suitable jobs? Colleges with lower academic standards than Salem offer numerous desirable positions to their graduates.

Why does church attendance fall down at the latter part of each year? At the first of each year the bus going to church is filled to capacity; surely there is no less need for religious inspiration in the spring than in the fall.

Why is it necessary for Salem's light bill to be so large? It is almost as easy to turn a light out when we leave our rooms as it is to turn it on when we enter.

Why is the president of the Day Students not a member of the Student Government Association? and

Why are announcements of class meetings not posted in the Day Student Center? The Day Students are a vital part of our campus life and interested in campus activities. They should be aware of the activities of their classes, their clubs and their college.

Why is it practically impossible to get volunteers to make posters, write news articles, or serve on committees? Certainly, we realize that no club, no organization can function without active members.

Why must people be asked to come to Sunday night vespers and Y Watch? There is very little difference in the half an hour it takes to smoke and drink a coke, and the half and hour it takes to attend a devotional service.

Why is it hard for us to realize that quiet hour is not just quiet hour when we want to study, but that it is also quiet hour when we want to play and others want to study?

Why is it our first impulse when we receive a call down is to be peeved? It seems that usually we are not upset because we got the penalty, but because someone else has committed the same offense and received no penalty. Perhaps we think the rule is justified in being broken if we have seen others do it. Why?

Why is it so easy for us to complain about chapel programs that are the result of much effort and planning on someone's part? It is not a written rule that we have to take all five of our chapel cuts. It is quite possible for us to go to every chapel program and to enjoy the majority of them.

Why are some tests given by professors and not assigned a week in advance? Often it makes no difference, but often, too, it causes the cancellation of week-end plans.

Why are we often guilty of sitting in class, not understanding the professors remarks and not asking about what we do not understand? The only way the professors are to know that we do not understand them, is for us to tell them.

S. J. C.

The Salemite



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Nightmare Or Dream?

By Jane Brown

"There are some girls who come over here only once or twice a year; there are some who come quite often; and there are one or two who practically live over here." Can you solve this riddle? Can you figure out what this might be? Maybe a few hints would help.

To this place you go for any number of things—sleep, rest and even fun. It's on campus and one of the few places where you can get your meals in bed free of charge. You can read magazines, have snacks in between meals, sleep all you want, cut classes without taking away from that precious supply. You can listen to the radio, play cards, talk to your friends (for it's always full). You don't even have to make up your own bed.

To some who are new and think this is some secret dorm on campus, you are absolutely wrong. That many girls could not keep such a delightful secret for very long. The only reason they have not thought about this place is because they have never considered it in an optimistic way.

In fact most girls hate to go and have to be persuaded. Is that

fair when it offers more for less than any other place in the vicinity? Even with their consent, they still dread it as though it were some terrible ordeal. They are sure that their stay will be one of misery—filled with pills, shots, 7:00 a.m. awakenings, and loneliness. They are certain that they will never return to see their old friends again.

Is there any need to say more? You must have guessed—yes, this dreamplace (or is it a nightmare to you?) is the Salem College infirmary. All those heavenly sounding items are absolutely true, if you old Salemites will recollect.

Also, you did happen to get back to civilization, and if you can recall, you went back to sleep after that early breakfast. The pills didn't seem to do too much harm. In fact, you recovered more quickly than you expected.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks, but you can take advantage of some worthy advice, you new Salemites. Don't believe a word of gossip about it until you try it yourself. But, if you are still against the idea, let me offer one more suggestion—a laxative a day keeps nurse away.

Who Did It?

By Betty Lynn Wilson

My name was Blade O. Grass. I resided with my many brothers and sisters on Salem campus. My family was known for its soft touch and velvety appearance. I was a lovely creature of nature, but I was destroyed!

I live now with those of my family who passed before me. We look down on the campus from our lofty home and remember the happy days we spent on earth. My heart longs to return to the gay, wind-blown life I used to know; but I know that fate, out of kindness, has sent me here to rest.

I worked with Homicide Detail of the Salem College Grass Protection Force. Something was slowly blotting out the members of my race. My job — finding out what!

I went to the scene of the crime (usually at corners of sidewalks) to inspect the victims. All seemed to have given up their lives without a struggle. No murder weapon could be found, but signs showed that a stampede had occurred. All the victims looked crushed—perhaps trampled.

Such destruction could not continue. If given time the enemy would completely destroy my species. I had to find the reason for this mass murder.

I situated myself in the heart of the scene of the crime and waited for something to happen. Nothing did. I waited, knowing that the murderer would return to the scene of the crime.

At 10:00 a.m. the Moravian Church clock struck ten times. Still nothing happened. At 10:05 I was relieved by my good man, Sprig O. Grass. I arrived back on the job just as the Home Moravian Church clock bonged 10:15. The breath of fresh air helped me considerably, and I was prepared now for anything.

Then bedlam broke. Girls ran screeching in every direction—to the drugstore, from the post office, off to German, back from English and over to the bookstore. Now I realized the enemy was none other than those lovely, vivacious and charming Salemites!

I had time to scribble a note to the chief before I, too, joined the growing band of grasses upstairs.

The Noisy Sun

By Alison Britt

Today for the first time I went to a printing office to watch and help in the birth of a newspaper. The printing office was **The Sun** and the paper was the **Salemite**. I have seen and helped in the compilation of the material for the paper, but, as far as I was concerned, the Friday afternoon, finished product "just happened". But in the click-clacking, grinding noise of the office, I learned differently.

When I walked into the dark, dingy, factory-sounding place, I was handed a darker, dingier apron. I put it on. Its waist line was my hip line, but, nevertheless, I squared my shoulders and walked into the middle of the factory sounds.

On the right was a very noisy, greasy-looking, black machine that kept rolling sheets of paper into itself. I have no idea what happened to those innocently white pieces of paper after they got inside. I guess they came out of the other side spattered with words, but I never went around it to investigate.

Sitting on the left was a high-cheek-boned man who kept gritting his teeth and moving the little muscle in his jaw. He was typing, but instead of thumping the keys, he stroked them. There was something odd about the typewriter, too. It was attached to a machine that had little beams sticking out from it. A sign on it said

"DANGER".

Then I was led to it—The **Salemite**. Its pages were being fitted together as they lay spread out on a table. Each article was formed by a stack of lead plates. Above the roar of the machines, someone shouted at me to lead the type. A coke was slapped into my hand and I began my new job of reading upside-down, backward letters and putting them in the right place.

A man spoke behind me. In his hands were a pair of strangely shaped scissors. "Everything has to fit," he said very loudly above the printing noises. It was Mr. Cashion and he was speaking of the lines between stories that have to be cut to fit the columns by those strange scissors. "Wait a minute," he said and smiled. "Let me tell you a joke." And then we were friends.

After I had worked importantly transferring type to the forms for a while, I found my skin covered with a thin coating of ink to blend with the atmosphere. My hands got an especially thick coating. I stood there holding them out from my sides, wooden-doll fashion until I began to feel silly. If Mac, Selma, Sally, Mr. Ed, Mr. Cashion and the aprons could stand the ink, so could I. I took the last gulp of my coke, gritting my teeth, moving the little muscle in my jaw, I bent over the "hot" type, hoping a few drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead.



By Francine Pitts

It's dangerous! It's contagious! It's poisonous! The air is full of the virus! Millions of people are stricken daily, with little hope of being cured. The most dangerous areas in this vicinity are dormitory rooms, dining tables, drug store booths, date rooms, and recreation basements. A recent poll (taken by Mr. Trot) revealed that fifteen or more persons in every dorm are dangerously filled with the virus known as gossipitus! Are you a carrier of this disease? Even your best friends won't tell you, but you know.

One of the worst cases in North Carolina is found in Clewell, the largest dorm on Salem campus. Take a look in Davy Jones Locker—in the far corner at a table is Hadta Tellum All, talking with her roommate, Iddinit Ashame. Even from their facial expressions, it is plain to see they are hopeless cases. And coming through the door is Add Lib Whammissin, Hadta's big sister from Strong. Notice her large, sensitive ears. Soon the air will be full of the "G-virus."

Perhaps more should be said about this malignant condition. It is found predominantly in the female sex, according to available records, and is prevalent in a female after the age of two. It increases with an individual's awareness of others around him, and becomes especially intense on Monday mornings.

Some of the symptoms of gossipitus are large ears, agile lips, and flighty motions of the hands. The last item is one of the most noticeable symptoms. The hands are used in describing any tangible evidence relating to the case being discussed. When a person afflicted with gossipitus reaches the stage when he can describe effectively without the use of his hands, he is almost beyond cure. But fortunately not too many people ever reach this state.

Large ears are acquired by constantly straining to hear any delectable information. The ears are soon trained to pick up even the slightest whisper. After constant practice the lips become accustomed to repeating such phrases as "Did you know" and "Have you heard," and they do it as a matter of course.

Cases can be observed at many places—for example, wander over to Jerry's. Sitting in the front booth are Curie Osity and Always Noze, sipping lime julips. They are criticizing (constructively) Issinth Hanbook, the girl with the boy friend in the next booth. It seems Issinth has a male friend in Indo-China to whom she is not being true, but what can one expect after seven years? And we must not forget that Curie, being a music major, has lots of free time and is, therefore, more susceptible to gossipitus. Always in saying that, Add Lib told her that, Hadda said that Issinth's lipstick was smeared Saturday night (or it could have been had she not used Stay-Long). At any rate she reported herself to the Student Council President, Myconscience Hurtsme, and only got two days of restriction. About this time, a married day student, Mrs. Tale Send, joins the two girls to add her bit.

What is this world coming to? Scientists are working desperately on cures for cancer, polio, and heart trouble, but they are unaware of Public Enemy Number One: the public itself. Are you a member of the majority—a victim of gossipitus—or are you an unknown, unclaimed outcast who never sees evil in any form? Excuse me a moment, please.

"Mrs. Tale Send, who did you say dates a married man?"