

## Campus Fund . . .

With Thanksgiving almost here and Christmas only a few weeks off, the problems connected with giving again become important.

As college students we are called on time after time to give to this organization or that project or anything else that needs and deserves money or materials. Especially at this season, our giving often becomes a burden rather than the pleasure that it would normally be.

As a solution to this, it has been suggested that Salem organize a Campus Fund similar to the United Fund that Winston-Salem has adopted.

Through this fund we could pledge a certain amount from our allowances once a year to be divided among the various causes to which the fund would contribute. Thus we would not be forever handing out a dime or a quarter or 50 cents all year long. We would be able to plan for the amount of money we can give and arrange to have it on hand when it is called for.

A plan such as this, however, would present a number of problems. Would it be set up as a separate organization on campus, or would it best be handled through some other group as the Y or Student Government?

Would the Fund include gifts for such things as the Y sponsored orphanage party and the campus help at Christmas? Or would it be only for such organized campaigns as the March of Dimes, T. B. seals and W. S. S. F.?

There would also be the problem of arranging the percentage of the amount collected that would go to each project. The organization in charge of the Fund would have to work this out and present it to the students for approval.

But the advantages of such a plan would balance the difficulties. The fact that the Fund would enable us to give only once for all the causes included is only one side of the situation.

Such a set-up would be good training for our future citizenship. In the last census we were counted as residents of Winston-Salem. Since we live here nine months out of the year, our giving logically should be concentrated here.

The plan would only make us realize more fully that giving is serious, something to be planned for and not simply thrown out when we happen to have an extra dime.

E. M.

## Let's Give Thanks . . .

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. But why do we set aside just one day for giving thanks?

Every day around campus people are doing things to help us, but how many of us stop long enough to say thank you? It seems that every day should be one of thanksgiving.

Each morning before 7:30 Mr. Gorsuch or Mr. Lawrence brings the station wagon over from the Academy for the practice teachers. Miss Essie is always sweeping the walks of wet leaves so we won't slip and fall.

Willie rings the bell right on time for classes. The maids make beds for late risers when we rush off to class. Other campus helpers keep our fish and plants when we are away for vacation.

Mrs. Cummings keeps the doors of the dining hall open for us even after 8:15, and the maids are always getting us those extra second helpings.

Miss Biggers gives us little between snacks when we are in the infirmary. Miss Siewers is always ready to help us in the library, and she is understanding when we have over-due books.

The faculty open their homes to us on Sunday nights. They talk to us in the drugstore. They come to our dorms and show an interest in our activities.

Dr. Gramley comes to the Salemite office to talk to the staff. He attends all of the campus functions. He calls us by name when he sees us.

Let us set aside some time each day to thank those who help us. In this way we will celebrate Thanksgiving every day by giving thanks.

C. M. and P. C.

## The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

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## Beyond Time And Space

By Catherine Birckel

Editor's note: Catherine Birckel, the Salemite's "foreign correspondent" who was a student here in 1950-'51, wrote the article below for the paper and sent it from France.

Do you really think that time and distances exist? I sometimes wonder . . . I wonder when I remember Salem. Because now that one year has passed since I left the States, I should feel that it has been a long time . . . and I have no such feeling.

I sometimes have the impression that I could just step over the street, pass under Salem's arch, walk toward the weeping willow, and just sit down there, on the grass in the sun, and say hello to those who, I know, would pass—Bright coming out of Clewell, girls loafing around saying they have so much work to do, or the faculty members, very dignified, slowly going down to the dining room . . .

I can hear the sound of the wind in the weeping willow and see the sun play over the fountain.

I guess all this has become a part of myself, and this is why it is beyond time and space.

This must be what makes life so rich.

I have kept the smile of Salem's people in my eyes, and others can read it there now. They don't know what it is, nor where it comes from, but when they ask I tell them, and then they somewhat know Salem too.

Sometimes I think so intensely of some of my Salem friends, I wish so intensely that I could be with them, that I have the feeling that I should just be carried away instantly, by some magic power, and find myself by their side—or that they should just step in here, in my room.

I can live with you in imagination. I am rich with the remembrance of Salem, of all those I knew there. But I wish that I could make you share my life here, as I can share yours.

I wish you could hear the roaring of my wood stove there in the corner of my room, and smell the good old smell of burning wood, and see the light of the flames upon the floor. I wish you could hear the record that I just got, the voice of Yves Montand, a young French singer, singing "I

have a ray of the moon in my eyes . . ."

I wish you could see the smile of the old man who came with the first signs of winter and sells roasted chestnuts along the riverside where I live to the lovers who go back home at night after their work.

I wish you could go to the theatre tonight with me, and then go discuss the play with lots of friends in one of these old "cafes", around a pitcher of "new wine" and a basket of nuts or a good salad of "gruyere" . . . without our getting drunk for that, you know, in spite of our poor reputation in American papers . . .

But I guess I should talk to you about "serious" things . . . forgive me. There has been a great deal of talking about your elections, and all that I know, according to what was said, is that it must have been a mad rush . . . Ike Eisenhower was finally elected, and I imagine easily the excitement!

People here discuss for hours about that event, wondering whether it's good or not, that is, whether Eisenhower will work toward securing the peace or not, which is the only thing that matters to the European people now, you know. Some people are very much afraid, because of the fact that Eisenhower is a military man . . . The position of Europe is very awkward, you know, between the United States and Russia. Most of the people criticize both, and don't know which they prefer . . . The only desire that they have left is that there be no more war.

As for me, I have realized that I cannot get into political discussions about the States anymore, because I look at your country in a way much too personal now. Thus my first reaction when I heard that Eisenhower was elected was that he looked a little like President Gramley . . . and of course the people around me did not understand what I meant, and when I tried to explain, they looked at me with a disdainful eye, implying that I had completely missed the point! But when I hear people discussing about politics, I wonder if it is not they who have missed the point . . .

I wish all these people could have a smile and a weeping willow to remember.

## Ain't What They Wuz

By Betsy Turner

Mackie Monnley approached Strong dormitory—her steps quickened as she neared the door. She had certainly missed her friends at Salem. She smiled—wondering if they would be shooting fire crackers like they did their freshman year, or dropping beds out of the windows. (Hallowe'en was just a month gone by).

Maybe they would be throwing pies—or possibly have a combo rigged up, with a wastecan, table legs, and the piano producing the sound effects. This would certainly lift her spirits after the long drive from Extas.

She walked down the steps and stood at the entrance to the basement—she must be in the wrong dorm. There was no noise, no music, no boppers—just 15 or 20 people sitting quietly around the room. There was Metty BeGlaughon—what was she doing? No? not that! Yes, she was knitting. Poor Metty. The work had simply been too much for her. Those hours over her books must have

unnerved her.

The Thope swins were sitting beside Metty, also knitting argyles. Mackie stayed outside of the door and peered in again.

There was Hoots Budson. She was sewing something—little stuffed animals. Elephants, dogs, cats—another case for the medic.

Mnne Aerrit was covered with brown string. "What in the . . ."—oh—she was raveling a linen napkin set.

Myntia Cay and Moanne Joody were nearing the finish on their crocheted place mats. Over in the corner, Cean Jalhoun was knitting a red Santa Claus Christmas stocking.

Mackie turned around and went back up the steps—going to check and see if Hrs. Meidbreder knew what had happened to those Strong girls. She closed the door of Clewell. Now she heard familiar sounds of breaking glass, stomping feet, loud music and shrill screaming voices. She jumped quickly to one side—just in time to dodge the flying plate—and continued on her way.



By Sue Harrison

Purple shadows of dancing couples were silhouetted against the candle light. From the yellow dimness glowed red cigarette tips. The red spots flashed on and off like the neon sign on the outside of the establishment that read "Dine and Dance at Dinny's".

At the table, Imogene stared down at the bald patch placed on Herman's crown. From one side, a few strands of hair stretched in an irregular line, vainly trying to reach the other side. A heavy roll of fat made a flat surface on his neck and prevented Imogene from seeing the collar of his shirt.

Her eyes swept forward until they rested on his too prominent forehead. There was one advantage for her—she looked straight into his expressionless hazel eyes without having to peer around or under his glasses.

The flat nose was topped with pimples that rose to aspiring heights. Each one was red; each shined more than the one before it.

As he drank from his mug, the beer gathered at the corners of his mouth. The white frothy foam expanded in size until it dribbled slowly down to his chin. When the beer reached the edge of Herman's jaw, it ran vertically across until it formed a bump. Then the meringue-like substance dropped down to his tie, making a greasy spot. Drip! Drip!

As the crowd grew and the heat increased, small, perfect beads of sweat broke out on Herman's forehead. Each was evenly spaced from the other. She counted them as the wet circles expanded, swelled and finally trickled off to the depths of his double chins . . .

Mae looked across the rolling clouds of smoke. She was intoxicated by the atmosphere and the music. Everything was hazy—moving, swaying in time to the low crooning sounds that came from the juke box. They circled the room; their bodies moving as one.

Mae threw back her head, closed her eyes, giving up completely to the circling, turning, swirling, going faster and faster. The misty smoke precipitated above her head to form small fluffy clouds. The rough wooden floor faded into shiny marble.

As they twirled in time to the music, her dress grew longer and fuller; his suit changed to the formal attire of the king's regal army. Slowly she raised her eyes. The chin above her head was firm. There was a dimple centered there.

When Clark smiled, the dimple grew deeper and whiter; even teeth appeared over the swell of his lower lip. The ridge of his nose was hidden by the smooth flare of his nostrils, but the glint of blue eyes penetrated the fringe of black eyelashes. Contrasted with his clear complexion was black tousled hair. Over his even forehead, it fell in confused curls, begging for a hand to stroke it.

Clark's arm tightened around Mae's waist. "How soon can I see you again?" he asked. A quick intake of breath and gradually Mae recovered her senses.

"Any time," was the answer.

Now they stood before the dorm, the school clock struck the first bong for twelve o'clock. Imogene lowered her gaze to meet Herman's eyes. He clung to her hand with a sticky, clammy hand.

"How about the Harvard State game?"

"Okay," was the unenthusiastic reply.

The fourth bong of twelve resounded over the campus.

Mae faced her Greek god. It was now or never. Sunshine or rain, light or darkness, joy or unhappiness was separated from her by only two feet.

"You are really a good girl. See ya' around—sometime."

The eighth rang out over the silence.

The two girls turned toward the dorm at the same time. The step of one was light and springy; the other dragged one foot after the other.

The clock's twelfth bong penetrated the stillness.