

From London . . .

Editor's note: The following letter was sent to the *Salemite* by Dr. William B. Todd, head of the English department, who is on leave of absence to do special study in London, England:

Dear Eleanor et al.,

This is only a note, long-intended and long-delayed, to report that I am still here but constantly reminded of Salem whenever I encounter a smiling lassie on the street or a frantic student in the library. Then too, as a further reminder, I pore over the *Salemite* for all the news—or at least all that goes into print.

One item requiring correction pertains to my own activities. Whatever has led you to believe that I have become a gay socialite, jaunting about the town from one soiree to another? Surely you must remember that I have always been a serious, sober-minded, strait-laced disciplinarian violently opposed to all frivolity.

As a matter of fact, I have been very conscientious about the purpose of my stay here (for research, if you've forgotten), and like all of you resist every temptation to neglect my studies.

Occasionally, though, I find some relaxation in lighter reading and have recently toured Holland with B., gone sleuthing with S. H., been introduced by A. M. to a model living in the Roman slums, had a look into the horse's mouth with J. C., relived my army experiences as I visited the Post at Hawaii with J. J., and plunged into the deep blue sea with R. C. (Anyone who misses the authors and titles gets an F). For other pastimes I refer you to the notes sent to Jane Watson.

This is the time to wish each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I envy you all the chance to be home with your families on these joyous days.

Sincerely yours,
William B. Todd

We Like . . .

We Like:

Teachers who don't show up for classes.

Hearing what former students think of the changes at Salem.

Coffee.

Hearing discussions between members of the faculty.

Seeing Mr. Gorsuch back on campus.

Having the orphanage party each Christmas.

The selection of speakers for the lecture series.

Having Dr. Rondthaler teaching here again.

We Miss:

The usual longer Christmas holidays.

Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Martin, Mr. French, Dr. Todd, and Mrs. Moran.

We Think:

Occasionally!

People should be more appreciative of their opportunities.

Everyone should co-operate when something is to be done rather than making the same people do all the work.

Students should pay attention at class meetings.

The faculty should have plays more often.

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Blind Date

By Elizabeth Krauss

We went on a date, a blind date, and oh gosh, don't ask if we had a good time again, for I'll surely explode. Now please don't laugh, but lemme tell you the tragic story just from beginning to end.

Hadwig knew a Japanese student; she had met him in some camp and so SHE knew him. We didn't know anyone. One day this student invited Hadwig, Guillemette and me to a meeting of foreign students in Greensboro. He would see to it that we had dates—a German and another Japanese.

Beforehand I was awfully excited, as is my natural state. Guillemette and I had already divided the German between ourselves, and let the Japanese No. 2 just find his own happiness. But as it turned out, I got Mr. Mizushima, Guillemette, Mr. Hans Dehmelt, and Hadwig, of course, her Otomi.

First we were to go to dinner here in Winston-Salem; we drove to town, and there we found out that none of us knew a place to eat. So we went walking through the streets of Winston-Salem looking for an eating-place. I felt awfully conspicuous, of course, walking in high heels in which I toppled over my little partner. At last we found a place to eat, and I must say the dinner we got was really very good.

Then we went into the car again and drove to Greensboro. On the open road it turned out Mr. Mizushima couldn't drive awfully well. I sat squeezed in front between Mr. Mizu. and the German, and I could see the frantic lurches he made whenever there came a car from behind us or from the other side.

Once in Greensboro, no one knew the way. So we drove around the college campus there, asking and

going the wrong way and finally even getting a cop behind us for reckless and careless driving over the curbs. He furiously barked to all of us, and I was now totally wet with nerve and thought of Churchill's "Sweat and Tears" as the officer scolded us.

I literally saw us all being taken to the police bureau—the disgrace, the report, being taken back to Salem in handcuffs and so on. But finally we were allowed to go and were given the right direction.

Once at the foreign student meeting, it turned out that my partner couldn't dance at all. Now and then I was really furious. First he couldn't drive and then he couldn't dance. I taught him the "slow-quick-quick-slow" of a fox trot and the rest of the evening, whether the band played rumba, raspa or tango, we danced "slow, quick, quick, slow."

After a dolorously trued through evening, I finally raided up all six of us to go home again. Guillemette had found a delightful Greek who couldn't part with her, and this took lots of time. But finally I had got them all together, and I really felt like a female shepherd getting together all her little lambs, although I really could have said "Damn" at that point.

We went back again at the same speed—now too fast, then too slow.

We nearly ran over a dog on our way home, and I was again thinking of and feeling the sweat and tears.

At Salem we thanked the gentlemen cordially for the nice evening. And when we signed in, it turned out that we were two minutes late.

"Oh that doesn't matter," said Guillemette airily. "Yes that does matter," said Miss Smoke, and so we got a call-down besides.

But oh boy, did we have fun that night!

Letter To The Editor

Editor's note: This letter was sent anonymously to the editor by a student seeking to improve Salem's honor system. It is usually not the policy of the *Salemite* to publish unsigned letters, but since the letter is of general interest to the whole student body, its publication seems justified.

To the Editor of the *Salemite*:

"Your Honor" is a term familiar to all Salem students. It is found on the Student Government pledges; it is used in reference to social and academic regulations, but is the whole meaning of the term clear?

Why is the lack of honor on the part of students so obvious in regard to infractions of the social code? Why, on the other hand, is it so scrupulously observed in the class rooms?

I believe the answer lies in the dual responsibility honor implies, for the administration is as much on its honor as the student. Those who execute the laws are as obligated by the honor system to respect the student and his adherence to the law as the student is to respect the law, those who execute it, and the personal responsibility they have given him.

The most convincing evidence of the students' reaction to true re-

sponsibility is found in the class room. Here, no attempt is made to check on the student in regard to his fulfillment of the regulations; he is free to come and go during exams; no stern-faced proctor peers over his shoulder to the paper.

Here he is treated as an adult, considered capable and worthy of upholding the standards. Therefore cheating is all but unknown. Academically the honor system works, and we, the students, are proud of it.

The most damning evidence of the students' reaction to a lack of trust is the now commonplace evasions of the rules on drinking and signing out. Here we are treated as children.

Honor must begin somewhere. Undeniably it has not made an ostensible beginning on the social scene at Salem College.

The responsibility for this lies heavily on the shoulders of the students—but the burden should be felt as heavily by those who sit behind the desk.

Inevitably the student will respond to the trust placed in him. It is to the credit of the Student Government to note that, with but few exceptions, it has followed the principle of respecting the honor of the student.

A Student



By Alison Britt

A Salem College girl lives every minute of every day.

She shrieks with laughter over a letter at breakfast; she smokes a cigarette as she talks to her art professor; she writes a bold article for the newspaper and doesn't sign her name; she expresses her views on socialism at dinner; she plays a fast game of ping-pong; she gurgles a song in the shower and then she studies until 3:00 a.m.

A Salem girl shrieks, smokes, talks, writes, expresses, gurgles and studies, but there is something above all this. Above all the noises and activities there is a reason for the Salem girl's existence.

Her reason for being is to search—to search for the best way to bake a cake and the best way to fight Communism. A Salem girl won't allow herself to become dull and bookish, but she allows herself to ask, express, wonder, discuss and argue in dormitories, in classrooms, in smokers, in concert halls and in churches. She wants to know. She wants education.

The dorms quake with stomping feet and shrill screams, but here there is the trial of living together—a seeking for the friendship of a roommate and a girl across the hall. A proctor is disturbed from her chemistry book by singing girls, but the song is "Happy Birthday."

The voices of the girl from New York and the girl from Georgia echo down the hall at 2:00 a.m. as they exchange views on race segregation. A "shower soprano" drowns out the radio next door because she wants to be noticed and liked. The dorms quake, but there is something above all this.

The classroom is in an uproar because Mary agreed with a Communistic point of view. The drug store across the street is crowded because students like to discuss their history lecture notes over a cup of coffee. A whole class period of French literature is not discussed because the professor explains a question on predestination.

A student fails an examination and makes an unannounced visit to the professor to discuss it. A midnight vigil is held to figure out Milton's idea of women as shown in *Paradise Lost*. The classroom is in an uproar, but there is something above all this.

The smokersroom vibrates with the notes of a Chopin Nocturne because someone likes it. A math assignment goes unprepared because a ballet is being presented in town. An Art Forum lasts an hour over time because a student did not agree that modern art expresses our way of life in the twentieth century. A math major argues with a physical education major over the main theme of "The Innocents". A cut is taken in a Saturday class because last night's discussion of the concert lasted until 2:30 a.m. The smokersroom vibrates, but there is something above all this.

A girl takes her date to Sunday night, stays for an extra half hour talking with the speaker. A day's cuts in classes are used to attend a "Y" convention out-of-town. An hour of rest and sleep in the afternoon is traded for two hours of reading stories to five-year-olds at the orphanage.

The last of an allowance is donated toward the Christmas dinner of a sick woman. A senior gulps her orange juice and oatmeal so that she can go to morning chapel. A whole dorm becomes quiet during "noisy hour" because a mass Y-Watch is being held in one of the rooms on second floor.

The dorms quake, the classrooms are in an uproar, the smoke-rooms vibrate, and above all this the Salem girl works to become an educated woman.