

An Old, Old Story . . .

I have a story to tell. It is a simple story, first told by a simple man. It is not a new story. It has been told many times and has been read many times. It is centuries old, but it is still important. In Washington it is important; in Moscow it is important; here on our campus it is important. Listen to it and understand.

There once was a man who was traveling on foot through a strange country. One day as he walked slowly along the dusty road, tired from his journey, he met a band of evil men who were robbers. They took from him his clothes and his money and beat him with sticks. They left him bleeding, naked, and penniless beside the road.

As the man lay beside the road, unable to move or call, a rich priest in fine robes came that way. As the rich man came near to the robbed man he saw that he was bleeding, but he also saw that he was of another country. He thought, "I cannot waste my time, my precious time, on one who is not of my own country." So he crossed to the other side of the road and left the bleeding, naked man.

The man lay in the dust beside the road and turned it red with his blood.

Then another man in rich robes happened to travel that way. As he saw the man naked and bleeding on the side of the road, he thought, "I am in a hurry. I do not have time to waste on that unfortunate man." He thought this and crossed the road to the other side and went on his way.

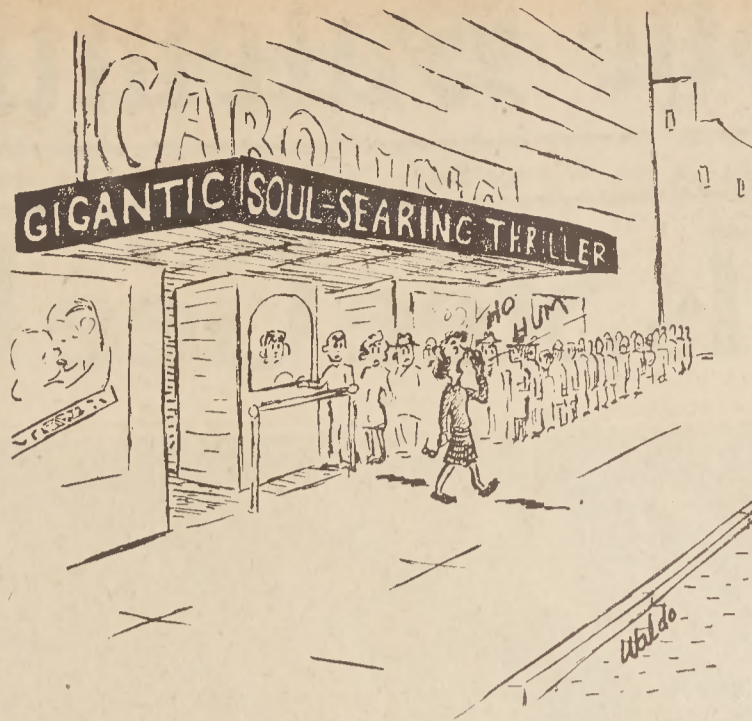
The wounded man lay almost dying, needing a friend, and, yet, knowing none would come.

Then another man came into sight. He was also a rich man who was on important business. He too was a man who had little time to waste, but, when he saw the man beside the road, he stopped. He helped the man to his feet and led him to an inn. Here he bought the penniless man food and clothes and a room for rest and left with a promise to pay for what he needed.

This is the story I had to tell. This is the story that affects you and me and Eisenhower and Stalin. Do you understand?

The grass needs to be untrampled so it can grow; the Pierrettes need stage hands; electric lights need to be turned off so that the bill will be lower; vespers need more people; chapel needs more quiet; the deans need co-operation; date room floors need to be void of cigarettes; voices after 10:30 need to be quieter; and all of this needs YOU.

A. B.



This cartoon was drawn by Margaret Raynal, a student at Salem several years ago.

Dutch Sunday

By Elizabeth Krauss

On fear of punishment of death if they wake me before nine o'clock, my two little brothers sit outside my bedroom door and wait. They wait there like little dogs stalking around a plate of steak. Their exaggerated whisperings have wakened me already an hour ago, but they will wait until nine.

They giggle, little boys' giggles, while they wait. Then—the clock in the hall strikes nine and at the same moment they open the door and come running in. Pat, pat, pat, little bare feet on the floor, bump one, bump two. both sit on my bed.

"Wake up, wake up, it is nine, come on, let us in, we are cold." And before I can say anything two pairs of cold feet thrust themselves, on either side of me between the blankets, two cold faces are pressed against mine. "Wake up, That argument wakes me up all right, but they still have to tickle me; that is their Sunday morning right.

"Are you going to swim?" they both ask. Yes, if the weather is good. The curtains are thrown open; yes, the sun shines, and streams into my room. But first a story, of the Large Man. The Large Man is an interminable figure, with a new installment every Sunday. Buffalo Bill, Tom Mix, Sherlock Holmes and all those other heroes are mixed up in this one figure, and every week I scrape together my thoughts of the books I have read about them, here and there adding a little flavoring of my own to the adventures.

At ten we really get up, and after a large breakfast we leave with a bag of sandwiches for the beach, to stay there the whole day long.

The beach is large and still empty when we arrive; most people like to sleep late or go to church; we do not go often, certainly not in summer. We go when it rains. Even when it snows or freezes it is too good outside to go to church—this to the dismay of our minister.

Slowly the rest of the gang arrive, and about noon everybody who is anybody in the gang is there. We

start by eating, and then we go swimming; the boys are first in the water and wait until the girls come, whom they want to splash with the icy cold water. The seawater is always cold even in August, but certainly in April. The girls scream, "Please don't", while they mean, "Please do it again, I like your attention."

After some time we return to the beach and eat some more. Then we stretch down in the soft, golden sand and start talking. What do we talk about? About school, teachers, plays, politics, books, about everything in an adolescent's life. We fight about Marx and Engels, we are in favor of existentialism and anti-Rousseau, and we act blasé and spleeny until one of the smaller children who have come along with their older brothers and sisters, partly for fun, partly as chaperones, comes running along.

"Come, come and see what we have found!" Everyone runs down to the seaside, and there they have some terribly smelling fish with which they chase the older girls until some of them cry. Then the chivalry of the older boys sticks up its head, and the little children are first threatened and then in reality thrown into a big wave, from which they emerge laughing and shouting.

Everybody runs into the water again, and we play a game of water polo in which the little ones also participate. And look at the large and husky boys, men nearly. They throw the ball so that the small children can also catch it, they are careful with the little girls, and they look out that the little boys do not go too far in their daring, because the tide is treacherous on the Dutch Coast.

At five o'clock everyone starts dressing, empty bicycle tires are pumped up again, and slowly everyone gets on his bicycle. The older ones push along the little children who are tired. Slowly the long trail of children becomes shorter and shorter. Here one off, there two others reach their home; at about six we are home. "Bye, see you tomorrow; do not forget the book you promised me, Bye."

We three go in and close the door behind us, tired, home.



By Jean Calhoun

I walked into a dark room in Srong Dorn (No, not the date room!) I saw things moving in a black box at the end of the room. It looked similar to a washing machine to my glassless self. Everything was whirling around in the center of the box. "Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are on Television tonight," someone remarked. Television, dear me!

I walked into the kitchen of the dining hall and big clear things came rolling out of a machine. Big things that looked like diamonds, but that were larger than any diamonds I'd ever seen. And too, these big things had holes in the middle. "Get the ice cubes out of the machine," someone remarked. Electric ice cube maker, dear me!

I walked to the street and stood at the curb waiting for someone to stop the cars. "Push the button," someone remarked. The button was pushed, the light changed red, the cars stopped. Electric car stopper, dear me!

I mused. Someone has revolutionized the old Moravian settlement. But, dear me, what could I do to improve this world?

I decided to summon some history to see beside what famous people I would sit were I to revolutionize something. Knowing very little history, all I could summon was Ben Franklin.

I sat down beside Ben; dear me, he looked rather pale when he saw me racking my brain.

For the deans and house presidents, I had the perfect solution to solve all unsolvable problems. A trap-door situated in front of every dorm door and every date room. The trap would automatically open at "Time-for-dates-to-leave" hours and drop the tardy ones into the basement. From here they could disentangle themselves and have no bother about being late.

Ben frowned. "How will you separate the wheat from the tares?" (Wheat and tares symbolizing the two sexes.) Oh, dear me, I must invent something infallible.

For the students, I would alleviate all worries about pops. I would make life a bed of American Beauty Roses. Each student would be given a geiger-counter capable of seeking out rooms where pops were about to pop.

Ben frowned. "Mr. Campbell would smother in unused yellow pop sheets."

Dear me, what could I do?

For the professors, I would fill their hearts with joy. I'd give them attentive classes every day filled with no sleepers, no letter writers, no nail polishers, and no knitters. I would invent an agitator. Every quarter-hour on the quarter-hour I would have an escalator belt rotating first row to second row, second row to third row, and third row to the first row. This would wake up the sleepers and stop all other extra-curricular activities.

Ben frowned. "All your colleagues would have to study on this system and you'd have no one to play bridge with."

Dear me, I would have to forget everything else. I would invent an invention for me. There are so many things that would make my little life more truly rosy.

I would invent a Curl-A-Cal tonic to be taken each night before retiring. I would have curlier hair every day in every way.

I would invent an Electric-Note-Sieve. Before exams I would cram all my notes into the machine and plug it in. Questions that would appear on exams would issue from the side, those that would count the most points would come out on top. Final exam would be my "Happy Day."

Ben frowned. "Everything you have invented is electrified. Pardon me for being colloquial, friend. But ain't you gonna invent a man?"

Dear me, a man. I do need a new one. I besought my muse;
Give me a man
Give me one today.
Give me a man
Not made of clay.
Give me a man
Big, blue eyed
Give me a man
Electrified.
Ben frowned.

The Salemite



OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Subscription Price—\$3.00 a year

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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