

## And Ink Stained Fingers

I, the old editor, being of tired mind and ink stained fingers do, on this 13th day of March, 1953, will the **Salemite**, with all its trials and joys, to Selma and her fresh and eager staff.

To her I also leave the midnight vigils in the Catacombs and the 8:30 a.m. trips to the Sun.

To Alison, whose only job will be to associate, I leave Mr. Cashion's jokes, Francis' added lines, Lida Ruth's conversations, Mr. Ed's perfect heads and Mack's truck trips. And to Connie, Sally and Betsy I give all dropped galleys, upside down heads and last minute hole fillers.

I will good copy and balanced make-up to Edith, Bebe, Bessie and Donald. To Joan I wish books void of red ink, and to Marguerite and Maggie, obliging and prolific advertisers. I leave Woodrow, Piedmont and the Journal-Sentinel to Lu Long.

To all senior members of the staff I give free Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and strange-feeling Fridays as they read the **Salemite** and see copy that they have never seen before.

Especially to Peggy I leave time to read all the novels and drink all the coffee she wants. To Faye I give a mail box filled only with letters from Ross, instead of bills and exchange papers. To Jeanne I give back her car to use at her own discretion. And I leave for Lorrie movies and popcorn ever Wednesday night.

As for Mr. Cashion, I leave him with regret. We shall miss his wit and his patience, but these assets are left with another appreciative audience.

To any member of the new staff who is in need I leave Miss Byrd's unlimited supply of comp papers along with her suggestions and consolations when holes appear and when heads are misspelled.

Dr. Gramley I give to the whole staff to profit by his tips on news and feature writing and to enjoy his informal talks in the **Salemite** office.

To all who have helped get the paper out and to all who have encouraged us by reading it—faculty, staff and students—I leave my appreciation.

Eleanor McGregor

## The Salemite



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## Once Upon A Time

By Mary Anne Raines

Once upon a time there was a small town nestled between green trees on the side of a hill. This town was divided, as all towns are, into different sections. The business district was situated on one side of the town and around it was a new residential district. Farther out was the very oldest residential district.

Here resided those citizens who had lived in town the longest. Those people were the aristocracy and stayed by themselves most of the time. Occasionally they ventured into the business district but only if they had to. They disliked that part of town, because it was noisy and boisterous. (They had forgotten that once they had lived in that part of town.) They looked skeptically at the people there, because they were newcomers and hadn't learned to adjust completely to the new rules.

The people living in the business district occasionally forgot their "responsibility" and broke a few minor laws. Every time they did, they were thrown into jail with heavy penalties and words of reproach by the assistant-mayor. They soon began to wonder if they weren't being treated a little too harshly.

Their rebellious spirit grew until

one night they raided the assistant-mayor's house. These raids became more frequent until it seemed that a civil war was inevitable.

However, one night a few of the bravest citizens marched into the assistant-mayor's home and presented a list of grievances to her. She called a meeting of the people and presented her side of the story to them. They were very sympathetic and realized that they had done wrong. So they set about to co-operate with her.

I know you expect this story to end "and they lived happily ever after." The town has been living fairly happily. Every now and then there is a minor outburst, because so many people, with such lively spirits, living so close together, can't be good all of the time. Sometimes they wonder if they were the only ones at fault, because it is a well known fact that dissension doesn't spring up for no reason at all.

Also, every now and then a few members of the aristocracy lecture the people of the business district causing them to become rebellious again. However, in spite of these outbursts, the people are trying to co-operate with the assistant-mayor and she with them.

And you know, I believe they will live happily ever after.

## Letters To The Editor

Congratulations to the technical staff and crew members of **The Medium**! How did you do it? How were you able to maintain a smoothly-working backstage organization through weeks of preparation and through three performances?

Who shall the cast and director thank? Emily Baker with her bathtub full of dye? Sally Reiland with cue sheets and wrench? Ann Mixon and her "Places, please—curtain in five minutes"? Fae Deaton with her tattered score and responsible eye? Angela Howard with her policeman and her gun? Maggie, Rooney and Francine with base and liner.

Or shall we thank instead your faithful crew members? Why didn't one of you get careless? Why didn't you bring up that green light at the wrong time so the audience would know we had a lighting crew backstage? Why didn't you forget to place the gun on stage—it would have been so much fun to laugh about afterwards! Why wasn't the curtain pulled too soon, too late, too fast, too slow?

I don't know the answer to these things. I think you do, and it's important for you to hold on to that answer. But I do want you to recognize the significance of your contribution to **The Medium**.

There have always been hard working and responsible people back stage, but there has never been a production in which responsibility was assumed by every member of every crew. And there has never been such a strong feeling of harmony—"esprit-de-corps" in the back stage group.

The cast was tremendously impressed by your skill, smooth efficiency, and, most of all, by your good will. You made the cast confident—confident that you would do your work so they could do theirs. Thank you for your successful production.

Elizabeth Riegner

Recently it seems that there has been quite a lot of discussion on the subject of "giving" here at Salem. First considered was the giving of time and abilities to campus organizations; now, with the Red Cross Drive approaching next week, the **Salemite** finds reason to question her material giving.

So often when a **Salemite** is asked to contribute to a worthwhile cause, her natural voice reaction is something to the effect of the following: "Why are we constantly being drained of money for this cause or that cause . . . I'm sorry, but I just can't give this time . . . I'm so terribly broke I can't even buy myself a cup of coffee;" and then is later heard to remark to her roommate while partaking of a banana split at the drug store, "I've just quit giving to these darned drives. What do they mean to me anyway, except an empty wallet? I'll never need the services of the Red Cross or any other such organizations." . . . Then does she realize how lucky she is?

A **Salem** girls is lucky. She has never experienced the feeling of a wounded marine in Korea as he sees blood flow from a transfusion bottle into his arm; nor has she seen blood bring back the nearly-gone life of a mangled accident victim. She doesn't know that last year the Red Cross collected over a million and a half pints of blood for hospitals in this country and provided an additional two and a half million pints for military use; and still the demand was greater than the supply.

Does she know that 32,000 disaster-stricken families received food, shelter, medical care and help in rehabilitation last year from the Red Cross—the total cost of this relief being nearly 20 million dollars? She doesn't live in a flood or tornado area.

These and hundreds of other money and time-consuming services are carried out each year by the Red Cross. This group does its job. Does the **Salemite** realize how lucky she is to support it rather than to be supported by it?

When collections are made in the dorms next week for this cause, let us hope that the **Salemite** will give in the light of personal identification with that marine or that disaster victim. Then she will have proved how lucky she is.

Sally Reiland



By Anne Lowe

Eighty grains of sand lay in the bottom of Johnny's sand bucket. Johnny had picked each grain carefully and now he was taking them down to his favorite spot on the beach to build a house with them.

The grains were scared. It was the first time their papa and mama sands had let them leave their homes on the sand dune. Squeesh, squash, zip, bang. Johnny poured them out.

Some he put in the first floor of his house. These grains would have to be good because he put two shells to watch over them. These two shells he called Miss Carlson and Miss Reed.

On the second floor he put some older sand grains that he had played with before. They could watch out for the new grains that he put on the third floor. Now he was ready to play.

He put the grains to work. They worked and worked because he always threatened to put them to sea if they didn't. And sure enough a big wave came and washed some away.

Maybe they were playing too much, he thought. He had heard radios musicking and he heard about some grains, called Jean Carolyn, Beauty and Jean Watt, throwing sea water under Lorrie's door and washing away three pairs of shoes.

To stop such carryings-on Johnny built another house and in this house he put eighteen grains of sand. He put the other grains in a house that he made very Strong. This worked better. Only a few grains were washed away and these had run off with handsome bits of gravel that they had met. These grains had built houses of their own and started raising little sand grains.

This is bad, thought Johnny. For he noticed that some other grains were having the same idea. Some named Faye, Myra, B. J., Jean Emma, Sue, Norma, Kappy and Charlotte were neglecting their work because they were busy hunting for glittering things to decorate themselves with.

The sun started to go down and Johnny decided that he was hungry but he hated to leave the grains to be washed away. Maybe they have learned to take care of themselves said Johnny. I think I'll ask them and see.

First he looked in the little house. He saw a small, white grain called Willie adding numbers together and talking about a man named Einstein. A tall grain was talking about teaching school. Two grains, who looked just alike and were called Marcia and Bebe, were talking about moving to another part of the beach, while a short grain called Margie played the piano.

They are all right but how about the grains in the other house. Johnny peeped in a window. A tall, light grain called Ruthie was painting, while a dark grain called Jo was composing a poem. They are all right he thought.

One by one he called the grains out of the houses and told them that from now on they would have to take care of themselves. He warned them of the sudden rain storms, the way a wave could creep up when no one was looking and how to protect themselves from the sun.

Picking up his sand bucket, Johnny started home. Squeesh, squash, squeesh, squash.