

Who Do We Know? . . .

We Seniors, we Juniors, we Sophomores, we Freshmen.

Who do we know?

Seniors, first. Remember the other weekend when you were at Carolina and a nice looking boy approached you? He had heard you went to Salem, so he asked you if you knew so-and-so. "No," you replied, "She doesn't go to Salem." But yes she did. She was a freshman and this boy's sister. You sorta blushed when he casually remarked that he "kinda thought everybody knew everybody at Salem since it was such a small college." But you hadn't known his sister—a freshman.

Juniors, next. Remember the nights you went over to see your little sisters and you were so surprised that Clewell seemed so different? You remembered most of the sophomores, but not all of them. The freshmen you just didn't know. You got to know your little sisters and their roommates. You learned seven or eight new names the first week or so. Have you learned seven or eight names every week since then?

Sophomores, now. You've lived with the juniors and are living with the freshmen now. Yet how would you do on a Senior poll? Remember the other month when you wanted a ride to Davidson and someone said that so-and-so, a Senior, was taking a car? You had to get someone to point the senior out to you because you didn't know her. Remember how you sorta squirmed to ask her because you'd never even known her name before? So now you know her name, but do you know the other seniors?

And Freshmen. Remember the first week at Salem when there were just freshmen and a few upperclassmen here? Names and people were important then and you learned them—learned the freshmen and the upperclassmen that were here. Then the herds descended and dozens of new faces and new people came. You couldn't learn them all, you thought, but you tried while sitting at assigned tables. But who do you know during elections? When names of candidates are read at lunch, do you find out who these candidates are? When you vote do you really know something about the girl for whom you vote?

Remember the other day when someone you hardly knew called you by your name? It was a surprise to you because you didn't know her name. You had kind of assumed that no one knew you that you didn't know. It made you feel good to know that someone knew you that you didn't know. And yet it made you feel kind of guilty because you didn't know her. Lots of people know you.

Who do you know?

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Ladies, We're Doomed

By Cynthia May

It was spring—spring all over the world so I decided to come out of hibernation. I spread my wings and glided through the warm air and dodged white fluffy clouds in the blue sky. The earth below me was green, and large forsythia bushes spread their heavy flowered branches in spiral sweeps. Pansies raised their colored faces and nodded as I went by.

Below me I saw a college campus. It was just a little southern campus. I saw two of the students sitting in the Square and I decided to go down and hear what they were saying.

"Here I am almost twenty-one and I'm not saved yet. If my gallant knight doesn't come soon, I am fated to die. I can see him now—riding swiftly down the street, the muscles on his white horse straining to out-run time. He will sweep me into his arms and carry me away and I'll be saved."

"Oh, come off it. The age of chivalry is dead," the other said, "He'll speed down the street in his blue convertible, honk his horn, and you will run out to him."

I was horrified at this conversation and decided to see what the rest of the world had to say about this. I flew swiftly north. The country side below me was a maize of color all blurred together. Soon I saw a large northern university. Two girls were sitting on the campus. I swopped down behind a daffodil and listened.

"But, June, I am almost twenty-three. Soon I'll be graduated from here. Oh where is that handsome knight on his white stallion that will steal me away?"

"Listen, honey, Chivalry is dead. If you want a man you have to look for him. He isn't going to come to you. He'll borrow his Dad's car to take you out and won't even open the door for you."

Letters To The Editor

"Honor" is not limited to the college campus. Certainly, the unpaid "Y" bill and telephone bills in Biting are important. However, there is a serious situation just across the Salem Square.

The owner of a local soda shop was very considerate to Salem students when he allowed us to open charge accounts with him. We have shown him our appreciation by "forgetting" or failing to pay \$8.00 that we owe him.

A total of 55 students owe him from 25c to \$8.00. Many of these

"Achoo."
"What was that?"
"I don't know."

Oh why did I have to sneeze; the pollen of that daffodil would have to tickle my nose. Well, maybe I had better move on. I shall go to France. Surely people aren't saying the same thing there.

The ocean below me was calm. Porpoise sunned their backs momentarily as they leaped into the air and then dove headlong into the water again. Little white caps danced on the brims of lazy wavelets. And soon there was Paris below me. I slipped down quietly and crouched behind a glass on the table of a side walk cafe.

"But, Madam, I know he will come. He will bow down before me, kiss my hand and murmur, 'Je t'aime ma petite choo choo'. He will appear from nowhere, tall and handsome. And then he will carry me away in his strong arms."

"Mademoiselle, the age of Chivalry is dead. If it happens at all, you will bow down before him and then snatch him. I know; I had to."

Madam's hand reached for her glass, so I flew away quickly. The mountains of Switzerland loomed before me. Two skiers were sitting before the fire at the foot of a steep slope. I hid behind one of their skis and listened.

"Oh, when will he come. That brave skier who will take me to his ski hut to live happily ever after."

"I hate to tell you, but if he comes down that slope, you'll go after him. If you land in a snow bank, there you'll stay. He won't help you out. Chivalry is dead."

I couldn't take any more of this. Chivalry is really dead. The whole world agrees. Ladies, we're doomed. Oh, what is that? Why, it is Joe Spirit with his super powered wings.

"Hey, Joe, wait for me."

The Bald Spot

By Alison Britt

The organist pushed the last note of the offertory into the stillness of the church just as the last usher received the last nickel from the little boy on the back row. There was a second of hushed silence. Then the ushers marched down the aisles in formation holding glowing wooden, partially filled collection plates stiffly in front of them.

As they stopped at the altar, Daddy, holding his plate as stiffly as the others, turned his back to me, and I could see the bald spot that he tries hard to cover. I looked down at my black-gloved hands during the prayer and wondered why Daddy tried to cover the bald spot.

"Amen" and the prayer was over. Daddy, having finished his duty, came to sit beside Mother on our row. The broken, tinted sunlight glowing through the tall stained-glass window beside us glared on Daddy's horn-rimmed glasses, and I could not see his eyes, but I guessed that they were peaceful as blue eyes should be.

His outward appearance was al-

ways calm and peaceful, but inside there were worries and uncertainties. Daddy knew what he wanted and he fought for it. The shiny smoothness of the new bench under me reminded me of how Daddy fought for the new church and the new benches.

Daddy often has to cover up his feelings. He joked with the doctor when one of us was sick, but we Britts could see how lined his face became. He was calm when I was given the lead in the Senior play, but his bald spot lighted up and he clapped louder than anyone else on opening night.

Though he closes his big problems into himself and works on them quietly and privately, he can teach a fist-pounding Sunday School lesson. And he almost burst a blood vessel when the curbing in front of our house was laid a little higher than the yard.

The preacher made his final gesture and closed the Bible. Daddy's hand smoothed his hair in the back to try to cover the bald spot, and my black-gloved hand turned the pages to the last hymn.



By Alison Britt, Connie Murray, and Betsy Turner

Dear Diary,

It's over now. At one point I didn't think it would be. Thoughts of disgrace and humiliation crowded my mind as I walked the last mile to Pain Hall and room 9362. The white sheets were distributed and the Phakespeare test had started.

I sat there—test in hand and hand on stomach. Yesterday I had decided that food would inspire me to study. So I had returned from the "We sell everything from silly putty to unabridged editions of "Alice in Wonderland" Store with gooey gumdrops, pickles, peppers, salty sardines, cavity candy, malt balls, and one box of Nabisco crackers.

Having set up shop in the quiet, serene atmosphere of our dorm, where thirty girls came canned and bunny-hopped toward a future fame on Broadway, I proceeded to stack food in my bitty brain. Daintily munching on a salty sardine, I read "Measure For Measure," "The Cyclone," "The Way You Don't Wear It," and "The Summer's Tale—all by my friend and yours—Willie Phakespeare

At the end of four hours, I was confident of my knowledge. I knew the exact speed of a cyclone, how to measure out pleasure, the way I didn't want it, and what tale the summer had told (and it was all a big lie). Surely no one knew more than I.

With a start, I realized that I had wasted ten minutes of my test time in fond reminiscence.

Brainful Beatrice looked at me with scorn as she dotted the "i" on page nineteen and got out a new pack of notebook paper.

After much contemplation and considerable thought, I decided, by way of elimination that the first step should be to read the questions. I glanced at the first one, rubbed my eyes, turned the paper upside down, and realized that it was right side up the first time.

Question number one read:

1. Analyze "The Cyclone" in view of Greek and Latin sources of neo-platonic art and euphuistic tendencies. Use this in view of the twenty-four major characters, and fifty minor characters, and their philosophies of life.

Think before you read! Time limit: ten minutes.

After reading this I turned green, left the room, came back with sunglasses, and proceeded to the second question.

2. Diagram and label the anatomy of Phakespeare. How did this influence his writing? Time limit: one and a half minutes.

The third question read something like this:

3. Write a short essay (2000 words) on facts about Willie and his eating habits, using materials found in pieces other than your textbook or the library. Footnotes, please. Time limit: three minutes.

Due to complaints my professor had decided that tests were too long. In an effort to minimize physical strain and mental taxation, we had been given a shorter test, designed to bring forth our ability in a few minutes.

After the screams and moans in our miniature snake pit had subsided, we were all able to see the advantage of it and to concentrate fully on our work.

So, you see, Diary, that's why I'm writing this in the infirmary. I wish that awning had not been there, or I'm sure the twelve star drop would have done the trick. It was the test that unnerved me—it was the Phakespeare that did it. "Don't use ink—use pencil" and I had no pencil.