

Where Were You? . . .

Where were you?
Of the approximately 96 people attending the Pierrette production, "The Importance of Being Earnest," Tuesday night over 50 were Salem students. So take 50.

Of the approximately 65 people attending Wednesday night over 12 were Salemites. So add 12.

Now, let's total. Over 50 plus over 12 is what?

Where were the Salemites? Where were you?

Meet The Deadline! . . .

May 1 is the deadline.
The deadline for entries in the Rondthaler Annual Award in creative work.

This is a contest sponsored by Salem Alumnae for Salem students. It was begun three years ago in honor of Mrs. Howard Rondthaler.

Entries of creative work in the fields of journalism, art and music will be judged. If a sufficient amount of students enter in each field three awards will be given this year.

Two Rondthaler Award winners are still students here at Salem. Bryan Balfour in 1951 received the Award for his set designing for Pierrette plays. Last year Anne Lowe for her outstanding short story, "Red Clay," was the winner.

There are no special rules, no strict restrictions. The only prerequisite is that every applicant be a Salemite. Entries should be submitted to Miss Lelia Graham Marsh at the Alumnae House.

This year there are three divisions under which entries are judged. Is your best field music, journalism, or art?

May-1 is the deadline.

What Are Your Ideas? .

New club presidents are taking office and need your ideas. This week they have been meeting with their councils to draw up plans for the coming year.

Perhaps you have been in on these meetings—some of them. Perhaps for those that you have not attended, you have some workable ideas.

The President's Workshop has been set for next Tuesday. There the presidents will discuss their organization's plans for next year. They will discuss the plans and ideas you might suggest.

What ideas have you been nourishing?

The Salemite



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Spring Fever

By Elizabeth Krauss

You asked me to tell you about my impressions of spring at Salem? Well, the first springy feeling I got was in my nose.

I found that while I did not contract flu during winter, by the first sunny day that I left off my coat I had a cold so bad that for days I was feeling too bad to look out of my eyes.

By the time that I could look straight again something had changed on the front campus. The tree in front of South Hall was all dressed up in white.

That morning when I went to the post office I had a feeling as if someone was offering me a bridal bouquet, and I went on hearing the tones of the Bridal March from Lohengrin.

Yes, in my box was a letter from HIM; I knew it. No, he wrote me that he could not come down here for Easter. That was the next impression of spring.

Then I thought of the wonderful Easter holidays that were to come, days during which I would lie in the sun all the time and do nothing, I saw myself getting a wonderful even brown tan all over; I dreamed of my hair blonded to a light platinum.

Now, now it is really spring, I thought; now it will start, "Yes,"

said Dr. Welch, "you will all turn in your term paper the Monday after Easter." Gone were my dreams of lazying in the sun.

But still I was undaunted. If there would be no water in the swimming pool I would put my feet in the lily pool. And so I did. I still have shivers upon my spine when I think about how many degrees below zero the water was.

But all in all, I can say that I like Salem in the Spring as I like it at any time. I liked the Easter service, and I enjoyed Reynolda estate as I was there when the trees were in bloom.

And after my sunburn had gone away I really could admire the several hundreds of freckles which I got in just a few hours in the sun.

And I was sorely tempted this morning at the auction to let someone dye my hair in an even blond. It has gotten rather streaky out in the sun, you know.

But you know what made the deepest impression on me?

The other day when I came home at about 11:30 p.m. I saw on the bench outside of Clewell dorm three couples equally sharing the moonlight and the spring fever. That was my most shocking spring impression at Salem College.

World News

By Eleanor Johnson

The Milky Way has shrunk; Communists are believed to have infiltrated Latin America; Moscow continues the "Peace Offensive". These and other events take the headlines in today's newspapers.

A revolution in astronomical calculations concerning the universe has led astronomers to believe that the universe is 4,000,000,000,000 years old instead of 2,000,000,000,000 years. These scientists have also found that they can now observe eight times as much of the universe as before and that the Milky Way is not, as they believed, twice as large as other galaxies.

But the attention of the world has been centred on a much finer point than the universe. At Panmunjom, Korea, Allied negotiators are determined not to be "taken in" by the Communists' peace maneuvers.

The Reds have agreed to return

only 600 ill or wounded out of the approximately 12,000 UN and South Korean prisoners believed to be held. U. S. negotiators agreed to return 5,800 sick and wounded out of the 82,000 who wish to return home.

In this, the fifth week of the "Peace Offensive", a new change is noticed in diplomatic relations in Moscow: Russian diplomats for the first time in years turned up at a party given by the U. S. in Moscow.

Prime Minister Nehru has announced that India's 28th state will be proclaimed on October 1. The new state, conceived and brought to political consummation on a linguistic basis, will be called Andhra. It will include 20,000,000 people who speak Telegu. India's language problem is a serious one and has aroused criticism to the formation of the new state on the grounds that it will preserve community differences.

Little George

By Bessie Smith

George Washington was truly a phenomenal child. He was born and had a mother and father (1).

Not only was this child's birth so extraordinary, but little George came into the world with two arms, (2) two eyes, (3) two legs, (4) and amazingly so he had two hands (5) with five fingers each and two feet (6) with five toes each and of all things two big toes (7).

It is no wonder that such a prodigy should grow up to be the first president of the United States.

Little George flourished into young manhood. But an accident occurred to the boy at the age of 12 years, three months, and four days which was to influence his domestic and political life and bring sorrow to him and others.

George had gazed at the cherry tree in his garden at Mount Vernon, seized his new shiny hatchet, chopped the tree down and then lied.

No definite conclusion has yet

been reached, but this act helps to explain to some degree why George tried to scalp Martha and also why he tore up the flag Betsy Ross slaved so hard to make. No doubt George was quite happy at Valley Forge when he could cut down all the trees he wished to keep his troops warm.

George, his two big toes, (8) his hairless wife, and his hatchet went to the White House. This youth had come a long way.

At his Inauguration he was presented with a solid gold hatchet inlaid with diamonds. George was so excited. He took it everywhere he went.

The night before he left for Philadelphia for the Constitutional Convention, he packed his bag and very carefully laid on top his new, gold hatchet.

He sat in Independence Hall for days and days and thought he would die if he could not play with his hatchet. Finally he got his chance. That is how the Liberty Bell got cracked.

George's childhood played a great part in molding his rather placid character and in that way only was he like all other little boys and girls.

1. Webster, *The Dictionary*, p. 250.
2. Homer, *The Iliad*, p. 46.
3. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, p. 55.
4. Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, p. 400.
5. *Anna Karenina*, p. 900.
6. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, p. 89.
7. Mitchell, *Come With the Wind*, p. 76.

8. Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*, p. 876.
9. Cather, *My Antonia*, p. 54.



By Bryan Bowman

Okefenokee Swamp was gettin' to be just too nat'ual born back-woodsy fo' Pogo, so he up an' decided it's high time he go north a way to Salem College an' get eddicated.

One spring night he brush off his striped shirt, put away his fishing pole, tie a ribbon 'round his lil' 'possum tail, say goodnight to Churchy, Albert, Owl, an' de others, an' light out in de "Bayou Leaf" fo' North Carolina.

After paddlin' a right smart time, Pogo find de Yadkin River an' fore he know it, he don't landed his boat and struck out fo' de institution o' larnin'.

After a short orientation process, Pogo sign up fo' his classes, charge himself up wif a raincoat, pair o' 'jamas, lab coat, an' box o' paints at de Book Store, an' he's all ready to go to work.

On Pogo's fust mornin' he get up wif de lazy chickens an' go to larn some religion. He finally get dere 'bout 9:00, sayin' he bound to finish his breakfus or he can't study no good.

Pretty soon it's time fo' Pogo to 'tend de calculus class; he take one look at de blackboard an' snuck out de do'. Den 10:20 roll 'round and Pogo gotta climb up in Souf Dor to de art studio. De steps dere is so wop-sided he come nigh spillin' his paints, but he get up finally an' have fun drawin' happy lines an' sad lines, crooked lines an' straight more crooked lines.

De big bell rings, an' Pogo 'member he gotta go study somebody called Jim, so he roll up his 'jama legs an' trot down to de athletic field. He made to run so much down here, he lose de ribbon off his tail.

After lunch, Pogo see by his schedule card it's time to put on his lab coat an' amb down to de Science Building. What he find he gotta cut up over dere remin' him so much o' Seminole Sam, de sneaky fox, dat he take great pleasure from his work.

Next day Pogo go fust to his Latin class. He hear de class talk 'bout "passim" and he get real interested since dey gonna discuss his speeshee, but he can't unnerstan' a word dey say 'bout him.

After Latin class, Pogo have to go larn some chemistry. He soon mighty busy 'speerin' 'tintin'. 'Fore long somebody spill acid on his raincoat an' leave him standin' dere powerful embarrassed in his 'jamas. In fack, he so embarrassed he hide in de centrifuge. 'Tain't many minutes 'fore somebody turn on de switch. When dey finally pull Pogo out, he t'ink he been back home at de Satu'day night moonshine jamboree. Dey tell him to go by de lily pool to reeoperate, so he pop down on a lily pad 'til a lil' paramecium swim up an' say to Pogo dat he better run 'fore he find himself under a microscope.

Pogo find out it's fashionabobble to cut de classes he can get by wif, so he decide to spend the rest o' de day on extra-curricular activities. Fustuv all, he climb up to de Chapel where it's like de day o' de Alligator Races in Okefenokee. Ev'rybody dashin' 'round hollerin' out in complainin' theatrical tones at some pore fella named Ernest. All a sudden a hammer drop off a ladder an' land on his head, so Pogo leave fo' de Lablins meetin'.

Dey tell him 'bout der projeck last year: fertilize de college garden wif chemicals, so de grow t'ings abundantified. De college plant broccoli, Brussell sprouts, an' sparrow grass. De Lablings' projeck dis year, dey tell him, is to concoct some potion what'll kill green plants.

Last uv all Pogo creep through a cat basement to de Salemite office. Dere he find people cliketin' out on machines crazy such like feature articles on goofy t'ings such as 'possums, what got nuthin' at all to do wif Salem College. Dis is de last straw for Pogo, so he replace de ribbon he lost wif a sprig o' ivy 'round his tail, pull off his white shirt wif five gold letters, an' wifout even payin' his Book Store bill, he go back to de "Bayou Leaf" an' start paddlin' souf.

While he paddle home t'inking 'bout frien'ly people an' de good sugar bread, almost shed a tear, but den he 'member hammer an' de lost ribbon, an' paddle all faster for Okefenokee.