

We Take Time . . .

We don't have time, you know; we take it.

We take a little from a game of bridge after dinner. Two hands can be as much fun as six.

We take a little from a visit to the soda shop. We just don't sip quite as slowly or quite as long.

We take a little from a bull session on how we'll ever live the year out with tests and club activities piled up.

We take a little of our "worry time" and do some of the things we worry about.

We sacrifice a little smoking time if we smoke, a little gum chewing time if we chew.

We scrap and save and hoard some minutes, maybe some hours. And we can use them.

We can use them Tuesday and Wednesday. And if we use them to listen to and talk with Dr. Hayes Proctor, philosopher, we can save them still.

Salem---Can It Grow?..

We are a small college. Shall we keep it that way?

Today higher wages and better opportunities are available for the person who has a college degree. A college education is considered a sound financial investment.

More people are making an effort to go to college. This will definitely boost the standard of American society, though the purpose of attending college may be monetary.

Since there is a definite swing toward education in general, there is a swing toward enrollment at Salem.

Salem has been known as a small church-related college. By being small Salem has a personal atmosphere that is unavailable in large universities and colleges.

Salem's college bulletin says, "... the close contact existing between students and faculty is of prime importance." How close can a professor's contact be if he has a large class?

The fame of Salem is spreading all over the U. S. More applications are coming in this year than last year.

Certainly, Salem could lower prices were it to increase enrollment. Possibly, there could be several new buildings, more visual education and more luxuries we do not necessarily need.

Salem can increase it's enrollment slightly without much expansion.

How much can Salem grow and still be a small college?

The Salemite



OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$3.00 a year

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

- Editor-in-Chief Selma Jean Calhoun
- Associate Editors Alison Britt, Connie Murray
- Managing Editor Sally Reiland
- Feature Editor Betsy Liles
- Feature Assistant Bessie Smith
- Copy Editor Bebe Boyd
- Make-up Editor Donald Caldwell
- Pictorial Editor Lu Long Ogburn
- Headline Editor Betsy Turner
- Music Editor Edith Flagler
- Sports Editor Lou Fike
- Editorial Staff: Laurie Mitchell, Jean Edwards, Sarah Outland, Barbara Allen, Sue Harrison, Louise Barron, Jackie Neilson, Eleanor Smith, Martha Thornburg, Diane Knott, Francine Pitts, Betty Tyler, Jane Brown, Betty Lynn Wilson, Mary Anne Raines, Frieda Siler, Carolyn Kneeburg, Anne Edwards.
- Business Manager Joan Shope
- Advertising Managers Maggie Blakeney, Marguerite Blanton
- Circulation Manager Toddy Smith
- Business Staff: Sally Hackney, Peggie Horton, Carolyn Watlington, Betty Saunders, June Kipe, Claire Chestnutt, Diantha Carter, Ann Butler, Thelma Lancaster, Mary McNeely Rogers, Betty Morrison, Bebe Brown.
- Typists Joyce Billings, Ann Butler, Eleanor Smith
- Faculty Advisor Miss Jess Byrd

On Hairdos

By Betsy Liles

It seems that the first pansy that pops out in Miss Anna's garden and the first day that the radiators don't hiss out morning greetings, Salemites sail to the beauty shop to get a spring hairdo. Full of excitement and fear (for this is a terribly major undertaking), a typical Salem girl stands long before her mirror swishing her hair this way and that way while she smiles and winks at herself, and studies the fashion magazines from cover to cover.

All the *Vogues* and *Bazaars* gush this way if she has long hair: "The thing you, darling, just must do with those mousy strings of yours is cut! The truly chic hairdo for gals this season is the sleek cap effect. Cut darlings, cut!"

But if she has already sheared, the magazines advise: "To attain that dainty, desirable, and utterly feminine air, let your curls grow long, gals. Let them grow and grow and grow, darlings!" And with a mental picture of a warm moonlight night and a long page boy hanging out some ivory tower, the Salem girl brushes and brushes.

And of course whether she decides to try for the cap effect or the utterly feminine air, she must grow a new personality for the hairdo. If she cuts, she has to

assume a devil-may-care look, one of those imp grins which are supposed to drive men devastatingly wild, and don natty little scarves. If she decides to wear her curls down to her toes, she has to become not only like the girl he'd bring home to mama but grand-mama too, and that "honey chile, ain't you big and strong" gaze.

The fashion dictators are not satisfied to talk their readers into a hairdo that's conventional. No, it must be an upsweep that at a moment's notice can become a downsweep, or a pompadour which will be at home at a cocktail party or a chitlings fry. The mags croon, "You must be terribly versatile, darlings. We gals are emancipated career gals now . . . no time for hairdos that we gals have to pamper."

However, fortunately, Salem girls have discovered a pamperer for their hairdos—the benevolent kerchief. It emancipates the curlers when one may assume that devil-may-care air about rolling her hair up or it lends a humble and demure peasant atmosphere when the Salem girl takes on the "please don't give little ole me a calldown for wearing a kerchief" role. Three hurrahs for the kerchief, girls, even though the gals in *Vogue* don't approve.

Country Gal

By Mary Anne Raines

When I came to the city
I was jest a country gal.
My ma done told me 'fore I left
"Now mind yore manners Sal."

I put them pinchin' shoes on
And my fancy Sunday dress
Even Uncle Hiram said
That I really looked my best.

When I first saw the city
It were really quite a show.
The folks with all their bundles
Were hurrying to and fro.

The buildings were right purty,
But they seemed so bloomin' tall.
They really made a hit with me
Though I feared that they might fall.

The folks at home done told me
That the people here were swell.
They said that they'd watch
out fer me
And were gonna treat me well.
But these here gol-durned critters
Are the worstest I done seen.

The gals are downright silly
And the fellars are plumb mean.

I think I'll go back home now
Cause I'm tired as I can be.
This here city with its noise
It jest ain't the place fer me.

If I were in the mountains
I'd be settin' in a chair.
I wouldn't have no shoes on
Nor no ribbon in my hair.

Ma would be milkin' the cow
And Pa would be tendin' the still
And Sam would be huntin' coons
On the other side of the hill.

Our farm t'aint nothing special
But still it is my home.
And when I finally git thar
I ain't never gonna roam.

You gals with all yore frilly gowns
And beads from here to there
Won't know what living really is
Till you smell that mountain air.

On The "El"

By Connie Murray

The thick, lazy heat of the early July afternoon enveloped me as I waited on the platform of the north Chicago elevated train station. The sunlight seemed to drift casually over the earth, letting its rays settle like dusting powder, dulling the shiny finish of the black rails.

The street below was crowded with cars and buses, a blur of black and yellow and red, and the dissonant, rhythmic noise of the traffic accented the silence on the platform. Cigar smoke, rising and falling with the breeze, spiraled its way from an elderly man to my nostrils.

The crackling of a newspaper being folded announced the arrival of the "el" as it came into sight a block away. The train dragged itself up to the platform and stopped with a sigh. The door opened and the passengers listlessly clambered out. With a lurch it moved again, and the houses began to pass quickly through the frame my window formed.

I took a deep breath and felt as if my lungs were filling with dust, for everything in the car was dirty. The view from my seat offered no escape; the train was passing an endless pattern of connected five-story wooden buildings. The small porches were a maze of cluttered clotheslines, overflowing garbage cans, and empty beer bottles. A young woman dropped on a chair on her porch—a baby

in her left arm and a cigarette in her right hand. She seemed to me the epitome of poverty and unhappiness; everything about her was tired—her clothes, her appearance, her expression.

The train wobbled from side to side, making my throat tighten at intervals to suppress a feeling of nausea. I twisted cautiously in my seat not wanting to be caught unaware by a sudden stop of the "el." The seat covers scratched my bare arms as I turned—the material pricked like short, dry grass.

A peroxide blonde beside me, glancing nervously at her watch, sent waves of cheap cologne in every direction. The steady click-clack, click-clack of the iron wheels carried me to Michigan Boulevard.

The momentum ceased temporarily to let three laughing, red-faced men on the "el." They argued the merits of the "Dogs" and the "Cubs" for a few moments, then, as if in reverence for the silence they had broken, settled passively in their seats. I envied and resented their nonchalant attitudes, their pleasure in riding the "el."

Through the smoke the call "Michigan Boulevard" sounded and my body responded instantly and instinctively. I waited at the door that would slide open and emit me to the outside and tried to balance myself against the jolts of the "el." A screech like the wail of an owl, a pause, and I stepped out onto the platform.



By Betty Lynn Wilson

'Tis the 24th of April, in '53.
And hardly a girl is there alive
Who's forgotten this famous time of
the year.
For all have experienced a faintness of
heart,
When they realize that to dance minus
a date is far from smart!

Such was the case Letitia Lou—our heroine. The beginning of our story started long ago when our girl's ma cut and pinned, stitched and sewed until she had created the gown (would love to describe said gown, but Jacques Fath is after the idea). That divine creation by artist hands was put away for seasoning until—the day.

The day was May second and two weeks prior, Letitia Lou took stock of her goods and found that she was well supplied—girl, dress, night, dance card. Only one item was missing from the stock room—the date! And that would be on the way as soon as she proposed the proposal to the man.

The one was on his way to see our heroine and thoughts of the future jumped in her head as she remembered the—fellow. He was tall and husky and had the brownest eyes that Carolina owned (or had any claim to), and was sure to say "yes" when she popped the question.

Carolina's representative arrived about five o'clock and he and Letitia Lou were off to have a big evening in Winston-Salem.

Letitia Lou, finding herself extremely hungry after a big afternoon of preparation for the date, subtly suggested their place of rendezvous by murmuring "I certainly could enjoy a steak tonight."

Dinner turned out to be just what Letitia had dreamed of; a delightful plate of spaghetti. Well, at least she didn't get dirty trying to wind her spaghetti on her fork like she did the last time.

Dinner was over and our young lovers were eager to—dance, so they raced out to Hilltop and spent several hours in the soft atmosphere. The music box played our lovers' tune—Montavoni's "Charmaine", and one that wasn't so favorite—"Doggy In The Window" Horatio (such is our hero named) and Letitia twirled and twirled until eleven o'clock when they decided to head back toward cobblestone college.

"Horatio," she purred, "our May Day dance is the second and I'd love to have you come." She breathlessly waited for our hero's answer but the excitement turned to rage when Horatio said, "Gosh, I'd like to come, but a bunch of boys from the fraternity house were sort of planning a stag party, and I thought I'd go to that."

"Well! I hope you have a good time," boomed Letitia Lou, "and good night, Mr. Horatio Smith!"

She would just place a call to Davidson and see what could be accomplished in that direction. Even if she had turned down his invitation to Spring Frolics, she was sure Cicero would enjoy a dance at Salem.

Monday came, as did Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Each day her determination to call Cicero grew stronger, and each day she put off making the call until tomorrow. Thursday, as Letitia had given up all hope of hearing from Horatio (who was supposed to change his mind), she trotted over to the drug store to get a fistful of change.

Meanwhile, from Chapel Hill via the United States Postal Department a letter from Horatio was speeding toward Salem for Letitia, accepting the invitation to the May dance.

Would the letter arrive in time? Our heroine was trotting back from the drug store and in a very short while she would be speaking with Cicero.

As she stepped in the date room of her dorm, she was called to a bridge game and stayed there until dinner. At six, she flew to the dining hall, tore through dinner and was racing back to make that phone call when her roomie suggested a trip to the post office to dust out her box.

They plodded across the square and peeped in their cubbie hole. A faint shadow could be detected through the little window, and Letitia ripped the little door open. The letter from Horatio—well, Of All Things!