

### It's Time To Thank, . . .

We know it's the end of the year and we know it's time to thank . . .

Dr. Gramley . . . a sweetheart of 300 girls, a classmate of the class of '53, a president with energy and time enough for every Salemite.

Mrs. Heidbreder . . . a dean with pencil in hand helping us get in and out of Salem according to Hoyle for week-ends, for holidays . . . helping us settle our roommate problems.

Miss Hixon . . . a dean with a liberal education gleam in her eye, who has made us see why the gleam is there.

Seniors . . . a group that deserves some thanks, some applause, some rest . . . a group of leaders who are leaving better traditions, better records of accomplishments, sad underclassmen.

Professors . . . a mass of patience personified, intelligence electrified, interest in students magnified.

The Student Council . . . an elected body helping us keep alive the code we believe in—the Honor Code.

Our classmates . . . a group that have helped us set our hair, work a trig problem, paint a flat, write an article, get an ad, write a stunt, make up a ball team.

Other Salemites . . . a group that has made us interested in Salem life by inviting us to morning devotionals, by saying, "We need you" to decorate, to write, to play ball, to help us.

Our parents . . . the people who at the end of each year breathe a sigh and ask "What'd you learn this year?"

We don't say exactly what we learned this year. We know, though and we know to say "thanks."

### Attend Church? . . .

"Students are urged to attend churches of their chosen denominations, and attendance at one service each Sunday is expected."

So reads the Salem College bulletin.

"A student on restriction may not go out on front campus at any time except to go to Assembly and to the library. She may attend the Civic Music concerts and the Church on campus without a date."

So reads the Salem College handbook.

A student on restriction is under a strain of being confined to a certain territory. This is why she is allowed to attend the drug store and/or the bookstore.

She needs to be able to move out occasionally to break the monotony of seeing only her room, her dorm, back campus, Memorial Hall, and the library.

A student on restriction is often under a more important strain—one from within that can most easily be alleviated by attendance at the church of her choice.

Of course, a girl on restriction may attend the Moravian Church on campus. For some students this is sufficient.

Others, however, can get little spiritual comfort from a church service so unsimilar to their own.

These need to be allowed to attend the church of their choice.

Let us hope that a church attendance has not come to be termed such a "social event" that girls on restriction are denied this privilege because they are denied the privilege of all other social engagements.

## 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

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## Salem's Opium

By Bebe Boyd

The big question asked of most of the freshmen this week was, "If You Smoke, Why?" Mouths dropped open, bewildered smiles formed, looks of surprise and blank expressions came forth—even a few untrusting glances.

It was easy to see that most of the confronted freshmen had never thought of why they smoked. Most laughed and thought it was a joke.

Clarie Chestnut and Bebe Brown both exclaimed, "Why, we enjoy it!"

Lucy Bishop gave a look of being lost, and "I have no idea" was the answer.

As a hint to the nervous girls at the college, Peggy Horton gave her reason for smoking. She said "I enjoy smoking—I can concentrate better."

Ruth Lott cocked her head, gave a sly smile and in a low tempting voice, said "I smoke Luckies because . . ." and she never ended.

Her roommate, Sandy Whitlock shut her eyes and quoted "cigarettes are so free and easy on the draw!"

Peggy Hawkins shook her head and said, "I don't know why I started exactly, but I stopped because to me it was a waste of money."

On her side was Emma McCotter—"I'm going to stop. I do it because I don't have any sense."

"First it was the cute thing; now it is a habit," was Helen Burns' reason for smoking.

Nancy Proctor gave a forthright answer when she simply said "Cause everyone else does it."

Vivian Fasul, Mary Lou Mauney, and Emily Howell all agreed in their answers that they smoke because it is "something to do when there's nothing to do."

With that typical "Joy Harrison" smile and raised eyebrow, Joy's reply was "I smoke for the exercise and because cigarettes are the opium of Salem College!"

"Just to be sociable is my reason I guess", spoke Sarah Pate.

Joy Dixon blushed from behind her freckles and replied "I like to smoke but Spence doesn't, so—!"

Martha Thornburg also blushed a little when she told me, "I don't know why exactly, but at least it's something to do on blind dates!"

So there are the answers, truthfully, although spoken on the "spur of the moment." The long white paper filled with crushed tobacco leaves is still the winner.

Don't worry little cigarette, you will still witness many requests!

"How 'bout a drag?"

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor,

Why is it that a person always suggests things to be changed when she is about to leave a place? That is just what I am going to do.

I have been at Salem three years (my freshman year was spent at Saint Mary's), and now I'm leaving. (Much to my sorrow, I might add!) All of a sudden some ideas have popped into my mind. They're just little things, but it seems to me that little things are what we all remember about Salem.

Tradition is an important part of Salem, and a wonderful part. A few students turn their noses up at tradition, but they are so outnumbered by true Salemites that they might as well be a piece of ivy on the wall—dead ivy! For those who are true Salemites, I'll go on.

Traditions, as I said, are wonderful. It seems to me though, that we are relying too much on past traditions; why not start a few of our own? I can suggest but a few; I'm sure you can add many.

The first two suggestions refer to the May Dell. The dell is a spot too beautiful to be used only once a year. It would be an ideal place for graduation.

Parents wouldn't complain about the heat or being crowded; seniors would have a setting for graduation that only Salem could offer. Seniors wearing white caps and gowns (if they are academically permissible) would be almost as beautiful as the May Court coming down both sides of the hill.

They would be seated in chairs, while parents and friends would be seated comfortably on the other side of the hill. When each senior has received her white Bible with her name in gold, she will have had a commencement that she can never forget!

And from the other side of the hill will come a remark, "I never thought I'd enjoy a graduation, but this one has shown me that I can!" Shakespeare admirers, take heed! Why couldn't a Shakespearean play be presented in the May Dell? Its natural setting would almost convince the staunchest realist that these were the very trees upon which Orlando placed his love poems to Rosalinde! This would be something new, for the Pierrettes to try.

Step-singing is next on my list. It is a tradition observed in many schools, and one which all the stu-

dents look forward to. Some may say, "We have enough singing!" I say, "You can't have too much!"

However, I will admit that step-singing would perhaps be appreciated more in early fall — not too close to "Senior-singing" in the dining hall! This could take place in front of Main Hall or on back campus.

Each class wears white; they form a square, seniors (on the steps) face the sophomores, and juniors face the freshmen. Each class writes about four songs, and each group is presented alternately. Step-singing is one thing we did at Saint Mary's, and it's one thing I'll never forget.

While we're on the subject of music, it would be nice for the Choral Ensemble to record its Spring Concert, add the Salem Alma Mater as a closing number, and place the records on sale in an attractive album. No student would graduate without owning one.

We all enjoy hearing our music faculty perform so much — take Monday night for instance—that it would be nice to have an album by them! Each faculty member could record his or her preferred selection, and we would have an album of their music to take with us as a reminder of Salem's pride and joy, its School of Music!

The department could use the proceeds from these albums to increase the music scholarship fund which has just been begun.

Just to add a little fun, why not have "hoop rolling," as they do it at Wellesley? (Not evening dress hoops, girls, the other kind!) The seniors, wearing their mortarboards and their robes tucked up above their knees, could assemble with their hoops and "pushers" at West Gate. (It would really take a much wider place, but this is just an example.)

They would race with their hoops to the flag pole (upon which there is no flag flying yet), and the first to get there will be, so the tradition goes, the first bride in the class. (The engaged ones can't play!) I must add a note. They say that now-a-days the hoops are often substituted by baby carriages!

I'm through with my suggestions, but Stevie just rolled by on his bicycle and offered one of his own. It seems that he wants a May King, added to May Day. O.K., Stevie—you get my vote!

Joanne Bell



By Betsy Liles

The room was hot and sticky. A fly circled lazily around Homer's picture, and a nylon stocking hung from the dresser drawer.

Kimber Lee plumped upon a cushion and pulled out the bottom drawer of the dresser . . . This was her secret drawer with all the souvenirs. It was the month of May and Kimber Lee was packing. Uttering a sigh (the weather was agonizing), she dumped the little secrets on her bed and sat down to reminisce.

At first Kimber Lee sat on the bed sleeping in the atmosphere and indulging her senses. Here was an old tree limb—ah, what memories.

She had first met him on a blind date. His broad shoulders strode up to her, and his green eyes looked through her. Kimber Lee cooed, "A real man. I feel it intuitively." He was indeed. He knocked her off the sofa and growled, "My name is Jasper. Seeeee? What I say goes, seeeee?"

Kimber Lee crawled off his feet and bowed, "Yes, siam."

It had been a whirlwind of a romance. They had intelligent conversations at the drive-in.

However, the drive-in lost its fascination and one day Jasper suggested that they climb to the top of Sagging Stone Mountain and commune with nature. "Okay with you, see?"

"Yes, siam."

Ah, romance at last, thought Kimber Lee. I've found a real athletic man.

The day had been warm, awfully warm, just too warm for a mountain hike. "We're going, seeeee?" snarled Jasper.

Kimber Lee did real well the first ten miles. Finally her delicate flowery-like constitution could take no more. "Please, Jasper, a minute."

"Up."  
"Please?"  
"Forward."  
"Puhleze?"  
"Up." And with that, Jasper pulled up a tree in the path and thrashed her up the trail. Ah, what a man!

Kimber Lee shed a bitter tear. It had been the beginning of such a sweet romance, but could she help it if she couldn't climb Sagging Stone?

Casting aside her tree branch, Kimber Lee delved into her drawer and fished out a little wadded piece of paper. Ah, romance!

It had been her first sonnet. She murmured the lines blushing with each syllable.

Oh, agony, oh, bitterness, oh  
woe is the day  
that I took you away  
on my bobsleigh.

Horace had been the sensitive type. She had first met him on a blind date. He had hidden behind the sofa until she gently coaxed him out.

The first date was a flop, Kimber Lee had to admit. She talked to him feverishly with no response. He did manage to mumble "bye" at the close of the night.

It was a sort of surprise when she found his poem in the mail box the next morn, and even more of a surprise, when on their second date he said, "bye, bye."

But the third date was a huge success; she taught Horace how to play "going to Jerusalem."

They were wildly insane about the game, but somehow the fascination of going to Jerusalem lost its zing. Night after night, Horace would beg her to play with him.

"Please, Kimber Lee."  
"Naw, shut up."  
"Oh, please, dear flower."  
"Gads, I told 'ya, shut up."  
"Oh, agony," moaned Horace.

Kimber Lee threw down the sonnet and shed a scalding tear. Can I help it if I'm the sensitive poetic type who likes musical chairs?

Kimber Lee slowly stuffed her tree branch and the sonnet into her suitcase.

Even though Horace and Jasper were experiences of the past, Homer's picture grinned a sickly toothpaste smile at her, reminding sweet little Kimber Lee that the summer stretched out like a wide challenge.

Homer was neither the athletic type or the poetic type, but the brotherly type that needed lots of sisterly love.

Shoving the drawer in the dresser, and slapping her suitcase together, Kimber Lee squared her shoulders and went forth to meet summer.