

## We Must Prepare . . .

This is our year. This is what we consciously or unconsciously prepared for all summer. We prepared for Salem and Salem prepared for us.

Freshmen prepared by reading letters from the Student Government and wondering what Alice was like; by reading letters from Senior Advisors and big sisters and wondering if they really would help; and by checking credit points with the Salem bulletin.

Through the summer freshmen tried to picture dorm life and classes under professors with Ph. D.'s; wondering what the catacombs and Scorpions were and if their prince charming really did go to Davidson.

Sophomores prepared by planning to have more fingers in more campus pies than there had been time for the year before; by resolving to be extra nice to freshmen during rat week and then—changing their minds. Sophomores also thumbed through fashion magazines, shopped and then hoped that their black dress would have the prettiest mink trim in the dorm.

Juniors prepared by writing letters to little sisters and thinking how time had flown since they were little sister, too, and by thinking seriously about choosing a major. Juniors also wondered how a class of hungry seniors could be fed at the Junior-Senior Banquet and if that battered trunk would hold up for two more years.

Seniors prepared by trying to get used to the idea that next year this time the cruel world would be waiting; by wondering how to teach freshmen how to sing the Alma Mater and make them understand that it's really quite pretty when Mr. Peterson sings it. Seniors also searched for a hair style that would look ravishing under a mortar board and tried to muster up enough dignity to become the gown.

All this time Clewell and Strong were getting new paint jobs; the dining room walk was being broadened for the 8:15 breakfast rush; the new chapel was being planned and the Book Store was ordering books and more books. The new station wagon was being broken in, and professors were returning to campus with new ideas.

Faculty, staff and students have all prepared for this our year. Since this is our year, we ourselves must use it. How will we use it? Next May we'll know how it has been used, but getting to next May, remember, takes preparation too.

S. J. C., A. P. B.

## The Salemite



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"You must be my Senior Advisor. I'm a new student."

Editor's note: This cartoon was drawn by a former Salem student.

## Small Town

By Alison Britt

Don't believe that my town is good or bad or typical. It's not. But it's mine. It does not completely surround me as it did when I played hopscotch on unpaved streets and sang in its high school chorus, but it has had its effect. It has left me a small-town person who is just beginning to become aware.

It's main street is named "Main Street", but arched trees do not meet above it. In summer the sun sets at its end in a blinding glare, meaning difficult driving for travelers, but meaning larger peanut and cotton crops for us.

The production of peanuts and cotton along with the making of baskets in our mill, keeps my town alive. The stores, built only on one side of Main Street for a reason that is a mystery to me, sell clothes and hardware only when

the farmers sell peanuts and cotton. But whether the peanuts prosper or not, Saturday thrives. The sidewalks are filled with farmers, their families, and Negro tenants.

The boys and girls fight or flirt as is fitting for their age; the men spit tobacco juice and swap stories; the women, clutching handkerchiefs to mop their foreheads, remark enviously on their neighbor's new hat.

The little town girls put up stands in vacant lots to sell old clothes, often lowering the price of a 50c doll for an eager-faced little colored girl.

My town is not a lazy town except on Sunday afternoon; it is not a bustling town except on Saturday; it is not a typical "Main Street, U. S. A." It is a town with its own way of life whose people love, fight, suffer—and go to the P. T. A.

## The Willow

Editor's note: This essay was received last week from Peggy Cheers, Associate Editor of the Salemite last year.

The lofty, graceful willow tree stands near Bitting Dormitory. It has been on Salem campus for many years. It has seen many classes of seniors come and go, anxious, yet sorrowful—wondering to explore the vast unknown, known as "Future," and yet sad to leave friends and Salem. And, with each of these Senior Classes goes a store of treasured Salem memories which the willow tree shares.

There are memories of treasured traditions—the formal opening with caps and gowns, tree planting, Senior Vespers and caroling, the electing and installing of new officers, May Day festivities, Hat Burning, the Senior Banquet, the Junior-Senior, and, finally, graduation.

Do you remember the trials and the comedy of Orientation week and Rat Week? Do you remember the words of comfort you gave and received? And do you remember the hours you spent reading joke books in the Book Store? Do you remember the parties on third floor Clewell when boxes came from home?

Do you remember the Halloween pranks—pie-beds, greased door knobs, and the ringing of the class bell? Do you remember sunbathing and sneaking into the swimming pool—dressed or undressed? Do you remember racing with the church clock with your dates? And do you remember those walks to "God's Acre" and the comfort you found there? Do you remember sitting on the campus after supper singing and talking?

And do you remember the gossiping, the bridge games, and the hours spent in club meetings and in working on the Salemite? Without these things, Salem would be just another school.

The serene willow has known all these things, and has seen the effects they had on each senior. Somehow, toward the end of the year, seniors seem to be drawn closer to the willow. They sit beneath the tree and reminisce; for there is a common bond to draw them together.

Soon after the seniors arrived, the green willow lost its leaves. Throughout the winter, the willow looked bare to the average visitor, but the seniors kept their eyes on the willow.

They strained to see the first bit of green appear. On that Spring morning when the first green appeared, another event occurred. The elections had concluded and the seniors shed their offices. The juniors took their places, and a new growth covered the campus.

The willow had survived another year, and now, its rich, green coat seemed more luxurious than ever to the seniors. To everyone else, the willow's new leaves were simply a phenomenon of nature, but the change was a symbol to each graduating senior.

The seniors had changed too. To the average person they looked just about the same, but they had grown and survived another season. The seniors themselves couldn't explain the change.

They were no longer integral parts of Salem because new people had taken their offices, and they were going to leave. But they were still very much a part of Salem because of their memories.

The tears shed under the weeping willow were understandable, but each year holds new things for new people. Others must come and hear the secrets of the willow. And the graceful, green willow remains near Bitting to whisper secrets and to remind graduating seniors that each year a new growth comes to Salem.



By Betsy Liles

Fanny Freshman was herded into the room with the four others. The blindfold was removed while Fanny's senior advisor snatched "Right, left, stoop." Fanny assumed the Hindu position while Slinky Senior whipped out his cigarette holder and the handbook, and delicately began. "Now, guhls, you are here to flip through the handbook and learn the standards of the guhls of 1772."

Fanny opened the first volume of the handbook and turned to page 4849. Four hours later Slinky's voice was still droning on with rules and rules while poor Fan's eyelids fought against sleep.

Through the window, the moon was rising and whiffs of tobacco wafted through the curtains. Breathing a sigh, (Fan was surprised she still could breathe after the barrage of tests) Fan began to think about her new life as a college girl. College was all she had ever hoped for in her wildest moments—the cute men that beat their knuckles raw and bloody against the dorm doors begging and beseeching her for dates, her sweet cozy room (Miss Bessie had removed all the brooms and the walls had been painted in soothing black and white stripes with her serial number embroidered on her pillow case), and the stimulating classes on acids, protozoa, unknown quantities, and French verbs . . .

Then Fan remembered HER: Rosy Rosy mate. Rosy was the athletic type. On the first Sunday, Rosy had somersaulted into the room humming "Mr. Touchdown, U. S. A." and before Fan could even murmur a hello, Rosy threw up the window, let out a heroic shriek at the tainted tobacco air, and did pushups. After touching her toes 50 times Rosy slapped Fan on the back and roared "Hello, keed. How's tricks? Hmmm!"

With an agonizing grip, Rosy squeezed Fan's hand and pinched her arm to see how big her biceps were. "Ug, puney. But guess you'll have to do. Grab those barbells out in the hall and gimme a hand with that footlocker, will ya?" Dragging the rest of Rosy's gym equipment in, Fan managed a smile. By supper, Rosy had fitted her training mat and trapeze into their humble room and pitched Fan's bed into the closet. "Place of room for a little mosquito like you," she explained.

Fan's back had bristled at the thought of being called a mosquito but she whimpered not a word. She was determined to get along with Rosy, no matter what! She even playfully leapt down to the dining room with Rosy.

At supper her back bristled again. Rosy being a health addict, squeezed the juice from her asparagus for an appetizer and insisted that Fan drink it. "It'll make you strong like me! See, keed? Just feel my biceps." Rosy made a fist and two mountains arose from her arm. "Real gone, eh?"

That night before Rosy and Fan went to sleep, Rosy insisted that Fan take four of her vitamin pills, and join her in pushups before she fell exhaustedly into the closet and bed . . .

Suddenly, Slinky Senior's voice broke in Fan's meditations. "That is all the rules you gonna go over tonight. Y'all know the rules will be tomorrah. Report in Pain Hall with four packs of notebook paper, and several dozen pencils." Fan gathered her weary body up out of the Hindu position and marched back to her dorm.

With supreme effort, she dragged up to the third floor Clewell. Opening the door to her room, she heard bitter sobs. Rosy hung from the trapeze crying, "Oh, Fan. The most horrible thing has happened. I've been over the infirmary, and the nurse has discovered that I've been leading too strenuous a life. I must give up all my exercising—even the barbells—until I'm better."

Fan managed to say that it was too late for a shudder of relief passed through her. New courage now flowed through her veins. Fan picked up her handbook and began to study with renewed zest. In a half hour, she had memorized all one thousand of the rules and all verses of the Alma Mater. Later, she was putting Rosy to bed, Fan commanded "College is real gone once you get adjusted. Hmmm, keed?"