

A Problem . . .

The editorial staff of the *Salemite* has a problem. It is a problem that only you can solve—you who are a member of this staff. This is a plea. A plea for your understanding the problem and for your cooperation in solving it.

The compilation of material and setting up the type is a procedure which consumes four days each week. The assignments of articles are made Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday nights the material must be proof-read and typed, headlines must be written, and the "lay out" of the paper completed. Thursday afternoon is spent at the printing company, setting up the type and correcting errors.

Articles for the paper are supposed to be written and brought to the *Salemite* office Tuesday night. This is the problem. Few if any news stories or features meet the deadline. There must be a solution for this problem.

The *Salemite* is an organization. Like any other organization, it must have rules. These rules must be followed if the proofreaders, typists, make-up editor and editors publish a newspaper that is worthy of belonging to *Salemites*.

You may say you are busy. We, too, are busy who sit waiting for late articles.

We have a job to do and we need your cooperation to do this job successfully. If you cannot meet the deadline for one particular week, do not accept the assignment.

We are willing to cooperate with you and fit your assignments to your schedule if you will cooperate with us in meeting the deadline.

The *Salemite* is published for you; it contains your ideas and news of interest to you. The *Salemite* has a problem. It is a problem only you can solve—you who are the editorial staff.

A Plea . . .

Have you ever noticed, really looked at, the stage just before chapel begins when there is a speaker? Do it next week. There are usually three people seated there: the presiding officer; the introductory speaker; and the main speaker. They will be sitting quietly. The speaker will be looking over his audience and he will be hearing his audience.

There will be shrieks of laughter. There will be groups leaning across rows of seats talking. There will be noise. Not low, murmuring noise, but the kind which drowns out the organ.

This noise is not necessary. It is not pardonable. It must not be continued.

We all know and understand that quietness in chapel is expected. We overlook this fact. We must realize its importance.

When a speaker addresses a Salem audience, he is accepted with respect, interest and complete quiet. We listen and laugh at the proper things and applaud the proper things.

We also must be respectfully quiet the minute we enter Memorial Hall. This is a small thing to ask. This is an important thing to realize.

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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Allen Evaluates

By Barbara Allen

Judging from the excellent attendance and the favorable comments of the students, Religious Emphasis Week was a heart-warming success. Our speaker, the Rev. Kenneth Goodson, the newly elected Methodist district superintendent for this area, reached a large number of students.

Attendance at the evening meetings increased every night, and the peak was reached Wednesday evening with an attendance of approximately 175. An unusually large degree of student reaction and comment, practically all favorable, was also encouraging. Such campus-wide interest in the program of Religious Emphasis Week may be considered a tribute to our speaker, who not only appealed to the students through his messages, but through his friendly manner in the dining room and smoke rooms.

Mr. Goodson's approach during the entire week was deeply inspirational. There was little need

or desire for discussion or questioning on the part of the students.

On a college campus where intellectual activity is stressed and where perhaps devotional activity is partly neglected, Mr. Goodson's inspirational approach filled a definite need in our lives. Certainly his ability to get down to our level was invaluable in his effort to bring Christianity right into our everyday living.

A true evaluation of Religious Emphasis Week cannot be made by counting attendance and summing up student comment. One of the reasons for having this week early in the school year is to emphasize the need for religion in our lives so that we may take stock of ourselves and try to apply the inspiration we have gained to every aspect of our campus life. Therefore, the lasting value of Religious Emphasis Week can only be measured personally by each individual student. Our speaker has inspired us to begin. The results are up to us.

Mixon Questions

Dear Editor:

I want to ask your opinion on an accusation which is often directed at college students—that we are living in an "Ivory Tower" and that we don't care or at least we don't know what is happening outside the "ivory" walls. Is this true? If it is true, what can we do about it?

Helen Fung, a foreign student from Singapore, is often asked, "Do the Chinese Communists control Singapore?" Why don't we know? Last night in the smoker someone said, "I can't see why everyone is so excited about Trieste. I've never even heard of the place." Why didn't she know? Why did everyone get so excited over the singing of Julius La Rosa when they didn't, for the most part, comment on Gov. Warren's appointment as

Chief Justice? Did they know or didn't they care?

It looks as though the people who point their finger at the "Ivory Tower" are right. The only time any interest is shown in current events is just before sophomore comps. when the whole class moans, "But I don't know anything about that stuff." This shouldn't be necessary. After all, a college degree won't mean much if we have to catch up on what has been happening during the four years we were behind the walls.

Do you suppose it would help if the *Salemite* were to create a current events column? In past years such a column was received with interest by the students and faculty. Such a column seems to be needed. What is your opinion?

—Ann Mixon

Liles Wonders

Dear Editor:

I, like most *Salemites*, feel that our Student Government rules are fair and just. I can see and understand their purposes. However, there is one rule which I don't understand or agree with.

Recently some juniors in Strong were put on light restriction for noise after 10:30. According to this rule, the offending party and her roommate must be in bed and have their lights off by 11:30 for a week. I believe that the rule is just for the offending girl, but why must her roommate, if she were not guilty of making noise, be punished also?

This particular week was a busy

one for the juniors. There were lots of pops and quizzes, and with afternoon labs, it was necessary to study later than 11:30. Yet, these juniors had to be in bed! Wouldn't it be possible to revise the rule so that only the girl who made the noise would have to extinguish her lights at 11:30 and that her roommate could leave the room and study as late as she wished in the smokers and basements?

Perhaps there is some reason why the rule is stated as it is but I believe that a revision would be more in keeping with *Salem's* up-to-date regulations. I also believe that other *Salemites* share this view.

—Betsy Liles



By Sally Reiland

She was very happy that night because she was dating him, and he was "her man."

He picked her up in the dorm at eight o'clock. His bronze facial coloring was striking in contrast to the midnight blue of his uniform. They laughed as they hurried out the door—she looking back and up over her shoulder at the eyes that matched the uniform so well.

They had been laughing for two years now, because that's how long they had known each other.

She laughed sometimes when he wasn't there, too, but it was because he had told her three times that a DC3 carried 620 gallons of gasoline in two tanks behind the third partition of the wing, and had never even said "I like you" in three words. And yet she thought that he did like her, so she was glad to know that a DC3 had wing partitions.

She laughed then because she had always dreamed that "her man"; when he came along, wouldn't talk about anything but moods and music and love.

Later that night they came in still laughing, and he told her that he was leaving on a flight the next day. She knew she wouldn't see him for a long time—and she didn't even know how long a long time for him was.

Instead of "goodbye", he told her that he wished she would find him a Colt Frontier 45 pistol for his gun collection. She was glad to know that a Colt 45 had a long barrel and a hammer that had to be pulled back to release the bullet every time a shot was fired. She laughed when she thought of how she had hated guns until that moment.

They talked about how they both liked to save and collect things and he pulled a piece of time-worn paper out of his wallet. It was an "I owe you" note for five dollars, written by an ancestor of his in August of 1848. This proved his point, and he said again as he was leaving that old things fascinated him, and she was glad because she knew that she would be an old thing by the time he ever got serious with her.

Later she laughed too about the tour of the airplane factory they had taken that day; about the way they had gone flying that night instead of to the dance; and about how they had sat in the steak house drinking coffee afterwards, talking about things in general and not about themselves in particular.

Then her mind wandered to thoughts of her roommate's fellow, and that situation seemed funny too. He was a graduate student doing research work in the science of classical algebra, and spoke to her in mathematical formulas. Everything in the realm of the living, dead, and otherwise had an algebraic solution for him—from the pyramids of Egypt right on down to the six week-nights-out per month of a college junior.

And she laughed because her roommate had always said that she would never marry anyone but a star football player because a football player was the only variety of man that was a man. And it was unusual that her roommate, who had always looked for intellectual companionship, had just become engaged to a football player.

She laughed—just laughed because people were so funny.

But most of all, she thought about how funny it was that a girl spends years conjuring up "her man" to be—well, not a Greek god because anyone can be that these days, but a Roman god anyway—and how he never turns out like either one, and how it really doesn't make any difference anyway.