

And Not Long Ago...

Editor's note: This editorial was written by Lola Dawson, class of 1952, and appeared in the Dec. 8, 1950 Salemite.

It's December 8 the calendar says, almost Christmas 1950, and I'm a junior in college. Outwardly, it seems as if things have changed very little since I have been at Salem. The Seniors are getting ready for Senior Vespers, the Juniors are preparing for the Christmas Banquet, and the "Y" cabinet is planning its annual visit to the Negro Orphanage. One look in the newspaper tells me that life is not the same as it was when I came here as a Freshman in '48. V. J. Day had been June 6 of that year, and we hoped that, at least, there would be peace and harmony among all nations. Now in 1950 we are at war again in Korea. The boys are fighting courageously so that we can always have our Christmas Banquet, our Senior Vespers, and our Orphanage party. But there is an air of pessimism surrounding all of us. WE are wondering if this is our last candlelight service in Memorial Hall, our last festive banquet in the dining room, and our last visit to the Negro orphans who look upon us as Santa Claus.

No one in my family is in Korea. I have an older sister teaching school and a younger brother in High School. I'm not affected directly by this war; so I can celebrate Christmas as I've always done. I can go home on Friday, catch up on my sleep, and then get myself caught in the rush of buying Christmas presents. I can decorate the front door with the silver star and put lights and silver tinsel on the Christmas tree. I can switch the radio dial on "Martin Agronski's Views On The News" to one of soothing Christmas carols. I can avoid the news in the paper and look instead at the comic strips, Dorothy Dix, and the feature section. I can go to parties, sing "White Christmas", and drink egg nog. At Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, I can listen to the choir and think of the cashmere sweater I'm getting Christmas morning.

But these are not the things I want to do during the season which celebrates the birth of Christ. I want to go home on Friday. I want to realize how lucky I am to see my family, and have a warm open fire with stockings hung on the mantle. I don't want to give Christmas presents just because it's an old custom. I want to give Mrs. Young, who's in our church, a Christmas basket. I want to give her four little girls a doll, because they have never known that a Santa Claus existed. I want to decorate the door with the shining star and holly, always remembering that it could be a gold star in the window. I want to take a good look at the lights and tinsel on our Christmas tree to make up for the boys who have Christmas trees only in their memories. I want to hear what Truman and the United Nations have to say, and keep this in mind as I pop popcorn and listen to "O Holy Night". When I go to parties I want to remember boys who are using canteens for punch cups and water for egg nog. Most of all, when I go to Midnight Mass, I want to follow the service and offer it for all the people who are not having the happy Christmas that I'm having. When I leave church, I want to stop and look at the manger scene. As I look at the little babe surrounded by the shepherds, kings, and His mother, Mary, I want to remember that the spirit back of this child in the crib is the only spirit which can end the fighting and bloodshed.

Yes, it's December 8, almost Christmas 1950, and I'm a Junior in college. I'm lucky.

The Salemite

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company  
Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year  
Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

- Editor-in-Chief ..... Alison Britt
- Associate Editor ..... Connie Murray
- Managing Editor ..... Sally Reiland
- Feature Editor ..... Betsy Liles
- Copy Editor ..... Bebe Boyd
- Make-up Editor ..... Donald Caldwell
- Headline Editor ..... Boots Hudson
- Pictorial Editor ..... Lu Long Ogburn
- Music Editor ..... Edith Flagler
- Sports Editor ..... Lou Fike
- Editorial Staff: Laurie Mitchell, Jean Edwards, Barbara Allen, Sue Harrison, Louise Barron, Jackie Nielson, Eleanor Smith, Martha Thornburg, Francine Pitts, Betty Tyler, Jane Brown, Betty Lynn Wilson, Mary Anne Raines, Freda Siler, Carolyn Kneeburg, Anne Edwards, Sandra Whitlock, Phoebe Hall, Nancy Gilchrist, Patsy Hill, Nancy Cockfield, Ruthie Lott, Molly Quinn, Emily Heard, Sudie Mae Spain, Kay Williams.
- Business Manager ..... Joan Shope
- Circulation Manager ..... Claire Chestnut
- Business Staff: Peggie Horton, Carolyn Watlington, Betty Saunders, 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

Whitlock On Bridge

North: South vulnerable  
East dealer

NORTH		EAST	
S—void	H—K 5 4 3 2	S—A K J 8 5 3	H—10
D—K 9 8 6 5 4	C—8 5	D—void	C—K Q 10 9 3 2
WEST		SOUTH	
S—Q 4 2	H—Q 7 6	S—10 9 7 6	H—A J 9 8
D—Q J 2	C—J 7 6 4	D—A 10 7 3	C—A

The bidding:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 Spade	Double	2 Spades	3 Diamonds
4 Clubs	4 Diamonds	5 Clubs	5 Diamonds
pass	6 Diamonds	Double	pass

By Sandy Whitlock

Opening led by EAST: Ace of Spades

The opening lead was taken in North's hand by a small trump. North then led a small club to the ace on the board. Now the board is void of clubs, and North is void of spades.—a cross-ruff successfully set up. North took a small spade trick with a trump from his hand and then took a club trick with a trump on the board.

Next North led a small heart to the king in his hand and took a small heart trick with the ace on the board. This was his downfall, for he lost two heart tricks to West—the queen and a small one trumped in.

North, already down one, went down another by losing a trump trick to West, who held both the

queen and jack of trumps covered by two smaller ones. Consequently, North went down two, doubled and vulnerable.

How would you have played this hand? Do you think a little slam could have been made?

The bidding was admirable, and North could have made his six diamonds bid. The two key plays would have been to finesse through West for both the queen of hearts and either the queen or jack of diamonds, losing only one trump trick.

Remember that a finesse is indispensable in a game of bridge—especially when you're practically sure who is holding the missing cards. In this case, West doubled, telling North that he held the diamonds and probably the queen of hearts.

Lines

By Sally Reiland

Composed some six feet above the stage, on remounting a ladder in Old Chapel while designing lighting for "Dark of the Moon", a dramatic production.

November 16, 1953

Seven months have past; three school months, with the length Of one short summer! and again I mount This ladder, rocking from its years of use With a loud squeaky rattle.—Once again Do I behold these steep and crooked steps, That in the wild rush of six weeks tests impress Thoughts of more intricate lighting effects; and connect The Pierrettes with the quietude of other organizations. The day has come when I again retire Here, under this teaser baton, and view These spotlights of 400 watts, these countless cables, Which at this season, with their unlabeled plugs, Are in anticipation of being attached, and lose themselves 'Mid curtains and ceiling plaster. Once again I see These border-lights, hardly border-lights, little strands Of 60 watt bulbs burned out; this old stage, Tradition to the very boards; and wreaths of work Sent up, not in silence, from among the crew members— With certain professors' notice, as might seem Of unwritten papers in the academic curriculum, Or of some unpassed test; while before the teachers of such courses, The Thespian kneels alone.

These theatrical forms, Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a production to a director's eye: the apple; But rather, I have oft owed to them Hours of physical weariness, undeniable experience— Felt in the back, and felt along ladder-bruised shins; And passing even into my feeling feet, With aching restoration:—feelings too Of unremembered productions; such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that supposedly best portion of a good Salemite's life— The little, nameless, unremembered facts That constitute her grades. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another bruise Of aspect less sublime; that terrible tiredness That brings out the fight and grouching in one; In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible equipment Is made heavier yet:—that state of dramatic confusion— (So called ecstasy by the lovers of the stuff)— In which the footlights glaringly lead us on,— Until, the breath of these aching bodies involved, And even the motion of our sleepy minds Almost suspended, we hold a technical rehearsal. While with an eye made blind by the strength Of stage lights, the intoxication of theatre work, And a lost boy friend who tired of waiting for practices to cease, We go on with the production . . . And after it is over, Wilt I soon forget that on the steps of this decrepid ladder I stood; and that I, so long A worshipper of the theatre, hither came Blessedly unlearned in that art; rather say With stronger back—Oh! with far less grades Of deficiency. Oh, may I never forget— And may this infernal ladder become More sturdy, both for myself and for the next play.

Dedicated to William Wordsworth



By Betsy Liles

We are doomed to categories, don't you agree? What I mean is, when you pore over the Vogue or Mademoiselle, you notice that the editors distinctly classify us into types—like the "I don't care" siren, the hot-water bottle girl, the bouncy babe, and the intellect—paying no attention to the varying shades of the feminine personality.

For we are mysterious and bewitching, so the poets declare. Somedays a girl may feel like Cleopatra when four letters come from Carolina but other days, she may feel as though the world were tramping upon her soul when four grades come from the Dean's office.

But the editors insist we shackle ourselves to one type, and I do hope that you have discovered the one you are.

If you haven't, then read on and ask yourself "Est-ce moi?" after each question.

No. 1. The "I don't Care" Siren

Do you wear perfume to class?

Are you convinced that the new jungle girl undies are for you?

Do you pluck your eyebrows during the week?

The siren is found in the fraternity houses, draped in stoles and fraternity pins. Boys surround her, kneeling in their flannels and Brooks brothers shirts and begging her for dates. She mambas, sambas, flutters her eyelashes, lounges in black velvet pajamas, kisses with her eyes closed, says clever things and manages somehow to write term papers two days before Reading Day.

Or, are you

Type No. 2. The hot-water bottle girl

Do you like noxema?

Do you sleep in woolly nighties?

Do Italian haircuts scare you?

If the above is true, then you are the hot-water bottle girl. This type is the confident; she loves to hear about woes and fusses with boy friends, and even manages to squeeze out a few sympathetic tears.

She smears on noxema each night, screams that she is going to elope if she flunks a test, feels that some men are not all evil, reads all the "Tell me Doctor" articles in the Ladies Home Journal and moons about ivy covered cottages and babies that gurgle.

However, you may be the Bouncy Babe type.

No. 3.

Do you enjoy galloping over the athletic field?

Do you kiss with your eyes open so you won't miss anything?

Are you ravishingly lovely in tweeds?

If so, then you are undoubtedly the bouncy babe. This babe flits across the campus smiling even before breakfast, plays on the hockey, basketball, tennis, ping-pong teams, is known as the pal type of girl by boys and still subscribes to the local high school newspaper. She is practical and wise, declaring that all men are black dogs.

Dear Reader, I hope you have found yourself because there is only one large category left into which you may fall.

No. 4. The Intellect.

She collects poems, wears glasses on dates, doesn't kiss with eyes open or eyes closed—she just doesn't kiss, wears baggy sweaters on weekends, seriously thinks about a trip to major, and declares men are not even worth the trouble to be condemned to the underworld, and is found in the library on the weekends.

But, do not worry if you do not fit any of those types. The editors are terribly confused . . . for we women are so complex, so charming, so changing that we cannot be fathomed and coldly dissected. Right, girls?