

The Lurking Figure...

A dark raincoat-and-night-clad figure slipped down the back stairs of the Salem library and out the side door of the basement. A huge brown paper bag was clutched under the left arm of the culprit . . .

For two days after that—the remaining two days before a big music appreciation test—others in the class paid cab fare to a downtown record shop where they received glares of the proprietors while memorizing the theme of Beethoven's "Fifth."

A suspicious and punchy-looking character lurked around the main reference room, waiting for everyone to go to lunch so she could execute her plan. Hiding behind the long bookcase, she skillfully snipped the palace of Versailles out of **Encyclopedia Britannica**, stuffed it in her pocket, and rushed on to the dining hall so as not to suffer the sparcity of last servings—commenting to her roommate on the way that she didn't know how she would ever beat the 6:00 p.m. deadline on that term paper (she just hadn't had time with Johnny here all week)—unless she copied the encyclopedia word for word . . .

Meanwhile, a hungry person stayed away from the dining hall because she wanted to check references on that long-ago completed paper to be sure her bibliography was correct. She referred to the remaining jagged edge of what had been the information she wanted.

A cream-applied pale face approached the infirmary on the morning of a test—also the day before her yet-undone notes were due on a reserve Shakespeare book. At five o'clock, she emerged—rushing to the one professor's office with notes in hand (then avoiding said professor at dinner), and to the other with tales of her illness, apologies for missing the class, and excuses to keep from taking the test until next week . . .

Several days later, a reserve book was discovered under the covers of an infirmary bed. Five students escaped zeroes on their parallel notes—but only because the professor happened to be understanding.

A frantic scholar, six weeks behind on current event cards, escaped from the browsing room with three pages of **Time**, two of **Life** and seven of **U. S. and World Report** . . .

A Salemite reporter could not beat the deadline with her news article. The information simply wasn't there.

And then, we smile at our friends and say:

"At Salem we have an honor system."

"At Salem we respect the rights of others."

S. B. R.



OF FALLEN ANGELS

By Mary Anne Raines

Of Salem's education, and the quest
For knowledge by each student striving hard,
Sing heavenly muse, that on the brick paved walk,
Which winds along the roadway, didst inspire
The Grave Restorers to take solemn counsel
And reconstruct each narrow, cobbled walk,
And fence and crumbling edifice of brick.
Inspire in me the words to tell our plight,
And clarify the ways of profs to students.
Say first, for Salem hides little from thy view,
What cause provokes three hundred well-bred girls
To burn all night their lamps of midnight oil,
To strive and strain, to live on benzadrine,
And curse each morn the new arisen sun?
What first reduced them to this foul condition?
The all-consuming grade; this threat it is
That hovers o'er their heads and makes
Each student quake to face the new born day.
Who wields this power causing such dismay?
The fallen angels, chained on a burning lake
Of deep devotion to their losing cause.
They, their glory tarnished though still present,
Inspire the students to stay up all night.
First Baalim, ruby countenanced, who waves
With vengeance at each quaking girl, a sheet
Of yellow paper, and chuckles, "Don't omit!"
Strong Ashtaroth, first folding up her wings,
Removing and replacing many times
Her spectacles, asks suddenly and loud,
"All right, Miss Brown, what else is in this play?"
The hawk then swoops to seize its startled prey.
Fierce Moloch, with his geometric slide,
Held clutched between his mighty, heavy hands,
Is pushing "it" so "it" will not push him.
Eloquent Astarte, inspired, relates
The tales of her adventures numerous
In which she always solved the mystery.
With bouncing steps, lean Thammus trips along,
Pursued by many female sighs, he shrugs
And passes on, with parasol in hand.
Gaunt Chemos treads the solitary path,
With feathers changing—red to lavender,
Sunk deep in thought, she sees the light at last,
Behold! "Four walls are to enclose a space!"
Azazel, a cherub tall, in quiet glee,
Delights to watch her students try to solve
The hundred "true and false" her brain devised.
And Lucifer, the learned sage, unlocks
The problems of the world and universe,
Then settles back into his coffee cup.
With eyes upraised, frail Belial lectures on,
Above his neckties bright with sunset scenes,
He in the clouds, his students in a fog!
Strong Mammon glares and seems to dare one mouth
To contradict his dissertation long.
Who, of the disgraced angels, leads this crew,
So fallen from their rightful place of fame?
Who else but the archfiend, the soft toned serpent.
With untold cunning she devised the plan
To tempt the unenlightened Eve to take
A bite from the delicious fruit, as yet
Untasted, elective courses which were
Not filled. With that one taste came loss of all
Of Eden and banishment into the
Vast unknown. Thus fell Eve, the first to fall,
Though daily others go to join her plight,
The victims of that ghastly, fallen crew.
Lost are the students, now, they have no hope!
Each one must take her seat on the right hand
Of blond Beelzebub, who judges forever
The classified and the unclassified.

Dedicated to J. Milton

Letters To The Editor...

Dear Salemites,

Who will be your new leaders?

On March 15 in chapel, we will begin our 1955 elections with the selection of the president and secretary of Student Government.

For the next three weeks, members of the nominating committee will be giving serious consideration to their responsibility of nominating capable people to hold various offices during the coming year. The student body will in turn have the privilege of petitioning candidates for nomination and voting for those named.

The nominating committee hopes that you will give your votes the careful consideration which they will be giving the nominations.

Before you vote, stop and seriously think about the qualifications of a good leader for your campus organizations. Shouldn't they be mature, loyal to Salem and her standards, demand respect of the student body, possess level heads, be tactful and dependable?

And may it not be forgotten that a certain degree of scholarship is also necessary. Anyone elected to a major office must rank at least a C- average.

What other qualifications do you want in your leaders?

Think before you vote. Sometimes we are tempted to vote for our roommates or the girl we know best. She may be the girl who was more helpful to us during our first week of school, who got us a blind date, or helped us pass a difficult course. Does this mean that she will make the best leader? Perhaps the other nominee is best qualified for the position.

Think . . . Evaluate the qualifications of all nominees . . . Then vote wisely in all the elections . . . Vote for the most capable leader.

Sue Jones,

President of Student Government
Chairman—Nominating Committee

(Editor's Note:) The following letter is from Lisa Meckelburg, one of our foreign students in 1951-52. She is from Finland, but is now working in Moscow at the Royal Afghan Embassy.

Dear Mrs. Heidbreder,

Thank you very, very much for your kind letter, it made me feel so good and delighted. I have been here two months already, and have been to ballets, operas, concerts, theatres, art galleries, Kreml (the picture of this was on the post card) etc. and also to parties in other embassies.

The residence of your ambassador, Mr. Bablen, is quite grand. I am living at the embassy with H. E.'s family, and learning to speak Prussian, rather than Russian.

Am sending my love and regards to you, the faculty, and my dear Salem.

Lisa

Dear Editor:

I have a few observations, some comments, and a question or two concerning the discussion in chapel on last Tuesday.

First, an observation. And an interesting one. That the age-old division over rules took the traditional turn. With a few deviations, it was the experienced, practical, conservative elders that put a damper on the revolutionary, impractical ideas of the younger members. And, as usual, the heated debating blurred the issue for many who had not then taken sides.

Some of the questions: Did the early complaint (that offenders were being turned in before being notified) give way logically to the much more serious one of the necessity of rules at all? Or are we really beginning to feel backward because of undue social restrictions that other schools do not have? What social restrictions are these? And will an examination of our rules as a whole give us a true idea of whether they are unjust or not? If they are, what can we do about it? These are only a few of the general questions that came up during the discussion.

Everybody was posing answers. I, too, have a few answers—subject to change when I am convinced otherwise.

First, the suggestion of reducing the number of regulations is as absurd as it is impossible. True, seventy-five per cent of the students could probably live without any social restriction. But the rules are made for the other fourth.

My second opinion, then, is that rules are not made to teach but to protect the innocent.

(Continued on Page Three)

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