

To Class of The 1959...

You are the Freshmen—the largest class in the history of Salem, the class with the promising future. Salem will soon have more bricks on her campus — bricks cemented together with one purpose—your benefit. You'll have new dormitories, new class buildings, and Wake Forest, besides.

You will have all this and more. What will you give?

Your choice? You've given us that. The old students, the faculty, and the president—people who know Salem—sanction that choice. You've made a good start.

Your co-operation? The senior advisers, who haven't forgotten their first confused impressions of Salem and who appreciate the good grades you made on the handbook test, will vouch for that. An open mind and a willing heart will be one of your biggest assets.

Your effort? Maybe that assignment seems impossible. Or you have eight-thirtys every day of the week and two labs, besides. You don't want to risk going out for the hockey team or working on the newspaper because you don't know anything about it. Don't let that stop you. Give it a try and you'll find it's much easier than you think.

Your talents? Don't keep these from us. We're getting tired of ourselves and we need you to put a new spark into things. When we see you outshining us on the athletic field or in a Pierrettes' production we'll have to try just a little harder to keep up with you.

Your tolerance? When things go wrong, bear with us. We make mistakes, and we ask you not to make yours by failing to forgive us. If we aren't there when you need us, if we overlook your talent, if our actions seem unfair, help us to improve by letting us know where our faults lie. We will profit by your suggestions.

Your respect? Our school, which is your school, too, deserves this part of you. How you conduct yourselves will determine your degree of respect for her. Her future is your future—make it what you will.

You are the Freshmen; Salem is for you. Are you for Salem?

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

A governmental catastrophe almost as turbulent as the one caused by the President's heart attack was the mail situation at Salem Station during the past couple of weeks. An undelivered letter, lying almost within reach or behind the glass in a newly-rented P. O. box, is a tax on the endurance. Especially the endurance of the long-enduring freshmen.

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The seniors endured, with some understandable gripes, the ultimatum that their living room ("the one we have waited three years for") was off-limits except when entertaining guests or attending a meeting. Somebody sympathized aloud with the attached seniors whose boy-friends are stationed around the world and cannot visit Bitting this year.

* * *

A Carolina boy was being entertained in there Friday night B.F.D. (Before Final Draping) during the Y's scavenger hunt. Panting freshmen kept bursting in, asking for Louise Barron or her last year's post office box number. "Louise is out for the evening. See Bunny Gregg in Old Chapel," they were told. The last frantic figure was Mary Lou Mauney, the Y president. She had suddenly realized that she did not have answers to the scavengers' questions. "See Bunny Gregg in Old Chapel." And Mary Lou joined the trek of questioners interrupting Emily Baker's Senior Follies rehearsal.

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The freshmen have made no more mistakes than freshmen ordinarily do, though. Even the uproar during Convocation was somewhat expected and certainly not unique with the class of 1959. The humanest part of the whole thing is the giggling and buzzing that, unconsciously, is a single but mass reaction to indecision and embarrassment.

The traditional telegrams Louise read during Convocation showed varying pictures of "the outside world." Two of the 1955 graduates, Betsy Liles and Gertrude Johnson, gave me a satisfying glimpse of the teaching profession. They had not seen each other since graduation—until Saturday night. And for almost an hour, while their steaks grew colder and colder, they talked excitedly about nothing but principals, superintendents, civics, problem children, algebra, English grammar, and homework. I was admittedly surprised by their sincere enthusiasm.

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A number of good Baptists were sprinkled in Bowman Gray Stadium on Saturday evening. And a number of Salem girls shared in the damp ceremony. The eleven Deacons on the field were immersed in Winston-Salem terrain but put on a show that kept the viewers, umbrellas and all, on their feet. You can laugh at the Journal's Sunday tribute to the team's "church-going, rule-abiding, grade-making" record only if you did not see the spectacle in the stadium on Saturday.

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Over four hundred high heels clomped along the back porch of Main Hall Sunday morning and became soft on the carpets of the Home Church. I, for one, wondered how the Rev. Hughes made it through a sermon on pioneering without referring to Davy Crockett. Several people squirmed when he mentioned desegregation favorably.

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Questions are popular at the first of the year. A new faculty member wanted to know how Salem came to sponsor a chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. One of the foreign students asked me what was that thing called a "term paper." Everybody on campus stopped studying or playing long enough to see if anybody answered the \$64,000 question.



By Judy Graham

A boy—a real, live, two-legged boy—sat next to me in class. His eyes had grinned at me as he sat down, and I couldn't help but sense his presence as the professor droned on in a maddening monotone. Well, after all, this was a unique experience after two years of Salem's three hundred females.

He was one of many males seated in that bare room with the sickening green walls and poor ventilation; and later, as I watched his grinning eyes over a Coke, he told me the in's and out's of the university which was to be my college for a nine-week summer session.

It was hot for June—even in Florida—and I remember so well how the ice tinkled refreshingly in the glass. I also recall the things my new-found friend told me about his school. He talked listlessly about where I could buy second-hand books, the professors who he thought were all stupid, and why an honor system could never work there. I admit that I felt rather guilty when he confessed that he was not there through choice but because of a financial handicap.

Yes, I well remember his listlessness and near pessimism as he began this new phase of his studies. And as the nine weeks were slowly reduced, I noticed it more and more. Not only in my grinning-eyed classmate, but in other members of the student body.

For whether they sat almost asleep in that green-walled room or chatted over Cokes in the soda shop, my sixth sense told me that something was wrong. I have never felt that way at Salem, and I still can't express in concrete terms what was missing.

I guess it can be summed up best in that general attitude called "Salem Spirit."

He, too, knew that something was wrong. He said that the professors were stupid, but I found them not stupid—simply unchallenging. I never worried about doing the homework, for I knew the professor would simply reiterate what the text has said.

Then, too, both my friend and I knew there was no danger of being called on for class discussion, because the prof didn't know us from that eat Adam was said to have had around his house.

Yes, I felt guilty after talking to this boy because he'd never had a chance to sit in a Salem classroom and feel the sense of pride that steals over you when the prof respects your ideas enough to ask you to share them with the class. He's never been able to say that even though the class was difficult he'd enjoyed working on it because it was worthwhile. He'd never dealt with teachers who not only knew his name but were interested enough to stop for a friendly chat after supper.

He'd also know that the honor system was something he was missing. He said that such a system would never work there. As we sat together during an exam, we heard answers whispered cautiously and saw book opened warily even while the professor played policeman in the room.

Yes, I felt guilty, for he'd never sat in a Salem classroom during an exam where the professor respects the integrity of the student enough to leave him alone with his conscience.

How I wish he could be here to experience our Salem Spirit. But since he can't, I'm sure that I'll profit by knowing him; and also by knowing that I'm fortunate—very fortunate—to be a Salemite.

The Salemite



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Here And There

By Emma McCotter

Moscow: At the meeting here of West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer and Russia's masters, the Russians did give in to one of the requests of Adenauer. They agreed to allow the return of West German war prisoners still in Russia. However, it is too early to predict what will come of the exchange of diplomatic relations. The effect of the prisoners' release will depend first on whether they get home, and perhaps to a great extent on the stories they tell of others who died or remain behind. The question of reunification of Germany is still pending and perhaps at the Big Powers meeting in Geneva this month this problem will be studied. Without abandoning the teachings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, the Russians say they want peace. Is this possible?

Finland: Russian troops have left Helsinki after eleven years of secret occupation. Such an act does not seem logical. They will probably maneuver a big drive against U. S. Military bases in view of the forthcoming Geneva Conference.

Egypt: At Gaza strip the uneasy truce between Israel and Egypt

was marred by frequent incidents. Israel has moved troops into a demilitarized zone and said they stay until Egypt removes its forces.

Britain: Everyone is wondering who will succeed Clement Richard Atlee as leader of the British Labor Party. Some of the older members of the split Labor Party have suggested Cockey Herbert Morrison, whereas the more modern "Laborites" favor radical "Nye" Bevan and moderate Economist Hugh Gaitskell. The latter, favorite of the big trade unions, is by far the stronger candidate. Even though the "moderns" lose this time there is no doubt that they will be victorious in the 1960 elections.

Argentina: Here revolution has toppled the nine-year-old regime of Juan D. Peron. It is naturally hoped that the new government will be a democratic one.

United States: The country as well as the rest of the world was shocked at the news of President Eisenhower's illness. He suffered a heart attack while vacationing in Denver. This immediately brings to our minds these questions: Will he run again? If not, who have the Republicans got for nomination?