

Why Not Salem?

Last November the campus was one hundred per-cent election conscious. Everywhere you went there were signs "Only Democrats Sit Here" and little posters saying "We Like Ike". One of the most thrilling dinners that the Corrin Refectory has ever known was when Miss Byrd and Dr. Africa lead the loyal Adali supporters in to their reserved seats, followed by the Ike supporters who boasted the intellectual appeal of the Republican ticket.

But what has happened to the spirit of the election? Undoubtedly there are still loyal Democrats and Republicans hiding in the dorms waiting until the next election year when they will be able to burst forth with all of their zeal.

But why should Salemites wait until election time to show their political loyalties? Or even more serious, why should all of the Democrats on campus miss the thrill of seeing Senator John Kennedy when he spoke at Wake Forest, simply because they were not members of a Young Democrats Club?

Salemities are constantly talking about broadening their interests and about being conscious of the world beyond the Square. If a Young Democrats and a Young Republicans clubs were formed on campus, we would have an excellent opportunity to learn about the issues and platforms on which we will be voting in a few years, and to broaden our interests.

Of course there are those who say a small girls school is not the place for such organizations—they would cause too much conflict on campus. Yet, such organizations would not be in real competition until election time, and the rivalry on campus last semester did not destroy Salem's unity any more than do the debates over the nominating committee.

If the students are interested, the Wake Forest organizations have expressed a desire to help us. All we need is someone or some club to accept the responsibility and to set up definite plans for formation. Why not the IRC?

—M. J.

"Let's Do It Like The Cities Do It"

Last Tuesday's student body meeting re-opened the question of the nominating committee. Though the recent student opinion poll showed that a decided majority of the students felt that the committee is good, the discussion in chapel indicated that there is still discontent on campus concerning the means of nomination.

The discussion brought out a new plan which would acquaint us with the generally accepted means of nomination in public elections and would also discard the disadvantages of the nominating committee and of nominations from the floor.

The suggested plan of personal nomination might be developed in this manner.

All the girls interested in running for an office or who have been approached by students and agree to run submit their names to a special committee.

The committee would then circulate petitions for these girls among the student body. The petitions must be signed by one hundred students (or some other number which the Student Council would deem suitable) who feel that the candidate has the qualifications for the job. This would enable people to sign petitions for more than one person, since we usually feel that there is more than one person qualified to run for an office. This would also indicate whether or not the student body felt that a person was qualified, thus serving the same purpose as the nominating committee. (Failure to get the necessary number of signatures would not be any more embarrassing than failure to receive the final nomination from the nominating committee after a person had been recommended by a group.)

Since there would usually be more than one candidate under this system, it would be necessary to have preliminary elections. The names of the final candidates could be presented to the student body at lunch and the first election could be held that afternoon. The votes could be tabulated that evening and the two receiving the most votes would run in the final election which could be held the next day. This way the elections would only take the same length of time as they do under the present system.

A plan such as this one would include student censorship of those they did not feel were qualified, without going through the unpleasant ordeal of objecting to a nomination made from the floor. It would insure those who were interested in an office the opportunity to compete, even if they were eliminated because of lack of the necessary affirmation. It would not prevent a girl from running for more than one office. Most important, the student body, not a small group, would make the final decisions.

—M. J.

What Has Salem College Meant To You?

When asked, "What does Salem mean to you after four years?"—you are confronted with a rather difficult question, a question with an intangible answer at the present. However, there are the basic attributes that Salem should and has given me.

Salem has given me an index to life. I know exactly to which pages I want to turn in the contents.

I also feel better qualified to select and choose with clearer insight—not only in the fine arts field but in compatibility among friends. But even in approaching the end of these four years, I am still baffled at the vastness of what there is yet to learn and experience.

Salem has given me my start and I can better answer your question five or six years hence.

Mary Avera

1. Discovery of stacked away cookies at 1:00 a.m. Reading Day.
2. Counting the sunbathing bodies on a hot day.
3. The musty smell of encyclopedias at the library.
4. Miss Essie endlessly armed with hose and broom.
5. Hogeys tolling the bell.
6. The little cussing man organizing a crew at 7:15 a.m.
7. Watching the first struggles of buds and newly hatched sparrows.
8. Dr. Gramley's grin and comments.
9. Regular social rule changes at Student Government meetings.
10. Asparagus and brussel sprouts, and pastry and chicken.
11. Meetings, conflicts and choices.
12. Advisor-advisee confabs.
13. Lectures, concerts and knitting.
14. Exposure to ideas—formation and reformation of opinions.
15. The Society "cheaper by the dozen" reduced to 11.
16. Noisy wee-hour talks squelched by Becky.
17. Exam snow and thaw.
18. Quiet hour and call downs.
19. Sign out sheets and yellow cards.
20. Growing up in general.

Anne Miles

Four years at Salem have been for me my most maturing years, I believe. I have matured intellectually in that I have been exposed to a certain amount of knowledge and have been motivated to attempt to gain a little more of that knowledge. I have, I believe, acquired some of that "intellectual curiosity" Dr. Singer used to stress so much my freshman year.

I have matured socially too, because for four years I have lived with a group of girls who, although they have similar backgrounds and interests, still have different ideas and patterns of living. With them I have had good times, bad times, happy times, sad times, work times, play times, but I have learned to get along with them and have made strong and lasting friendships.

There is much, much more that four years at Salem have given to me. It would be impossible to name them all. I feel sure that after leaving Salem there will come a larger realization of what it has meant to me.

I have grown to love this one hundred eighty-six year old institution with its white fence, cobblestone walks, and many traditions, and I have developed a tremendous respect of its faculty, administration and above all its president.

I came to Salem four years ago as a slightly cocky high school graduate who was, though a little insecure, uncertain and apprehensive about what was in store for her in life and in college. However, I leave Salem College better qualified to be a confident wife, teacher, and mother.

—Ann Knight

Suppose you were asked to write—briefly—what four years at Salem meant to you. What would you say?

Perhaps you would recall your attitude as a freshman and try to trace it through four years.

Surely four years have brought some change in your aspect toward life. There may be some changes you can't quite express, but you know you have a different attitude toward the things with which you come in daily contact.

Certainly, Salem has meant a change from your high school outlook — let's call it maturity. Surely, you have matured—but what went into the maturation? It must be the things which comprise daily life, as that seems to be where the major change is. On almost any day of any year, a Salemite's life is made up of the Main Hall bell announcing classes, a trip to the post office, book store, and Harry's; Corrin Refectory; uneven bricks; gab fests; studies; problems and joys. Somehow all these ingredients and their components added to one Salem fresman, and allowed to age, produce a senior to whom Salem means something.

What it is, I can't say—can you?

—Sarah Eason

Voices, pianos, and violins mingling with tobacco-scented air — the blending of fresh green and stale old red—a torn heel from a brick that didn't fit—the night water spills into the swimming pool—a cup of coffee with a teacher—songs, shouts, laughs after supper—a walk in the May Dell in the fall and spring—a bouquet of roses handed across footlights—the smell of old books and the catacombs—cockroaches—an undeserved honor you try to live up to—the trees in the square—a stubby pencil and a yellow legal pad—a shoulder to cry on and a friend to laugh with—confidence and security in a place made for myself.

—Sissie Allen

Remember When?

Remember: when Miss Byrd was a tyrant... that LuLong Ogburn was May Queen... when everybody in class was available for blind dates... when Reynolda was a deserted hill on the road to the 421 Staley's... the willow tree outside Bitting in which a restricted Salemite entertained her date... the Salemite's ten-page May Day issue... Tom Perry... where the old steam plant and laundry were... when our class was twice the size it is now... when the head of the history department was an orthodox Presbyterian and predicted atomic war within ten years... that Alice McNeely was president of the student body... when the first Oslo scholarship winners were announced in assembly... when Diggs Gramley was still in high school... Martha Ann Kennedy... the Wizard of Oz May Day pageant with Boop McGlaughon as the tin man... when Mr. Yarborough hung around underneath the Day Student center... nobody had heard of a Mr. Robert Wendt... that Carol Campbell was pinned... closed senior dormitories... when Salem's first appeared on campus... when Miss Shealy taught English in oxfords and T-shirts... Barbara Bell's auction date with Mr. Medlin... when Lehman was an office and apartment building where Miss Riegner heard our freshman speech auditions... how Dr. Hixson let her hair down in the faculty play... that Dr. Rondthaler came to assembly and applauded everytime he felt like it... Lizann Ellis... when the water pipes broke and Dr. Gramley's bathroom was open house... when Cokes cost a nickel... when Mary Hadley Fike crashed into Salem society smoking a jeweled pipe... when Bermudas were too Vassarish for the average Salemite... Studie May Spain's husband was the Spook of Salem... when four girls formally invited surrounding men's schools "to a panty raid at Salem"... that Elvis Presley came to Winston-Salem in a pink and yellow Cadillac... when Shaw had a crush on bachelor Sandresky?

—Marcia Stanley, Jo Smitherman

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