

What's In Activity?

What is an activity—a lot of people keeping busy, something to do in your spare time, a group of worthless committees, or something that is of value to the students and to the school?

The different activities on campus form a vital part of our life. First, they are means of accomplishing the many tasks that are associated with college life—publishing the yearbook and the newspaper, planning social events, providing a means of recreation and entertainment, and doing many other things.

However, there is more to an extra-curricular program than these duties. Activities are important because they develop a co-operative spirit on campus. When a student feels that she is a part of the larger group called Salem and when she feels that she is doing something that is helpful, Salem becomes a meaningful experience in her life. It is then that she takes pride in her alma mater and tries to adhere to its principles and regulations.

The work of the organizations is also valuable in creating school spirit. A play that is well directed and presented makes one see what her classmates are capable of doing. A victory on the hockey field makes a class feel that it has done something worthwhile.

None of this can be achieved though, if there is not support from the student body. For weeks, before any final production, tournament, or publication people have been planning and working. Yet there are times when it seems to be too much trouble for others to attend or to pay attention.

Participation in and co-operation with the different activities will have a great deal to do with the shaping of policy on campus this year and for the future. All of the heads of the different organizations need and want outside help; it is the duty of the student to make it known that she wants to and is willing to be of service. The amount of work put forth by the new students will set the pattern that will be followed when they are the leaders of the school.

Perhaps the best definition of an activity was seen during Orientation Week. Its success was due to the planning of Mary Curtis Wrike, Nancy Cridlebaugh, and Mrs. Heidebreder; to the response and work of all the advisers; and to the feeling that Salem is something that we should take pride in and for which it is fun to work together and to plan together.

—M. J.

The Day Of Arrival

'Twas the day of arrival, and all through the dorms,
Every freshman was unpacking and filling out forms.
Mrs. Patterson in her kerchief, Miss Roberts in her cap,
Had just arisen from a long summer's nap.
When out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter
That they sprang to their feet to see what was the matter.
When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But Theresa Doxey with all her gear.
And a little ole girl so lively and quick,
That they knew in a moment she was Dorothy Ann Frick.
More rapid than eagles in autos they came,
The hostesses shouted and called them by name;

"Hi, Lura! Mary! Margaret, and Ann!
Come, Patty! Linda! Sarah, and Nan!"
So up to the third floors, their courses they flew,
With trunks full of clothes and hi-fis too.
Matilda in her room was bustling around,
When in came Caroline with a bound.
Barbara was dressed all in plaid, from her head to her back,
And Frances looked like a peddler opening her pack.
Her eyes, how they twinkled! Her dimples,
how merry!

No one need tell us her first name was Jerry.
A wink of her eye, and a twist of her head,
Soon gave them to know Amy was no one to dread.

The parents on leaving waved their good-byes,
And promised to send some food supplies.
And I heard "Curt" exclaim as they drove out of sight,
"Welcome to college, you Salemite!"

—Nita Kendrick



The Salemite



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To Enter The Gates, Heaven

Betty had the Sunday feeling. She handed her mother the brush and waited for the pulling and yanking of braids to begin. Any other day she could scream and hop. She stifled a squeal and felt holy. The July sun fell through the window onto her feet. The white sandals made chalky lines across brown skin and a grubby bandaid on her toe. She ducked under her mother's hand and ran down the stairs to the musty parlor. Pulling open the drawer of the cherry chest, she took her Bible, Sunday School book, and offering cards. The cards were in a very orderly stack, small from regular diminishing every Sunday. Betty checked the date on the one in her hand, tucked it in the crackling pages of her Bible, and skipped toward the front door.

The screen smacked her behind as she hopped off the side of the porch and headed for Henry Street.

I must be early enough, she thought, there goes Mr. Mayhew.

Mr. Mayhew opened the doors and windows to the church, and his right thumb was always covered with coal dust in the wintertime. Betty wondered if all janitors had dirty thumbs. She jumped the water in the ditch and hurried across the empty lot.

If I just "approach" 'em right—like Mrs. Peterson says—in the Good Lord's Name . . . then they'll come. I'll just go up and say that 'y' all need savin' and you got to go to church with me 'cause you got to live in the Grace Of The Lord To Enter The Holy Gates Of Heaven'. And then all those little children will come into the fold and follow me to church.

She had on her white baptism dress and yellow hair ribbons just like a golden halo. She would lead them up the steps to the Sunday School room and Mrs. Peterson would say she was a Christian Soldier and then they'd have sentence prayers. Betty always prayed for the Lost Souls, and Mrs. Peterson liked that. Then she, Betty, would get nine gold stars for the nine Wingfield Dillands.

The sun was getting hot as Betty stepped up on the sidewalk. The dirty brown house sat on a rise of cracked ground. Rusty iron fencing sliced the yard into sections as she passed and the gate hung from one hinge and creaked as she pushed it open. Smells of wood smoke and cured hog meat made her a little sick. She squinched her nose together and breathed through her mouth. The stones in the trampled dirt were uneven under her feet and the fringe of weeds tickled her ankles. She stopped. Mother would spank her good. The Wingfield Dillands were the meanest kids in town, and they had nits in their heads. Sylvie, the girl in Betty's grade, was always coming to school with a dirty green scarf wrapped around her head and smelling like kerosene. The health nurse made her do it to kill the nits, but she got 'em again when she got home. Betty's head felt itchy. Mother said Old Man Dilland was no good too. Betty had seen him on the street and passed close to him. He had smelled like

(Continued on Page Four)

The Big Game . . .

When I entered high school, I began to hear many strange ideas about a new and exciting game—bridge! By the time I was a senior I could no longer contain my curiosity. My parents and friends told me that it would take a few years to really become skilled, but I had plenty of time.

It really was amazing to hear them talk about the price of attending one of the more exclusive bridge parties. Nevertheless, my plans were made—

My first year at the party was a problem. I really couldn't decide whether it was such a good idea. I couldn't get my cards in order quickly enough in the first place. I didn't know who were my best bets for partners. (Never could tell—they might trump my ace!) Then too, some people bid all the time while I had so much trouble scraping up points. (They were older, though; my time would come). On the other hand maybe I wasn't getting such a good bridge playing reputation. I kept making slips by playing out of turn. Maybe I should change tables?

By the second year, I felt that my partners and I had reached an understanding. I picked up a few pointers. Yes, I was taking many more tricks; and I even had time to talk while I was doing it. Only on rare occasions did I find myself holding five suits.

When the third year rolled around, I felt sure I had acquired much finesse. I know just how much I had to bid to finish that "rubber" and just how many chances I should take. Only, sometimes, I wondered if I were finessing too much. (My parents were so happy with my progress).

Now that the fourth year of playing the big game is approaching, I am wondering: Have I racked up enough points to beat this game? Have I passed too much these last three years? Heavens, how can I ever make game if all four aces turn up against me? Besides I am counting on a grand slam next year!

This isn't just a game you know . . .

—Gail Landers

Letters To Students . . .

Greetings to the old and new students from the I. R. S.

We hope you had a nice, fun filled summer and are ready to get '57-'58 started with a bang. We also hope that you have brought back with you your good ideas and attitudes toward I. R. S. With your help, this year we hope to make I. R. S. an even more vital part of Salem life.

Since everyone of you is representing Salem, we assume that you will always be neatly and appropriately dressed—shirt tails tucked in, hair combed and free of pin curls or dirty searves. When you go uptown, we assume that you will leave those tennis shoes and dirty coats at home.

I. R. S. has never established the policy of having students wear heels and hose uptown, because we always felt Salem girls could look attractive and neat in clean white socks and polished loafers. However, if this leads to untidiness, something will have to be done.

Since you are representing Salem—you will undoubtedly want to be well-mannered too. You will stand before the blessing is said; say the blessing with reverence and sit down to a leisurely meal, never using a boarding house reach.

Room checks will be held after 10:30 in the morning. Since you are a Salem student, we feel sure that you have already developed the habit of keeping your room tidy and making your bed. We also feel sure that you always hang up your clothes when you take them off because that saves cleaning bills.

These are not just rules and regulations of the I. R. S.; they are our way of helping you to develop responsibility and learn the importance of personal pride.

What is the reward for all your efforts? Your reward is being picked out in a crowd as a well-groomed, poised Salem College young lady.

—Marybelle Horton
I. R. S. President