



The Salemite

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Salem Requires Courses; Relies On Other Schools

The clouds of anxiety are gathering over the heads of the student body now that academic studies are finally underway. Students are once again startled by the fact that there is no gradual period of slipping into the work, but instead a sudden plunge into the grinding and digging of the semester's work.

Upperclassmen, supposedly more adjusted to the vast scholastic undertakings encountered in college, are airing their grievances also. One most frequently heard, came echoing from the windows of a Volkswagen bus which Salem recently purchased to transport some B.S. candidates to Wake Forest. Their cry was legitimate. Physics, a required course for the B.S. degree is not included in Salem's curriculum. Admittedly the opportunity of getting a very good course in Physics by attending Wake Forest is welcomed. Yet, in spite of the fact, the B.S. candidates are spending about two hours per week "on the road," plus missing meals here on campus. They have to spend their own money on meals and miss valuable study time.

It seems that if a course is required for graduation or for a certain degree is should be offered here on campus. Also to be considered is the fact that the college had a problem in hiring a Physics teacher, and as a solution this arrangement with Wake Forest was made. This may be satisfactory if it is temporary.

It is agreed that a student may not object to the possibility of attending classes on the co-ed campus of Wake Forest. Yet some B. S. candidates do object to the sacrifice of additional time and extra money. Consequently some B. S. candidates are in the process of switching from a B. S. to a B. A. degree.

There is distinction in having a B. S. degree, and it seems feasible that Salem should get the required courses for that degree on campus.

C. L. J.

Letters to the Editor

To The Editor:

We have now been at school two weeks and still some professors and students alike have been unable to fully embark on the semester's academic program. The reason for this is found in the fact that few Salemites have all the books for which they filled out book slips the first two days of classes. If it were but a small portion of students who are faced with this problem then we could not really blame the Salem Book Store.

To cite one example: is it unreasonable, with pre-registration in the spring, for sophomores to expect to get English books in the fall? Since the book is new and they could not purchase it second hand, it seems strange that one would be unable to predict with some accuracy the number of copies needed. Yet we find that it has already had to be re-ordered twice.

Are we being unreasonable to object to paying special delivery charges for books re-ordered just because the book store failed to order enough copies in the first place? Would it not be less trouble to order a sufficient number of books in the first place and if necessary send back extra copies than it is to keep reordering books?

There are but fifteen weeks in a semester—two of the fifteen have passed and still we don't have all our textbooks. All we can hope is that second semester starts off better.

Sincerely,
Elisa Mabley

Dear Editor:

College years are creative years—or are they at Salem? We of the Archway staff have sufficient reason to believe that Salemites either are not writing creatively or are stifling their work.

Certainly no one has ever brought work to us. This may be due to shyness, modesty, lack of information or of initiative. Whatever the cause, we have yet to be approached by a student offering anything of herself to her contemporaries. I suspect that it's not only the "arty" Salemite who writes or paints; and, in any case, she cannot speak for all of us.

This letter is not an appeal to "join" or "sign up." It is rather a challenge to each student to make the most of her undergraduate years: to give of herself, her thoughts, her momentary insights or labored expression; to channel her view of the 1960's into a poem or work of art.

More than anything, I am affirming that each of us has something to say about life, even if that something is only "I don't understand." Most of us don't understand; but I believe that each conscious attempt to express our bewilderment ends in diminished confusion. Undoubtedly each such attempt involves us more intensely in our existence now.

What do you have to say to the 20th century?

Sincerely,
Dottie Girling
Editor, the Archway

Dr. Edens To Speak Founder's Day; Tradition Lies Behind Celebration

By Carol Carson

Wednesday, Dr. A. Hollis Edens, Executive Director of the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation and former President of Duke University will be on Salem's campus to speak at the Founder's Day assembly and the dedication of the Fine Arts Center. But before this important event it seems appropriate for us, as students of this school, to look back at its history. For some of you this will be an old experience, but for us who are freshmen, Salem's heritage is new, interesting, and inspiring.

In 1772, the Moravian community founded a school here to teach its daughters some of the skills young ladies were expected to acquire. Sister Osterlein taught classes in needlework, reading, grammar, and writing until 1780 when she was replaced by Sister Schnert, who incorporated mathematics into the curriculum.

October 6, 1803, marks the laying of the cornerstone for the Academy Building (now South Hall), the first building of the new school. Courses in history, geography, drawing, music, and German were added to the list in 1780.

New additions to the campus were made, and September 24 was set for Chapel Festival to celebrate the new chapel's dedication. As years passed, Main Hall and South Annex were erected. The basement of the annex was the gymnasium, and under the porch a bowling alley was set up.

Finally in 1865, the North Carolina Assembly chartered the school as a college, but it was not until 1880 that courses for completion of a degree were offered. In 1890

Theater Offers Comedy, Farce

"The Madwoman of Chailott" greets us again, and she is madder than ever. This time you will be able to see the unusual circumstances and results of the teaparty, and you will be delighted. Both this comedy and the hilarious farce, "The Rivals" will be presented at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro by the National Repertory Theatre. The Pierrettes are sponsoring transportation to and from the presentations Friday and Saturday nights, October 15 and 16.

"The Madwoman of Chailott," written by Jean Giraudoux, and "The Rivals," by R. B. Sheridan, star Eva LeGallienne, Sylvia Sidney, and Leora Dana. "The Madwoman" will be given Friday at 8:30 p.m.; "The Rivals," Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

The tickets are purchased for you by the Pierrettes at a 50 percent reduction, thus the prices for Salem students will be as follows: orchestra—\$2.50, \$2.00; mezzanine—\$2.50; balcony—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00.

If you are interested in going with the Pierrettes Friday and/or Saturday, see Susan Kelly in 312 Gramley. Reservations must be in by October 6.

The Salemite
Offers the
Freshmen Our
Sympathy During
FITS!

eight students were granted the first bachelor's degrees from Salem College.

In 1898 Salem Female Academy became Salem Academy and College, and to this day, the name remains unchanged. Building, faculty members, and students have changed, but Salem still stands as a symbol of the educational oppor-

tunity for qualified women everywhere.

E. M. Holden, in his Founder's Day address in 1942, reminds us that "each of you has a part in the founding, and it is for you to judge how worthy is your idea and how well you are building it into the total design and structure and spirit that is Salem."

Battle Of Kashmir Rages; Red China Adds Tension

By Laurie Williams

The world heaved a guarded sigh of relief as Pakistan and India apparently were willing to let their differences be controlled by the U. N. But tensions are rapidly pulling apart the cease-fire, and this article will probably be out of date when it appears.

That doesn't stop the questions raised by the conflict. The United States had two large concerns: the first was the fact that arms and support had been given to both governments. The only thing the United States could do was to cut military aid to both countries; the government was careful not to take sides.

On a basic level, India deserves blame for not allowing the promised plebiscite for Kashmir's independence. But Shastri and his government would be decidedly weakened, politically and physically by Kashmir's loss.

The second concern was Red China's joy to have a political morsel between her paws that she could give at least a few licks. President Ayub Khan did not want China's military help; the reverberations would have been disastrous. So while playing with Pakistan, Mao has stirred up enough trouble on the borders to divert some troops and keep the world thoroughly worried with its attempts at an upper hand.

Meanwhile, our government seems to be following the only advisable path: through the United Nations' efforts. When India and Pakistan can agree is a crucial question, but whether Red China's bark will become a bite looms as a bigger question every day.

Salem Student Remembers Year Of Travel In Spain

By Bretta Barrs

On June 24, 1964, I left the United States with 23 other southern girls (seven from Salem) for a tour of Europe. We sailed from New York on the SS France and landed in La Havre, France, five days later. We toured through thirteen European and Scandinavian countries for six weeks seeing all the sights possible.

On August 17, the tour ended and I said very tearful goodbyes to all my friends as they flew to New York and I flew to Madrid to meet my family. My family had been in Spain traveling all over looking for a good place to live for the year. They decided on a small but rapidly growing town called Torremolinos, on the southern coast, two and one-half hours driving time east of Gibraltar.

We toured around in the VW bus for the next two weeks camping out along the road whenever and wherever we pleased. I was back in Madrid by the first of September to meet two of my friends from Tampa. The three of us soon found a Spanish family to live with through the University, registered for the fall courses, and got settled in our new surroundings. Before school began, we took trips to nearby places, the most interesting being Gibraltar and Morocco.

Senor and Senora Munoz. We did not have any heat in the whole apartment and believe me we bundled up in sweaters and coast to keep warm. We ate all our meals in our bedroom and not with the family as we had hoped. By the end of November and several bad colds later we decided we had lived with our Spanish family long enough. We moved into an apartment in the newer section of town and finally

had some of the modern conveniences of home — mainly heat and hot water.

Going to the University was quite an experience. We had the usual placement tests and were divided into groups according to our ability. We went to classes from 4-8 p.m. Monday-Friday. I was in classes with students from all different countries and in order to communicate we had to speak in Spanish, as everyone had different native languages. The most shocking thing to me about the University was the bar in the basement.

Then in January we registered again for classes. Unfortunately after a month, riots of students and professors broke out demonstrating for a free student union. The situation got progressively worse. Franco closed the University on three different occasions. Due to the chaotic conditions, we decided to drop out of school and start traveling. A group of us borrowed the VW bus from my parents and drove to Barcelona, put it on ship and sailed to Greece. We drove through Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, France and back to Spain. This was perhaps the most fun we have ever had because we usually stayed in youth hostels or camps out and we really got to see the "untouristy" part of Europe.

After this trip I left my friends and went to Torremolinos. While my parents and little sister moved out of the house, I took my three brothers to tour France and England. We then met my parents in Belgium, made the circle back to Italy and sailed home on the chelangelo. I returned to the United States June 24, 1965 — exactly one year to the day I had left.