

Old Salem Opens Door To Past Era Recreated

Getting to know Salem involves the new excitement of college life and the antique appeal of Old Salem. Freshmen as well as upperclassmen have a tempting ticket to the past—free admission to the various historical buildings restored by Old Salem, Inc.

Just beyond Mail Hall and almost on the Salem campus is Home Moravian Church. Described as "The heart of Salem," this stately edifice reflects the love of the people of the community. Salemites traditionally attend the first service of each year at this church which was dedicated in the year 1880.

On the way to the Post Office, the John Vogler House once belonged to a clocksmith, silversmith, and general artisan. Built in 1819, this landmark served as home and office for the former owner and his family.

The other side of the Square leads to the Boys' School Building, now known as the Wachovia Museum. This location dates from 1794 but contains representative displays of all periods of Old Salem craftsmanship.

After being trained, young men in Old Salem moved directly to the Single Brothers House; Salemites can follow the sidewalk in 1968. Two dates of construction, 1769 and 1786, are indicated by the differing half-timbered and brick parts. Nine craft shops have been restored within this building which also houses the Christmas Candle Tea, a favorite function of Salemites.

Not all Salem men were single brothers, however; those with families usually maintained their shops at home. One such dwelling is the Miksch Tobacco Shop, built in 1771, where Matthew Miksch sold "odds-and-ends," principally tobacco. This house ranks among the oldest in Salem but has been lately restored.

A cheery landmark to travelers was the Salem Tavern, an addition of 1784. The curious facade of solid brick kept the community dwellers from corrupting peeks, but present visitors, including Salemites, are welcomed daily. Hospitality is still the trademark of Salem Tavern and of the official host, Old Salem, Inc.

Freshmen To Bring New Accents, Ideas To Salem

Mary Anne Susan Elizabeth will graduate from Salem in 1972—the 200th anniversary of the College. At present she is known to the College only by statistics and by brief meetings with the Admissions Office staff. The individual she will become remains to be seen.

MASE lives in a small town in the Southeast. She graduated from a public high school with a total of 18 academic units: 4 English, 4 Math, 4 language, 3 science, and 3 History. She ranked in the top 10% of her class and reported that Chemistry and Algebra were most difficult for her.

She applied to Salem in November and was accepted in March. She took her SAT in December, scoring approximately 1120 (combined scores) and in January took Achievement Tests in English, French and Math. She came for her interview on a Saturday morning accompanied by both parents and two younger sisters (or brothers).

Mary Anne Susan Elizabeth is 5' 6" tall and weighs 119 pounds. In high school she was an active member of the Student Council, on the newspaper and yearbook staffs, and was a cheerleader. In her spare time she was a Girl Scout and did volunteer work at the hospital or with Head Start. She prefers that

Lastly and most lately, Salem exhibits the South in interiors at the Museum of Southern Decorative Interiors. Authentic settings and furnishings and knowledgeable hostesses compliment the antiquity. Through this enterprise and all the atmosphere of Salem, Old Salem, Inc., opens doors to the area and to the Old South.

Homer Speaks Of Campus Life

By Carol Carson

Hi! My name is Homer Roach and I live with you in Clewell. I've lived here for almost twenty years and I've sure seen many different things go on.

Clothes have gone from long skirts to almost no skirt! Bobby socks are scarcely seen except on cold, long nights in the study room or on girls on their way to play tennis or whatever in their gym suits. Loafers are no longer just brown, brown, brown. Pearls are visible even with McMullen dresses when some girls go out for a date. And the boys have changed, too.

Once their hair was all long and curly; then it was short, and stuck straight up. Now it's long and sorta shaggy and as straight as they can make it.

And the stories I could tell about loves lost and won during these years. How cruel those guys have been to my girls. And I don't even blame the Salemites sometimes when they've been mean to the guys. Any boy that would tell a girl to get lost and then come over the next afternoon for a visit deserves to have a bucket of soapy water thrown on his head. And the guy that sat in the reception room for three hours while his girl cried upstairs . . . now that was certainly too bad.

But I better stop now as I have all you new girls to greet. Don't be too hard on me and my relatives. We all love you and that good food you keep for us to eat while you sleep.

her college roommate be a friendly, out-going, versatile girl with a good sense of humor.

Both of MASE's parents are college graduates, but as far as she knows, none of her relatives attended Salem. Her initial interest in the college came from present or former students.

MASE, of course, is fictitious. She is a composit, an "average", and not a single one of the freshmen entering Salem in September, 1969, fits her description.

The 109 girls who attended 76 different public high schools and the 45 who attended 38 different independent schools represent 15 states, the District of Columbia, and 1 foreign country. 41% are from North Carolina.

They profess 12 different religious beliefs and their socio-economic backgrounds are too numerous to list.

The smallest girl weighs only 90 pounds, but she is not the shortest (4' 11½"). The heaviest is 175 pounds, but is not the tallest (5' 11").

39 claim alumnae relations, including little sisters Becky Cronister and Mary Pat Lennon.

Salem's growing golf team will be swelled by Judy Underwood and Sara Mace, both of whom are local champions.

Around The Square By

Carol Carson

Once again the patter of Salemites' feet sounds from the bricks. All summer the sidewalks tripped the feet of the students, administration, and faculty of the Governor's School which was held on the campus. Now they have gone, and we have come. For us, the upperclassmen, this campus is filled with memories which, to be truthful, we must admit are both pleasant and not-so-pleasant. And for you for whom this paper was composed, Salem holds the promise of many days here to fill with memories.

For an idea of what Salem offers for memories:

Ask Carroll Lennon to tell you about the powder in her bed or the party the dorm gave for "Boppin' Bobbitt." Or how about those nights when Liza just couldn't come in until all of her five minutes were up?

Celia Watson can tell you about the dancing sessions a certain sophomore had in Celia's room her freshman year. And, what about

all the fun times your monkey had, Celia?

Day Student-Senior Pat Carter could share many tales of icy roads, or students who always need to go downtown when she's going in the opposite direction, or medical students, or even a trip to Nassau. And when spring rolls around and all of you frosh here on campus are rushing to get that last page typed on the term paper so you can go sunbathe while there's still some light in the area, Pat will come to school with a most enviable tan.

Sandra Holder can add some interesting comments to anyone's discussion of Clewell. Sandra spent last year as House President of that dorm.

Dianne Dailey can tell you about interesting and trying tournaments when she represented Salem College while we went, uninformed of her triumphs, calmly on to classes. Or perhaps she might try to tell you that Bitting is a scary place

to visit the first time. (Don't let her fool you. We'd love to have you!)

Sandra Culpepper can tell you of the days she spent listening to tapes for a Psych. class or the trip she made to Butner. Oh, ask her about that movie she saw about Selye and the rats.

Nancy Coble has become proficient as a Frisbee thrower. Last spring she was encouraged to acquire the skill so she worked many evenings after supper. Is your arm still in condition?

Mary Sheppard offers strong advice to anyone who tries to raise mice in the biology building. . . . She can also add to that tales of lab books and stat. problems and stop watches and late nights. And how about those trips to the "monkey building" at Wake Forest for Psych. discussions?

Yes, Salem means many many different things to all of us. What will you let her mean to you?

Clewell To Provide Many Unique Times For Frosh

By Celia Watson—'70

Attention Clewell Kids! As the lucky newcomers to carpeted Clewell, you may find the following dormitory highlights interesting and informative:

1. Clewell is the only dorm at Salem that has an ice machine; and if the gods are with you, you may find ice in it two out of every six trips you make downstairs.

2. As residents of Roach City (as some affectionately call Clewell), you have several washing machines right at hand in the basement. So, when you're tired of cracked buttons on blouses and board-stiff blue jeans that the laundry readily supplies, you can collaborate with a friend who's washing her red Salem nightie and get back still-dirty socks tinted a putrid pink.

3. Another illustrious feature of

Clewell is the pay telephone for out-going calls, located for privacy in the laundry room. If not a single one of the five hundred resident Salemites is using a washer and if the ice machine isn't running, you might hear the operator the fourth or even the third time she asks for your number.

4. When winter rolls around and the heating is turned on, all you jazz lovers can practice bongo accompaniment to the clickety-clang-clap of the pipes (which run attractively through-out the rooms, providing a trellis for paper flowers and a rack for drying stockings), sometimes until 2 a.m.

Such are the bounteous benefits in store for you envied-by-everyone Clewell cuties. But don't despair, Salemites, of Gramley—you'll get a shot at Pandemonium Paradise next year.

Letter Home Suggests Salem To Be Pleasant

Dear Mom and Dad,

I just can't believe I'm really here. Since you left, we haven't sat down for two minutes. Everybody is so nice, and I love it already. My roommate is beautiful and has more clothes than I've ever seen. Do you know that she carried at least fourteen boxes of shoes up all three flights of stairs three different times? There's really no room at all for mine but that's okay. I know we are going to get along well. We really don't have a thing in common, but that doesn't seem to matter. We probably won't have to get bedspreads, curtains, etc. for at least three weeks—she'll still be unpacking! We discussed colors; she wants red and I told her that was fine with me (although I'd really like blue).

We went to dinner and had delicious sandwiches. There are candy machines downstairs which will be nice for a midnight snack; but since we can't stay up after 11 p.m. I guess they will have to do. And everyone talks about the "F.D." I can't wait to find out what that is. I've heard you gain twenty pounds a month—but I know I won't!

Already I've met three girls—the ones in my Orientation Group. My advisor is so sweet and her room is just darling. All the upper-classmen here now have really been nice to us, but I wonder what it will be like the day everyone else arrives. They're great one at a time—but not all at once.

Ooops! I'm supposed to be at a meeting right now. According to Attention Please! I'm out of time. Oh no, the meeting is in Hanes and I don't know where that is.

Write soon and say "hello" to Rover and Fluffy, and Grandma and Granddaddy, and Susan, Bob and Joe. I miss you, but I really am happy—don't worry.

Love,

Sally

P. S. Please send a "CARE" package big enough to wipe out the dust in my Post Office box at Salem Station. I'll probably call tomorrow night to find out how everyone is (if you don't call first)

