

The Salemite

Volume LIV

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Limerick Contest Winner Karen McCotter takes a break from her job at the Salem Tavern, while co-author Jeri Bounds, 2nd place winner, relaxes in her dorm room.

Limericks Judged— Winners Take All

The Salemite is proud to announce the winners of the 1972 Limerick Contest sponsored by *Incunabula*. First prize — a case of beer — goes to Alden Hanson and Karen McCotter of Sisters dorm for their winning limerick:

*There once was an artist
named da Vinci,
Who was painting Mona
Lisa Givenchi.
A true Renaissance man,
With one wandering hand,
She smiled as she cried,
"Don't pinch me."*

The second-place prize of wine and cheese was captured by Jeri Bounds of Clewell for this little ditty:

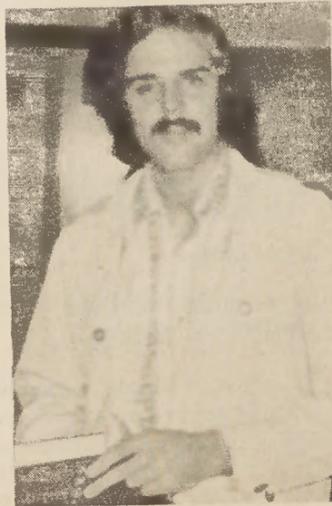
*There was a young lady
from Bagdad,
Whose mother suspected
had been had.
"Who did it?!" she cried—
The daughter replied,
"Why mother, your
brother, my dad!"*

Brant Godfrey, one of Salem's few co-eds, was rewarded with a six-pack and peanuts for his third-place limerick:

*There was a young student
at Salem
Who'd write nasty letters
and mail 'em
To each of his profs
Who, with sly smirks and
scoffs
Had shown the presump-
tion to fail 'im.*

The following entries have been awarded honorable mention by the Salemite staff:

*There was a young man
from Missouri
Who incurred his own
party's fury
By getting well. (He was
afflicted)
And for this was
convicted
By a Democratic trial
without jury!*



"Co-ed" Brant Godfrey only got "peanuts" for his 3rd place limerick.

*There one was a sheepdog
named Rufus,
Who unfortunately was
terribly toothless.
When called on to speak,
He could only squeak,
So everyone just called
him Woolfless.*

*I foresee a political fix
A scheme that's undoubt-
edly Dick's*

*He'll take '72
Leaving '6 for Agnew.
My hope is a ballot box
Nix.*

*As I was once walking
through Paris
I saw a sight which did
embarrass—
The lady was nude,
Her poddle was crude
And the gen d 'armes just
stared at her bare-ass!*

*There once was a library,
you see,
That was issued a mad
decree
To move itself over
And let men play rover
Now we wake up at seven
thirteen.*

*Republicans spelled back-
wards is "nacilbupers"
Seems fitting, considering
they're super blupers
Mr. Agnew will hang on
Till the press is all gone.
Followed by Mitchell and
Mitchell, the party
poopers.*

*There once was a redneck
named Ray
Who chewed toothpicks
throughout the whole
day
He scratched off in his car
Knocked the toothpick
ajar
And now doesn't have too
much to say.*

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'72 Graduate

Enjoys Job

by Nan Wilson

For the benefit of the freshmen and the transfer students, the young Administrative Assistant of the FAC is Laura Crumpler, a Salem graduate of the class of '72. Although she sometimes has a slightly puzzled expression on her face, it is not because she is new here, it is because her job is new not only to her, but to Salem College.

The Administration decided last spring that someone needed to be permanently employed in the Fine Arts Center as an overseer, because the building is in constant demand. When Laura accepted the job, she was a little hesitant because she did not know what she was getting herself into, but now that she is settled in Winston, she is certain she made the right decision.

Her job as Administrative Assistant is to make certain the rooms are reserved and properly set-up. She is also in charge of "the light girls" and many other little behind-the-scenes matters of which most of us are not aware. "Some days are not quite as hectic", comments Laura and she sometimes has an opportunity to read a little for fun.

Every afternoon around 5:30 Laura pulls out of the FAC parking lot in her new yellow Dodge Dart Swinger and heads home.

She describes home as a modest basement apartment supplied with her own "early attic" furniture. She says it only has two windows, but "it has a fireplace — a mobile fireplace!"

During her spare time Laura enjoys painting, sewing, reading, and of course, the T. O. G. This past summer she was a dorm mother at Governor's School. She hopes to be able to teach the gifted children someday, but since there are no winter schools for gifted children now in the United States, we look forward to having Laura around for a while.

Laura says, "living by yourself is often lonesome" and she wishes more people would come by to see her.

Info

Freshman drop-add for the January Program will be from Monday, Oct. 23 through Thursday, Oct. 26 from 11:30 to 2:30 in the drama workshop. Friday the 27th drop-add hours will be 11:30 through 1:00; January program assignments will be issued the first week in November.

Oktoberfest

Oct. 23 — Birthday of Francis Hopkinson Smith — American engineer, contractor, artist, novelist, and essayist, born in 1838.

Oct. 24 — The U. N. Charter

Oct. 25 — Feast of St. Crispin — the patron saint of shoemakers, saddlers, and tanners. They sold shoes cheaply to the poor, and legend has it that angels provided their leather.

Oct. 26 — Laying the Cornerstone of Dartmouth Hall — The Earl of Dartmouth laid the cornerstone for a new Dartmouth Hall in 1904 (and probably

sprained his back doing so.

Oct. 27 — Navy-Roosevelt Day — The birthday of Theodore Roosevelt just happened to fall on the anniversary of a committee report to Congress suggesting the foundation of a navy.

Oct. 28 — Republic of Czechoslovakia Day.

Oct. 29 — A Historic Election — this is too complicated to explain, but the election, held in 1733 was significant because the governor of New York was unable to restrict freedom of the press.

Telephone Men Invade Bell Tel Comes

For the last few weeks we girls have heard new tones in the calls of, "Man on the hall." Those of us who have been at Salem for several years can identify the tembre of each manly call with the repairman to whom it belongs. It was a nice change to hear some new voices chiming in, and with such zest.

Apparently the experience was a true novelty for the minions of the Bell Telephone Company. To be allowed to roam freely through the dorms and to get to stand giggling in the hall while some poor girl scrambled for clothes on a Saturday morning really turned them on. One man did that to me three times in one day. He brought all three of his friends to see the exact spot of installation at three different times. It must have been amusing to see me come to the door in a different combination from the heap on the floor each time. But this behavior did not go unreverged. We Seniors did wonders for the hangover of one

telephone man who was working behind Clewell early on the morning of Founder's Day.

I hope that everyone is enjoying their new found freedom from the dime rat race. And who else has discovered that one need only pick up the phone rather

than run all the way upstairs to tell someone to turn down the stereo? The advantages are really worth that monthly bill, aren't they girls? Aren't they? Oh, well I'm sure that your male callers think so!

