

Sights and Insights

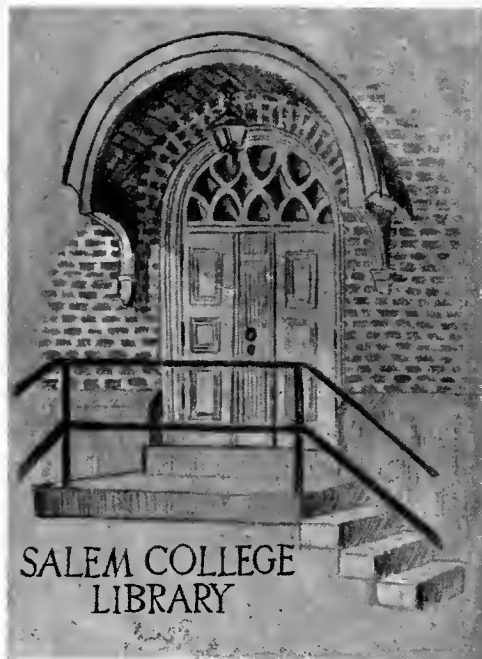


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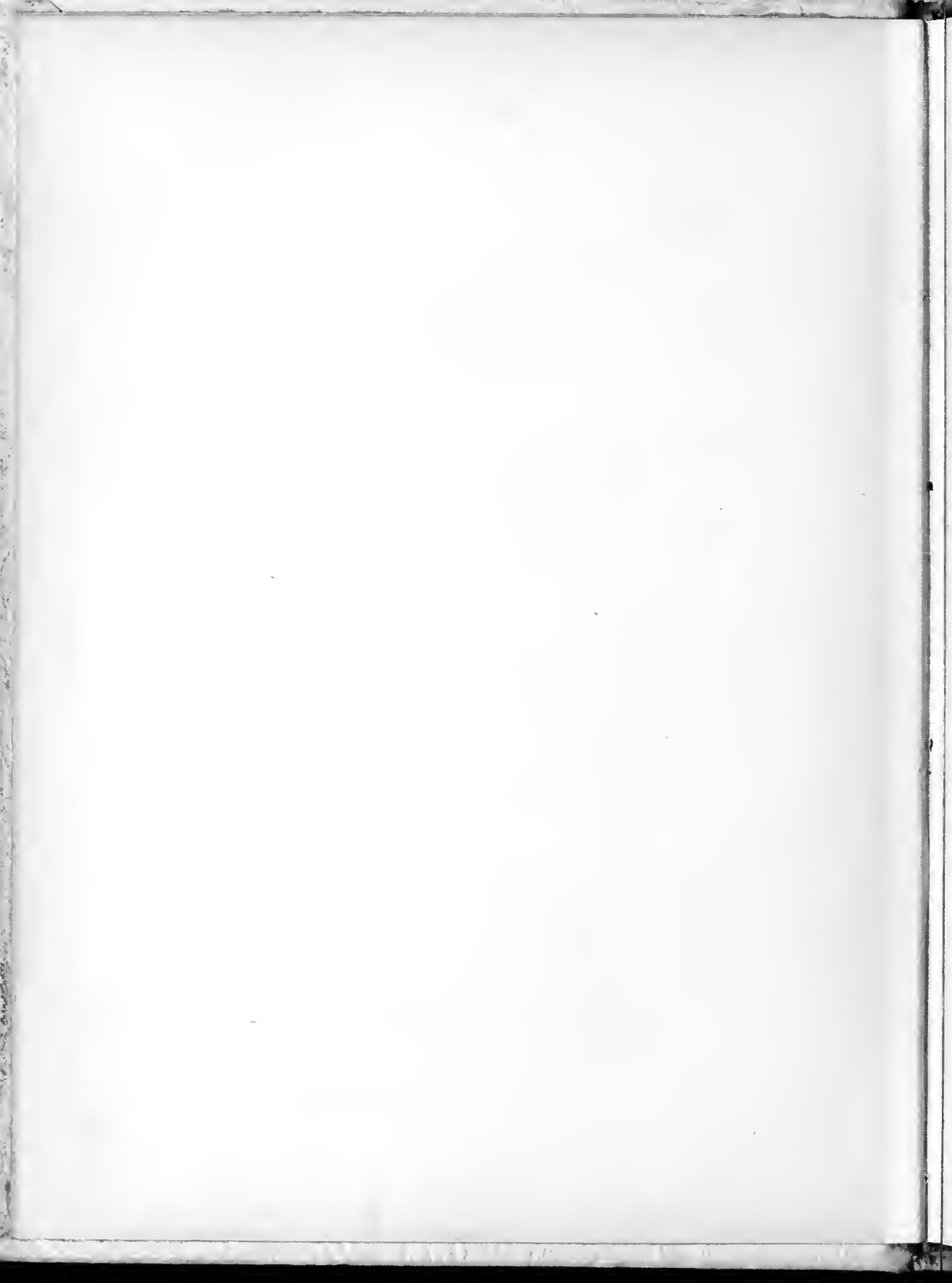
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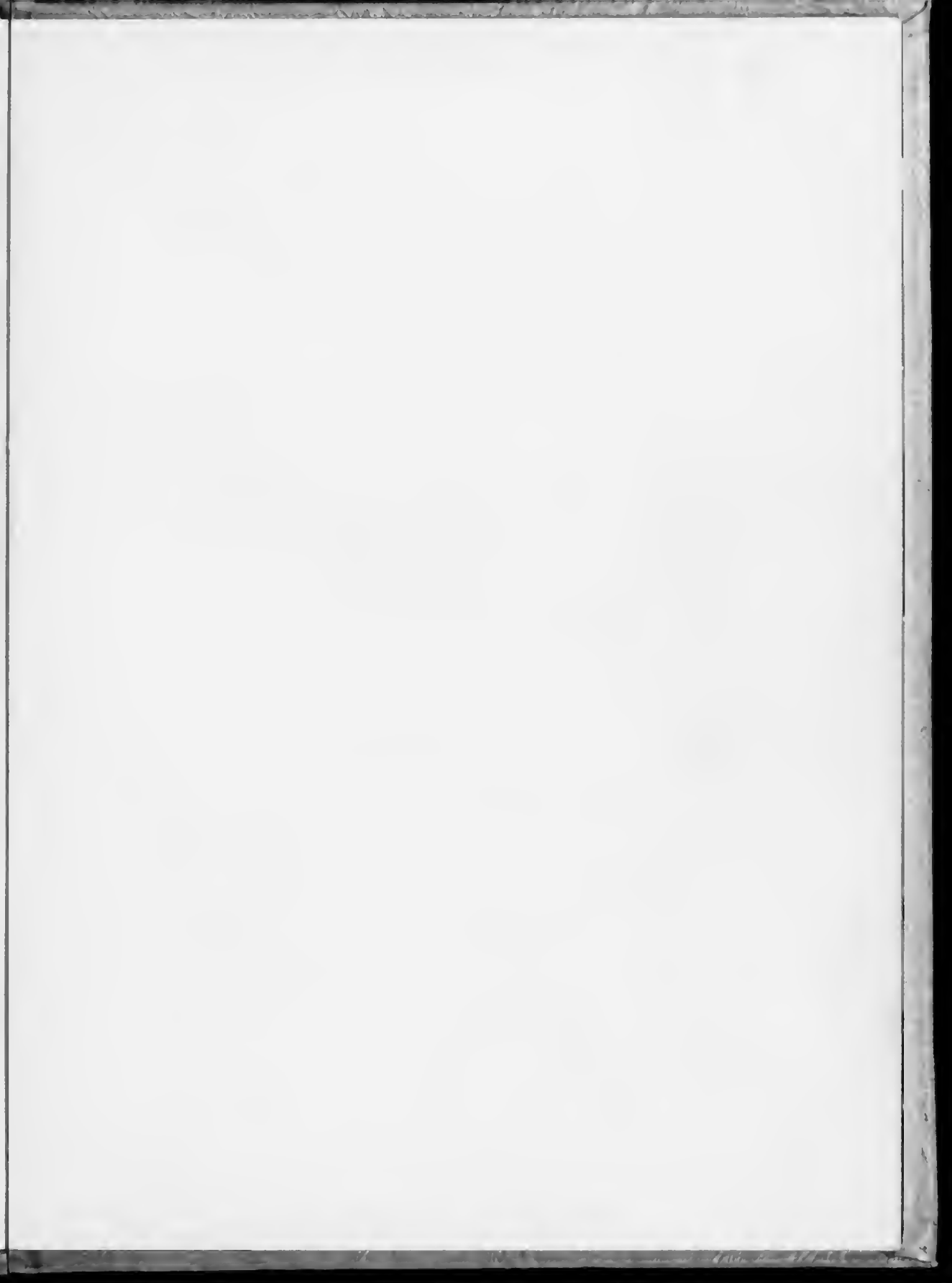
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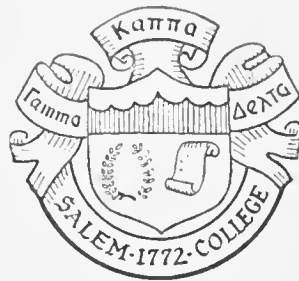












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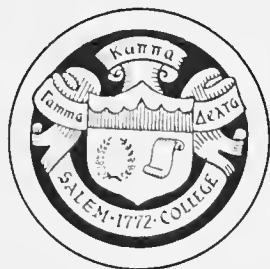
The fiftieth edition of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, 1952, was edited by CAROLYN HARRIS. KITTY BURRUS was the associate editor and MARY DELIGHT ALLEN was the business manager. Engravings were made by JAHN AND OLLIER, Chicago, with printing by EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, Raleigh.



Salem College

The
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
EDITION OF

Sights and Insights



PRESENTED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS

• • • OF 1952 • • •

SALEM COLLEGE

WINSTON SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY TWO



We dedicate . . .

. . . this year's annual to Dr. Gregg Singer, who inspires his students to live up to his motto—"Think! You must think!"

Backed into a corner by our own illogical arguments, we've squirmed under his quizzical gaze—but we've seen the fallacy in our thinking. Or dodging the flying chalk that inevitably follows an unsupported statement, we've laughed—but we've remembered the need for sound scholarship.

In an office cluttered with books and test papers, there's always been room for a student in the crises of term papers, personal problems, or confused thinking. In class and on campus we've found Dr. Singer keenly interested, always sympathetic, and an inspiration for erudition.

In appreciation, this book is for him.

In retrospect . . .

. . . this has been the year of nineteen hundred and fifty-two. Another year at Salem has passed. To some nineteen hundred and fifty-two has meant excitement, gaiety; to others, bewilderment and perplexity.

We met roommates, and buddies; stored our cottons in exchange for wool skirts and cashmere sweaters. The eight-thirties seemed earlier each morning, and the books tucked under our arms became heavier. At Halloween we put aside our college maturity and sought fun in silly pranks. At exam time we each tried to cram the semester's work in a few short hours. Then it was spring and Miss Anna was devoting full time to her flowers. "Pomp and Circumstance" held its place in the minds of Seniors. Final examinations, and each class took a step forward.

This has been nineteen hundred and fifty-two. The one hundred and eightieth year of Salem College, the fiftieth year of the *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*. We worried about current events and the uncertain situation in Korea. We missed the boys who had been drafted. The year was different, our enrollment had dropped, but the campus had not changed and we tried to keep its life the same.

So for the fiftieth time the sights and insights of Salem life are recorded. But for the first and only time the sights and insights of the Salem Girl in nineteen hundred and fifty-two are recorded.

43735

INFORMATION



Only Greyhound gives you all these great travel features:

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A vertical poster for Greyhound buses. It features the text "Only Greyhound gives you all these great travel features:" at the top. Below this is an illustration of a Greyhound bus. At the bottom, the word "GREYHOUND" is written in a bold, stylized font.



Information Please!

With suitcases stuffed with keepsakes of high school proms and Friday night football games, hearts beating with excitement and anxiety, we arrived. The goodbyes had been sad, but a new life was beginning and we were happy. New faces, new rules, and questions . . . each building, office, and Ph.D., provoked a question. And there were questions and more questions to be answered.

*Dr. Dale H. Gramley,
Our President*



Between the frivolity of youth and the staidness of age, we find that delightful creature who is our college president. He comes in a brown suit, brown tie, equipped with horn rimmed glasses and an infectuous grin. He is only one, but he seems to be everywhere at once doing all he can to see that we enjoy and profit from every second of every minute of every hour of every day. He hesitates to punish where he can correct, anticipates the males on forthcoming weekends, listens sympathetically to our tales of woe and exemplifies for us sensible optimism.

He is found almost anywhere on campus—in his office, in the catacombs, at Stee Gee meetings, in the Book Store, balancing a cup on his knee at coffees, shaking hands at dances, quoting *Robert's Rules of Order* in chapel, sliding into second on the softball field, chatting with students on the back campus benches, playing football with Stevie in his front yard, and playing Sherlock Holmes in Bitting.

Stray dogs love him, the Board of Trustees appreciate him, other men envy him, the students glorify him, the alumnae pester him, and Mrs. Gramley protects him—from us.

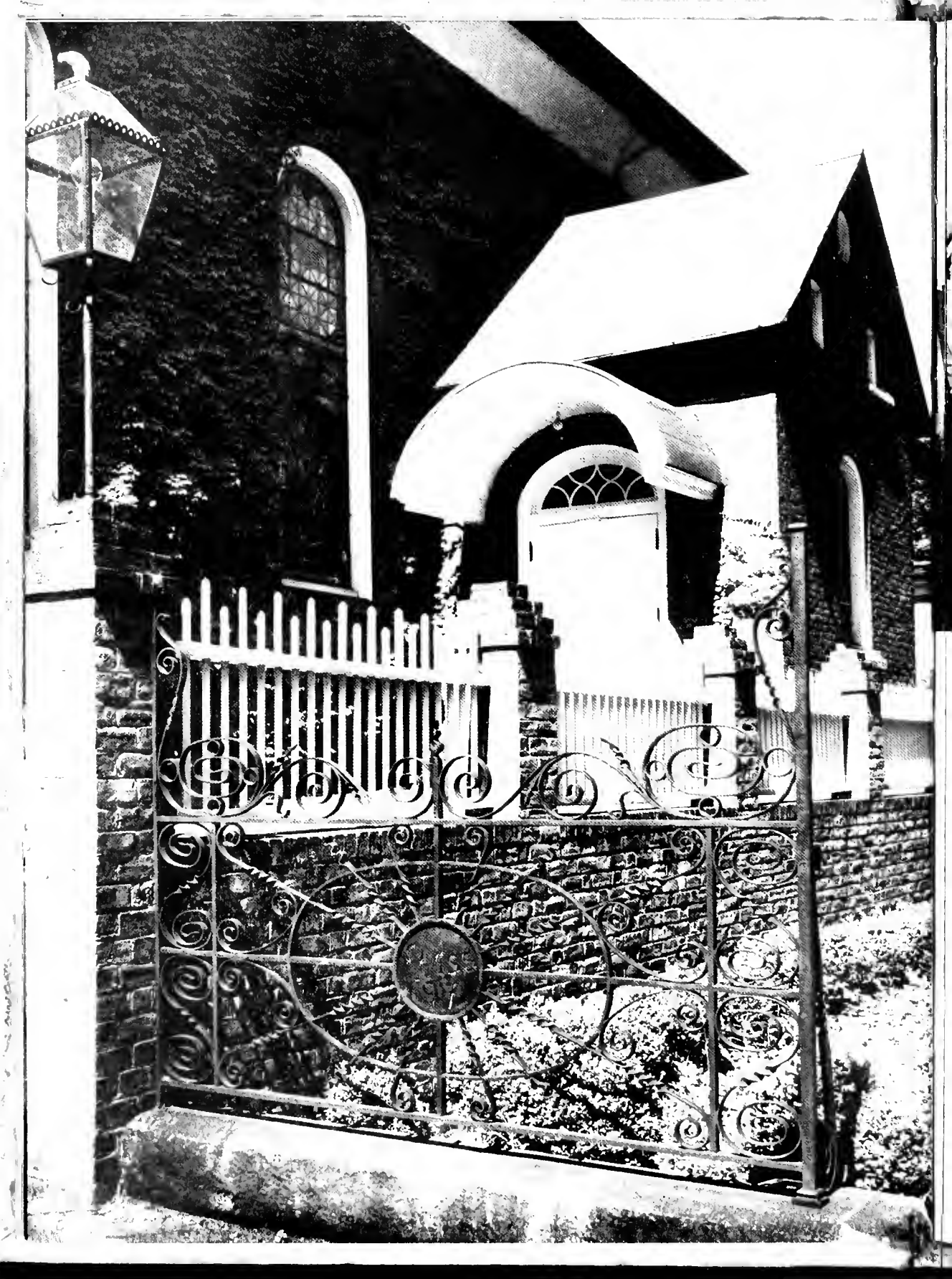
Our president is Sincerity with a twinkle in its eye, Dignity adulterated only by argyle socks, Wisdom with a bald spot on its head and Hope for the future of three hundred girls.

Our college president is a composite—he has the energy of a cheerleader, the interest of a dean, the confidence of a freshman, the handshake of a friend, the gallantry of a Lancelot, the endurance of a prize fighter, and the tact of a diplomat.

He likes the new science building, Camels, the food in the dining hall, the *Salemite*, informal get-togethers with students, his job, civic music programs, faculty discussions, the basketball tournament, informal clothes and holidays. He is not much for tux, laziness, out-dated social regulations, rheumatism, rainy weather, alumnae meetings, and long faces.

Nobody else looks quite so distinguished and yet has so spontaneous a laugh or reply. Nobody else gets so much fun out of campus antics and is so quick to perceive students' underlying seriousness. Nobody else can cram into one desk drawer thirty-seven letters, three half-written speeches, innumerable rubber bands and paper clips, a memorandum pad, a newspaper, and an Esquire calender.

Our president is down-to-earth. We find him everywhere, but most of all in our hearts. When we pass him on the campus or meet him in the square, although we may be weighted down with an armload of books and the memories of last night's blind date, he can mend our broken spirits with a tip of his hat and a contagious smile.





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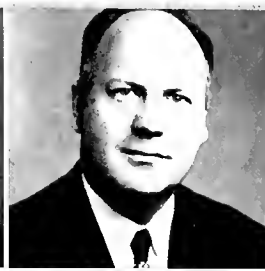
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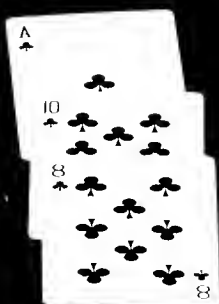
JAMES RICHARD LERCH, B.S.
Professor of Violin

The Inevitable Game

The scene is set. The cards are dealt, and the game is about to begin. The players are heard in the next room, laughing, talking, eager. Soon each girl will walk into the card room and pick up her hand. Some have been here before. They will walk straight ahead with confidence, knowing. Some are new. They will walk more slowly and glance behind them from time to time. But each is curious as to what her hand will hold. The hands have yet to be sorted and surveyed. Each girl has had or will have four years to play her game. How she plays and whether she wins depends on her—the Salem Girl.

Who is she—the Salem Girl? She arrives in September from north, south, east, and west. September . . . and Orientation Week. Parents back cars up to the basement door of Clewell and unload new baggage, shiny steamer trunks . . . and a daughter. They watch her, a little sad, as she steps into the dean's office to sign in for the first time. Each train and bus carries more freshmen and upperclassmen to Salem. The leaves on the maple trees in front of Clewell are faintly tinged with yellow. Groups of freshmen and orientation committee members chatter and laugh noisily—excited, anticipatory, and some a little afraid. Meals are punctuated by yells and hugs until all have arrived. The faculty smile indulgently and are glad. Curtains are hung, closets are crammed to overflowing, new bedspreads drag the floor on the low beds. And the girls laugh.

The game is about to begin. . . .





We didn't know the ropes . . .

. . . but we began picking knots that very first day at Salem. Between filling in blanks and signing our names, we learned that Sister's and South were different dorms, that you could get a whole winter's wardrobe into a Clewell closet, and that you never used the front door of the dining hall.

During Orientation Week we untangled the difference between light cuts and class cuts, nights out and overnights—and figured the nearest route to the post office.

The first few weeks of school were a blur of new events. Reserve room shelves were well explored, Mr. Campbell's reputed yellow paper pops became a reality, and bruised knees and sore muscles proved that hockey was an unfamiliar game for most of us. Getting lost in Silver's on our first shopping spree was almost as much fun as signing out for our first blind date. And then there was the excitement of May Day elections when Phoebe got elected to May Court and the fun of giving our skit at the pep rally afterwards.

Every time we see a shower cap we still think of Rat Week and our buck private uniforms. In boots and burlap sacks we saluted sophomores and bit the dust at the cry of "air raid" from the "generals."

At rat court we sat on ice and proposed to boys. It was a great relief when the sophomores took off their black—but after some of us received answers from the rat letters written to Carolina and Davidson, we decided maybe Rat Week has its place in the life of a freshman!

When the bus left to take us to Wake Forest-Salem Day, many of us were on our way to our first big game. We must have looked important when Toddy was mistaken for president of Student Government! For Salem-Davidson Day, the Presbyterians invaded Winston, and a hay ride, picnic, and dance all combined into a big weekend. On our fun thermometers, the red and black were now tied with the gold and black.

After six weeks' tests, class elections were held; Phoebe Barnhardt was elected president with Roberta Brower to help her out as vice-president. Barbara Kuss was our secretary and Sara Outland, our treasurer.

From Thanksgiving until Christmas we worked harder than ever—struggling to get term papers in on time and parallel properly written. We played harder too—at decorating the dorm, using our nights out, and dancing at the Christmas formal.

After Christmas, work overbalanced play as we crammed for mid-terms. In spite of swimming heads, however, we managed to consume ovens of sugar bread at the dean's coffee and counters of sandwiches at the kitchen party.

During the spring, stunt night was a big project for us—we wanted to prove we could hold our own with upperclassmen. After Easter we came back armed with baby oil and baked by the pool to get a tan for the May day dance. This time dance cards were no mystery and the receiving line no menace.

Next year is upon us and the knots and kinks have been unraveled. We're almost sophomores now—we know the ropes!

. . . with Phoebe Barnhardt as president, Bert Brower, Bobbie Kuss and Sara Outland filled the slate . . . Bessie and her crew finally got some food from home . . . and po' littl' Jean got a case of alarm clock jitters . . .

Freshmen

First row:

Norma Jean Ansell, High Point
Mary Bambalis, Winston-Salem
Rooney Barnes, Bennettsville, S. C.
Phoebe Barnhardt, Concord
Margaret Blakeney, Matthews
Marguerite Blanton, Mooresboro

Second row:

Anne Bryan Bowman, Wadesboro
Roberta Brower, Winston-Salem
Jane Brown, Murfreesboro
Diantha Carter, Raleigh
Chris Crutchfield, Jacksonville, Fla.
Kay Cunningham, Rockwood City, Cal.

Third row:

Jean Currin, Middleburg
Kathleen Duffy, New Bern
Anne Edwards, Bluefield, W. Va.
Louise Fike, Wilson
Nancy Florance, Chevy Chase, Md.
Sidna Fryer, Hillsboro

Fourth row:

Irma Gatewood, Winston-Salem
Emily Gunn, Lynchburg
Bonnie Hall, Elkin
Emily Hall, Belmont
Jean Hamrick, Winston-Salem
Norma Jean Hanks, Winston-Salem

Fifth row:

Dan Hartzog, Winston-Salem
Emily Heard, Kinston
Marlene Hedrick, Lenoir
Jean Henry, Kinston
Barbara Hine, Winston-Salem
Angela Howard, Wilmington

Sixth row:

Edith Howell, Rahway, N. J.
Sally Anne Hudson, Winston-Salem
Inogene Jennings, Winston-Salem
Gertrude Johnson, Burlington
Betty Carol Johnston, Draper
Sue Jones, Charlotte

Seventh row:

Ernestine Kapp, Winston-Salem
Anne Kester, Winston-Salem
Carolyn Kneeburg, Salisbury
Diane Knott, Kinston
Barbara Kuss, Allentown, Pa.
Barbara Lakey, Jacksonville, Fla.





Freshmen

First row:

Ann Lang, Kinston
Jan Langley, Hamilton, Mont.
Betsy Liles, Wadesboro
Audrey Lindley, Winston-Salem
Jane Little, Albemarle

Second row:

Mary Livingston, Wilmington
Allison Long, Statesville
Peggy McCanless, Salisbury
Patricia Marsh, Salisbury
Virginia Millican, Lumberton

Third row:

Ann Mixon, Summit, N. J.
Dorothy Morris, Mocksville
Jacqueline Nielsen, Kinston
Patricia Noah, Chapel Hill
Sara Outland, Kinston

Fourth row:

Francine Pitts, Lydia, S. C.
Betty Anne Piver, Wilmington
Rebecca Powers, Raleigh
Mary Ann Raines, Chevy Chase, Md.
Sally Reiland, Bluefield, W. Va.

Fifth row:

Betty Riddle, Plymouth
Freda Siler, Franklin
Bessie Smith, Selma, Ala.
Mary Todd Smith, Bethel
Norma Spikes, Burlington

Sixth row:

Mildred Spillman, Wilmington
Phyllis Stinnett, Buchanan, Va.
Florance Swindell, Raleigh
Betty Claire Warren, Winston-Salem
Helen Carol Watkins, Hartsville, S. C.

Seventh row:

Carolyn Watlington, Ruffin
Betty Lynn Wilson, Rural Hall
Rosanne Worthington, Kinston

We were the forgotten class . . .

. . . whose only mark of distinction was to act as Rat Week generals, not little sisters, big sisters, or handbook advisers.

The first weeks of school we enjoyed our "sophomoreship" by passing threatening notes under freshmen doors and chuckling at our own gruesome plans for Rat Week. After rat court our faces cracked as we smiled and decided that the rats had had the better time.

May Court elections were victorious for us when five sophomores were announced as winners. Cacky was promoted from the horses' posterior to the Queen's court, and Lu Long was as radiant that Saturday in May as the September Saturday in Atlantic City. Caroline, Sara Sue, and Sarah completed the quintet.

During hockey season we sought revenge on the "active" classes and won the hockey tournament.

The Roaring Twenties staged a come-back in Clewell when Frankie and Lou decided that old Davy Jones needed a new life. A house meeting was held, and the class introduced the idea. Heads went together, committees were formed, and the basement was soon busy. Betty Tyler was chairman of the committee to sketch the drawings, and Euber posed for endless hours as a flapper; taking time out only to

throw in a few steps of the Charleston to add the proper atmosphere. By exams the room was complete with flappers, flivers, and raccoon coats.

At Christmas we rescued our white suits from the moth balls and with pride and sophistication sang "Morning Star" antiphonally with the seniors. Some of us slipped out the door with our bees-wax candles to take home for the holidays.

But darkness descended in April when comprehensives were announced. *Time*, *Theater Arts*, and *Webster's* suddenly acquired a new meaning, and we frantically learned the latest U.N. developments. After two days of circling the assumed right answers and underlining the synonomous words, we decided that there was a world unexplored.

We regained our strength and wrote articles for the *Salemite*, attended Stee Gee meetings, and spent long hours practicing in the May Dell. May came, and the Shopes' suntan became the envy of all. We had more nights out, and there were only three more weeks for the forgotten class.

This year Frankie Strader was president of the Sophomore class. Mary Lu Whiteheart served as vice-president, Alice McNeely was secretary, and Alison Britt was treasurer.

. . . corruption in high places! Officers Allison Britt, Mary Lu Whiteheart, Frankie Strader, and Alice McNeely indulging . . . Really girls, this is not the time for such things . . . "The Old Piano Roll Blues," Shope style. . .





Sophomores

First row:

Peggyan Alderman, Winston-Salem
Jane Alexander, Statesville
Barbara Allen, Bethlehem, Pa.
Nancy Arnot, Norwalk, Conn.
Betty Ball, Winston-Salem
Bryan Balfour, Winston-Salem

Second row:

Elizabeth Bass, Henderson
Wootie Beaseley, Germantown, Tenn.
Joyce Billings, Kinston
Mary Lou Bridgers, Wilson
Allison Britt, Murfreesboro
Jean Calhoun, Clinton

Third row:

Anna Katherine Dobson, Elkin
Jean Edwards, Raleigh
Elaine Elrick, Baltimore Md.
Joan Elrick, Baltimore, Md.
Elynor Fishell, Winston-Salem
Edith Flagler, Hickory

Fourth row

Betsy Forrest, Hillsboro
Phyllis Forrest, Hillsboro
Eleanor Fry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Patsy Gattis, Raleigh
Carol Glaser, Charlotte
Beatrice Gordils, Caracas, Venezuela

Fifth row:

Lois Hankins, Winston-Salem
Jean Harrison, Plymouth
Sue Harrison, Danville
Sarah Hobson, Bluefield, W. Va.
Virginia Hudson, Raleigh
Bill Hunter, Winston-Salem

Sixth row:

Caroline Huntley, Lenoir
Elissa Hutson, Winston-Salem
Eleanor Johnson, Peterborough, N. H.
Peggie Johnson, Raleigh
William Long, Germanton
Betty McGlaughon, Kingsport, Tenn.

Sophomores

First row:

Doris McMillan, Galax, Va.
Alice McNeely, Mooresville
Priscilla Martin, Miami, Fla.
Cynthia May, Greenville, S. C.
Anne Merritt, Mount Airy
Laura Mitchell, Charlotte

Second row:

Joanne Moody, Sylva
Anne Moye, Tarboro
Connie Murray, Durham
Lu Long Ogburn, Smithfield
Cacky Post, Wilmington
Molly Quinn, Kinston

Third row:

Helen Ridgway, Washington, D. C.
Euber Robert, Anniston, Ala.
Anne Robertson, Salem, Va.
Caroline Ross, Green Cove Fla.
Joan Rutherford, Valdese
Jean Shope, Weaverville

Fourth row:

Joan Shope, Weaverville
Dorothy Smothers, Reidsville
R. Lee Sprinkle, Jr., Winston-Salem
Frankie Strader, Burlington
Maybel Taylor, Kinston
Edith Tesch, Winston-Salem

Fifth row:

Sarah Sue Tisdale, New Bern
Sara Tulloch, Winston-Salem
Betsy Turner, Oxford
Betty Tyler, Kinston
Mary Lou Whiteheart, Winston-Salem
June Williams, Winston-Salem

Sixth row:

Mary Lou Williams, Fayetteville
Constance Williford, Plymouth
Mary Joyce Wilson, Rural Hall
Grace Woodson, Salisbury
Marcia Zachary, Salisbury

STUDENTS NOT PHOTOGRAPHED

Doris Faley
Nancy Huffard
Ruth McIlroy
Carolyn Roberts
Phyllis Tierney
Mrs. Florence White





Frivolity was our keynote . . .

. . . as we greeted each other with squeals and hugs at the beginning of our third year at Salem. Some of us carried suit cases and potted plants to unaccustomed spaciousness in Strong dorm, and others went back to familiar rooms in Sisters. Strong girls soon crowded into Sister's new basement smoke house to admire the big fireplace and hash over summer happenings—Jo Ann's ring, Peggy's suntan, Faye's trip to Europe.

Most of us visited our little sisters that first night at Salem, too—we wanted to shift our relationship from the status of pen pal to that of personal confidante. Big sisters and little sisters did lots of things together that first week to get the "personal" into high gear. Our little sisters took us to a picnic supper and presented a miniature stunt night for us, while we took them to Sunday dinner and a coffee in Mrs. Heidbreder's apartment (and advised them to eat junior breakfast.)

Marion Lewis was our class president this year assisted by Vice-president Francis Morgan. Jo Bell wrote up minutes from class meetings, and Willie Rhyne managed our finances. Dorm doors were locked and lights turned out by house presidents Ann Hobbs and Jean Moyer.

With a flying leap we plunged into the year in September—to use up those extra overnights, to take over a bigger share of campus activities, and to learn unwillingly of Keats and court cases. Ann Simpson's calls kept the

phone ringing every hour, and Jane Schoolfield kept us informed on happenings in Chapel Hill. Eleanor, Ann, and Jean burned the midnight oil for the *Salemite*, Jo wrote birthday invitations for the I.R.S., and Elsie wrote copy for the annual. Education students found that making a flannel board is serious business, and Myra learned that something could be worse than Latin—Greek!

Proceeds from junior breakfast helped give a rattle to the class treasury. Jean and Norma groggily unpacked dishes in Clewell on Sunday morning before cooking that first junior breakfast. After that, two new chairmen took charge each month to wrestle with the problem of burned toast and left over coffee.

Planning the Christmas banquet was fun, but hard work, too. For weeks we wrote invitations, composed the senior poem, and made place cards. We squeezed in time to decorate our dorms, too . . . being careful not to leave out the kissing ball.

After Christmas we took exams with calmness, put on class rings with excitement, and planned for stunt night with enthusiasm. Added gaiety at having senior privileges for the last three weeks of school was tempered by the sobriety of hat burning. Those caps and gowns meant more responsibility and greater dignity, as well as cars on campus and unlimited cuts. Those caps and gowns meant our senior year was almost here—our hats of frivolity were gone.

. . . Seen visions are sweet, but those unseen are sweeter. Therefore, ye T. V., drop dead! chant officers Marion Lewis, Anna Frances Morgan, Jo Bell and Willie Rhyne . . . and with the junior year comes the privilege of cars on campus and the headache of Jr.-Sr. preparations. . .

Juniors

First row:

Constance Barnes, Wilson
Ellen Bell, Dublin, Va.
Joanne Bell, Wilson
Neva Bell, Beaufort
Peggy Britt, La Grange

Third row:

Loma Faye Cuthbertson, Glen Alpine
Jean Davenport, Rocky Mount
Faye Deaton, Norfolk, Va.
Ruth Derrick, Clayton, Ga.
Myra Dickson, Gastonia

Fifth row:

Joyce Goforth, Winston-Salem
Gunilla Graberger, Ostersund, Sweden
Katharin Green, Midland
Theresa Hedrick, Lenoir
Ann Hobbs, Charlotte

Second row:

John Byrd, Winston-Salem
Dora Cameron, Castle Hayne
Violetta Castro, Guayaquil, Equador
Peggy Cheers, Durham
Patsy Crawford, Kinston

Fourth row:

Loretta Dirom, Lynchburg, Va.
Carolyn Dobson, Greenville, S. C.
Jane Fearing, Statesville
Margie Ferrell, Kinston
Fay Fuller, Winston-Salem

Sixth row:

Ann Hughes, Winston-Salem
Sallie Gene Kerner, Henderson
Betty Lou Kipe, Plainfield, N. J.
Sally Anne Knight, College Park, Ga.
Emma Sue Larkins, Trenton





Juniors

First row:

Faye Lee, Smithfield
Marian Lewis, Raeford
Anne Lowe, Mooresville
Betty McCrary, Asheboro
Charlotte McGlaughon, Winston-Salem

Second row:

Eleanor McGregor, Greenville, S. C.
Elsie Macon, Raleigh
Anne Miller, Lincolnton
Julia Moore, Norfolk, Va.
Anna Frances Morgan, Winston-Salem

Third row:

Jeanne Moye, Maury
Martha Newcomb, Henderson
Nell Philips, Battleboro
Nancy Ann Ramsey, Winston-Salem
Anne Rhyne, Statesville

Fourth row:

Jane Schoolfield, Danville, Va.
Ann Simpson, Raleigh
Bebe Skinner, Selma, Ala.
Betty Jean Smith, Scarsdale, N. Y.
Jane Smith, Selma, Ala.

Fifth row:

Florence Spaugh, Spray
Marilyn Summey, Dallas
Drane Vaughn, Winston-Salem
Sara Watson, Winston-Salem
Joann White, Archdale

Sixth row:

Sara Willard, Winston-Salem
Frances Williams, Fayetteville
Norma Williams, Wilmington
Ragnhild Wurr, Kierspe, Germany

STUDENTS NOT PHOTOGRAPHED

Carmen Johnston
Sarah Long
James McDaniel
Emma Lee Sinclair
Marcia Skinner

On September fifteenth . . .

. . . the new seniors picked up their suitcases and started up the steps of Bitting. Bitting looked awfully spacious for only twenty-seven girls, but we didn't think about this on September fifteenth. Our thoughts were on the handbook and our new job as senior advisers.

Some of the seniors stopped off on first floor and some stopped off on second. Then there were people like Jane and Lola, gifted in drawing high numbers, who climbed to third floor.

September passed with free cokes in Welfare's and the thrill of caps and gowns. In October we sang the Alma Mater to the tune of "Pistol Packin' Mama" on Founders Day and sent a midnight trio of taxis to the Martin's on Halloween.

During Thanksgiving, Emily kept an eye on Bitting from the infirmary window and decided she was too old for handle-bars.

The Christmas spirit invaded Bitting as we turned "the Bottom" into an old Moravian home, complete with cookies, putz and puppy. From then on there was a rush of Christmas activities—the banquet with its Santa Claus and holly, senior vespers with its bees-wax candles, and senior caroling with even Sprinkle and Carolyn singing.

Senior members of the F.T.A. were also heard singing, though at the earlier date of December twelfth . . . practice teaching was over! No longer

did they need to concentrate on lesson plans, discipline problems and flashes of color. No longer did they have to gulp down breakfast at seven-thirty and miss their after-breakfast cigarette! And yet, not all the practice teachers were cheerful on December twelfth. Fitchett was sad. No longer could she have two hours of supervised study on Monday while she recuperated from the weekend.

Exams were completed and the seniors began their last semester at Salem College. The nights were spent listening to Flossie sing "I Cover the Waterfront," planning for next year's jobs, and digging in the library.

The seniors presented their last stunt night as a mock-graduation. Kitty looked interesting as she balleed across the stage singing "Hannibal Crossed the Alps."

May Day displayed the beauty of the senior class and the ingenuity of Parks and her May Day Committee. We were proud of Monie as she was crowned queen of the May.

May brought not only May Day, but also comprehensives. We chewed our pencils and took our last stab at developing the intellectual viewpoint.

And so we greeted June and graduation. Our heads were high. Torn between a thrill of the exciting future and a sadness over the secure life we were leaving, we waved goodbye to the square, the Book Store, Welfare's . . . and our life as a college girl.

. . . Carolyn Patterson, Edna Wilkerson, Martha Fitchett, and Martha Wolfe taught the Senior how to plant ivy and be sedate . . . Ah, what would life be without the T.H., or eat heartily for tomorrow we may have hash . . .





Some dated . . .

. . . and kept the night lights burning on Bitting's steps. Unlimited nights out were a luxury complete with ball games, movies, Bowman Gray dances, bridge games, and quiet evenings in the date room. But the luxury was more than some could afford as there were term papers, critiques, and sociology tests—and the U. S. government. Those who couldn't come, called, and there was always a lonesome voice heard talking over the phone.

On weekends three-fourths of the twenty-seven evacuate the dorm, and the few left gathered around blaring radios, did a week's washing, or crept off to the catacombs to catch up on a semester's work. On Sunday nights we heard the fifty yardline reports and the latest home town gossip, while Marion sat cross-legged on the floor, smiling winsomely over the last two days with her Private.

The months were long, we kept busy—some dated.

Some waited . . .

. . . and talked into the early hours of the morning about the future. Parks tried to convince us that "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend." Between lesson plans and history parallel Sprinkle and Alice Blake gave their diamond a shining, thought about June and continued to write.

Some wore fraternity pins and became involved in a triangle with the government. After Christmas there were rings to add to the pins, and summer plans took the place of lesson plans. The rest of the seniors sought refuge in books, or carried on philosophical discussions on the advantages of maidenhood.

Our days at Salem were numbered. Some applied for jobs, some for graduate school. Others bought laces and held midnight fashion shows.

We each made our plans and waited.



Seniors



MARY DELIGHT ALLEN, business manager of the annual and a history major from Morganton, is the one girl in Bitting who can play bridge for six hours in a row without going crazy. Between games she finds time for practice teaching, work on the May Day committee, and wheedling ads from reluctant business men. An enthusiast for fun, you'll always find "Dee" ready to go—for bridge, coffee, movies, or men!



Unique as the only male member of the senior class, FURNEY BAKER is not a faithful attender of class meetings. Religious music major with special training in voice, Furney has supplied the bass for numerous quartets as well as starred as a baritone soloist. He has served as president of the Men's Student Organization this year.



ANN BLACKWELL, or B.A., is a history major from Fayetteville. Aside from practice teaching she manages to slave for the *Salemite*, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, and "Y" cabinet. Last year B.A. saved us from sure cremation as Fire Warden, but this year she serves as class chauffeur—thanks to her Belle Aire.



PEGGY BONNER, class contribution to May Court for two years, is a sociology-economics major from Elizabeth City. Dependable not only in attracting males to the campus, Peggy has served on the business and editorial staffs of the *Salemite* and *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, May Day committee, and *Pierrettes*. "But stiff-back or stiff-knees, she'll stand straight at Tiffany's."

KITTY BURRUS, English major from Shelby, has upheld the scholarship of the class as a member of the Honor Society and *Who's Who*. Aside from Shakespeare and Shelley, Kitty has divided her talents between her thirty-nine children at Wiley and work as Associate Editor of the *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, feature writer for *Salemite* staff, cotton plant in May Day, and president of the Methodist students. In addition, she has been the recipient of many special awards.

DAISY CHONIS, House President of Bitting and soul survivor of the home economic majors, is from Monroe, N. C. A former treasurer of the Junior Class and the Home Economics Club, Daisy is at it again for the May Day Committee. Aside from her career as a financial wizard, she has served in a more strenuous capacity as the vice-president of the A. A., Tennis Manager, member of the class hockey and baseball team, Home Economics club president, and Student Council member.

Seniors



FLORENCE COLE, a Virginian and proud of it, is a piano major from Chilhowie. On stage, as leading lady in Senior recital or *Liliom*, and in the May Dell, as maid of honor, Flossie excels in beauty and talent. In Bitting's basement, she excels as blues singer, tale spinner, and holy roller artist. With Bill, she excels!

BETH WILSON, an economics-sociology major from Charlotte, is one of those rare souls with originality. For four years she has done a major portion of the work required for dorm decorations, Stunt Night, and pep rallies. Aside from these responsibilities, she served on the A.A. council, May Day committee and *Salemite* staff. In her senior year, Beth was elected to the Order of the Scorpion.

That drawl belongs to MARY CAMPBELL CRAIG from Ba-a-sett. Her practice teaching and double major in piano and history still leave her time for work on the "Y" and for doing a bang-up good job as president of the F.T.A. Her junior year she was president of the B.S.U. and was elected a member of the Honor Society. We'll remember Mary Campbell for her Virginia apples, her long philosophical discussions, and her tales of Richmond.

Seniors

Seniors

LOU DAVIS, I.R.S. president and three-termer on May Court, is a sociology-economics major from Morganton. Having served as secretary of the I.R.S., Lou found herself prepared for her duties this year. As a practice teacher she has learned the hidden secrets of bulletin boards and pianos, aside from being chauffeur to Kernersville.



"That's life, especially mine!" sings LOLA DAWSON, Pierrette president. An English major from Rocky Mount, Lola has acted as sophomore class president, script-writer of May Day, student-director of Pierrette productions, and actress. A Scorpion and Who's Whoer, she has used her poetic talents in providing us with outstanding songs and chapel announcements.



We never fully appreciated ALICE BLAKE DOBSON of Elkin until she appeared in chapel as a little girl, complete with patent leather shoes. A day student and history major, Alice Blake lived with us in Bitting during Dec's absence and joined in the practice teaching struggle. As vice-president of the Student Government, she stepped up from her junior class duties as Stee Gee treasurer.



Seniors



ANN EVANS, a voice major and day student, has served us as class representative to I.R.S. A transfer, Ann has loaned her voice to Senior Vespers, orientation parties, chapel and Music Hour. As a member of the Choral Ensemble, she has not only been an outstanding part of the group, but soprano soloist as well.



KITTY FAUCETTE'S song bird voice has entertained us all the way from opera in Memorial Hall to hill-billy in Bitting's basement. One of "Mr. Pete's" prize glee-clubbers, this B.M. major from Raleigh held the leading singing role in last year's May Day. You find her in smoke house, at Welfare's and on stage, but no matter where you see her, you you know its Kitty if there's a combination of gayness, pertness . . . and that Famous Faucette Giggle.



By this time BARBARA FISHER knows each brick on the Salem walls. A student at the Academy, Barbara forsook Concord six years ago, and is returning next year to fulfill the requirements for an involved double major in organ and public school music. Barbara has served as "Y" vice-president, chapel organist, practice-teacher, and vesper chairman.



MARTHA FITCHETT takes everything in her stride whether it be the latest dance step or conducting supervised study periods. A transfer student from Gulf Park and a history major, Fitchett has taken over the job of class secretary, and circulation manager of the *Salemite*. This year after class elections, she became better known to the seniors as "Miss Stee Gee."

As editor of SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, CAROLYN HARRIS from Rocky Mount entered a field in which she had had no previous experience, but the results revealed that nothing is impossible. A sociology-economics major, Carolyn's senior year has been typified by her case work for the Red Cross, and innumerable trips to Woodrow's. Prior to her chaotic senior year, Carolyn served as a marshal, I.R.S. treasurer, "Y" cabinet member, advertising manager of the *Salemite*, and struggling record-changer for May Day.

EMILY MITCHELL, a transfer economics-sociology major and native of Winston-Salem, joined the ranks her junior year. Besides being the hostess at several week-end gatherings at her cabin, Emily was hockey manager this year, worked for the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, *Salemite*, and was a member of the program committee. Emily can usually be found baby sitting with Lucy.

Seniors



May Day chairman, member of *Who's Who* and singer of "The Good Ship Lollypop" is BETTY PARKS, English major from Durham. Between practices in the May Dell and basement performances, Betty finds time for work with the "Y," Scorpions, *Salemite*, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, and her little ones at Wiley. That Parksian touch is evident in her "fuzzy-definite" appraisals and threats of a Siamese May Day.

CAROLYN PATTERSON has the distinction of being the only married member of the senior class. Aside from her duties as a housewife, Carolyn has acted as vice-president of the class and taken an active part in class activities. A Spanish major, Carolyn joined us in rising at dawn for the practice teaching ordeal.

JEAN PATTON, a Bluefield product, has corrupted our Southern pronunciation, but she has added to our growth through her work on the *Salemite*. As Junior Breakfast chairman, she dragged the most reluctant of us to Clewell, and as I.R.S. representative, got our noses powdered. A music major, Jean's stock phrase has been, "I'm contemplating roommaticide."

Seniors

Seniors

President of the Day Students, BOBBIE PFAFF, represented our class last year as a marshal, vice-president, and day student representative to the Student Council. In a more athletic vein, she played on the class hockey and softball teams. In conjunction with her major in sociology and economics, Bobbie has done class work this year.



MONIE ROWLAND, complete with drawl, will reign as Salem's twenty-fifth May Queen. A history major from Sumter, S. C., Monie transferred to Salem her junior year. Due to a glorious summer in Europe, she has become a cosmopolite, and, from all we can gather, is eager to return to the continent. Monie has been active on both the *Salemite* and SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS Staffs.



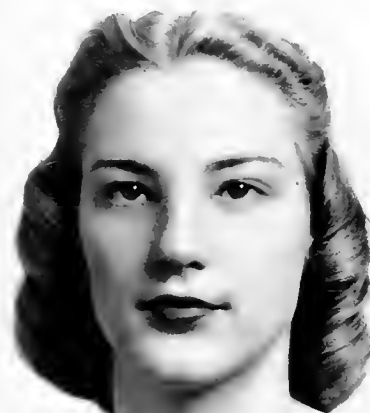
With a career as costume-designer cut out for her by all needy organizations, SALLY SENTER of Albemarle must have difficulty including her music major in the time budget. Originator of many class projects and performances, Sally has dabbled in everything from stunt night to hockey tournaments. This year she serves as Vice-Chairman of the May Day Committee.



Seniors



In spite of thoughts of a June wedding, ANN SPRINKLE came to earth as Stee Gee veep. A history major from Henderson, Ann was junior class president and Feature Girl, practice teacher, and Scorpion. Sacrificing her right foot to the cause, she played on the class hockey and basketball teams. She was also the recipient of numerous calls from Badger and the police.



LIL SPRINKLE, the scientific half of a twin-ship, is a chemistry major, and quite naturally, from Henderson. As a Scorpion, she did but add to her list of offices as sophomore class terasurer, Lablings president, and A.A. treasurer. Also a hockey and basketball star, Lil can out-Charleston the rest of us by a long shot.



CAROL STORTZ, the only surviving Yankee of the class, is a science major from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. President of the "Y", Carol can get work out of the laziest Salemite, managing at the same time to slave herself. In addition, she is a Scorpion, Who's Whoer, and member of the Honor Society.



MARGARET THOMAS, Stee Gee president, has found herself involved in just about all phases of Salem life during her four years. A sociology-economics major from Tarboro, Thomas has served as house president of Clewell, Feature Girl, secretary of Student Government, and Scorpion. Committee meetings, appointments with Dr. Gramley, and a few well-deserved afternoon naps characterized Margaret.

Friendliness, practice-teaching shoes, and efforts to gain weight describe JULIA TIMBERLAKE, history major from Rocky Mount. Surrounded by piles of puppets, pumpkins, and pictures, she works hard for her kindergarten children. As photographic editor of the annual, vice-president of FTA, and "Y" cabinet member, Julia also worked hard for her class.

The only math major out of the four original ones, EMILY WARDEN claims both Bluefield and Roanoke as home. As president of the A.A., Emily continues the "all the way" tradition, having herself played hockey, basketball, and softball for four years. She has also served as fire warden, Scorpion, *Salemite* business manager, and on the May Day committee.

Seniors



MARION WATSON, a history major from Fayetteville, has acted this year as president of the Order of the Scorpion. In addition, she has spent hours in the catacombs laboring over the *Salemite*. Marion is particularly outstanding for her choice in flannel pajamas, not to mention her Sunday night efforts with a youth fellowship, an undertaking which, she insists, is not in her line.

Those long legs curled into an impossible knot belong to JANE WATSON, English major from Clearwater and editor of the *Salemite*. Soft spoken and quiet, her level-headedness has steered her through hectic Wednesday nights in the catacombs, Dr. Todd's seminar, and the long walk down the hill in the May Dell. Jane has further served as Chief Marshal, a member of the Scorpions, the A.A. council, the annual staff—and the “only member of the senior class who looks like a senior!”

Class president EDNA WILKERSON is a voice major from Pulaski, Virginia. A member of Stee Gee, the annual staff, and I.R.S. council, she always keeps her calm disposition and her bandbox appearance. Whether sitting cross-legged at the piano or opening class meeting with, “You-all, come to order,” Ed's top quality!

Seniors

Seniors

MARTHA WOLFE, junior year transfer and English major, is from Marion, Va. In addition to her worries as class treasurer, Foxie is on the business staff of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS. In her spare moments from practice teaching and the Age of Johnson, she managed to consume countless cokes and entertain us with a piano style all her own.





Motorcycles, Taxis, Cars . . .

. . . brought the Day Students to Salem each day. The very first Sunday of Orientation Week, the Day Students began their functions with an open house for the arriving parents and students. They gave parties and teas through the year to promote better relations between the boarding students and day students. In November their Mothers were honored at a tea. Bobbie spent much of her year heading receiving lines.

Stockings were hung and wreaths tacked on the walls at Christmas time, and every passerby was invited in for her in-between-class smoke. Displaying their talents, the Day Students entertained us with a chapel program after exams, where performers were as entertained as the students!

In the spring the Day Students packed their lunches and went on their

annual hay ride and cabin party—an affair honoring their graduating class members.

The Day Students crammed their dorm life in during the day. The bridge hands were always dealt, and the coffee was continually rewarmed. Faye was the ambidextrous member who wrote the alpha beta chi's and kept the bridge score. Alice Blake stopped all activity the morning she appeared with her diamond. So with diamonds, teas, bridge games, coke parties, the Day Students kept their corner of the campus alive.

Officers of the organization this year were Bobbie Pfaff, president; Anna Frances Morgan, vice-president; Mary Lu Whiteheart, secretary; and Sara Watson, treasurer. Florence Spaugh was the representative on Student Government.

7 6 5 4 3 2 1 . . .

. . . is not a municipal telephone number; it is a rather complicated card game indulged in by the male element of Salem College. The men students, eleven in number and varied in pre-Salem experiences, pitch their tents in the catacombs, wedged between the *Salemite* and SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS offices. With President Furney, Vice-president Bill, and Secretary R. L., the big eleven carried on their own activities, feeling somehow that such campus organizations as the "Y" and I.R.S. had no place for their services.

In the fall it fell their lot to have a chapel program. Consequently, a ventriloquist was pressed into service, much to the blushes of Mr. Campbell

and delight of the entire student body. The annual banquet at the end of the school year constituted the major activity of the spring.

As for future plans, Furney Baker, a voice major, is particularly interested in religious music. Bill Long will use his English major for writing, and Bryan Balfour's activities in the Pierrettes and art classes speak for his chosen field. John Byrd and Bill Hunter are ministerial prospects, while R. L. Sprinkle and Dan Hartzog are more medically inclined. Harold Carter is a commercial artist. Robert Hinshaw and Arvel Dyer are to be teachers, Hinshaw having already served as museum curator in Chicago. And Grady Dunn is responsible for 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

“We sing to our comrades in far-away lands” . . .

. . . rang forth at the top of two hundred voices as the student body gathered in the Day Student Center for a party honoring the five foreign students. Hailing from Finland, Germany, Sweden, Venezuela and Ecuador, the foreign students represent mountain and lake, fir tree and balsa, snow storm and equatorial heat.

On September twenty-third we looked at each other with curious faces and unformed opinions; we wondered what experiences and ideas would erase the curious look and blank thoughts. The year is almost over now, and both we and our five foreign visitors have developed a better understanding and deeper appreciation for each other. We've had fun, too, studying together, holiday-ing together—being friends.

Lisa Meckelburg from Helsinki, Finland, made her abode on third floor Biting. A student of literature, she trudged to American lit every Monday, Wednesday and Friday and wrote Shelley papers for Miss Byrd. With a bent for fun, she took time out from books and speech-making for dates, dances, and letters to “O.K.”

Ragnhild Wurr, named Randy by her Salem friends, came to us from Kierspe, Germany. A language major, Randy plans to be an interpreter. Those of us who have heard her glibly spiel off Spanish, English, French, and German have no doubts as to the success of her career! Randy, who

thinks all Americans “take it easy” can herself be found on campus not taking it easy as she dashes to class, club meetings—or just dashes.

Sweden was represented at Salem by Jeannie Graberger from Ostersund. Vivacious and spirited, she has taken in her stride countless speeches for clubs, singing for the pep rally, everyday English classes and every-night dates. Blue eyes, red cheeks, and laughs mean Jeannie is in the crowd.

Beatrice Gordils, with her straight black hair and sixty-mile-a-minute Spanish comes to us from Caracas, Venezuela. Her first day in Biting resulted in her learning the Charleston, and her second day resulted in her teaching the Charleston. A good sport, she laughs when she remembers such mistakes as confusing Hixson and Nicholson and coming out with Hicholson. A good worker, she sprained her ankle in behalf of the Christmas carnival and put her artistic talent to use to design program covers for Pierrette productions.

Violeta Castro Avellan from Guayaquil, Ecuador, has come back to rejoin her classmates—the seniors. “Vio” is studying drama and has taken an active part in the production of the Pierrette plays. She has also made a name for herself as a palmist and a ping pong expert. “Vio” feels that Salem is now as much her home as Guayaquil.

. . . Lisa Meckelburg, Violeta Castro, Ragnhild Wurr, Beatrice Gordils, Gunilla Graberger . . .





The freshman, fascinated by newness, walked haltingly into the cardroom. The cards felt stiff and slippery in her unaccustomed hands, and like any new game it would take time. . .

But it was September, and she was not alone. There were names and faces of her classmates to fit together. There were upperclassmen and professors to meet, and names, names, names.

At first she looked hopelessly at her room—the radiator pipes across the ceiling, the infinitesimal closets, the cold floor. She looked and remembered flowered wallpaper, ruffled organdy curtains, and deep piled rugs. She thought of high school football games and went to the post office every morning to get the hometown paper.

Soon there was no time to think or remember. Classes began, and the Salem freshman was overwhelmed by comma faults, the Pythagorean theorem, reams of history notes, and Mr. Campbell's yellow pop papers.

She listened and talked in the smoke houses and the room next door. She heard about boys, families, high school days; and anticipated fraternity weekends, and blind dates. On Sunday afternoons she walked with her date around the campus pointing with pride to the May Dell, Clewell, and the president's home.

But dates, new friends, and studies were not all. There were flats to be painted for the Pierrettes, news stories to be written for the *Salemite*, and crepe paper to be hung for I.R.S. dances.

Exams hit suddenly while the Salem freshman still heard the swish of taffeta at Christmas dances and the crackle of crushed wrapping paper, still heard soft strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night." The dreaded exams—and she wished she had studied harder. Somehow she survived, and second semester it all became a familiar, pleasant routine.

Spring, with jonquils bordering the brick walks, glossy new ivy on the walls of the swimming pool, and gurgling laughter within the walls delighted her. For she knew. . . .

She knew that she had finished the first hand. Though her finesses had not always worked, she had made her first bid.

Individual responsibility . . .

. . . in upholding Salem's highest principles is the purpose of the Student Government. Every Salemite is a member of the student government, and the success of the organization depends upon each student. In order to prosecute rules and regulations a council is elected to represent the students.

The council is composed of class presidents, Student Government officers, representatives from each class, a day student representative, and a representative from the men students. Margaret Thomas was elected president last March, and in April she became our "first lady."

At opening assembly the traditional telegrams from last year's senior class were read. With the reading of these telegrams Margaret began her duty as "prexy," and with the first Monday meeting of the council the *student* government had begun.

In October Honor Chapel was held. To the new students, the honor code was introduced, and to the old, it was renewed with consideration for its significance. We signed the pledge not mechanically but thoughtfully. The council collected the pledges and we had become a student *self* government.

At five o'clock every Monday afternoon, the council met. They smiled when there were no cases and frowned when a rule had been broken. The lights burned late at night in the Stee Gee room when there were important

decisions to be made; it was then that meetings with the faculty advisory board were held. Every step taken was a cautious one, and every decision made was a just one.

Each council member undertook her job with an open mind and did as she deemed best and wise.

Minor projects of the Student Government included a peanut machine bought and installed in the basement of Clewell. The proceeds of the machine were given to the dorm funds. At Christmas, gifts from the student body were given to the maids, cooks, and handy men.

In March it came time for nominating committee meetings. For two weeks the committee met and agreed upon nominations. Dr. Gramley and Miss Covington aided the committee when important decisions were to be made. Elections were held, ballots counted, and winners announced. And in April a new president and new officers began their duties.

Margaret and the council of '52 handed over their notes to the officers of '53. The year had been a successful one. The old council was a little sad. And yet there was that excitement of a new council's planning a new year with the highest principles of honor to be upheld.

. . . "You must pay the consequence" is the verdict reflected in these nine faces, but it's all for the camera's benefit. These members of the Student Council really wield their power with mercy, in spite of their stern looks . . .



Officers, committees, and council . . .

. . . compose the Student Government. Margaret was elected to office in March of '51, and on the same ballot Peggy Cheers became secretary. Ann Sprinkle and Alice Blake Dobson were the ones who stood behind the rostrum in Memorial Hall every Tuesday and Thursday and read the time and place of every organization meeting on campus. Elected last September to fulfill the office of Rose Ellen Bowen, Carmen Johnston glibly took over the job of balancing the books. These were our Stee Gee officers who so faithfully attended the Monday meetings and worked to make the Student Government a success in 1952.

. . . President Thomas Juliet from the Stee Gee window . . . Alice Blake and Sprinkle kept chapel on the straight and narrow, while Peggy and Carmen served in a pen and pocket-book capacity.



Mary Lou Bridgers, Ann Hobbs, Jean Moye, and Daisy Chonis have been without early bed hours this year as they were the ones chosen to lock the dorm doors and to make sure all of us were in — and safe and sound.

The Nominating Committee, made up of the major officers, were left with the tedious job of nominations. February was filled with five o'clock meetings, issuing and counting ballots during chapel, and announcing winners.

Officers, committees, and council the Student Government.

... Lockers of doors and bill collectors were Lou, Daisy, Jean, and Ann, the four house presidents ... and the nominating committee supplied the candidates for those two hectic weeks in March.





“Sound Off . . .

. . . Y.W.C.A., Y.W.C.A.! was the stirring call that echoed from the basement of Bitting. The occasion for such an outburst? An Orientation party was being given to acquaint all new students with the widespread activities of the “Y.”

Led by Carol Stortz, the “Y” Cabinet met each Monday in the “Y” room to outline the activities of the year. Morning chapel, “Y” Watch, and Vespers were scheduled and promoted. In addition to these regular events, special projects were undertaken to utilize all of the interests and talent of Salem students.

Salem-Davidson Day took on a new aura as a cabin party at Camp Betty Hastings was thrown in for good measure. And a surprise invitation from Wake Forest gave the girls a new outlet for displaying their charms.

As for special service projects, W.S.S.F., under the direction of Mary Campbell Craig, was successful as a major undertaking. The Christmas party for the orphanage made us all feel a little fuzzy around the heart, and the foreign students’ party was definitely a satisfying experience.

Barbara Fisher’s vesper committee provided a variety of Sunday night experiences, including in the schedule special events such as Love Feasts, The Messiah, and a Choral Ensemble concert. Talks by faculty members in

the Strong Friendship rooms gave us further food for thought.

Ann Blackwell’s publicity committee did an outstanding job keeping us informed and reminding us of special events. The “Y” bulletin board at the back steps of Main Hall automatically caught our eyes during those last-minute sprints to class.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the “Y” year was Religious Emphasis Week. This year Dr. Patterson of the Westminister Presbyterian Church of Bluefield, West Virginia was our speaker. Of particular note was his talk on Christian marriage.

Mr. Sawyer, as newly appointed Chaplain to the college, worked closely with the cabinet in formulating plans. Miss Covington and Dr. Singer continued to give their support, guiding our work at the “Y” retreats and helping us wherever possible. The entire student body and faculty supported the after-dinner coffees on Student-Faculty Day and took advantage of the breaks from studying and writing during exam teas.

The “Y” at Salem is an organization to which all students automatically belong and share in the benefits. It is primarily a service organization, sponsoring, in addition to opportunities for religious edification, such mundane conveniences as the “Y” store and coke machines in the smoke rooms.

. . . President Carol undertook a full year, including the agonizing “Y” blotter sale . . . Secretary Marilyn, Treasurer Alice, and Veep Barbara . . . Salem-Davidson Day . . . “Won’t you climb into my hay-truck?” said the driver to Mary Lou . . .

Oh, how we danced . . .

. . . to the bars of "White Christmas" while Lou smiled happily and the dance drew to a successful end. The crepe paper streamers that Marion, Frankie, and Betty had precariously strung were beginning to crumble and hang limp over the crowded gym. The work was done, and only the morning-after-the-night-before sweeping was left. All had gone well, even for Jo, who was surprisedly happy to find that the books balanced.

The I.R.S. was no unfamiliar initial on the Salem campus, even to new students. In the summer booklets had been sent to all new students pre-veiwing campus life. During Orientation Week the freshmen had revealed their new wardrobes in a fashion show sponsored by the I.R.S. Lou's announcement of the freshman room contest in October had been inspiration for much dusting, sweeping, and furniture moving. Jane Little and Pheobe Barnhardt proved to have the most original and neatly decorated room.

I.R.S. birthday dinners with candles and bread-and-butter plates struck our fancy. After dinner coffees gave students and faculty an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other. Six coffees were given during the year.

Dorm decorations provided the finishing touches to the Christmas spirit. Each dorm anxiously awaited the judges' arrival, and screams of joy were heard from Sisters dorm when they were announced as winners.

The much-needed Charm Week began after exams. We took hints from the connoisseurs and watched our roommates model the latest afternoon apparel. In April the council engaged the gym for the last dance of the year when Monie would reign as queen. Plans were made for the figure honoring the queen and court. Ingenuity was needed to scheme ways of "showing off" the beauties and at the same time not getting their hoops hung in the decorations. Even as May Day was beginning Faye and Jean were suspended on ladders tacking last minute details on the wall. But every flower was in perfect order by nine o'clock when the receiving line formed and the dance began.

I.R.S. stands for I Represent Salem. The council members are to remind us of neatness in attire, chapel conduct, dining room manners, poise, thoughtfulness, and above all I.R.S. Officers this year were Lou Davis, president; Anne Evans, vice-president; Faye Lee, secretary; and Jo Bell, treasurer.

. . . we see the coffee, but where are the doughnuts? . . . the I.R.S. council . . . okay, sister—cut the gab and pour me a cup of Java . . .





The A. A. went all the way . . .

. . . in 1952. Tussles with Dr. Singer at student faculty games and long distance phone calls to Choo Choo made the year complete. The A.A. began its year during Orientation Week with a weiner roast and several ukelele selections graciously rendered by Mrs. Moran.

Hockey season was opened with a pep rally in Bitting's Bottom, where stunts were presented by each class. For the second year the '52 class took the prize with their mock funeral of a year-beaten senior. The season went smoothly until the seniors were not able to scrape up an eleven-girl team. The truth is they had a premonition that the sophomores were out for victory, and they were.

Informal meetings were held each Wednesday night and plans were made for the week. Emma Sue had trouble with a bill, the credit for which no member would accept, but she remedied the situation by filing said bill in the wastebasket. Bobbie Kuss was the artistic athlete who willingly furnished the posters. Her biggest job was making room for the A.A. poster on their bulletin board.

There were trials, troubles, and tribulations for the A.A. beginning in October. As a part of Salem-Davidson Day a Halloween dance was planned for the night. Charlie Donahoo had been scheduled as the sole performer of the evening. Unfortunately Charlie

broke his foot the day before, and the old juke box was hauled on the dance floor as a replacement.

Then there was a chapel cancellation for the day Choo Choo was to appear, and the job of "uninviting" was left for Emily. Her conversation with Mr. Justice was short as she learned that he was not able to speak anyway.

Christmas . . . and the council mailed greeting cards to the student body. Valentines Day . . . and the A.A. had its annual dance. October had meant scavenging fields for cornstalks, but February meant shopping the stores for crepe paper.

The basketball and softball tournaments were played off, and in April the pool was opened and the swim meet was held. Sidestrokes, jackknives, and swan dives were all displayed. The golf tournament was next; the scores were high, but Mr. Edwards commended every stroke.

The contests ended and the spring banquet was held. Daisy and Joan had added the points; and the blazers, stars, and letters had been ordered. The awards were made, the team champions announced, and everyone ate heartily. The A.A. banquet and year both ended with the closing words of its president: "Let's go all the way with the A.A."

Emily Warden was president this year, and Daisy Chonis was vice-president. Emma Sue Larkins served as treasurer, and Joan Shope was secretary.

. . . "L.G.A.T.W.W.T.A.A." was the call to arms
. . . there's one more in the cabinet . . . no, no,
Sally; the camera's over here. . .



Twenty-five points . . .

. . . earned for athletic activities add up to a letter and membership in the Monogram Club.

An auxiliary of the Athletic Association, the Monogram Club is composed of those girls who have been outstanding in athletic achievement during four years at Salem. Prowess in hockey, tennis, basketball, swimming and ping-pong was responsible for the accumulation of those twenty-five points. Letters were presented in Chapel in December and at the A.A. banquet in May.

In February, the club worked with the A.A. to present the Valentine Dance. Those well-developed muscles were just what the Warden ordered

for moving pianos, stringing crepe paper and carrying records.

In the spring, the Monogramers sponsored a basketball play day at Salem to climax the basketball winter season. Teams from G.C., W.C., High Point College and Meredith College exhibited their skill in shooting baskets.

Jeanne Harrison, president of the club, led the members through the crises of chapel programs and the wrong order. "We'll make our own," screamed Jeanne to the "red M's," as she opened the package labeled "gold S's."

Wearing letters with Jeanne were Emily, Jane Watson, Sally Senter, Eleanor McGregor, and Carolyn Dobson.

To the beat of the tom tom . . .

. . . danced Ann, Angela, Jo, Carolyn, and Frances, the five faithfuls of modern dance.

Schottisching down the floor Indian style, taking wild leaps across the gym, and submitting to bone-popping deep knee bends were all a part of the rigorous routine scheduled for weekly Wednesday night meetings. These and other exercises were designed to help members acquire grace, balance, poise, and a lingo of dance steps.

Choreographing original dances provided the creative with a chance to give a new interpretation to "Little Bo Peep" and "Swan Lake Ballet." Alternation, switching direction, changing levels—these were phrases all fu-

ture Martha Grahams remembered as they planned their dances.

Modern Dance's biggest project for the year was planning for their part in the May Day pageant. As the Queen settled on her throne and awaited entertainment, five graceful figures twirled on their toes, five comic figures leaped down the hill, and five grotesque figures stiffened arms and necks. A year's sore muscles and hard work were paying off.

The Modern Dance Club, an auxiliary of the A.A., is represented on the A.A. council by its president, Ann Hobbs. Miss Benson from the Academy is faculty director of the group.

As the curtain opened . . .

. . . a white-sheeted figure with straight black lines for eyes and a black dot for a mouth stepped out upon the stage, faced the audience and said, "I am an Egyptian Mummy." The Pierrettes later discovered her name was Betsy Liles and gave her first prize for her portrayal at the Pierrette ghost party during Orientation Week.

Wafting from ghosts to more ghosts, the Pierrettes presented "The Innocents" as their first major production in November. The cast consisted of four living characters and two ghosts. Lola had her first lead in this play as well as her first chance to wear long hair. Connie, Laurie, and Sara gave convincing and appealing performances and the ghosts succeeded in arousing audience reactions all the way from gasps to hiccoughs. The play, a psychological drama, received praise from local drama critics and several requests for more performances.

In December the Pierrettes sponsored a carnival for Salemites and dates to raise more money for their curtain fund. One of the main attractions of the carnival was a horror house in the catacombs, where Flossie and Bill gave customers a king size nickel's worth of horror with the help of ice, wet noodles, creaking chains, and a record of fiendish laughter. A bona-fide freak show featured a woman with no head, a dancing midget, the smallest bear in captivity, and the sexiest bearded lady on record. In the basement of South, Violeta told for-

tunes and Patsy Crawford guessed weights. The main event of the carnival was a stage show climaxed by the crowning of "the sweetheart of Salem College" chosen by vote from photographs entered by Salem students. The curtain fund increased as second semester began.

Second semester for the Pierrettes began with three workshop plays presented in January. "Fumed Oak," directed by Lola, featured three Salem seniors making their first appearance on the stage—Marion, Beth, and Kitty. Ed Friedenburg took his free time from the *Sentinel* to play the male lead. The Little Theater and the Forsyth Fine Arts Theater each presented a one-act play to complete the workshop bill.

The workshop idea was continued when the Pierrettes sponsored a regional Drama Festival in April. High school students presented plays at Salem which were judged and later taken to the finals at Chapel Hill. This experimental project of the Pierrettes proved successful.

The Pierrettes spent the rest of the second semester taking in new members and presenting their spring major production.

This year's officers were Lola Dawson, producing head; Emma Sue Larkins, technical director; Elcanor Johnson, lighting director; Faye Deaton, publicity head; Bryan Balfour, scene designer.

. . . Bryan really painted it, but Lola looks convincing with brush in hand . . . still more paint . . . a ghost-less scene from "The Innocents" —innocents, did they say?



And suddenly in April it appeared...

... the anniversary volume of *STIGRS AND INSIGRS* that for five months had kept Woodrow taking pictures, Julia sending them off, Carolyn, Kitty, Lola and Jane writing copy during Thanksgiving, Parks composing fifty-word write-ups and Mr. Brightman making hasty trips to Salem to inspect the lay-out.

The minor tragedies and mis-numbered pages somehow worked out to portray the life of a Salem girl in 1952.

Early in the fall assignments were made which, as usual, were not completed until the December deadline. Typewriters clacked late into the night in the *STIGRS AND INSIGRS* office that month. In the middle of February the work was done and Carolyn could relax again ... and wait.

... Editorial Staff ... nights of composing, thanks to No-Dozing ...



To balance the books and hope . . .

. . . was Dee's job as business manager of SIGNS AND INSIGHTS. And Edna, as advertising manager, filled her days with receipt books, contracts, and interviews with local merchants.

Jo Ann and Nell, assistants to Dee and Ed, were hustled into full time duty in November after an impolite Chevy got into an argument with Dee and her Olds on a Newton highway.

December fourteenth was black-letter day for the business staff. The ads were finished, the books were accurate, the annual was paid for, and ninety-seven cents was left for next year's adders and balancers.

. . . ads? . . . "You bet I wouldn't," but they trudged on anyway. . .



Thursday ended the week . . .

. . . for the *Salemite* editorial staff. Dirty faces and grimy fingernails told the tale eight pages of play-cast-chosen, engagement announced, dog-in-Bitting, and Civic-Music-presented had gone to press.

Anne Lowe, feature editor, had written letters to "dear papa," while managing editor Mac had covered the campus in search of a story. Marion had condensed ten-word headlines to column size, Beth had nursed the cuts and mats, and Patton had given up Shelley for proof-reading.

Jane, editor-in-chief, had taken everybody's headaches and twenty-seven articles on a spike and come out with a newspaper.

. . . Editorial Staff . . . not exactly handicapped in number. . .





The bottom half . . .

. . . of the *Salemite's* last two pages contained the ads. For most of us, the bottom half meant information on what to buy, where to go, and how much hair to cut. For the business staff, it meant all-afternoon treks and adding foot-long columns of figures.

Ann Hobbs, as advertising manager, practiced salesmanship on ice cream sellers and department store owners, while business manager Emily mailed bills and balanced the unbalanced.

And on Fridays, Martha Fitchett assumed her beast of burden duties as circulation manager to bring the news from the Sun to the *Salemites*.

. . . Business Staff . . . high-pressure salesmanship . . .



The sophomore paused a moment outside the door of the card room to watch the freshman enter. She smiled sympathetically, yet she was a bit superior, for she knew the difference between over and under-bidding now. The cards were familiar, yet the arrangement of suits was different. . . .

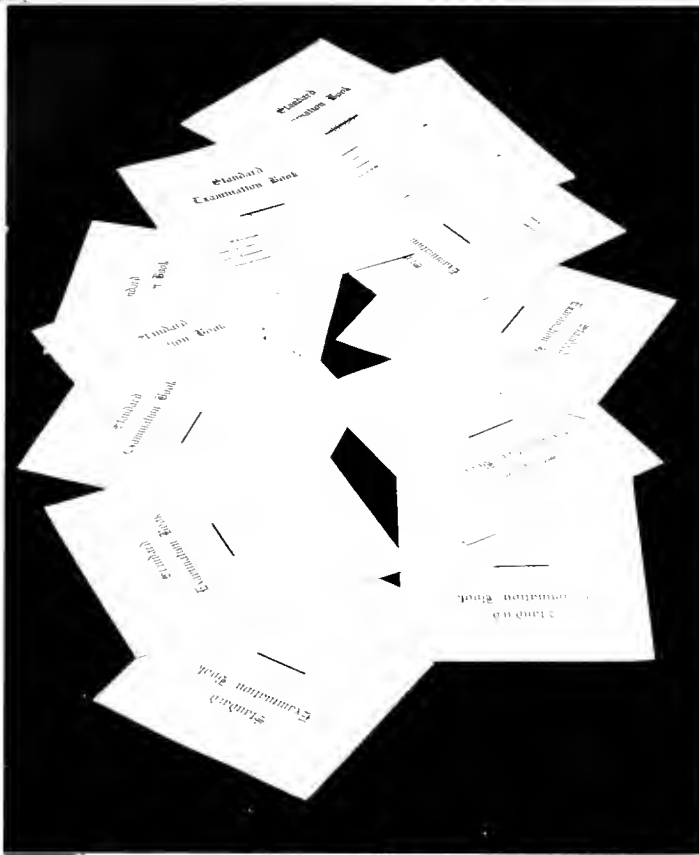
In September the class bell still rang at eight thirty and ceased at five, but in between there was something new. There were Wordsworth's "Truths that wake to perish never" and Keats' "Beauty that is Truth," the rollick of Burns and the music of Milton. Psychology with Pavlov's dog and conditioned responses awakened a curiosity in self-analysis. The Salem sophomore had developed a smattering of intellectual curiosity. Her smoke house conversations were broader and more reflective; What is truth? Whom are you dating next weekend? What is my purpose in spending four years at college? Shall I sign up to make "Y" posters or play on the class hockey team? What is life?

Externally there was no change. In the fall the leaves were raked into rustling piles on Salem square. In the winter smoke houses were transformed by holly, tinsel, and crepe paper to make-believe Christmas scenes. In the spring sides of the pool were crowded with sunbathers, and the warm smell of suntan oil permeated the area.

Professors called the sophomore by her first name now. And the night watchman had a special greeting for her as she entered the catacombs to hand in *STIRRS AND INSIGHTS* copy or her *Salemite* feature.

The thoughtful sophomore wondered what the next year would hold. . . .
. . . the second deal was finished. The dummy was spread and the sophomore had planned her play. The trumps were out and the losers sluffed.



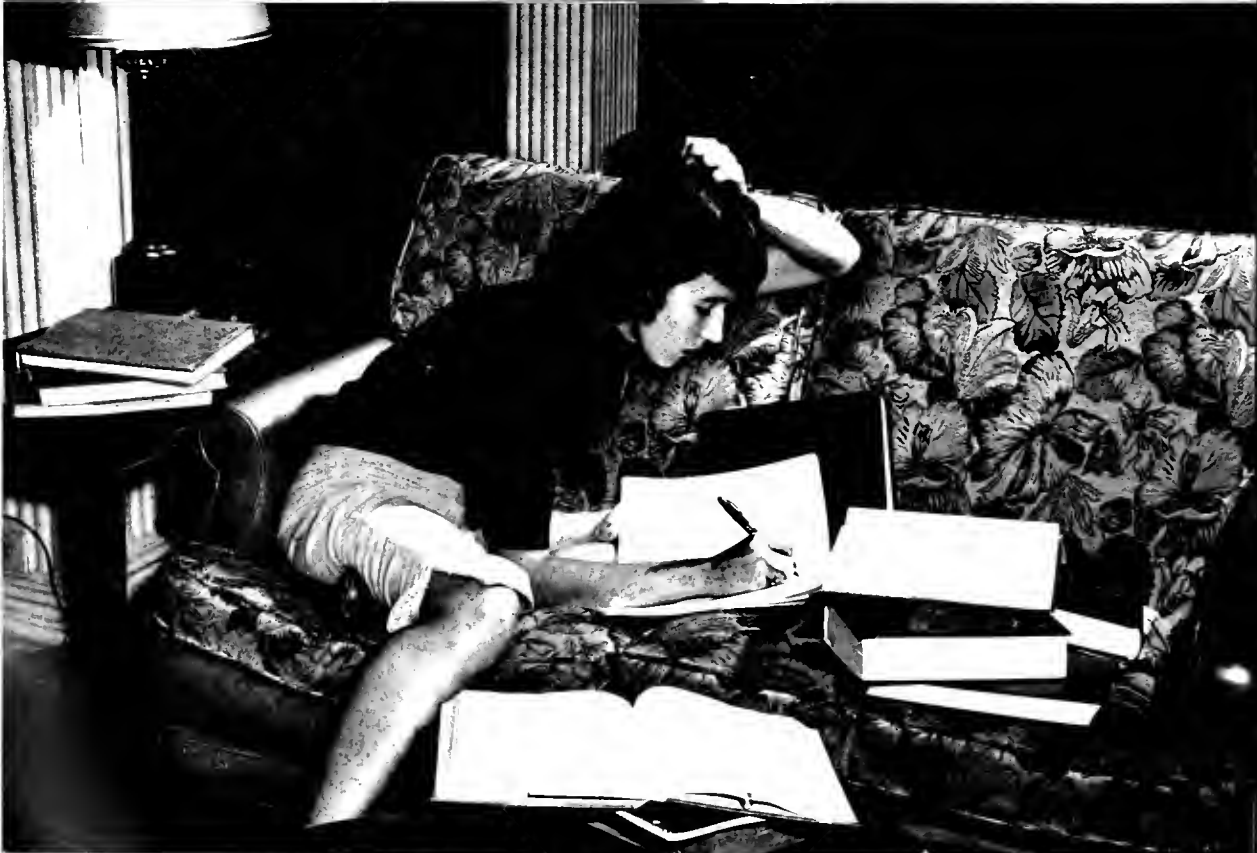


The "Blue Book Blues" . . .

. . . is our January theme song —one we all sing whether we can carry a tune or not. As reading day approaches, we dust off our "busy" signs, sort out our scrambled notes, and inquire about the effects of no-doz pills. Cramming a semester's work into one week is a full time job.

Cushions-notes-cigarettes-cokes are grimly lugged to Cozy Corner and classrooms in Main Hall. Worried faces enter the club dining room for coffee and sugar bread. At three a.m. hysterical giggles nightly sound from the smoke house.

We're singing the "Blue Books Blues."



Equations and declensions . . .

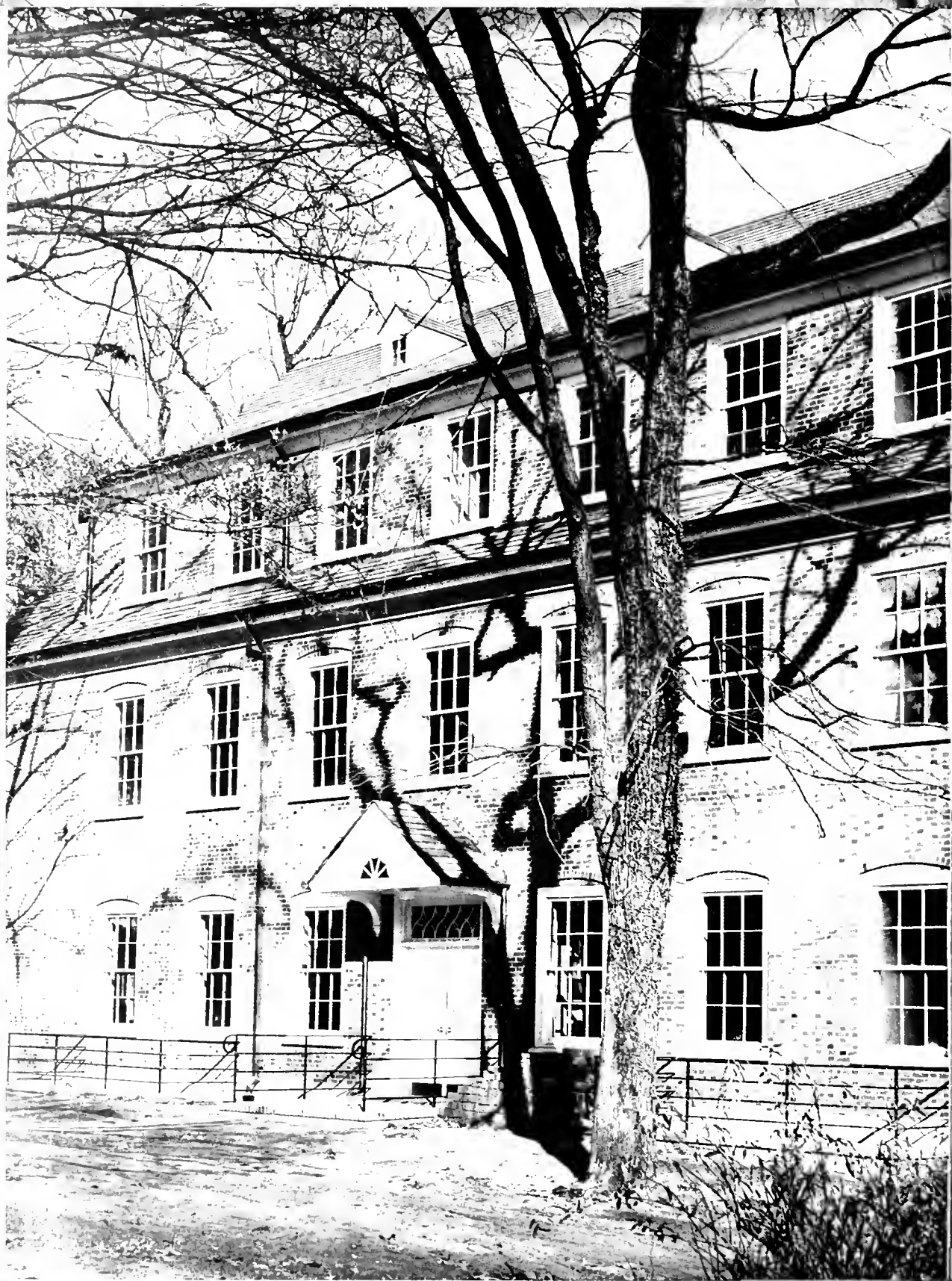
. . . replace Christmas sugar plums in our dreams when the no-doz pills fail to do their work.

The French Revolutionists storm the Alamo . . . and Ching! Chow! Chou! The Slavs are fencing between our brain cells. $(x-y) + 2m - 2ab - 3$ blind mice in a labyrinth. Now take the amoeba. he's a friendly little animal . . . ; parlez-vous Deutch?

But can't you see? I really knew it all along. I just didn't write it down.

The cosmologists give us a jolt and we wake up . . . still singing the "Blue Book Blues."





Something new, something old...

... is our new science building. Its unique campus pattern of architecture and its modern equipment puts it in a category all its own.

In the spring of nineteen hundred and fifty we stood by and reluctantly watched the big oak tree fall to the ground to make room for the new building. It was hard to imagine a strange structure going up in the midst of back campus. But in April, the cornerstone was laid and the building had begun.

When we returned to school in the fall of fifty, the building, with its steeply pitched roof, dormer windows, and "eyebrow arches," was beginning to take shape. The anticipation of the science majors grew, and Mr. Campbell spent most of his time surveying the progress of brick-layers and carpenters. Miss Marsh was busy receiving donations from the alumnae, while the community and friends provided further financial help. Fifty thousand dollars was contributed to the building fund by the General Education Board of New York.

The class of fifty-one hoped that the building would be completed before spring so that their ivy might be planted. During the winter months, the cement mixers turned, the bricks grew higher and Mr. Campbell became more excited.

By spring the night lights were

burning and the sound of drills echoed through the dorms. The building became a curiosity, with groups exploring every floor and every corner. Some were tempted to leave a mysterious footprint on the new cement floor as an added attraction.

Graduation day came, but with the building still unfinished, the ivy planting had to be postponed until the following fall. During the summer Mr. Curlee and Mr. Lawrence were busy day and night building the necessary cabinets. Electric stoves and modern sinks completed the cooking lab, and the new desks arrived for the classrooms.

By the fall of fifty-one the science building was complete. In October the formal dedication was held, with Mr. Robert Hanes as the principal speaker. Bishop Pfobl performed the official act of dedication. Mr. Clark Starbuck served as the chairman of the dedication committee, and other members were Mr. Louis Owen, chairman of the building committee; Mrs. Robert McCuiston, trustee; Mr. Roy Campbell, Mr. Carson French, and Miss Virginia Hodges of the college; and President Dale H. Gramley.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. French are in their new home, the building has been dedicated, the ivy has been planted. The science building, both old and new, is now a part of Salem.

Burbank, Curie, Pasteur . . .

. . . the Lablings know all the answers. This year they moved into their new home which furnished a more pleasing atmosphere, more modern equipment, and shorter hikes.

Each month the Lablings met to hear speakers from Winston-Salem and Bowman Gray. They even heard a former Labling when Peggy Gray was guest of honor. Atomic energy and bacteriological warfare presented interesting topics for discussion.

Science was not the only attribute of the Lablings—Society was mingled with science when the marshmallows were brought out, the bunsen burner lit, and the coffee warmed in beakers.

The Lablings is an organization of home economics, science, and biology majors, and anyone else with a special interest in science. These are the girls whose afternoons are spent handling test tubes and microscopes, not cards or cokes. They plan to be medical technicians, doctors, pharmacists, dietitians, or just plain housewives.

This year Theresa Hedrick served as president, and working with her as vice-president was Marlene Hedrick. Carolyn Kneeburg was secretary, Pat Noah reporter, and Martha Newcomb chairman of the refreshment committee. Mr. Campbell and Mr. French were the advisers.

“And bring us some food!” . . .

. . . we all screamed after the Home Economics girls as they set out for the practice house. Christmas teas, open house, afternoon cooking labs could usually be relied upon as a source of delights for the palate, as Daisy led her crew in perfecting the age-old way to a man's heart. But food was only one of the fields of conquest for the Home Economics Club. Fashion shows gave us all an opportunity to inspect those stitched pleats and button-holes that had caused no little concern to our more domestic sisters.

Gingham Tavern, complete with Bohemian atmosphere and floor show, was the chief money-making scheme

of the club. Projects for the year included the task of playing hostess to a State Dietitian's Convention, teas for parents and interested groups, and just about anything that required food or costumes. Roommates contentedly acted as dress forms or official tasters, and everyone hovered on the brink of starvation until home economics shindigs were over and left-overs were brought back to the dorm.

Club programs, which provided to members information on just about everything from lip-stick application to silver-polishing, kept Daisy and Miss Hodges on the strut in search of new topics.





“Music, Music, Music . . .”

. . . rang out of Old Chapel every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons as the Choral Ensemble gathered for another sing session. Creaking boards and banging blinds were no competition for the voices of thirty-seven music majors ringing forth the lofty, the melancholy, and the “just plum purty.”

In the fall, three-thirty on Sunday afternoons found choral members concerting at Moravian churches. Students at Reynolds high school also heard a program of music from the Salem Singers.

The Christmas season (yes, with its epidemic of colds) was the busiest time of year for the Ensemble. Mr. Peterson pounded his chest with ap-

proval after the Christmas Concert at Home Moravian Church, town people applauded after the caroling on the court square, and members of the senior class followed appreciatively as choral's two senior members led them at senior caroling.

In April, six P.M. was not too late for members to practice for their spring concert, and in May, six A.M. was not too early for them to arise and serenade the queen. But hearty applause and floods of compliments assured members that those three hour meetings for one hour credit had brought results.

This year Ann Evans was president of the Choral Ensemble and Flossie Cole was accompanist.

Our circle expands . . .

. . . as we add Korea, Iran, and Russia to our usual smoke house conversation. Led by Faye Lee, the International Relations Club met once a month to study seriously international affairs and to promote interest in world problems among the entire student body.

For some meetings, speakers from town, campus, and other schools were invited to attend to give the members an insight on world doings. At other times, informal student discussions were held with Mr. Spencer giving occasional facts to prove or disprove theories for solving world problems.

In the fall foreign flavor was mixed with football when I.R.C. members were invited to help entertain visiting U.N. Korean war veterans. The out-

come was an increase of French vocabulary and a greater understanding of the attitudes of different countries toward Korea.

The main project for the I.R.C. this year was sponsoring International Relations Day at Salem. Foreign students from other colleges in the state attended to exchange ideas with Salem students and each other. A panel discussion was held in the afternoon led by Mr. Spencer. After eating dinner together, visiting students and I.R.C. members met in the Alumnae House for coffee and informal chat.

Working with Faye to head the club were Ann Blackwell as vice-president, Eleanor Fry as secretary, and Barbara Allen as treasurer. Mr. Spencer served as faculty adviser.

“Aims and objectives forever!” ...

... chanted the members of the F.T.A. as they marched through the state requirements for a teacher's certificate. Led by Mary Campbell Craig, all prospective teachers belonged to the Future Teacher's Association, which is the college version of the National Education Association. At their scheduled meetings the members heard teaching techniques from outside educators, tales of what lay ahead from first year teachers, and candid advice from practice-teachers.

But a great deal of related activity went on outside of the meetings. Major projects for the group included an open house for the supervisors of practice teachers, election of Miss Student Teacher, and attendance at professional meetings. The financing of these projects was managed by appeal to Salem appetites. Hence the Tuesday night hot dog sales. For this occasion Beth Coursey and Martha Fitchett displayed their arts de gourmet, employing all their skills fishing frankfurters from the boiling pot and adorning same with mustard, slaw, and onions.

With the senior year came the test of learning—practice teaching. After

two years of careful screening and numerous education courses, the future teachers had a chance to utilize their training in Children's Literature, Physical Education Methods, and Education Methods.

This year marked the beginning of a new system, that of teaching only three weeks in both city and county schools two hours a day. Also for the first time juniors were given a chance to preview their year to come, by observing the practice teachers. But marks of the old system remained: those heart-sinking moments when Dr. Welch, Mrs. Hart, and departmental heads dropped in to view the progress of the class.

F.T.A. had its humorous side, however. Just ask anyone who went to the conventions in Asheville. As for the Orientation parties and the recitation of "Ferdinand the Bull," frivolity prevailed. Tablemates of practice teachers got a blow-by-blow description of everything that happened from second grade love notes to play ground duty. And for a touch of the tender, there was the day when Kitty Burrus and Barbara Fisher brought their students to chapel.

... "Press on, sisters in the profession!" was the battle cry of Mary Campbell, Julia and Loma Faye ... armed with lesson plans and ethics, Beth, Kitty, Alice Blake and Dee went to work in the ill-fated Olds ... members of the F.T.A.
....





Kitty Burrus, Betty Parks, Carol Stortz, Lola Dawson. . .

Who's Who . . .

. . . Among Students in American Universities and Colleges has recognized students from six hundred schools in the United States and Canada since nineteen thirty-four. Membership on the Salem campus is chosen by a committee composed of faculty members and President of Student Government. Qualifications for membership include excellence of scholarship, service to school, future use to the community, and general citizenship.

The purpose of *Who's Who* is to serve as an incentive for students to get the best results from their college experiences and to provide some means

of compensation to students for what they have already achieved. The members also have the advantage of a placement service conducted by the publication and used as a reference bureau by business firms, graduate schools, and education boards. Students selected for membership submit a record of their college career, both academic and extra-curricular, as well as information concerning their training in special fields.

Students recognized by *Who's Who* from the senior class are: Carol Stortz, Kitty Burrus, Lola Dawson, and Betty Parks.

Service in small things . . .

. . . is the purpose of the Order of the Scorpion. In an effort to take care of neglected or overlooked needs of Salem, the Scorpions supplement the work of the other campus organizations in projects for which they receive no recognition. Originally a secret group, the policy of the Order has been changed in recent years. Membership is now announced in November, and only the work remains secretive. The Order of the Scorpion is not an honorary organization, but rather a

group which has shown previous interest in Salem and a desire to help.

Membership in the Scorpion is limited to fourteen girls from the junior and senior classes. Senior members are Margaret Thomas, Lola Dawson, Jane Watson, Ann Sprinkle, Marion Watson, Lil Sprinkle, Beth Coursey, Betty Parks, Emily Warden, and Carol Stortz. Scorpions from the junior class are Anne Hobbs, Eleanor McGregor, Ann Lowe, and Marion Lewis.

. . . Lola Dawson, Carol Stortz, Betty Parks, Jane Watson, Lil Sprinkle, Marion Watson, Emily Warden, Margaret Thomas, Beth Coursey, Ann Sprinkle. . .



Honor Society

Ivy M. Hixson

Edwin A. Sawyer

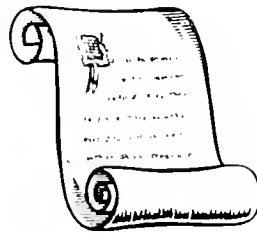
Charles Gregg Singer

Elizabeth Burrus

Mary Campbell Craig

Jane Watson

Fay Fuller



Sallie Eugenia Kerner

Anne Simpson

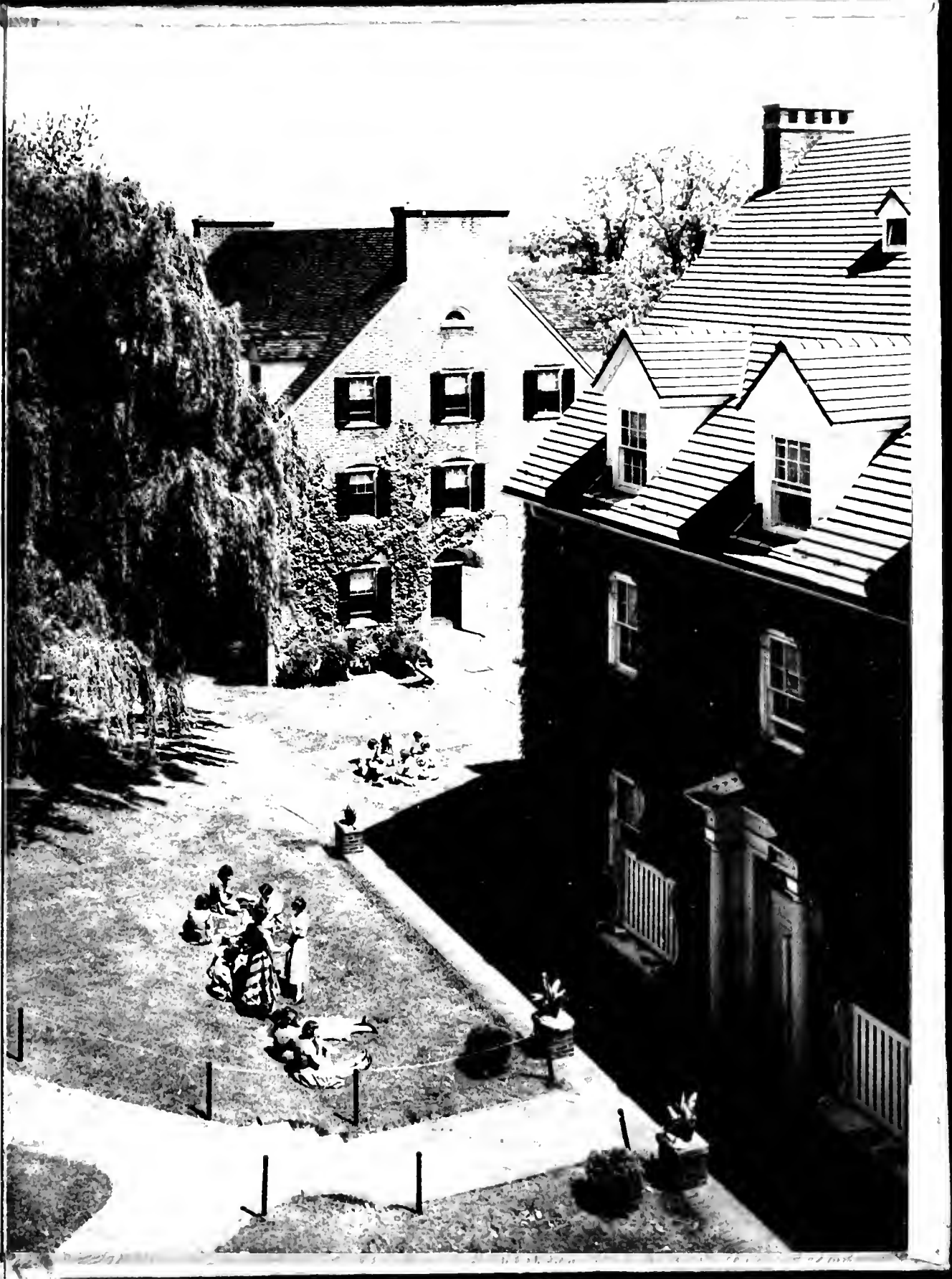
Jane Randolph Smith

Marilyn Summey

Lucille Vest Scott

Frances Miller Sowers

Margaret Vardell





The junior tipped her hat of frivolity and stepped high as she entered the card room. The game was familiar and she bid with confidence.

This fall the junior smiled as she passed Clewell and carried her battered bags to Sisters or Strong. She plopped teddy bears and rag dolls on her bed, tacked college pennants on the walls and unpacked cashmere sweaters while she told her roommate tales of summer school at the university, of argyles and fraternity pins. Overnights were stretched to cover Homecomings, Midwinters, and Spring Germans. Her hat was big, and she laughed—

She laughed at six weeks tests, term papers, and multitudinous club meetings, critiques, play rehearsals, deadlines—Sometimes her laughter was hysterical as activity mounted upon activity, and she could not see the end.

But she laughed and somehow comp papers were finished, parallel was read, and May Day costumes were designed. But underneath it all was the feeling that she could have done better. With a jolt the junior realized that she was out of her teens, almost an adult. She sensed that her hat was growing smaller. Soon she would replace it with a senior cap. Next year I.R.S. the *Salemite*, A.A.—it would all be hers. And she waited. . . .

She waited with pride and anticipation for the next deal. She had played the game well. The rubber was almost ended.

At seven-thirty in the morning . . .

. . . May Day officially began on Salem campus. Following a well-established tradition, choristers gathered beneath the window of the queen to bid her awake to the day which was hers.

After breakfast a very special morning watch was held in front of the President's home, characterized by pansies for each girl, the early-morning sounds from the adjoining May Dell, and the May Day Carol.

Following this event, May Day lost all semblance of peace and serenity. Although there were classes to be attended, it must be acknowledged that little was absorbed. Girls anxiously awaited the telephone calls assuring them that they would have dates for the pageant and dance. Parents began to trek to third floor Clewell, carrying the long-agonized-over evening dresses to be worn at the dance. The cry of "Who's got an extra rain check for the pageant?" rang on every hall as anxious eyes peered out windows to measure the threat of rain clouds.

The I.R.S. sent out a desperate plea for every-one to "Please come down and help decorate the gym!," and the dance groups had a final practice to reassure themselves that there was no danger of "faux pas." Lunch was eaten automatically and with little interest as major characters got last minute cases of the jitters, classmates of the

Court gave advice on facial care and students sang to returning Alumnae.

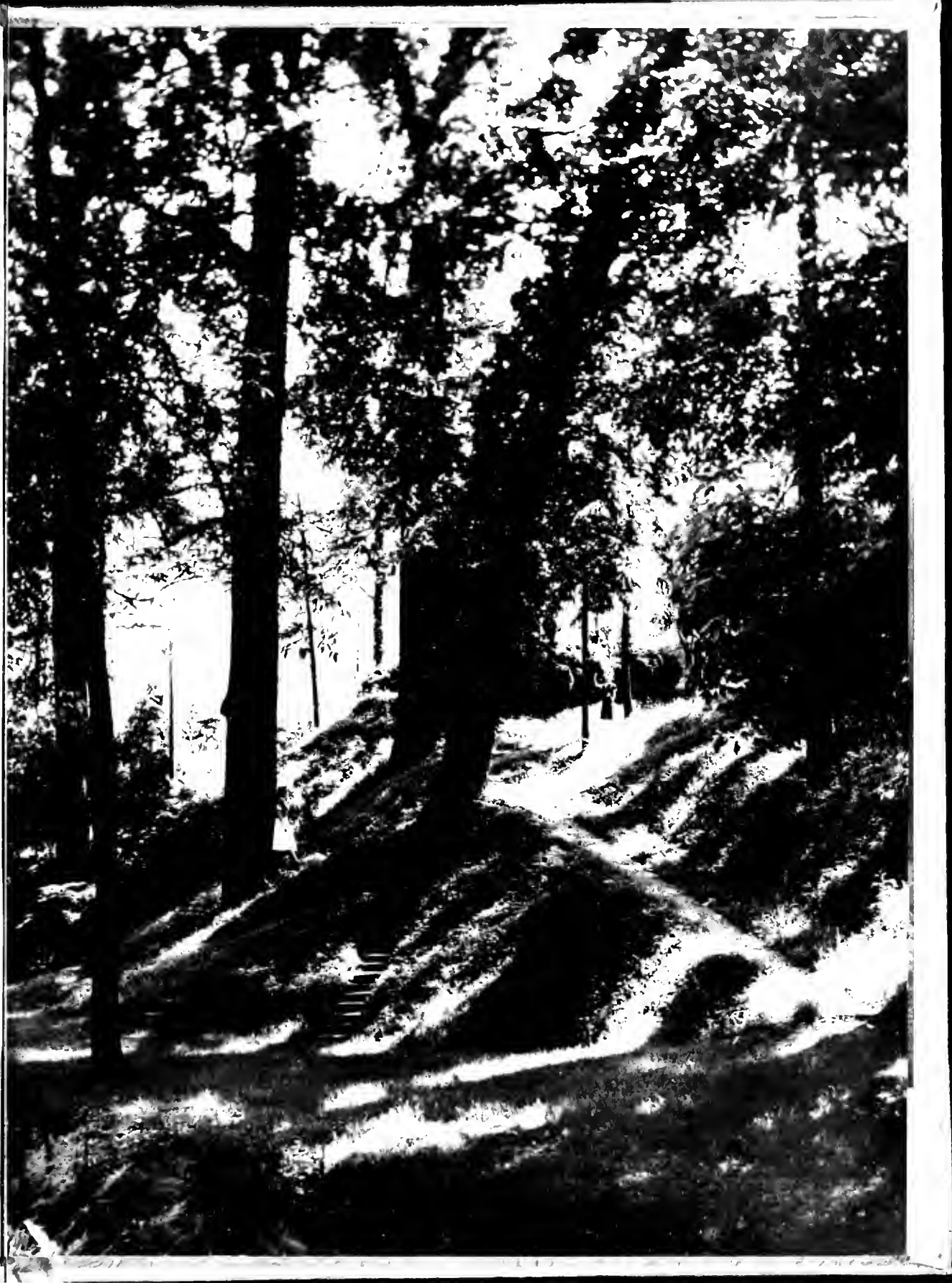
Hours in advance, the cast began to climb into costume, and the dorms were transformed into residences for comic animals, medieval courtiers, pastoral lovers and inevitable peasants.

The scene shifted to the gym where the I.R.S. girls were taking down ladders, giving the basketball hoops a final camouflage touch, and beginning to sweep the floor. Downstairs, members of the costume committee were beginning to take bigger stitches and rely more heavily on straight pins for the last minute alterations of costumes. The front ends of the animals were voicing final fears of early death by suffocation; a few doting mothers were encouraged to take their seats before the crowd arrived, and five o'clock drew nearer.

At last the May Day Chairman took her seat, gave a weak smile to the peasants scattered on the hill, and the pageant began. At once the May Dell stream became the boundary line between a pageant of fantasy performed by the players and a pageant of reality performed by the spectators. The play progressed, the Court entered, and the Queen was presented and crowned.

The players gave their final performance for the Queen, and the pageant was finished.

This was May Day at Salem. . .





Miss Monie Rowland, May Queen



Miss Florence Cole, Maid of Honor

The May Court, 1952

PEGGYAN ALDERMAN
Winston-Salem

PHOEBE BARNHARDT
Concord

PEGGY BONNER
Elizabeth City

SARAH LOU DAVIS
Morganton

ANN HOBBS
Charlotte

ANN HUGHES
Winston-Salem





The May Court, 1952

LU LONG OGBURN
Smithfield

CATHERINE POST
Wilmington

CAROLINE ROSS
Jacksonville, Fla.

SARA SUE TISDALE
New Bern

SARAH TULLOCH
Winston-Salem

JANE WATSON
Clearwater, Fla.

Let's get organized . . .

. . . was the eternal chant of the May Day chairman and committee as the first Saturday in May approached. The overwhelming task of planning the pageant was begun early in the fall. October was the month of elections for the Queen, Maid of Honor, and the Court. After the beauties were selected, dresses and flowers were chosen. Then committees were appointed and put to work. Everyone connected with May Day (which eventually amounted to everyone enrolled in Salem College) began to devote countless hours to properties, construction, music selection, costume designing, publicity, and contracting for sound systems. Even the less imaginative, business, and aesthetic matter of preening the May Dell for the big day was accomplished.

Inspiration for a pageant theme came to Betty at the rather non-inspiring hour of six-thirty A.M. one very cold morning in early September. Too cold to get up for more cover, she could do nothing but suffer in silence, and was rewarded with a plot idea. But any actual script writing was postponed until Christmas, and all effort placed on electing a Queen, Maid of Honor, and Court of twelve.

In keeping with the tradition established twenty-five years ago, the pageant must provide an obvious entry

for the Queen and Court. Files are preserved of former May Day scripts, and it is evident that this problem is not a new one. In the past every conceivable form of motivation has been employed, but the audience is understanding and satisfied.

With Miss Reigner as adviser, the committee launched into the task at hand after Christmas, Sally Senter acting as vice-chairman and costume designer, Daisy Chonis as treasurer and squelcher of expensive ideas, and Anne Hobbs as chief choreographer. Carolyn Harris, Edna Wilkerson, and Peggy Bonner composed the committee for selection of the Court dresses and flowers, and Jane Watson continued her editorial role as chairman of the program committee. Fae Deaton performed the mansized job of publicity chairman, giving us the assurance that we would have an audience for our pageant. Emily Warden employed all of her aggressive powers in getting special rates for everything.

Volunteers, and where necessary, draftees, supplied the cast, ranging from choral groups, dancers, speaking parts, and comic animals. Criticism was supplied by various faculty members and students. Ideas, alterations and down-right departures from the script were supplied by all to produce the resulting May Day.

. . . Be careful, Betty, ye old spring house, she ain't what she use to be . . . forget the budget, kid, and hire an orchestra . . . Hmmm, satin? . . .





From Opening Chapel to Graduation . . .

. . . the marshals sedately held their positions. They were excited and proud as they donned their white suits and regalia for hatburning and their first time marshaling. They were a little scared too, when they thought of the responsibility of their job.

On June second the marshals dressed in white and gold for the last time. Jane was nervous as she gave Mrs. Rondthaler's instructions a last minute reading. "Promptly at five minutes to eleven line up on each side of the steps leading to Memorial Hall." Those notes had been handed down from year to year and this was Jane's last reading. She smiled as she looked at the detailed notes and thought of the incidents for which there were no instructions . . . Hatburning, when Jo tried desperately to keep a steady foot in her high heels as she led the Juniors across the hockey field. . . . The house lights that gave Mac, Willie, and Sarah a scare when they dimmed spasmodically during Vivienne Bennett's lecture. . . . Radiators that were impossible to turn off when they began banging during Paul Engle's lecture. . . . And the night Ann and Faye reserved Dr. Gramley's seat for forty-five minutes; finally they released it only to have him arrive just at that moment.

There had been exasperating moments, but they now provoked laughter. On June second the marshals seated the last parent in the crowded Memorial Hall, and at five minutes to eleven

hurried outside to lead the Seniors for the last time. They smiled as the Seniors approached but were sad when they realized this was their last day as marshals. Next year they would themselves be led down the aisle by their class marshals.

Jane Schoolfield was chief marshal, and Eleanor McGregor, Anne Lowe, Faye Lee, Sarah Long, Jo Bell, and Willie Rhyne were the marshals.



. . . Willie Rhyne, Eleanor McGregor, Faye Lee, Jo Bell, Sarah Long, Anne Lowe. . .

Alma Mater

Strong are thy walls, oh Salem,
Thy virgin trees stand tall,
And far athwart the sunlit hills
Their stately shadows fall.

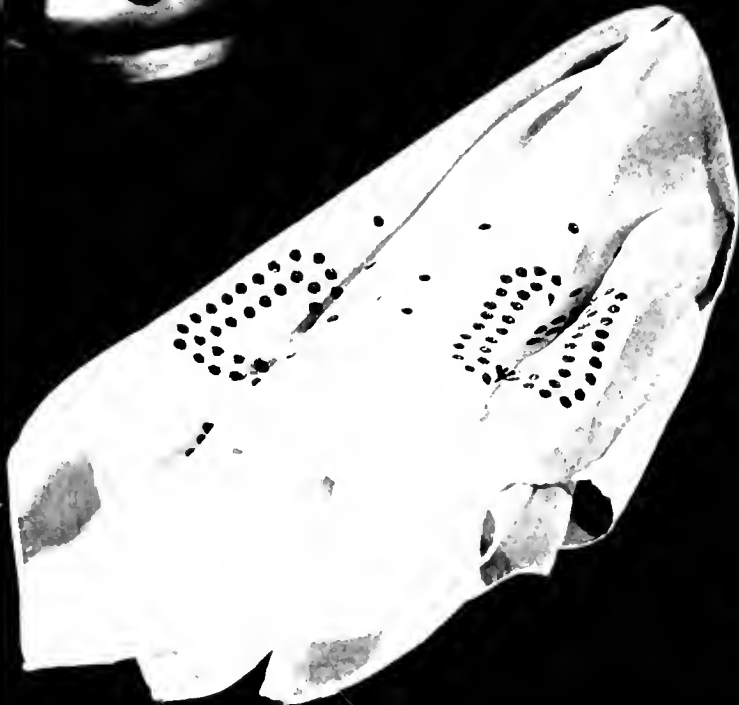
Firm is thy faith, oh Salem,
Thy future service sure,
The beauty of thy heritage
Forever shall endure.

True is our love, oh Salem
Thy name we proudly own,
The joy of comradeship is here,
Thy spirit makes us one.

Chorus:

Then sing we of Salem ever,
As proudly her name we bear,
Long may our praise re-echo,
Far may our song ring clear.

Featuring





Seniors . . .

BETTY PARKS . . .

. . . Little Black Sambo story . . . love of Noxema . . . hot water bottle, long flannel nightgown, and dusty rose blanket . . . squirrel cheeks . . . campus impersonations . . . quotes *The Chambered Nautilus* and sings "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" . . . threatens a Samson and Delilah May Day . . . a true dilettante is Mother Parks.

JULIA TIMBERLAKE . . .

. . . drying rack constantly filled with snowy socks and lacy slips . . . long letters to her mother . . . a combination of sympathy and patience . . . wearing polished saddle shoes . . . big appetite and tiny figure . . . socks for Bobby . . . Woodrow's right hand girl is Miss Julia.

Juniors . . .

JO BELL . . .

. . . straight bangs and ready grin . . . Morehead tan which lasts all winter . . . stealing towels from shower doors . . . her paintings adorning Strong smokehouse . . . "Beautiful, Beautiful Wilson" . . . long letters to Bubba . . . poetry like a flash . . . class secretary and jester . . . authority on Keats and Fanny Brawne . . . poodle-cloth coat.

WILLIE RHYNE . . .

. . . unlimited supply of change for long distance calls in Sisters . . . wide brown eyes looking with amazement at circumscribed triangles and square roots . . . shiny blonde hair that stays in place with only one bobby pin . . . argyles for Hermie . . . Chinese shadowgraphs and "The Bicycle Song" . . . willingness to wake up half her dorm at 7:30 a.m., then go back to sleep . . . Dresden doll . . . Willie.

Sophomores . . .

FRANKIE STRADER . . .

. . . uncluttered dresser top . . . voice that becomes a squeak during frequent moments of excitement . . . pixie glasses . . . those music hours . . . Lambda Chi pin . . . the day she changed clothes six times . . . on time for Stee Gee meetings . . . three-day week ending Wednesday . . . Madame President . . . "I can't," but she always does.

ALICE McNEELY . . .

. . . from Christmas carols to jazz on the trumpet . . . weekend trips above The Line . . . Korean pajamas . . . midwife to a cocker . . . big blue eyes peering from underneath a limp golf hat . . . the "water-out-the-window" incident . . . first lady of the "Y" store . . . Clewell clown in sport clothes.

Freshmen . . .

BESSIE SMITH . . .

. . . fantastically long eyelashes . . . "Ah'm from Sel-l-ma!" . . . that Thanksgiving weekend in Philadelphia . . . high school memories . . . enviable record of letters received . . . missing Mama, Daddy, and Nursey . . . "God of Our Fathers" on the piano . . . indispensable bobby pins and kerchief . . . Jane's vivacious little sister.

TODDY SMITH . . .

. . . life is a constant diet . . . sleeps through eight thirties . . . bane of her existence, lab and gym keys . . . ah, but the weekends . . . sparkling brown eyes and curly hair . . . stars on the piano, basketball court or in the swimming pool . . . tales of Bethel . . . Toddy's friendliness and spontaneity.





This year at Salem . . .

. . . has been the same, yet different, something old and something new. Standing at the portals were new seniors, but with the old feeling of excitement, anticipation, and just a little bit of superiority. The underclassmen had made another step forward, too—and they wondered what the year would hold.

Newly painted buildings had greeted the students when they arrived, and quick glances revealed other new features—new offices for Dr. Welch, Miss Reigner, and Mr. Sawyer, a basement smoke house for the girls in Sisters, an added spot light in front of Bitting, and a peanut machine in Clewell. Second glances revealed familiar sights, too: Miss Anna's flower beds, girls squealing greetings to each other, and the fountains still not running.

In the fall, new students attended freshman seminar, and the practice teachers groped their unaccustomed way to the dining hall at seven twenty-five. There was the excitement and hard decisions of May Day elections, and the spooky suspense of the Pierrettes' fall production, "The Innocents." At the pep rally the seniors walked away with first prize, while the sophomores claimed the hockey title. With a new art major offered, the campus was dotted with girls behind sketch pads, and the religion minors worked hard with Mr. Sawyer, Salem's first full-time chaplain. Biology and chemistry students went to labs and classes in the new science building.

With the coming of the Christmas season, each student felt a little closer

to Salem. Girls rushed in and out of the book store basement loaded with tensil and silver paper, and the dorms worked excitedly to decorate their smoke rooms. Quantities of sugar cake and coffee were consumed at the putz in Brothers House, and bees-wax candles burned bright at Senior Vespers as three hundred voices sang "Morning Star." The Christmas formal and the party for the orphans were crammed into a busy schedule.

Holidays were over in a rush, and the campus settled down to the serious business of exams. Then, Honor's Day, Valentine's, St. Patrick's Day cakes in the dining hall—and before we knew it, it was spring, with winter coats being replaced by Salem jackets. The juniors were proudly wearing their class rings, and the freshmen had a new feeling of really belonging. Junior-Senior was a big success; and Flossie, Kitty, and Ann shone at their senior recitals. The campus cleared for spring holidays, but some came back for the sunrise service in God's Acre.

For many, the May Day dance was the most important event in the spring; for others it was getting a sun tan; and for a few it was graduation—the end of the year and the end of college.

It had been the same, yet different—old and new. Old friends, strange faces; accustomed traditions, new regulations; fresh paint and aged ivy; blended by each girl in her way to make—nineteen hundred and fifty-two.

The cards were passed to the senior, and she shuffled them slowly—one—two—the ruffling noise broke the stillness of the room—three. There was a soft slap as the deck was cut, and she began to deal. She watched the other three players arrange their hands. The freshman's hands moved jerkily; her eyes were wide. The sophomore was more sure, and a slight frown crinkled her forehead as she considered carefully. The junior was quick. She squirmed in her chair, eager to begin. The world was hers. The senior looked back on three years and wondered how she would play this last hand. . . .

In September she felt strange in Bitting and self-conscious in her cap and gown at opening chapel. She had a car on campus. There were Sunday afternoon drives along Reynolda Road when the leaves were colored warm yellows and reds. Christmas vespers, dorm decorations, the putz in Brothers House were familiar, yet different, for she knew that this was the last time. Second semester was a curious mixture of gaiety and sadness—the thrill of registering for only thirteen hours, watching Miss Anna working in the pansy bed, hearing the church clock strike the quarter hour, the musty smell of the catacombs, "Awake, awake, my pretty, pretty maid . . .," the green leather chair in Dr. Gramley's office, senior comprehensives . . . the new and the old, gaiety and sadness, eagerness and reluctance. The senior had given of herself and taken from Salem, and now. . . .

Now the four-year game was ended. The senior had played her last card on the table. Had she won or lost? She did not add the score, but her head was high as she left the room.



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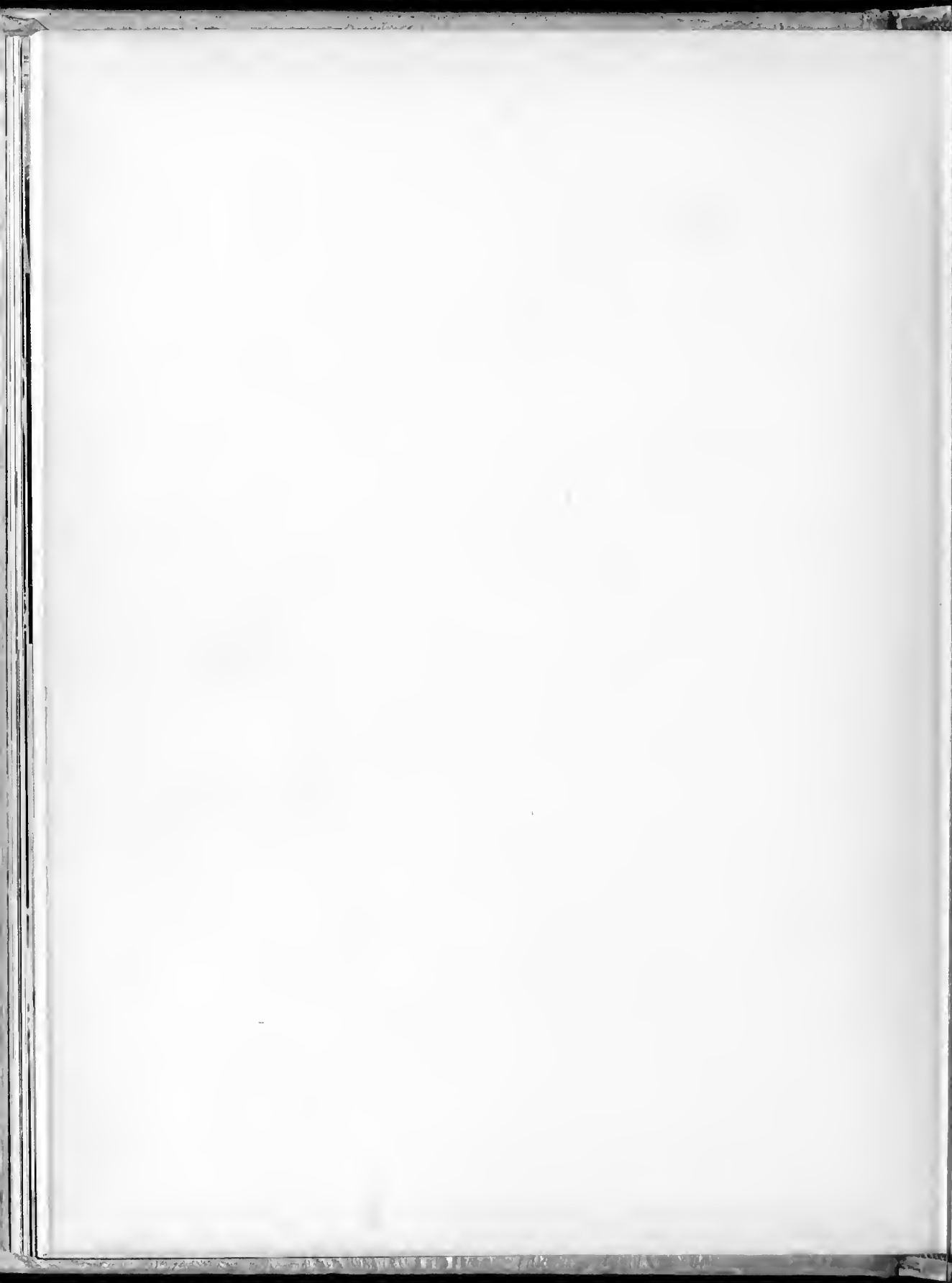
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