

Write Away . . .

The University of North Carolina may be judged too liberal in its attitude toward the communist element on campus, but it cannot be last week by its Dialectic Senate.

By a vote of 18 to 6 the members of the Senate passed a measure endorsing a "more forceful expedient of world-wide agreement"—to resolve the present United Nations General Assembly into a committee to initiate a more powerful World Federal Government.

The opinions of students on college campuses are important and influential. There is a lethargic attitude among Salem students in regard to national affairs that is appalling.

Wake up Salemites! If you think, as many of the nation's leaders do, that the United Nations is inadequate as it is now set up, do something about it. The United States will have to take the lead in calling a constitutional convention of the nations to draw up a resolution for the establishment of a World Government with powers to prevent war.

It is an amazing fact that the young people of America have time and inclination to circulate thousands of chain letters that will supposedly yield a fortune, while they do not find the time to write one postcard to a Congressman that will assuredly yield a move in the direction of a world without anarchy.

Dear Editor:

Barbara, mine own seester, has been sending me the *Salemite* every week. I read it from kiver to kiver and enjoy every word, but it seems to me that "Accents on Athletics" is biased towards the sophomore class. It seems that their athletic feats are concentrated on, dwelled upon, and over-elaborated.

True, the sophomores seem to be winning more hockey games than any other class, but I think they could do with less complimenting.

Freddie, confident that Duke will beat Carolina, Folger.

Explanation

Copies of Mr. Leach's timely editorial, "Take Your Choice", are being distributed as a supplement to this issue of the paper. The condition of the type last week was due to circumstances beyond our control, and we urge you to read thoughtfully the reprint.

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES

Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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Progress Plus

by Carolyn Taylor

Last Thursday night I attended a lecture on a new philosophy of education. The basis of this philosophy according to Mr. Corbe, who was the speaker, is sound mental health.

I suppose the word *progressive* might be attached to this new idea. *Progressive*, however, seems to have a startling effect on most people. It scare them back into their nice little caches of sameness and indifference—and so I shall not use *progressive*.

According to most people's philosophy of education, if an individual can read, write and add with a small amount of skill, he is fully prepared to face the world and take his place among men. No matter how the individual is taught, if he can spell Mississippi, read *Forever Amber*, and add two and two, he is educated.

This idea of sound mental health is the objective of education versus our conception of the worthy three R's, seems to me valid. If you don't think so, take a look at the number of people—educated in our way of thinking—who are now

practicing their three R's in padded cells.

To put this philosophy into action, the group, of which Mr. Corbe is a member, plans to establish a boarding school, which will admit children from infancy through their teens. There will be no classes, as such, but the opportunity to learn, when he wants to learn, will be afforded the child. There is no hurry in education and no strictly graded system—what is important is the happiness of the child. If he is happy and self-confident, says Mr. Corbe, he will learn and learn faster than the child educated in our average public schools.

This idea has its fallacies as can be seen. But if America expects to achieve any kind of cultural advancement brought about by happy and self-sufficient people, it has to work on its public schools. Some happy medium between traditional and ultra-progressive education can, and has to be reached. Maybe not as many people will know how to decline a Latin noun, but more people will know the true value of life, and in turn, be happy. And happiness is what we all want.

Tuning In

"Night and da-a-y" warbled a contralto voice. I leaned over the French book lying open on my desk and turned the radio louder.

Picking up the apple which held the pages of the French books down, I tilted the straight chair until I could prop one knee on the edge of the desk. "Burning inside of me" sang the voice. I crunched noisily into the apple. Why was there ever any need to study?

Suddenly the music stopped. A sharp, commanding voice rang out. "We are interrupting this program to bring you a special news bulletin straight from Clewell Smokehouse. We bring you the latest reports from—"

Charlotte: A plague of rats? No. Only a reversal to rat week procedures by Deena Karres, Betty Jean Stover, Cathy Schiff and Mary Jane Hurt. Those who were "persuaded" into going to cheer for Charlotte at the Reynolds-Central game last Friday are Janis Ballentine, Martha Hershberger, Dotty Laughran, Martha Scott, Frances Morrison and Winkie Harris.

The order was cheerfully obeyed

as all are from Charlotte.

Kinston: Kinston will suffer from a flood this week-end, not of drips, but of gushing girls. Dot Massey, Jane Hart, Laura Harvey, Carolyn Dunn and Sis Hines are having as their guests, Betty Kincaid, Sarah Smith, Kenan Casteen, Susan Johnson and Claire Phelps.

Winston-Salem: Lib Smoke is not going to Chapel Hill. The fact remains But the reason explains— He is coming to Winston.

All Winston boys at Chapel Hill are coming home for the week-end. All Winston girls are staying at home for the week-end—almost all. Two who are leaving are Ann Coleman, going to the Citadel (with a new green sequin dress), and Bitty Daniels, going to the W. C. Junior Formal.

Now this is your on-the-spot (don't rub me out, boss) reporter returning you to The Musical Hour.

"Ah, sweet mystery of—" "French", I grumbled bending over the book once more.

Monkey Business

by Debby Sartin

I was forced—**F O R C E D**! absolutely—to go to the circus as part of art lab.

Of course I didn't want to go—of course not! What? go to the circus and miss a seminar test? Why I was absolutely heartbroken—which is of course the reason I went again that night.

We had a whole row to ourselves—just the art class—and we were supposed to sketch! Waste all that good time sketching? Don't be absurd! The only sketching we did was taken from the pictures in the programs I fear.

Between display 5 and display 6 there was a "Jungle Interlude" which was described on the circus program as "a startling Emmissary of the Evolutionary Theory—Natal, Man or Monkey" and below this informative heading in smaller letters ran the caption "First Time in America".

I had scarcely enough time to glance up from the program (where a huge orange orangutang sat in the middle of the center ring) before I realized that this so called "Jungle Interlude" had escaped! "Yi—Ow—w" I yelled in best Little Orphan Annie tradition—"He's escaped".

Ione Bradsher sank in her seat and tried frantically to hide behind the assorted small children in

front of her. Mary Davis threw caution to the four winds, and before you could say "boo Potato" she had stolen Mrs. Bledsoe's hat and was foolishly trying to poke her blond hair beneath it (having heard of monkeys and bright objects no doubt).

By this time the orangutang was scrambling madly all over the audience—trying to find a way out no doubt—Completely surrounded by screaming and yelling children (6 to 60).

Ione and Anne Coleman were screaming louder than anyone else—evidently the orangutang decided to shut them up at all costs.

He lumbered over chairs and frantic people up to where we were not too successfully hiding. (M. J. Trager passed out at this point.) The escaped orangutang approached us with a wild gleam in his orange eyes—Yi—ow—w I yelled Yi—ow—w Yi—ow—w—w—w.

He merely checked our heads for fleas while Mr. Bromberg sat back and laughed. After several more mad scrambles through the audience, the orangutang scrambled down to the center ring where he took off his head . . . "Oh Yes," we chorused, "we knew it was just a trick all along." "Oh yes of course," I whispered, but my voice seemed somehow queerly to have disappeared.

SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

The door forced open and Little Mumbly clawed her way into the room, searching frantically among the piles of rubble for her roommate. She spied her and began to wave a letter, screaming "Guess what, guess what, guess what!" The pile of textbooks upon which she was standing gave way, and she toppled to the floor. Some cocoa cups and coathangers from another pile fell on her as she lay. BMOC, her roommate, climbed over to her and put iodine on her cuts and bruises, and bandaged the flesh wounds.

Little Mumbly regained consciousness, looked weakly at BMOC and murmured, "Thanks".

"We got to get a fresh First Aid kit," replied BMOC. "This one's almost used up. And incidentally, 'Guess what' what?"

"Oh Lord!" screamed Little Mumbly, instantly restored. She began to rush around the room wildly, throwing things about. "Mama and Papa are coming up tomorrow! We got to get this mess cleaned up fast!"

As the sun rose the next day, BMOC and Little Mumbly elimed wearily into bed. "Well, we got the room kind of straightened up," said Little Mumbly, "and now we have almost 45 minutes to sleep until breakfast time. It makes you feel better if you sleep now and then," she added, "and I do want to look happy when Mama and Papa are here." And she slept.

The next day she was summoned to the Dean's Office. Slowly, and with sinking heart, she made her way down the walk, moaning have-I overcut-chapel to herself with every step. As she drew nearer she heard a burst of shrill laughter, followed by a crescendo of screaming sounds. She stopped dead convinced that they were insane with rage at her misdeed and were going to dismember her. It was with greatest difficulty that a friend, who had come along for the excitement, persuaded her to go on in.

At the door Little Mumbly opened her eyes, looked in, and there in the midst of the bedlam stood her parents. All the Deans were clamoring around them, one holding a View Book, one saying pleasant sentences (with no verbs or nouns, only adjectives), and one offering apples and chewing gum. Little Mumbly went in.

"Your wonderful parents just came and we were just telling them what a grand girl you are and how much we all love our beautiful school and—" one of the deans said on and on. The others chatted blithely in unison.

Little Mumbly tried hard. "Yes, I— . . . Well no, I— . . . yes no, I . . ." and so, She attempted introductions and wound up shaking her father's hand. Eventually they got away. As they left, the Head Dean said cheerfully, "Now show them the campus, Mumbly!" and added in an undertone, "Be careful what you let them see! We don't want the truth to get out."

"What nice ladies", exclaimed her parents, and Little Mumbly nodded mutely.

The rest of the day passed in a rosy haze. Little Mumbly walked her parents, explaining, pointing out, and being careful to give good views of the campus. She screamed greetings to people she had never seen before, used abbreviations in her speech, and in general put on the Big Act.

Then she took her mother up to their transformed room to meet BMOC. She had told BMOC beforehand to act "real collegiate". BMOC had worked all day and had finally perfected her act. She dressed herself in jeans and a size 56 sweater. She procured a little red hat and some big pink bubble gum. As the door opened she rose to her feet and said the only jive word she knew. "Schmo!" she intoned, blowing a bubble and extending her hand.

"Wrong room," said Little Mumbly hastily, and led her mother away.

That night, by artfully making her parents think that the Balinese Room was the college dining hall, Little Mumbly put the finishing touches on the Great College Myth. "What a nice place", her mother murmured, her eye on the 30 piece orchestra. "I didn't know they gave you music".

Several days later Little Mumbly's mother was saying to a neighbor, "And you have no idea what trouble they take to make the girls happy!" At precisely the same time BMOC was saying to Little Mumbly's inert form, "What a lot of trouble just to make them think their getting their money's worth!"