

Don's Goodbye . . .

My last night at Salem is a Tuesday night. Tuesday nights have always been spent in the Salem office. No matter how many dresses have to be stuffed into one suitcase or how many books there are to throw away, Tuesday night has to be spent in the Salem office. Here in the middle of galleys, make-up sheets, broken pencils, cigarette smoke, and clicking typewriters I found my place at Salem.

Since I am leaving tomorrow, everyone said that I should write a farewell editorial and say anything that I would like to. I'd be gone and no one could say anything. But as I started thinking of a subject, I couldn't think of anything but the happy hours I've spent here. The heated discussions on foolish rules and the gripes about impossible teachers are all funny stories to tell my children.

What I can remember is my first trip to the Salem office. The article that I had worked so long on was cut to three sentences for News Briefs. That year I kept writing News Briefs, but at Christmas I got a front page by-line with a story on Moravian Christmas customs. The sight of my name under the headline was all that was needed. I'd write on forever in hopes of another by-line.

The next year I started making my weekly trips to the Salemite. Tuesday and Wednesday nights were spent in the catacombs and Thursday was spent at the Sun Printing Company. Besides writing articles I worked on make-up and was able to take part in the long discussions — discussions on men, marriage, and Dr. Todd's classes.

At the Sun I met Mr. Cashion, Francis, and Lida Ruth. Here I got the proverbial "printer's ink" on my hands. Coffee is at its best in the big white mugs clutched in inky hands.

I learned to read backwards and upside down (it really isn't hard) and to set up headlines.

I had the thrill of putting my own articles in the forms and reading the first proofs.

This last year has been a continuation of all the good times and hard work. No matter how empty the pages were we always found something to go in them. (Even if I had to write a play.) The number of inches to be filled never stopped an interesting discussion — besides its fun to look for "Mr. Nightwatchman" at twelve o'clock.

Now that the last night is here, I'm glad it is a Tuesday night. I wouldn't feel right if I left without worrying how we will fill two hundred and forty inches this week.

As I fill up my share of these inches I wish I could tell you how you feel as you look out of the window and see girls hurrying to class and know that you don't have any more classes. I wish I could describe the butterflies as the girls sing to you in the dining hall for the last time. I wish I could explain the lump in your throat as you tell your professors good-bye.

Times like this are times that you wish you were twins (one twin for the old; one for the new). Good things lie ahead, but to reach them you must break with the old. Making this break is what causes the lump, butterflies, and funny feelings. Somehow all the good things wipe out the call downs and restrictions. The by-lines out shine the cut and rejected articles.

Now as the empty inches are beginning to fill, it is time for one last discussion. One last Tuesday night.

Donald Caldwell

Our Sympathy To Sue Jones

The Salemite

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THE COSMORAMA

By Sally Reiland

This week . . . En route to the theatre . . .

There is a particular new contraction—not only in the mind of Tinkie Millican—but on display at the 1955 Motorama in New York City. A car, developed by one of the prominent manufacturers of BIG cars, with a 14 inch TV screen in the back of the front seat (too bad about the driver and his companion) . . . This, for the lover of the TV drama, is a real development—particularly for those New Yorkers who want to see plays, hold telephone conversations, stay cool, or tape record business transactions en route to the theatre—where, in the new year, they will no doubt meet with replacements for "Fanny" and "Mrs. Patterson."

We recall, however, that such is not our fate in theatre transit—but rather that of treading over the bricks on ten bruised metacarpals to one of our own unique theatres of sorts—Memorial Hall—Where, above the set flat storage of the Pierrettes and below countless violin, piano, harp, cello and vocal strings and cords — we observe such a form of theatre as Ruth Draper most recently presented in her dramatic monologues.

Concerning Miss Draper—was interested in what the "New Yorker" had to say of her recent joint recital (with her nephew, Paul, the noted modern dance satirist) at the Bijou, in which she presented essentially the same program of selections given at Salem. According to Wolcott Gibbs, drama critic for the magazine, she is "as practically everybody knows, the most brilliant monologist now at work in America." In speaking of her "extraordinary capacious repertory," Mr. Gibbs recommends her program to all theatre-goers as likely the most "polished and civilized entertainment" offered in New York this winter . . .

Some of our company, however, prefer to revive their metacarpals by taking weekend flights to the big city for the purpose of dramatic entertainment. Such was the case of Louise Barroñ, Bunny Gregg, Carolyn Spaugh, Libby Norris and Sandy Whitlock, who spent the mid-year break paying taxi-driver tips to whiz around two-

wheeled corners to the National Winter Garden and Broadway—where, in turn, they saw Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson", Mary Martin in "Peter Pan" and Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest opera, "The Saint of Bleecker Street".

The first,—of interest to those of us who, since the faculty play last year, tend to identify "the most exciting personality in show business" with a certain English professor on campus; the second—to all May Day chairmen who aspire to fly their cast in from the towering dell trees in a manner comparable to Peter, Wendy, John and Michael's soar through the sky to Never-never land—as accomplished in the New York staging of the famed child's fantasy; and the third—to those who recall the terrific success of Menotti's "The Medium" on campus year before last . . .

And then, there are those of us who merely hope to beg a ride (in someone's four year old Chevy) to the Carolina Playmaker's spring production of "Show Boat"—which, by the way, will be the first production of the perennially popular stage and screen show ever given by a university group. As the story goes, rights to said Hammerstein-Kern classic are practically impossible to obtain, except professionally so—but the Playmakers have done it! . . . And to top that—Kai Jurgensen, staff director of the group, has even held conferences on staging plans with Marge and Gower Champion, famed dancers of the movie version of the musical.

In leaving the theatre, some ride on white leather and ermine upholstery—with their furs spread round about them and criticisms of the drama televised before them . . . But such is not our fate. We brick-bruise our toes and gasp at the antics of taxi drivers and ask approximately fifteen people for a ride to Chapel Hill that weekend.

We stand on the corner of Salem Square and wait for a bus to take us to see James Mason in cinema-scope and wait patiently for the coming of the full-length movie cartoon version of George Orwell's "Animal Farm" . . . But we all find ourselves, in one way or another—en route to the theatre.

Here and There

By Freda Siler

Europe: Last week the weather was the biggest topic of conversation in Europe. In Paris, the citizens watched the statue of a Zauaue which stands beneath the Port de l'Alma, knowing that water to his calves meant the Seine in flood.

Last week the water reached his elbows. Some of the effects of the flood were: the priceless works on the ground floor of the Louvre were moved upstairs, three companies of firemen were busy pumping water out of the basement of ancient Notre-Dame, and police closed off the famed Pont des Invalides for fear its waterlogged arches might collapse.

Another flood threatened Bonn, Germany, whose normally sedate Rhine River was twice its usual width. This was the worst flood since 1926.

England did not escape the foul weather. First, London was covered with the biggest, blackest, cloud of smog the city could remember. Then all of England except Cornwall was smothered in heavy snow-falls. Cornwall did not escape, though; it got floods.
Burma: Premier U Nu, who recognized Red China as a menace but wishes to remain neutral, has been afraid to accept aid or arms from the West. But last week he saw a way out of his dilemma.

In exchange for some of Burma's piled-up rice surplus, he would collect enough military hardware to equip a brigade — not from the West, but from his acceptably socialist visitor Marshall Tito. No one mentioned that the guns Tito had to spare were given to him by Britain and the United States.

South Africa: The new Prime Minister, Johannes Gerhardus Stry-

dom presented his first program to Parliament last week. This program was rather moderate in comparison to what was expected, but nevertheless it was rather severe. Some of its points were:

1. All non-white servants would be required to leave white-populated areas each night;

2. Labor unions with mixed white and non-white membership would be outlawed;

3. Police would have the right to attend private meetings of more than three persons, for purposes of political investigation.

India: Nehru seems at least confused when it comes to Communists. Last week he traveled to the province of Andhra to make a speech to keep the Communists from winning the coming elections.

But no one has yet figured out what his speech meant. He said that he is against "the Communists," but not against "Communism"; he does not approve of Communist "methods", but as for Communist objectives, "I like them".

Great Britain: The Board of Trade announced last week that 1954 was the best trading year in British history. Where Lancashire textiles and Welsh coal once led the list of exports, more than 50% of British exports last year were metals and engineering products.

British car exports "greatly exceeded the combined exports of all European countries and are almost double those of the U. S."

Although Britain still has to buy more than it sells, it has been helped by the world-wide change in terms of trade: since the end of the Korean war the prices of food and raw materials have tended to fall, while the price of manufactures has risen. This resulted in a grand total of 1954 exports of \$7.5 billion.



Phyllis Sherrill

"Leave our things alone, Elaine," we said again. The twins and I were packing to go away to school and it was hot. Elaine was scratching around in the jewelry boxes dragging out ropes of pearls and earrings. She tried on my new rhinestone earrings for the fourth time and admired herself in the mirror.

"I hate high school," she said.

Earrings are her passion. She wore her first pair on Easter Sunday of her freshman year in high school. She wanted to wear them to school the next day, but Mother caught her before she left home. From that time, whenever we wanted to tease her, we would just call her "Earrings." She would blush, then laugh and try to make us forget the incident.

"Those rhinestones really look good with blue jeans," the twins said. "You weren't so sloppy in Blowing Rock this summer."

Every year in June Mother takes a poll to see if we want to go to Blowing Rock again. All the rest of the family are for it, against it, or undecided, but Mother never asks Elaine. We all know what she wants: Johnny lives in Blowing Rock. He is the reason Elaine gets up before anyone else in Blowing Rock, changes her shorts five times, combs her hair for twenty-five minutes and tries hard to hide her freckles with my make-up. This summer she went through a stage of wearing lots of make-up. We tried to tell her that her freckles were attractive, but she continued to apply powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil, and lipstick.

This ritual over, she took her daily walk to the post office. She really didn't care whether we had any mail or not. All she wanted was to walk by the real estate office where Johnny worked. He was usually sitting on the bench out front, and they would talk for an hour.

Johnny's main attractions were that he was a "college man," and had dark blue eyes that looked everywhere but at her. Elaine felt that her summer had been a complete success when he asked her to the square dance in the park the last week in August. Perhaps because of this, she looked forward to an invitation to Davidson Homecoming. The twins and I knew that Johnny had already asked the girl who drove the white convertible and wore a different pair of Bermuda shorts everyday. We hated to tell her about it, and yet we were afraid she would find out in a more brutal way.

We watched her as she left the mirror and picked up the two stiff black crinolines Mother had bought for the twins today. She put them both on at once. She is proud of her tiny waist and always wears at least three crinolines to make her skirts stand out and her waist appear smaller. The complete effect is spoiled, however, because the crinolines always show about an inch all the way around.

Inspired by the sophisticated black, Elaine stuffed her feet, socks and all, into a pair of new black sequined evening pumps three sizes too large.

"Maybe I can wear these when I go to Davidson," she said. "They're not much too big."

The twins and I looked at each other. "Did you see Herbert today?" we asked. Herbert is a football star, and a high school sophomore like Elaine. He looks up to her but, as far as she's concerned, he's strictly "high school."

"I saw him in algebra. He asked me to the dance after the game Friday night, but I told him I had to be home early. Besides, I will probably be tired from cheerleading." But—we doubted that. Elaine's lung power has deafened the household from the time of her first baby wail.

We were packed now, and ready to leave. Elaine looked around her and realized that we were going away and she couldn't go. She took off the earrings and handed them to me.

"Keep them," I said. "Maybe you can wear them to Davidson sometime."