

A Modest Proposal . . .

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this small campus, or enter in the buildings, when they see girls refusing to attend lectures or discussions about world affairs or religion, tossing the Salemite aside with a quick glance at "Of All Things", ignoring basketball and softball games and practices, rushing off to movies rather than attending plays on campus, and cutting on the radio to hear "Heartbreak Hotel" when seniors are giving their graduation recitals.

These girls instead of choosing to get the most from their liberal arts education have chosen to become more narrow, prejudiced, and undiscerning in taste and appreciation of the better things of life.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of girls is a very great grievance; and therefore whoever could find a good, fair, cheap method of making these girls sound and useful members of our society would deserve so well of the public as to have his (or her) statue set up for a preserver of a campus.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many months upon this important subject and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their ideas.

It is true that a Salemite, after refusing to get a liberal arts education from college, and refusing to get the most from her education, may soon after graduation marry, and she herself may live happily ever afterwards. The fault with this plan lies with the forgetting of her offspring, and the kind of atmosphere in which they will grow. Marriage is clearly not the solution to our problem.

One other scheme that has been proved unuseful was the idea of letting these girls go out into the world to make a living. This has proved such a source of embarrassment to the faculty and to the girl herself as she finds herself sadly lacking in too many qualifications that we will naturally refuse to accept this as a solution.

It is my proposal that these girls be compelled, for compulsion will have to be resorted to at first until they discover how much pleasure they will have, at the beginning of their senior year to form a group, composed of other girls of similar qualifications(?) and that this group shall tour the United States and foreign countries, talking with the other students and young people of those places.

This plan has a two-fold purpose. Firstly, by exposing our fellow citizens and world citizens to this group of frivolous, uncultured, unconcerned, unappreciative young women, the rest of the world would be so revulsed, repulsed and disgusted that they would thereby resolve never to let this happen to them. Secondly, this group of girls, by talking with other students who are interested in people, world affairs, good literature, art, and music, etc., would pick up a few ideas and feelings that would be worth having. Then having acquired these ideas they could leave the group and take their places as sound and useful members of our society. They could thereafter be replaced by others who did not profit by the first purpose of this plan.

I can see no objections to this proposal. It is fair, pleasureable, and cheap (using tuition money for traveling expenses), but I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by any person which shall be found equally satisfactory.

I profess in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good, advancing the position of colleges and universities, and relieving the present feeling of being not needed and not wanted among our present recitalists, lecturers, actors, and editors. I have no girls which I can give to this plan, myself being almost out of college and with no younger sisters.

(My respects to Mr. Jonathan Swift)
M. B. R.

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
(Robert Browning)

And in spring on Salem campus, that is, in the early spring,
Doors swing open and the lawn becomes a girl-bedecked, green thing.
And the techs (so tired of test tubes) through the window see the grass
And the philosophic prof philosophizing to his class.
And the art lab students vie for spots which best perspective lend
To the sprouting, greening campus coddled gently by the wind.
And reporters from the paper bring the cameras outside
Where the campus wheels are photographed against a landscape wide.
What goes on inside the classroom no one ever really learns;
For from there in spring, we know, each young girl's "fancy lightly turns."

When the lights came on in the theater, I woke up to the indignant shouts of the woman sitting behind me. "Well, I never . . . Absolutely the worst excuse for a movie . . . I don't see why in the world Benny ever let them show a picture like that . . . why, it's not a tenth as good as the Glenn Miller Story . . . it's an insult to an intelligent person's taste, such childish story and . . . well!"

Behind "The End" and through the transparent curtain that swung together I could see Benny Goodman (alias Steve Allen and two boys of varying ages) still doggedly playing out his clarinet-proposal to transformed - and-no-longer-a-musical-snob Donna Reed (Alice).

Incidentals:
The Man With the Golden Arm had two good points: 1) the drumming background music (including the striking beginning and ending) and 2) **Frank Sinatra** . . . "unforgettable" (**Time**) . . . Even with injured All-American **Ronnie Shavlick** (his broken wrist in a leather cast), North Carolina State had no trouble whipping Wake Forest in the finals of the conference tournament last week-end. In fact, Shavlick's injury, incurred in the final regular season game, probably was the shove that the Wolfpack morale needed to grab the championship

for the third straight year. Shavlick, by a landslide vote of newscasters and writers, was chosen the Atlantic Coast Conference's Player of the Year. Perhaps we should elect injured **Mr. Britt** to some high honorary station . . . Coming at the Carolina in the next week or so: **The Rose Tattoo** and **Picnic** . . . People who are concerned with the college lecturers have their fingers crossed. If **Senator Fulbright** (in Memorial Hall Tuesday night) gets the enthusiastic reception given to **Bennett Cerf** and **Margaret Mead**, the Lecture Committee will have done some remarkable choosing . . . Most familiar sight on campus this week: the nominating committee members trudging to and from Room 1 . . . Two more genial officers could not have been elected than those chosen in assembly on Tuesday. Both **Judy Graham** and **Curt Wrike**, aside from the qualifications which they have in abundance, are characterized by distinctive cheeriness that can be recognized campus-wide . . . **Even** hours after it was over, nobody could put into words the feeling and "know-how" with which **Ella Ann Lee** played her senior recital . . . People are still wondering how **Miss Collett** was able to keep from letting her secret out on campus before it came out in the newspapers.

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

United States: The biggest thing in the news was President Eisenhower's announcement that he will seek a second term. This is the announcement that many Americans have been awaiting.

Now that the President has made this important decision, he must swiftly meet the problems that have piled up high since his absence from Washington. Foremost of these is the growing apprehension about the course of U. S. foreign policy.

Russia: Last week at the most important Russian Communist Party Congress in years the 1355 members voted "yes" to the new line to be followed by the party.

The new line is as follows: war with capitalism is no longer inevitable, but the "world-transforming, complete triumph of Communism" still is; Communist triumph can be achieved in some states "by parliamentary means" instead of civil wars. Therefore, they must rally into popular fronts with the Socialists to "capture" parliaments.

This is the line Communist Tito, sometimes heretic, has been preaching from Yugoslavia; at home full speed ahead on heavy industry and armament; all out on collectivization of agriculture, whatever the cost.

At the Congress, Khrushchev, clearly the nearest to being the new "one man", led the other bosses in condemning "the cult of the one man" and playing up the "Leninist"

principle of "collective leadership". The free world now confronts an old enemy in a new guise and a new place, and it will have to find new responses.

Austria: Here Chancellor Raab, who has advocated that Austria remain neutral to her Western as well as Russian neighbors, has had to give in to his coalition Socialist partners. Therefore, Austria has announced that she is militarily a neutral state, "but there is no neutrality of spirit for us, and therefore no neutralism".

Simultaneously, Raab let it be known that Austria had decided not to accept Russia's offer of a \$20 million loan, but had agreed instead to accept an American loan on the same easy terms.

England: A new nation — the British Caribbean Federation — was born in London last week as 16 delegates from the British West Indies signed a list of agreements over disputed points in its draft constitution.

The agreement reached in London was the signal for Britain's Colonial Secretary to introduce a federation bill in the British Parliament before the summer recess. And it set in motion preparations for the 1958 election of the first legislature.

Such far-reaching agreement did not go unmarked; the delegates voted unanimously that henceforth the birthday of the new nation, February 23, would be known as Federation Day.



By Pat Flynt

The living room looked like the cover of *American Homes*, a copy of which was lying on the old walnut drop leaf, a family piece. An arrangement of red mums rose against a background of starched white organdy curtains. Mother sat in the wicker rocker, Daddy in the wing chair. I sat on the hard, rounded cushion of the love seat beside Mrs. Appleby.

The fire burned brightly but sent out little warmth. My toes were cold inside the new suede pumps with Louis heels. I wiggled them inside the narrow, dark space at the end of the shoes thinking they were not like saddle oxfords. Then I moved my arms in the narrow space between Mrs. Appleby and the cold, carved arm of the love seat.

I glanced out of the corner of my eye to see if she had noticed. She was stuffed comfortably beside me like the soft, round pillows Mother plumped there every day. Her short fingers caressed the carving as she followed Mother's chatter with eager eyes. Maybe that was why they were called antique hounds, because of those alert, anxious little eyes. No, it must have something to do with the nose. Hounds rely on their acute sense of smell.

The odor of coffee drifted through the door. I sniffed and sighed. It must be almost refreshment time. The visits followed an exact pattern. I took the plate, Mother's best old china, and balanced it cautiously on one knee.

The dainty cup slid against the brick ice cream. I jumped. How would I get coffee stain off antique velvet? It was black and bitter and would probably keep me awake, but I wouldn't care because then she would be gone.

The pastries that usually tasted tender were dry and choking. I loved to eat them in my room after school. If I were in my room now I could be in jeans curled up in the blue chair dreaming.

Mrs. Appleby stirred, interrupting my thoughts, and I realized the visit was following the usual pattern. I rose mechanically and followed the procession through the house. Over and over she gushed "just lovely", "simply exquisite" as she touched some chair or piece of china, or entered a room.

Her voice affected me like the meaningless tinkle of a player piano. I would gladly give her the "lovely old sandwich glass" if she would just go home. Her perfume was a heavy, sickening sweet. I held my breath to avoid its odor as she peered into my room.

The blue chair seemed to fade under her gaze. My diary was alone on the table, and I suddenly felt my whole life being scrutinized by those eager little eyes. When she said, "Precious", I could feel pigtail bobbing on my back and a skirt above my knees.

I pulled myself taut from my eyebrows to the back of my heels and followed them to the door, making my Louis heels click sharply on Mother's polished floor. What if I should accidentally step on her toe? I smiled at the thought as she chattered her way out of the door.

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