

# Who Gets The Pie?

A week of confused debates before the United Nations General Assembly has revealed two major facts about the Palestine problem—neither Britain nor the United States want independence for Palestine, and both are hostile to the expression of Jewish opinion.

This poses some sharp alternatives for the Jewish Agency. If they continue to rely on Britain, they face continued terrorism, immigration bars and a handcuffed economy. The Jewish leadership has already learned that they cannot depend on the United States, as was shown by the inauguration issue and American interests in Arab oil.

The only solution to the problem of peace in the Holy Land is a mutual settlement between Jews and Arabs for their National and Democratic rights. Otherwise, the issue of independence remains a monopoly of the Arab leaders, for sincere or tactical purposes.

Cooperation is a difficult method, but no more difficult than the paths which have been tried and have failed. This method will defeat any further attempts to play-off the Arabs against the Jews. By approaching national independence of the Holy Land through an Arab-Jewish settlement, economic and cultural development can advance and Britain's mandatory control can be removed from the Palestine pie.

Rosalie Green.

# Hail and Farewell. . . .

It seems that a large part of the faculty are leaving this year with the 175th anniversary. Every day one hears of another professor who has resigned. What Salem will do without Hixson, McEwen, Evett, Hill, Wood, and Hewitt is far beyond conception. The faithful standbys of many years at Salem seem to be taking the ways of the Arabs and silently stealing away. Without doubt utter chaos will reign, and if many more leave, Salem will be left with tradition only.

You of the best are leaving us. No words to say how much you have done for Salem and how large a gap your absence will leave in our lives here.

# This Petty Pace . . . .

We want better chapel programs or more chapel cuts. A speaker who thinks his subject trite and who reads his speech cannot be inspiring. The repetition of the same subject during one school year does not make for attentive listening, and we suggest that topics of general interest be chosen whenever possible. We would like to see more student programs such as those presented by the speech class, the Choral Ensemble, and the Modern Dance Club. Both the Y and IRS have sponsored inspiring and entertaining speakers, and we hope there will be more such chapel programs in the future.

L. D.



# If Kubla Khan Tootsie Chan

This poetry's working me overtime  
So don't expect this stuff to rhyme.  
I'm to sing my praises to you  
And really I've gotten honors too  
few!

J. Powers has written me, "What's the matter?"

Have you gotten too thin? Gotten fatter?

Don't the girls at Salem realize  
You've got the beauty men idolize?  
You're wonderful, lovely and all of that!

Without YOU, the May Court's BOUND to go flat!"

There's a few other thngs that people don't know.

Why, I'm the one to make this school grow!

I use Ponds, Lux, and Rinso White  
And I'm always in bed at eleven each night.

In Miss Byrd's class, I'm smart as a whip  
But somehow, I always find glue on my lip!

Dr. Willoughby has consulted me  
On Shakespeare's life and family tree.

WHY can't folks see that I'd be the one

To give this school its "place in the sun"?

I'm just not appreciated, I guess.  
When I'm nominated, sophs just WON'T say "YES!"

I've been nominated for things from treas. on down

To "In Charge of Tiddly-Winks on West End Playground".

Why, when I was born they put me up

As the most promising contestant for the Dry Diaper Cup.

But as usual I lost that election, too!  
(Mother left me out in the new fall-dew!)

At four years of age, I could walk up the wall

But that wouldn't do. They said I was too tall!

I could blow square smoke rings at the age of six

But my opponent blew his NAME was I in a fix!

At the age of eight, I began to sing  
But I was beat at that cause along came Bing.

Once in high school I was elected, you know,

For "Chairman in Charge of Making Bubble Gum Blow".

By the time I reached college, I began to think

I'd NEVER go over, I'd just STAY on the brink.

But my ship came in the other day!  
My talents are here and they're here to stay.

I was elected Librarian of the Choral Ensemble

And if THAT ain't an office, What IS?

P. S. I pick up trash in the Salemite office too!

# Berry Writes

Dear Miss Wilson:

Always will live in my memory the delightful hours that I spent with you and your girls. I could not possibly have been received more graciously and I should like to commend here my lovely guides who proved veritable wells of information.

Thank you for having me and please remember to call to see me if you come to New York n June. I plan to spend July and August in Europe with my husband.

Sincerely,  
Dorothie Berry,

# SEEING THANGS

Since the creation of this column a few short weeks ago, excitement has run high among literate people. All have agreed that this bids fair to be one of the notable events of our time. There has been nothing but praise on all sides. (Those with complaints approach from the front and back.) The response has been enormous, and people have been quick to express their delight and approval. Here are excerpts from letters and remarks:

My room mate - "Ouch! I don't mind reading it so much, I guess . . . now may I have my ear back?"

Mrs. M. Deficient Gregory - "Keep sending them papers home! All the winders are broke out, and the chimby flu needs to be stuffed up too, now that Sprang's here. Them papers come in real handy."

Mr. Vernacular O. Gregory - "You can't do ought that ain't all right with me and your grammar, Granddaughter!"  
And these are just a few of the many comments we have received.

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Little Mumbly threw down her books rebelliously. "Mumble, mumble, mumble", she said in a rising crescendo, anger and desperation in her every syllable. Her room mate, trained to interpret through years of experience, turned to the other girls in the smokehouse who had crowded curiously around. "She says, I'm sick of this hole, let's go to the movie".

They broke into spontaneous applause. "How in the world can you understand her? It's a miracle! But it's a good idea . . . let's be off!" They chorused in unison and all rushed out to the bus stop. They threw a cordon across the street and climbed into one of the cars that stopped. Little Mumbly sat in front next to the driver.

"Where yawl girls going?", he asked sociably, turning to Little Mumbly.

"Mumble, mumble, mumble," she smiled.

"Good Lord!" he screamed, and pressed on the gas. He threw open the doors in front of the theatre let them out, and sped off. They could see his strained face peering back at them.

# Salem Soothsayer Sees Special Sights and Signs

The dimly-lit room into which I walked was filled with a strange incense. It created an overpowering, heavy-laden atmosphere; breath seemed to be at a premium.

Seated behind a table placed in the center of th room was an old, old woman. Her dark skin was drawn tightly over her long, pronounced cheekbones; her black eyes were emphasized by the deep hollows surrounding thm. She was a gypsy fortune teller.

A silence, heavy as the scent in the air, gave me a second impression of being weighted down by some invisible power. When the old woman spoke, a chill ran over me, and I wanted to do the opposite of her request to run away instead of sitting down in front of the table. Her eyes, however, made me obey.

I sat down and gingerly placed my hand, palm up, on the table. "Pff!" she cried and gestured for me to move my hand. A look of scorn for the moment replaced the bright sharpness in her eyes. She called out a name too quickly for me to catch it. A tall, dark-skinned man entered the room from a door I had not seen before and brought to the table a large crystal globe.

The gypsy woman's eyes sparkled as she placed her hands on each side of the globe. She looked deep into it as a thirsty person drinks a deep draught of water, and then she raised her eyes to the level of mine. At that instant the incense rose in a wave of sensation and my head swam with an inexplicable dizziness.

"I See," began the gypsy, "all you wish to know and all you are afraid to know. Be it past, present, future, it is before me now."  
"The future," I whispered.

"I wonder what he thought she said", said one of the girls as she bought a ticket. "We'll never know. As a matter of fact, I wonder what she did say". They went into the theatre.

The feature was a thrilling thing, with gangsters, tough heroes, and tougher women weaving in and out of menacing shadows on the shady side of the law. Little Mumbly was absolutely carried away. She watched entranced, her little face up turned, one hand feeding popcorn with machine-like precision, the other hand feeding chocolate drops alternately. Her little eyes sparkled behind her glasses.

Soon, too soon, her room mate jostled her. "Get up, stoopid, you have sitten through it twice already." Her room mate was an English major.

Little Mumbly got up, but the world of illusion went with her. She was lithe, blond, and she slinked seductively down the street. Men turned to stare as they went into the drug store.

"Whiskey straight," she said to the waitress.

"One orangeade," called the waitress to the counter.

Little Mumbly tossed it off, threw a dime and a penny carelessly on the counter, and slinked out. She undulated down the street, followed by the eyes of everyone. She waited at the bus stop, still feeling like Lauren Bacall, oblivious to the world around her. She glanced about her with sultry eyes, gazing cynically at the stores. And suddenly she stopped, stricken. For there, transfixed in the furniture store mirror, was a small, saggy figure . . . herself! Staggering back against the wall, she uttered a small broken mumble. A nearby woman mistook her to say that she had scarlet fever. Crying Run, Run, the lady spread the alarm, and the bus stop was speedily deserted. Little Mumbly and her friends got to sit down on the bus because it wasn't crowded, and so it really was all for the best. But Little Mumbly was shaken and dispirited for several days after. For she had seen Illusion and Reality side by side, and that is a searing experience for anyone.

—Catherine Gregory.

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