

# Leach History Exposed; Reporter Suffers Injuries

by Tootsie Gillespie  
(Sentences in bold print were written by Mr. Robert Leach)

Once in many, many moons, as the Old Indian says, the world is graced by the presence of protoplasmic being which can only materialize into Phi Beta Kappa (which is an honorary degree given to male undergraduates who have completed six college years without repeating a subject and without dating any female undergraduate, faculty wives not included). Such a being is Dr. (sine multo laude et eum magna multa capilli) Robert Leach, who is assisted in Salem's Department of History by two other college men.

Mr. Leach (I drop the "Dr." because I abhor formality. Why not be chummy?) came into this world rather singularly—it was the year of the first publication of the World Almanac, the Encyclopedia Britannica and the erection of the first Canada Dry factory; and it was also the year that Walbank and Taylor, co-authors of "Civilization Past and Present" made good their threat to commit suicide. The first words of Robert's father were, "Get me a barber!" for even at the age of three hours, Robert had a nicely formed head of massy, rough-rod hair along with a full set of forty-two dentures (causing considerable comment in Oral Hygiene).

It took no expert in the Rorschach technique to see that Robert was an unusual child. He would amuse himself by the hour sitting cross-legged on a bed of roses reading excerpts from Boswell, Hippocrates, Diosthenes, E-Z-Wheeze (a book on the curing of asthma), Lord Keynes, Mary Richmond, Steinbeck and Betty Smith (of "A Pot Plant Sprouts in Podunk" fame). To round out his personality, he read a book on "How To Win Friends And Influence Historians".

One babyhood demand which Robert made of his mother was that she sing him to sleep every night, but not in the usual manner. Instead of Rock-a-Bye Baby, Mrs. Leach would sing dates in lullaby time, and she also sang national athenms in the dialect of the country (she had a



Leach by Bromberg

particularly hard time learning "Der Buenaventura de le Massacio Servigne in the Jahr Quatrving-huit B. C.", which was Roberto's favorite).

Robert's mother had a very hard time with his personal hygiene because he was continually scraping and digging around looking for old manuscripts, thus keeping his Eaton collars in a constant state of grime. It was during one of those digging episodes that Robert came across the left arm of Venus de Milo, which he carries around to this day in miniature on one end of his watch chain. He only shows it to close friends, however.

It was during Rob's eighteenth summer at Nantucket, where he was undergoing treatment for inverted warts, that he became interested in the possibilities of a book about Nantucket Bay in the moonlight. He sat barefooted for weeks in his treehouse, where he wrote page after page in braille in the moonlight. Preferring magnolia trees to Nantucket, he transferred his activities to Salem College where he now engages in giving pops, quizzes, tests, exams and stimulators. (Mr. Leach attributes his fine touch to Nantucket.)

# Communists Siese Czech Police Force

by Janie Morris

This past week the papers have been filled with news from Czechoslovakia. The Communists have come through again and have taken over the country. Ever since last Spring's elections they have been the strongest party with 38 per cent of the votes. Actually this is not a majority, of course, but with the alliance of the Social Democrats, their closest political buddies, they have mustered a 52 per cent majority in the Czech Parliament.

Well, as it seems the Social Democrats appeared to be wavering last month, and with spring elections just around the corner, the Commies couldn't take any chances. So, all of a sudden the Communist Minister of the Interior, Vaclav Nosek, began shifting the police force around, taking non-Communists out of key positions. Nobody seemed to like this, (except the Commies), and all the members of the Czech cabinet except the Communists members demanded that Nosek recall some of his fellows that he had placed in these key positions. He didn't reply.

Things became a little strained and twelve members of the cabinet resigned. What they had hoped was that the Premier, Gottwald, would have to resign and general elections could be held, but Gottwald, a Communist himself, denounced the resigned members and after much mass rallying and demonstrations on the part of you know who, President Benes had to agree to let Gottwald form a new cabinet along his own lines; which, of course, meant Communists in almost every department.

There you have it! Crowds cheered and light appeared on the future of the coming elections when the Greater Prague Action Committee forbade any printed material against the Gottwald government or "the people."

It the absence of Eger Beave is conspicuous, I think you ought to know that he is lost. I haven't

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# Schuster Likes Salem Girls; Gives Brilliant Recital

by Carolyn Taylor

"Here are the girls from the college. They have called me up this afternoon and they want to interview me. What is your first question?"

The truth is, we were too fascinated by Joseph Schuster, noted cellist who played at Reynold's Auditorium Monday night, to ask him any questions. He did most of the talking.

"I asked the taxi driver to show me something in Winston-Salem and he says that there is nothing to see, but that there is beautiful women. And I did not see the beautiful women til now." Charmed by his gallantry, his thick black hair and dark eyes, we let him keep on talking.

"Why did you not call me early today and come to see me? All day I have been so lonesome. I was very tired from my trip down, and I say to myself that I sleep all day and I can not sleep. So I wander around all day and am very unhappy. Tonight I call my little boy—he is three years old—and he say, "Poppa come home or send present."

"No, this is not my first trip South. I have been to North Carolina before. I play in—what you call it—Charlotte and Raleigh. I have played in a big college here, too. Chapel Hill, it is. You know you do not have a very beautiful city here. But what a wonderful audience. I was afraid that nobody would be here, because people do not like a cello much. But did you like it? Was that you laughed before I finish my encore? Somebody laugh before I get to the funny part!"

We complimented him on his accompanist, and he said, "But of course he is good. He would not be here with me if he were not."

He wanted to come out to Salem and said, "Tomorrow you call me and if I am still here I will come to your college." But he left early and we didn't see him again. A brilliant cellist and a very charming person—Joseph Schuster.



# Talking Man

Janie Morris was the winner of last week's Miss Shush contest, and the winner of a carton of Chesterfields.

Winky Harris in collaboration with Betty Biles, Martha Hershberger, and Nancy Jefferys, and Lillian McNeil also entered the contest.

Peggy Broaddus was the Miss Shush. The clues were as follows: A road a honey bee (B)

After appears before us  
If you see an egg before thee  
Why, you got it, don'tcha fuss.

This week the Salemite is offering a carton of Chesterfields to the winner of THE TALKING MAN contest. Important: Leave your answer and an explanation of three clues written on a Chesterfield wrapper, in the Salemite office. Answers not written on Chesterfield wrappers will be disqualified.

Oh, do you see double?  
What comes last shall become before.  
Are Chesterfields worth your trouble.  
Shoot! Try it, and get Chesterfields galore.

# Record Success Story!

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