

Nothing But Praise . . .

. . . to the Y and the A. A. this week.

First, praise and thanks to the Y for the beneficial and, we think, successful marriage lectures this week. We came to the lectures, stayed late and liked it. The Y and everyone concerned with bringing Mrs. Ould here deserve a hearty thanks. Not enough words to tell Mrs. Ould how much we liked her. She is, and will remain, one of Salem's favorite people.

To the A. A. praise and thanks for the pep rally and bonfire Monday night. It was fun and did more than a lot of good toward boosting school spirit, not only in athletics, but in general. Let us put in here a word of thanks to the faculty cheerleaders. We think you're mighty good sports—thanks a lot for showing us your "other side".

In fact, with all this evidence of talent, we'd like to put in a bid for a faculty play this year. Some of you are for it and we, the students, think it worthy of a presentation more often than once every four years. The students want it, the Y will back it—what about it?

Think Twice . . .

. . . before casting your vote for May Queen and May Court. Forget prejudices and favorites and be fair and unbiased. May Day may seem milleniums away, but the success of what is probably the biggest event of the year depends on you, the vote-caster. The May Court makes May Day. Think of **grace, poise and beauty** when you vote next week.

W.S.S. A.

. . . means more than just four initials to the impoverished students of Europe and Asia. To them it means an education which they could not obtain otherwise. Without an educated leadership abroad, we cannot hope for the return of that peace and order which is necessary for our own security as well as for that of the rest of the world. As students it behooves us to accept our share of this responsibility.

The Salemite



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I. R. S.



After Yielding To Blind Plan, Folderol Gets Her Man

Folderol, biting at the bed clothes, tossed fitfully in troubled slumber. She had had blind dates before (once when she went to a kindergarten party) but this one troubled her subconscious mind. Keepstream, her roommate, had assured her that this blind date would be different from all the rest and in a few short hours, the Knight in Shining White Armour would be here to squire her to the Big Dance. Folderol had borrowed an evening dress from a friend of hers who was Chairman of the Old Clothes for the Needy Children of Baravia, a snappy little number with puffed sleeves, a sweetheart neckline and a flounce in the back, giving that "droop" look. Folderol's many little friends and acquaintances assured her that it was the very thing for her, that she looked good in that color (a sort of faded chartreuse with a hint of nausea) and that HE would be bowled over.

Years passed and finally, the zero hour came. Armed with her dance card, a saber (concealed in her flounce) and a year's supply of chloroform (at times, Folderol's Puritan tendencies got the best of her), our Heroine slid down the bannister to her waiting date. What she saw was a life-size Dali creation, fit for the schizoid and the insane. He was a young thing about five feet tall, two prominent biceps (encased in lovely matching braces), tawny skin flecked with splotches of brown and hands (with matching feet) the size

of Virginia cured hams. Folderol had hot and cold flashes and for one awful moment thought she was going to throw up on the floor, but remembering the suffering of all womankind, she set her jaw, straightened her flounce and took hold of the bony arm.

Once at the dance, they waltzed beautifully to "Begin the Beguine" and tried a hot shag to "When I Grow Too Old to Dream".

"Do you like to dance?" she ventured, sticking her chin out.

"Yeah."

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"I've heard that one."

"Where you from?"

"Nonpluss, Iowa."

Folderol stuck her fingers in his eyes and left him, blinded, in the middle of the floor. A bit disgruntled, she made her way to the little girls' room, powdered her nose with a Lady Vanity and went back to the dance floor, smiling encouragingly at the stag line. Failing utterly, Folderol spent the rest of the evening tearing up bits of decorations, which she made into spitballs and shot at the legs of the girls who had on ballerinas. Next she bribed the photographer to hide a .45 in his camera, got The Date to have his picture taken and shot him dead on the spot. Then she went back to her own little cloister, made a pie-bed for Keepstream and went to bed a happier woman, dreaming of dance cards, Dali and "Begin the Beguine".

Vogt Warns Of Starvation; Depletion Of Soil Is Forseen

by Frances Reznick

A "Saturday Evening Post" writer is, it would seem, hardly one to lay down a profound law of the land or to give us a great principle by which to live. Yet William Vogt has successfully done that in his recent book, *Road to Survival*. And the law of the land he sets down is that of the plundered, worn land from which we live richly and satisfyingly.

Though at the moment we may have all the food, resources, and minerals we want, Mr. Vogt warns, the future of the world is being threatened by our neglect. We are making a far too weak attempt to save our land and resources in order to meet the needs of vast multiplications in populations. The supply of food over the whole earth is being tragically depleted; yet at the moment we, well fed, find this hard to realize.

Public sentiment concerning man's abuse of natural resources has always been great. Public action, on the other hand, has always been lacking. One reason is man's selfishness, his fear of suffering a

slight loss for the benefit of the future of others. For instance, senators in Congress from the mid-west, though they realize that there are vast, fertile unused grazing fields in Argentina and Australia, continually fight legislation which allows raising of cattle outside of their own abused, trodden, exhausted land.

The writer's warning cry is forceful and awful. He makes his plea in simple, unadorned language. In spite of much geological data, population figures, etc., there is a drama and scenes of turmoil and excitement. One does not have to be a scientist to understand the language of *Road to Survival*. The information the author wishes to impart is stated so lucidly and interestingly that the reader does not know he is dealing with cold, authentic fact.

William Vogt, indeed, has come a long way from the "Saturday Evening Post" in his book, *Road to Survival*. In it he reveals a problem which is as important to us as that of a Third World War, or a good foreign policy, or the Russian dilemma. Yet the entire book is as interesting as a good story in the "Saturday Evening Post."



by Joan Carter Read

In spite of all the rush of getting the Salemite to bed on Wednesday night we still have time to wonder what happened to our last year's staff. As we struggle with a rewrite job someone wishes Frances Gulesian were here to spice it up a bit. Or if it's a headline that won't quite fit, then we all wish for a bit of Peggy Davis's vocabulary which could always find a substitute word. Then when it comes to doing a column like this then each of us groans for a "Little Mumbly" to do her weekly job of exploiting and satirizing our local goings-on. Finally, I could stand it no longer. Surely somebody must know what they are up to, where they live, what they are doing. Snooping has always been a specialty of mine so I just hunted around some desks and kept my ears clean and found—

"My dear, you should have seen me taking my little swimming test at the Y last week. We had to swim six lengths and then keep our naughty little hands away from the edge of the pool for 20 minutes, which is a darn long time to pretend you're a fish, if you ask me. Using every easy stroke I knew I gasped out the six lengths, and then floated for 20 minutes, getting progressively fuller of water. Every time the instructor looked at me I wiggled my fins and blew water out of my mouth, hoping she would think I was a baby whale and leave me alone, but that bathing suit gave me away. Anyway, I passed the test with flying colors (blue face and purple lips) and a promise to myself to take swimming this winter at the Y—P. S. Tell Miss Byrd that though we have a wonderful faculty at William Smith, there is no one quite like her up here."

Frances Gulesian

Cat Gregory and Janie Morris are living in Richmond and Cat writes:

"Your spirited friends have finally launched themselves into the Brave New World and all is well. We have a basement apartment, with a wonderful little private entrance. There is a living room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom. In one of the bedrooms there is a double bed and also a single bed. Through love of companionship (and through fear of murder, robbery, etc.) we all stay in that room. Thus, we have a GUEST ROOM. Yes, we are really living in fine style. Of course, the walls are brick, with partitions of plywood; and all the floors are cement and linoleum. There are roaches, tiny windows and all the other attendant horrors of a basement. We love it though, and are proud of 'our little home' as we call it among ourselves.

Janie got her job with Advertising, Incorporated, and has been hard at work since Thursday. She has a private office, and is really a big time wheel. Her first copy appeared in The Richmond Times-Dispatch this Sunday.

And I, after much tromping of streets and timid inquiries to receptionists and other horsey ladies, finally secured a position. I am secretary, bookkeeper, helper and receptionist to the nervous little man who is head of the Display Department at Thalheimer's. He supervises all window displays, floor displays, etc., and I have to keep up the budget, correspondence and answer three phones.

As for last year's editor-in-chief, Peggy Davis writes from "a spiffy Madison Avenue apartment in New York" that she is terrifically busy dictating letters to campus Chesterfield representatives all over the country, and assembling a monthly newssheet, "The Rep Report." She added longingly, "I almost wish I were back in the catacombs working with you all."