

Which Shall We Have?..

Which shall we have—a Student Government Association or our Student Self-Government Association? There is a difference; the first term is little more than "lip service," while the second term embodies goals, principles, and co-operation. Also the pronoun "our" denotes a certain amount of pride.

In order for us to have pride in our Student Self-Government, there are standards we must uphold and privileges and responsibilities we must accept. Also, it must reflect our ideas, our desires, and be operated for our benefit. Our organization can be no stronger than we, the students, and our elected officers, make it.

All the complaining and griping in the smoke houses or in gab sessions never gets results unless taken to people who can help undo the wrong. Talk to the members of your student council and write to the editor of your Salemite. We depend on your ideas to improve our school! We can't help you if we don't know what you want.

There seems to be a common belief that penalties, restrictions, etc. are the only functions of the Student Council. This is not true! Foremost, we try to encourage high standards and to promote the general good of all students. Many times we must take blame which does not belong to us individually and we usually accept this as part of our job. No one is perfect, and there will never be a group of faultless people on the Student Council—and if there was, then we wouldn't be able to understand the different problems which come to us from time to time.

We want you to have an idea about the work of the Student Council, and if there are any questions, we want to try to answer them. We want to hear your suggestions and opinions, for only in this way will it be "our" Student Government.

We, on the Student Council, try to be open-minded and willing to say we are wrong when the occasion occurs. We sincerely try to see your side of the situation, but we always work with the ideas of "what is best for the group and for the individual."

Alice McNeely
President of Student Government

You Have Cooperated...

No kerchiefs, no blue jeans, no pedel pushers, no pajamas under raincoats in the dining room; the I. R. S. has urged us to follow this standard of dress. You have heard this urging and have cooperated. Even at breakfast, when it is so easy to throw a raincoat on over pajamas, you have maintained this I. R. S. standard of dress. The I. R. S. and Salem appreciate your cooperation.

The Salemite



OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall
Distributing Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company
Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year
Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

I was pleased to note the change in the tone of the column "Of All Things." Last week's column was written by Sally Reiland and while it was humorous, it was not trite. Phoebe Hall's comparison of "Shredith" and Salem was also commendable.

Personally, I am tired of reading about the trials and tribulations of Fanny Freshman! The subject and idea have been worn out. I do not advocate a complete break with the tone of the "Sally Senior" serials, but do feel that some creative writings with distinct flavor would be an improvement.

I am aware that the column is primarily for enjoyment. But I do not believe that the average Salem student has to be entertained before she can enjoy something.

I understand, also, the problem of composing such a lengthy article. It is difficult to find someone with the necessary time. Realizing that I am automatically placing a price on my head, might I suggest that you investigate the possibility of enlisting the aid of the "comp" class?

Before I sound too derogatory,

let me compliment you on your editorial concerning the noise at the opening of chapel. Last Thursday's improvement is proof that the straight editorials do not go unread.

Lynn Wilson

Dear Editor:

I have heard many Salemites complain because they have Saturday classes. But has anyone ever heard the faculty make an issue of it? They would enjoy a day off as much as some of us would (and they probably need it worse), but they endure those "8:30's" and "11:15's" the same as everyone else—and with no complaint.

And another thing, does anyone ever think of the conferences the faculty has with the students, the lessons they have to plan, the themes they have to read, and the constant interruptions. In spite of all this, a faculty member is always on hand to help a student with a problem, whether academic or social.

And we complain, but our faculty does not.

Laura Mitchell

Poems

By Margaret Schwinn

Hills

Some love the lowlands where
the sea
Hour after hour is breaking
white,
But I love verdant hills that
hold
The peace of noon, the calm
of night.
Charmed sentinels they always
seem
To lift me from the leaf-green
sod
Up to the ever-beckoning sky.
Their might and silence speak
of God.

Lovely Things of Life

What are the lovely things of
life?
White sails against a cobalt

sky,
Waves breaking on a yellow
dune,
The deeds of love that you
and I
Perform each day; the crescent
moon,
And faith's fair banner lifted
high.

What are the lovely things of
life?
The syllables of healing grace
That helps the downcast, the
oppressed;
The wind-blown fields of
Queen-Anne's lace.
Solace of sheep, the charm of
rest,
The smile upon a mother's
face—
These are the lovely things of
life.

Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

If you've even heard of the Harlem Globe-trotters, you know all about long shots and dribbles and goals. Well, I'm a Salem Globe-trotter and I hope you'll be interested in my "long shot" . . . hoping you'll read my little "dribble" of news . . . and will go on to read **Time** or **Life** or **U. S. World News & Reports** or even those strange things commonly called newspapers . . . my "goal".

I'm not the only "globe-trotter". Seems like everyone's been having travel fever . . . President Eisenhower's good will tour to Mexico, New Orleans, Kansas City, Abeline, and many other places with many speeches and even a birthday party in Hershey, Penn.

Veep Nixon's first lap of a 38,000 mile world tour taking him to New Zealand, Australia . . . and on Queen Frederika Louise Thyra Victoria Margarita Sophia Olga Cecilia Isabella Christa, Princess of Hanover, Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Brunswick and Lunenburg and present Queen of Greece! . . . on a good will tour . . . to land in Washington this week.

Two new emissaries sent to the turbulent Middle East: Herbert Hoover, Jr. to Iran to check on prospects for a settlement of British-Iranian oil quarrels; Eric A. Johnston (Pres. of Motion Picture Assoc. of A.) as ambassador to Israel and neighboring states . . . the task of lessening the usual Arab-Israeli tension by specific things as projects of irrigation or settlement of the refugee problem—rather than a generalized over-all blueprint for peace.

And in that locale . . . the sad trip of a band of Israelites who

made peace harder than ever to attain by crossing the Arab frontier to massacre the whole village of Kibya . . . deemed the bloodiest night of border warfare since the 1949 armistice.

Returning from travels . . . Crown Prince Akihito, home in Japan after a 35,000 mile, 197 day, 14 country tour. F. Case (S. Dak. Rep.), J. Duff (Pa. Rep.), and J. C. Stennis (Miss. Dem.), a Senate Armed Forces sub-committee home from a 12,000 mile trip of surveying U. S. development and air programs in twelve European and African lands . . . a return with good reports on U. S. defense measures and a hopeful attitude especially on West Germany, Turkey, Spain and Greece who "will fight Soviet aggression to the death."

A meeting of Eden of Britain, Secretary of State Dulles, and France's Bidault in London to discuss their problems: Korea, Indo-China, EDC, and negotiations with Moscow. Accomplishments: Invited Yugoslavia and Italy to sit down and talk over Trieste with them (Tito of Yugoslavia had threatened to march on Trieste if Italian troops moved in; Italian Premier Pella threatened to resign if Tito got his way). Invoked an emergency meeting of U. N. Security Council for consideration of suddenly worsened relations between Israel and the Arab world. Brushed aside Russia's evasive request for conference (Big 4 and Red China) and suggested that Molotov sit with Big 3 foreign ministers to discuss peace settlement for Germany and Austria.

Many red Red faces due to
(Continued on page four)



By Donald Caldwell

Geraldine Ghost could hardly believe it. Today was October 31. Her very first Halloween. Geraldine lived in the bell tower in Main Hall and she was a real hep cat if you ever saw one. Her invisible sox were so long and thick that when she rolled them down they stood out from her ankles a cool three and nine tenths inches. Geraldine wore real george bebop shoes in ghostly white. She also had the usual spookoxidized streak in her hair. She was just a solid sister.

For months now she had been reading Robert's Rules of Order for Ghosts. It must have been written by a real gone ghost because she had learned many a cool fact on how to scare any self-respecting cat out of his pegged pants.

Since the first of October, Geraldine had completely goofed off with thoughts of how much she would scare all the sad sannies on the Salem campus.

It was dark now and Geraldine flew down from the bell tower. Her first stop was Clevelwell Dormitory because those green freshmen would be easy game for a hep cat like herself. In she flew and came to rest. (Those coffin nails will really cut your breath.) Geraldine was very upset. There wasn't a single cat in Davy. She flew from floor to floor and couldn't find a single cat in the whole crazy building.

Frantically Geraldine trucked it on over to South and again she found an empty building. Sisters', Strong, Society, Home Management House and Biting all gave the same results. Empty!! As empty as a hep cats pocketbook is at the end of the month. Where, oh where, had those Salem cats gone? They were real gone.

Then Geraldine thought of those frantic dances over at Carolina and State. That's where all the Salem cats had gone. And she had no one to scare on her very first Halloween.

Geraldine hit the air for the top of Main Hall. Sitting there thinking of all the fun other ghosts must be having, she considered giving the prexy's house a try, but gave up that idea as a lost cause. Geraldine just sat there and felt like the crazy little mixed up kid she had hoped to make some one else be.

Then Geraldine heard someone whistling some real gone music and she looked up. Flying there as big as life she saw a bebop kid if she ever saw one. Never had she seen such a sharp duck-tail. And dig those pegged pants! All those flaps on his pants and white bucks too. Could she stand it?

This hard cat leisurely sat down beside Geraldine and introduced himself. He was Phil Phantom from Haple Chill and he was having a real dead Halloween. All the cats at the Chill were having too big a time to be scared and he had checked around looking for some real gone excitement.

As they sat there chewing the fat they decided to go find a place to cut a rug to some real gone music.

Thus all the Salem Witches (and the Salem Ghost too) had a crazy time on Halloween.