

We Take Time Out . . .

to notice . . . that Indian Summer has worn out its welcome.

. . . that the squirting bricks are having a slack season.

. . . that next Friday is the 13th.

. . . that Vespers need our support.

. . . that Dr. Gramley is still wearing brown suits.

. . . that the brick paths don't always follow the routes we travel.

. . . that the piles of colored leaves look inviting.

. . . that a universally convenient time can never be found for six-week's tests.

. . . that the Choral Ensemble is practicing long and hard for the big trip.

. . . that the potted plants are being carried inside.

. . . that Christmas cards are on sale.

. . . that smoked cigarettes never have and never will blend attractively with grass or brick walks.

. . . that the new May Queen, her maid of honor and court are truly lovely.

. . . that screams still come from Clewell as the clock strikes 10 p.m.

. . . that a flag now flies on the flag pole.

. . . that there are only a few more months of truce in Korea unless negotiations are successful.

. . . that five ex-Salemites are being married this week-end.

. . . that Salemites are interested in being well informed.

. . . that our "philosophical professors" have gained town newspaper fame.

. . . that the usual Monday night recital was missed this week.

. . . that filtered cigarette smoke is "the thing".

. . . that the freshmen are very interested in all campus activities.

. . . that Student Government is becoming more and more effective.

We Need . .

Why is the academic aspect of dancing not stressed more at Salem? Could we not use more extensive instruction in modern dance and choreography? "Antigone", which was presented by the Pierrettes last year, afforded an opportunity for students to plan and stage dancing. This was well done and showed that real talent for this type of entertainment exists among Salemites. It should be exploited. This talent should be instructed and made an important part of a liberal arts education at Salem.

The Salemite



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Book Review

By Betsy Liles

The Loneliest Chicken, written by Mitzi Byrd (Mrs. Edwin Shew-make) and illustrated by Peggy Martin (Mrs. Harry Martin), Salem faculty wives, is the story of Clinkle. This Clinkle is a natty chicken,—white, plump, and crowned with red fringe. But she is not ordinary, like most of the chickens I have known. My past experience with fowls has been that they were Epicureans. They crowed lustily Sir Robert Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," realizing any moment they will be sent to a cold grave in the deep freeze.

Some chickens have been more spectacular than others. I remember a practical one named Little Red Hen who carried silver scissors under her tail feathers and snipped her way out of a fox's bag, and a flighty one called Henny Penny who was so touched in the head that she thought a piece of sky had dropped on it. And of course, there is immortal Chanticleer, regal and pompous, yet cursed by bad dreams and a nagging wife. To this immortal class I believe our chicken Clinkle is fated, for Clinkle is a weeping bird who declares on page one of her biography, "I am the loneliest chicken in all the wide world," in more tragic tones than Hamlet could have ever uttered, "To be or not to be."

Clinkle droops about her barnyard in despondency. She is a gregarious chicken who "wanted ever so much to talk to SOME-ONE." Although she belongs to a boy named Robin, he is the silent hero type. Clinkle, who is a com-

plete extrovert, is frustrated and weeps large tears because she has no one with whom to converse.

However, our hero Robin steps forward in knightly fashion and introduces Clinkle to Wallo-Olla, a fat amiable pig. Our chicken is so excited that she invites Wallo to her coop. He budes no further than the front door. He gets stuck. Coming to the conclusion that Wallo is fonder of mud and corn than the art of conversation, Clinkle again becomes despondent.

Robin then introduces Clinkle to Skits, a kitten who likes to bounce after grasshoppers, and Pug, a dog who shocks Clinkle by crunching bones. Clinkle finds nothing in common with her friends. She becomes the first chicken misanthrope.

But then, like an act of heaven, Robin is lost in the black woods and Clinkle, Skits and Pug band together and set off in the night to find him. Their search through the woods is more travail than Chloe went through searching for her lover in the smoke and fire. Finally after crossing a muddy swamp riding on Wallo's back, the animals find their master sleeping under a tree in the true pastoral tradition.

In the morning Clinkle awakes to a new philosophy that every one, despite their individual differences, is of some worth. In fact, "she is very, very happy." She should be. Not only has she been added to the gallery of immortal chickens, but she has been written up in a delightful biography and had her portrait painted in the gayest colors. Some chickens have all the luck. **Macmillan Company, \$1.00**

Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

This globe is spinning fast these days with debates in the U. N. over new revelations of Red atrocities in North Korea and over earlier Red charges of germ warfare on the part of the U. S.

Along this line—Dr. Charles W. Mayo, famous Rochester, Minn. surgeon and U. S. delegate to the U. N., proved himself the right man in the "free" world. He answered the question of why intelligent, loyal American fliers, trained to face death, succumbed to enemy pressure and wrote anti-U. S. propaganda.

Mayo's scientific study and analysis of the Red techniques of extracting confessions of germ warfare from U. S. fliers has indicated—"the germ warfare propaganda campaign was the chief means of implementing the propaganda aspects of a broad Communist plan concerning the Korean war. This, just another aspect of the ruthless exploitation of all war prisoners and other captives to advance the aims of world Communism . . . The confessions were extracted by masters in the "extracting" field who used the technique of another Russian scientist of the 30's—Pavlov—to offer in sharp terms a purely animal stimulus (food or death) to our fliers. However, testimony of courageous resistance to the Reds has taught us that the spirit of man can run deeper than the reflexes of Pavlov!" (There is an excellent article on Mayo's work in U. S. News and World Reports—Nov. 6).

The shocking record of Communist atrocities in North Korea—nearly 30,000—including 6,000 Americans—died because of ill treatment or execution.

In the present Korea—a deadlock in the "explaining" tents. The Communist explainers unwilling to give the Chinese P.W.'s another chance to humiliate them. Explanations due to end Dec. 24—By Jan. 24, all prisoners not wanting to "go

back" to be turned loose . . . Arthur H. Dean, new to diplomacy, with the tough assignment of setting up a Korean peace conference.

The U. N. taking up the Palestine Question for the first time since '51 . . . Arab-Israeli sparks still flying in that area.

The possibility of a new trouble area . . . the Caribbean and its Communist threat to U. S. security is developing.

A new mayor in Germany—the right wing Christian and Free Democrat Schreiber succeeding the late Ernst Reuter . . . The Nobel Prize for medicine and physiology to Fritz Lipmann and Hans Krebs of Germany for their work in biochemistry . . . And more "general" news—The Nobel Peace prize to General George C. Marshall . . . New president of the Citadel in South Carolina—General Mark Clark.

A slight decrease in President Eisenhower's popularity according to the latest Gallup poll—65% approve of the President's work, 20% disapprove, 15% no comment. The disapproving 20% were mainly farmers crying for Secretary of Agriculture Bensen's resignation. Despite drought-relief projects and aid to livestock price decreases; the proposed freer market is not meeting with approval.

Nearly \$75 billion to be spent per year for U. S. defenses . . . U. S. rushes to keep ahead of Britain and Russia in the race for supremacy in atomic power for industry . . . The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission has plans for the biggest atomic power plant ever attempted—it will be either at Oak Ridge, Tenn.; the new AEC plant in S. Ohio; or the new one near Paducah, Ky. . . it will generate enough electricity for a city of 120,000 people.

And still trotting our part of the globe . . . King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece making a big hit at every reception, party, and city they grace!



By Marianne Lederer

Two months ago I was looking out of my windows into the garden in full bloom. The children played and laughed. My father was cutting some bright yellow dahlias. Now I am sitting on the stone steps of Main Hall. In front of me, long American cars, Chevrolet and Buick, are parked, red, blue, and green. A huge tree, of a species unknown to me, casts its cold shadow on me. Some smaller trees still keep their hectic foliage while other trees strew all around brownish dead leaves.

On the other side of Main Square, American cars (I cannot call them otherwise because they look so different from our small space-saving European cars), are smoothly flowing by, one behind the other. Between the trees I see the Brothers House, white boards with green shutters so typically Southern (or at least I think so.)

Girls pass by, going to the Post Office, and I dimly see the changing of the green light into a red one. That post office, unlike any other, always crammed with waiting girls, with all boxes except mine full of letters, cards, newspapers, fills me with despair. I wish the mail wouldn't arrive so often in the day so that I could have some peace of mind sometimes!

Nearby the drug store flashes at me its red neon advertisement. The drug store too is part of the magic of America. I feel so strange when I sit on the high stool and lean on the bar and order with a detached expression an ice cream soda. How they would laugh, at home, seeing me here! And I think they do laugh when they receive my letters full of ice creams, of tobacco fields, of red brick buildings with round doors and white painted windows, and of the book store, that wonderful place where you can spend hours and still find something the use of which you cannot guess.

Two months ago, I was in a house with grownups and children; I cooked, swept, looked after babies, went shopping. Now I live in an old wooden building. I see through the wall boards of my room the light of the bathroom, hear high pitched voices and steps of girls walking along the corridor in nylon slips. I daily witness how easily American college girls get excited. If I hear yells and shouts in the living room, I know now that no accident has occurred but that Claire has come back pinned from her week-end. After having heard so much about fraternity pins I see them at last. I learn that pinned girls are much more interesting than others and their birthdays extremely important occasions on which they are showered with gifts, especially underwear, blue if possible.

I thought that a class week had six days but it really has only three here: on Thursdays you pack and get ready, on Fridays you go away for Saturday and Sunday, and come back with swollen eyes for the Monday class. I am startled when the girls don't stand up as the teacher comes into the classroom, and I admire how well they bear another's company by day and by night. I do not yet understand why they dress up so carefully to look like models when they go out with a date, and yet make a trip to the drug store with their hair rolled up.

I do not understand either why they like Coca-Cola, but I do understand why they like doughnuts.

Now sitting on the stone steps of Main Hall I look in front of me and wonder. It is time for another trip to the post office and I hope that my father will tell me in his letter that the children still play in the garden and that the frost has killed the yellow dahlias.