

Communications . . .

There is a definite need on Salem campus for a faster and surer way of communicating to students.

When, for instance, an organization president finds it necessary to have a call-meeting immediately, she is faced with the problem of informing her members. If the emergency arises on Tuesday or Thursday mornings, the president may announce in chapel.

Announcements in chapel are not completely satisfactory. The announcements are missed by those taking cuts. In chapel, also, a great deal of time is taken for announcements that do not concern the greater part of the student body. But, the president must communicate with her members.

Suppose, however, the meeting must be called on Monday, Wednesday or Friday. There is no assembly.

In that case the president must pound the gong in the dining room and shout her announcement, often not heard at the back tables.

This is done, but is not satisfactory. The meal is interrupted; everyone must listen when only a few may be involved; students may miss that particular meal and thus miss their meeting.

The president may post the announcement on a bulletin board. The bulletin boards on campus are scattered, however, and there could be only a hope that it will be read by those concerned.

The **Salemite** is available for announcements also, but this is not convenient for emergency meetings.

Thus there is a problem. We live on a small campus with at least these four ways of communication and yet none of them is completely efficient.

There should be one sure, convenient way of informing students of the various activities. This could be another bulletin board, large enough for use by all organizations and centrally located in a prominent place.

The dining room could be the right place for such a bulletin board. Students would pass it going to and from meals and this would eliminate the gong-pounding announcements.

Such a step would call for the cooperation of every student at Salem. It would be necessary for each student to glance at the board every day for announcements pertaining to her.

This bulletin board will fill the needs not taken care of by the other ways of communication. The information would be in writing, be clearer and more complete; the information would remain long enough for those who missed a meal; more advanced notice would be given; meetings would not conflict; students not included in announcements would not be inconvenienced.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the possibilities of such a bulletin board.

The committee is composed of Miss Margaret Barrier, Miss Lelia Graham Marsh, Alice McNeely, president of Student Government, Barbara Allen, Betty Jean Cash and Pat Ward.

The student body will be given a chance to express its individual views in chapel next Tuesday in the Student Government meeting.

Think about it and say what you think.

(Editor's note: Next week the **Salemite** will be edited by Sally Reiland, a candidate for nomination of editorship. The succeeding issues will be edited by Connie Murray, Betsy Liles and Betty Lynn Wilson.)

The Salemite

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall
Downtown 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

Editor-in-Chief Alison Britt
Associate Editor Connie Murray
Managing Editor Sally Reiland
Feature Editor Betsy Liles
Copy Editor Bebe Boyd
Make-up Editor Donald Caldwell
Headline Editor Boots Hudson
Pictorial Editor Lu Long Ogburn
Music Editor Edith Flagler
Sports Editor Lou Fike
Editorial Staff: Laurie Mitchell, Jean Edwards, Barbara Allen, Sue Harrison, Louise Barron, Jackie Nielson, Eleanor Smith, Martha Thornburg, Francine Pitts, Betty Tyler, Jane Brown, Betty Lynn Wilson, Mary Anne Raines, Freda Siler, Carolyn Kneeburg, Anne Edwards, Sandra Whitlock, Phoebe Hall, Nancy Gilchrist, Patsy Hill, Nancy Cockfield, Ruthie Lott, Molly Quinn, Emily Heard, Sudie Mae Spain, Kay Williams.
Business Manager Joan Shope
Circulation Manager Claire Chestnut
Business Staff: Peggie Horton, Carolyn Watlington, Betty Saunders, Diantha Carter, Ann Butler, Thelma Lancaster, Mary McNeely Rogers, Betty Morrison, Bebe Brown.
Typists Joyce Billings, Ann Butler, Eleanor Smith
Faculty Advisor Miss Jess Byrd



OF COURSE YOU'LL LIKE HIM—
HE'S ADORABLE!

(Editor's Note: This cartoon is a reprint of one used in the **Salemite** several years ago.)

Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

Three times in this twentieth century, the hopes and fears of the world have been and are being centered on a capital city on our spinning globe . . . BERLIN. Through two global wars the world has centered its sights . . . audio, optic, and bomb . . . on this city in Germany and now the world is looking that way again . . . This time, with hopes and dreams of preventing a possible third disaster stemming instead from two eastern capitals . . . Moscow or Peking.

The occasion, not exactly as simple as our Boston Tea Party, a full dress historic peace conference with the world's "Big Four" . . . John Foster Dulles of the U. S., Anthony Eden of Great Britain, Bidault of France, and V. M. Molotov of Russia meeting for the first time in five years. As to who will do the honor of pouring, who will take the most sugar or who will do without lemon or cream . . . no one knows.

The West wants peace treaties for Austria and Germany, unification of Germany, a European army, plans for some future settlement in Korea, and peace . . . The East

wants to block a European army, keep Germany disarmed, get a U. N. seat for Communist China to put them in a position to grab up the rest of Asia, and more access to Western markets to keep Malenkov's promises to the Russian people and build up strength at home.

Also on the tea table agenda are disarmament and talk of an atom pool as suggested in Eisenhower's speech to the U. N. following the Bermuda Conference.

Much speculation as to who will walk off with the most silver service is going on. One thing we know is what we're up against . . . A wily, shrewd diplomat, V. M. Molotov, whose twenty-four years of diplomatic double crosses of men like Hitler, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Truman, with vast gains for his Russian bosses, are well known.

We also know more about the east's new peace front with its slack in the cold war. We've seen through its soft-soaping techniques with offers of deals to France on the Indochinese War . . . its attempts to prevent a European army by arousing French fears of the rearmament of her age-old adver-

(Continued On Page Four)

Enchanted Reading

By Betsy Liles

Reading Deems Taylor's **Some Enchanted Evenings** is like talking show business over a cup of coffee at Sardi's on an opening night.

In his book, the author catches the excitement of the Broadway musicals as he tells the story of the careers of Rodgers and Hammerstein. He sets a gay informal tone in his introduction, saying

It is nearly impossible to write a satisfactory biography of two living persons simply because the chances of being behind the times are infinitely greater. Suppose Hammerstein should be run over by a taxicab just as this book comes out of the bindery, or should shoot Rodgers?

Since neither catastrophe has occurred and since Deems Taylor is a celebrated musical commentator, his book is a delightful success.

It consists of brief reviews of the Rodgers-Hart, Rodgers-Hammerstein plays. The text floats in italics as it lists famous hits such as "Who", "Sunny", "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'", and "June is Bustin' Out All Over."

The book, divided into four parts, deals with Rodgers, Hammerstein, their merging and the technicalities of their work, and is spiced with anecdotes concerning the lives and works of these men.

One interesting story that Taylor narrates is the description of Rodgers' enrolling at Columbia University. When someone once asked him why he chose Columbia rather than any other college, Rodgers said simply, "The varsity show." (The varsity show is the musical presented by the Columbia students in the Hotel Astor ballroom.)

He continued, "I intended to write the show. What better incentive could you have for going to college?" Rodgers did write the show, and entitled it "Fly Away with Me."

When Hammerstein was asked why he chose Columbia, he answered in the very same words of Rodgers', "Why, the varsity show. What better reason for going to Columbia?"

I also liked the author's story of how the song "My Heart Stood Still" was created. The setting was a taxi, in which Rodgers and Hart were rounding the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Another taxi, "driven by the customary Parisian homicidal maniac", swept past them at breakneck speed, barely missing them.

One of the young ladies with Rodgers and Hart breathed, "My heart stood still." That, decided Mr. Hart, would be a wonderful title for a song, and two weeks later Mr. Rodgers approached his

(Continued On Page Six)



By Margaret Blakeney

Susie Beth was blasted to an up-right position by her alarm radio. Strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" floated across the room to her roommate who turned over as she tucked the pink percale corners into her ears. Susie Beth always got up to music.

She considers it an intrinsic part of her college education, but her roommate (suffering soul that she is) hates music at that time of day.

"Good morning little birds", the cool crisp voice of the announcer chirped. "Its time for your early morning rendezvous with the Bee Boppers."

Susie Beth bounded out of bed, pulled her brother's green and white striped pajamas into place, and began to shag with an imaginary partner to the slowed tempo of "Oh Sweet Mama Tree Top Tall". As the tempo grew faster Susie Beth began to sigh and groan with the music until at last she collapsed on her bed.

"Now don't you feel better?" the announcer chirped.

"No! Cut that blasted thing off," yelled her roommate. "If you must have music why can't you like something like "Swan Lake" or "La Mer?"

Susie Beth obliged her roommate by turning off the radio and putting her London recording of "Ebb Tide" on the phonograph.

Susie Beth can be found in almost any college. In fact, are YOU the Susie Beth type? Are you the type of girl who has an alarm radio or turns on the latest hit tunes early in the morning?

The Susie Beth music lover can be found any time during the summer dressed in tightly fitting short shorts at Midie's by the beach. She shags from early evening until twelve or one in the morning, then invites the whole gang home to dance on the screened porch—forgetting there are parents or neighbors. She borrows her boy-friend's latest forty-five recording of "Hot Toddy", then swears that she just has to have it for her ver-ry own.

Perhaps you are the "Ebb Tide" type of music lover, better known as the modified Susie Beth. You adore Ava Gardner's "Can't Help Loving That Man of Mine", and drink six cups of coffee a day listening to "Stranger In Paradise" at Merry's Grill.

You go to senior recitals just to hear "Summertime" and negro spirituals send electric shocks through your big toe.

When you take a shower you sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" in a high nasal tone to the disgust of the dorm. Your friends soon refer to you as a "frustrated Lili Ponds."

Then there is the Susie Beth roommate type, however she is hard to find on the college campus. She values her album of "Peter and the Wolf" by the Boston Symphony far above any fraternity pin in the whole of Chapel Hill.

Bethoven, Brahms, and Wagner are standard words in her vocabulary; however, she becomes mute with delight at the singing of "The Song of Earth". She attends all faculty recitals, seldom a student's, and never fails to purchase a Civic Music ticket.

Her constant companion is **The Music Lovers Handbook**, and due to the study of it she considers herself an authority of the tone and mood of most of the classics. She sits very close to, and directly in front of the T. V. set in order to better view Rise Stevens' vocal cords. You don't have to be a music major to appreciate the art of music she sings.

Perhaps if we were to have another look at Susie Beth's roommate, this time late at night, we would see her roommate float around the room to the beautiful "Melba Waltz". Culture at last seems to have triumphed over John Phillip Sousa. What it was is a case of the mix matched music lovers.