

The Opportunity...

As a student in college you have many opportunities. Will you take them?

You have the opportunity to learn from others, whether they be students or faculty members. In classes you can learn why Germany invaded France, why atoms are the substance of matter, why "Hamlet" is a great play. You can learn mathematical formulas and philosophical theories, verb endings and recipes.

Outside of class you can talk informally with your professors. You can profit by what they say for they have had experience in this business called life.

You have the opportunity to enjoy the cultural. There is either a civic music program or a recital at least once every month. Whether it be Wagner's "Liebestod" or Gershwin's "Preludes," there is beauty in it—beauty for you, if you want it.

The lecture series provides us with renowned speakers, who can tell of incidents from life or discuss the atomic bomb. The art world offers a variety of exhibits and discussions. Chapel programs bring medical missionaries and journalists and musicians, people we may not have the opportunity to hear in future years. You have the opportunity now.

As college students many of you are just beginning your life away from your home. You are learning a little about living independently, away from your family and high school friends. You are learning to adapt yourselves to new people, new places, new circumstances, new rules. You have the opportunity to mature.

As one of a group you have the opportunity to co-operate and to participate. The extra-curricular activities offer a variety adaptable to anyone's interests. Do you play in the athletic events, take a part in the panel discussions, offer your help for a talent show?

You live in a selected group of people. Do you seek their friendship or live within yourself? You have the chance each day to make a new friend, or lend a sympathetic ear to an old friend. You are given reason for practicing your Christian ideas of faith and brotherly love.

You have the time to talk to your friends, whether it be for ten minutes after lunch or three hours late at night. You can learn what they believe and how they live. And most important of all, you can find yourself when you talk to others.

You will discover the inner "you" who is sensitive to the beauty of a green willow tree, a child's laughter, a book of poetry. You will discover that you have learned something about living, be it patience or tolerance or understanding. You will find the "you" whose heart sympathizes with the crippled and the forgotten and the war-weary soldier. And in discovering these things, you will discover the "why" of life.

You have the opportunities. Will you take them?

I. C. M.

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

People Are Talking About...

By Maggi Blakeney

People are talking about... suppressed and unsuppressed desires. What is your suppressed desire? The **Denver Post** teasingly asked this question of its readers and received some very strange replies. There were two housewives who yearned to appear with a symphony orchestra. My roommate had a similar desire the other day. She wanted to stand up in the middle of the performance of the Winston-Salem Symphony and shout "shut up!" Thank goodness she still has a suppressed desire.

There is also the "kill joy" type of suppressed desire: you want to stand up at your best friend's wedding and object to the marriage. There is the romantic suppressed desire: you want to date Philip Mountbatten for a gala twirl around Buckingham Palace. Maybe you have a suppressed desire to be a dancer, a ballerina like Maria Tallchief or just a vagabond in the May Dell.

... ballerinas these days too. They are talking about George Balanchine's newest ballet, a full-length re-creation of **The Nutcracker**. The first act of the ballet is an old-fashioned Christmas party, decked out with a tall tree, stacks of packages wrapped in red ribbon, and twelve children, from Balanchine's School of American Ballet. They tumble about the stage in colorful costumes; then when the last guest is gone, and Clara, the daughter of the house, goes to

sleep dreaming of Christmas, the stars of the ballet take over. Maria Tallchief dances the part of the Sugar Plum Fairy and Nicholas Magallones is her Cavalier.

... the way Balanchine has stuffed his show with property magic. As Clara sits on stage watching through dreamy eyes, the family Christmas tree grows until its top disappears into the flies. Also the window of the room grows wider and higher until the scene passes through it, outdoors into a snow-smothered pine forest. He has a realistic blizzard of white confetti blow on the "Snowflake Waltz."

People are saying it is the most ambitious effort in the New York City troupe's history. If you are in New York anytime soon, make it a point to see **The Nutcracker**.

... the third chapter in Walt Disney's attempt to write a child's history of England on film. This third chapter is "Rob Roy." Unlike most costume adventures which Hollywood turns out, Disney has cut down on cost to the sum of \$4,500,000. Disney manages this by taking his small troupe of technicians and not very formal actors to the same ground his story was lived on—in this case the Scottish Highland. In the Highland country among the dingy granges and ancient trods of the trossachs country where "funny cattle stand and stare in the emerald brears" as they have for hundreds of years, he set up

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Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

The warm sun and cool ocean breezes are sending out invitations to many Americans 'bout this time of year... to "come Southward to relax" in a portion of our globe tagged Florida. Meanwhile, the warmth, not of the sun, but of a tense situation in Indo-China; and the coolness, not of the ocean breezes, but of the atmosphere around a council table in Berlin are sending out news invitations to the whole world. Tourists may relax, but the Vietnamese forces in Indo-China and Dulles, Eden and Bidault in Berlin cannot...

Accepting our news invitation to the latter, cooler realm... the Berlin conference, which will probably terminate this week... The West has won a propaganda victory. As yet there have been no material accomplishments, but neither has there been anything lost.

Dulles spearheading the Western powers has talked tough to Molotov and has beat him at his own game. Molotov staged no walkouts this conference round... perhaps he realized his opponent would not retract his punches!

The blow by blow account of the conference in **U. S. News and World Reports** show it thusly:

Molotov proposed agenda for Four Power conference... Dulles accepted. Molotov proposed bringing Communist China into talks with U. S., Russia, Britain, and France... Dulles rejected this, deouncing Red China as "this off-

spring of Soviet Communism... this convicted aggressor." Molotov retreated, then offered a new suggestion... a world disarmament conference... Dulles tagged this an empty Soviet proposal, made many times before without success.

Molotov asked that the N.A.T.O. and the European Army plan be scraped... Dulles said both were designed for defense, demanded to know whether the Soviet Union was planning an attack. Molotov, denying aggressive intent, called the Soviet Union a "peace-loving" nation... Dulles reminded Molotov that he called Hitler's Germany "peace-loving" in 1939.

Molotov urged France and its European allies to co-operate with the Soviet bloc... Dulles asked if Molotov wanted to drag the free nations' living standards down to Soviet level.

Molotov rejected the Western proposal for free elections for united Germany, but talked about a "democratic Germany"... Dulles denounced what he called Molotov's "zig-zag tactics" and demanded that he get down to business... and still no peace treaties for Austria and Germany.

This conference in general has shown the U. S. to be taking the offensive in the cold war rather than Russia; has served to bind the Western allies together; has lost for Russia her propaganda battle in the free world and her satellites; has shown in Dulles; a brilliant man quite worthy of the

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By Betty Lynn Wilson

Some you like and some you don't. For some you will and for some you won't. They're all well known one way or another; See if you can tell one from some other.

He's back with us after a year away. In the libraries of England he had his hey-day. He added to Salem more notes of distinction. When he did his reseach in books of extinction.

She's cute, brownette and a comely lass, And when it comes to sports she's really high class. One glance at her, she resembles a student, But to decide otherwise would be quite prudent.

He leads your thoughts into far off worlds, And it's known he is fond of his Salem girls. The work he assigns is really a sight, But his words are always worse than his bite.

His piercing blue eyes keep me on the ball, And he puffs on his pipe up in Main Hall. Many languages it's widely known he can speak, But those lectures on love leave everyone weak.

I suppose the "F.T.A.er's" know her best, And I hear the remark, "She's never at rest!" She sings, she directs, she works on plays In the spare time that she calls her "free" days.

He's "Salem's Sweetheart", and for good reason, He's here to help us in every season. We like his dignity and respect his manner, For Salem's standard he carries the banner.

She's given a boost to aspiring writers, And for naturalness in style she is a fighter. She is faculty advisor to your Salemite, And for all literary folks she's a guiding light.

He knows all about the lepidopterous, And explains in one class about electrons. His red shirt is a favorite with the girls, And it's known he gives the ladies a whirl!

This gent is tall and has wavy hair, And lots of ladies want him to snair. He drives a big car of color green, With top down, the likes of him you've never seen.

This young lady isn't in the others' bracket; Simply because she's not in the same racket. Her's is the highest student position around, And she's one in which honor abounds.

This little miss is a sophomore to be, And she's the third of her clan at Salem C. Her beauty is flawless, I've made up my mind! For any young beau she'll be a find.

There's a lady who is Salem's protector, And for a group of people, she's director. She sees that buildings are neat and clean, So by Salem's guests the best can be seen.

Now if you can guess these, you ain't so smart! Anybody could do it with half a start. They're all folks on campus that you know well. So if you guessed any of them you ain't so swell.