

Reflections...

Once, long ago, in a far away country, on top of a green hill, shaded by green trees, was a little green schoolhouse.

Every morning 28 little children would skip and jump up the smooth green hill and every afternoon they would skip and jump down the smooth green hill.

While they were on the smooth green hill, they were in the little green schoolhouse. They learned things there. They learned about subtracting and Columbus and **Alice in Wonderland**. They learned these things in the sunshine and when it rained. (But the sun shone most of the time in that country).

This may seem strange. A little green schoolhouse may seem strange, but there was one thing that was stranger than either of these things. These 28 children had never seen a mirror. This may sound strange to us, but it was the normal thing in that country. There were no mirrors in that country. Not one.

A wise, wise king had had all the mirrors broken 182 years before. You see he was the cousin of the Sleeping Beauty's father and he was wise about mirrors. He was wise and you shall see why.

One day the 28 children were reading the story of Alice and the March Hare. The teacher was seated quietly at the shiny desk waiting to answer questions. She knew the children would have questions. They were anxious to understand things. They were anxious to understand and not just to read. She smiled at their serious faces as they quietly turned the pages.

She smiled because just a few minutes before they had been laughing at two squirrels playing in a tree outside the window. They could be gay and they could be serious. They were happy children.

All of a sudden there was a "knock, knock" at the little green door. The children looked up and the teacher smiled. "Come in," she said.

The door slowly opened and there stood a handsome young man. He was dressed all in red velvet. He wore tight red velvet pants, a red velvet shirt, and around his broad shoulders was a flowing red velvet cloak.

He stood in the doorway and smiled. The 28 children and the teacher smiled.

He did not speak. He did not have to. The happy children and the quiet teacher in the green schoolhouse enjoyed just looking at him.

He stood there smiling for a second, then from under his red velvet cloak he took a large flat package wrapped in red paper with a black ribbon. Then he turned and walked away from the little green schoolhouse into the green forest.

The happy children and the quiet teacher eagerly opened the package. There, under the red paper and black ribbon, was something they had never seen before. There was a huge mirror with a gold frame. "Oh," said the happy children looking bewildered. "Oh," said the quiet teacher, looking worried.

She knew. She tried to fold the paper over the reflection, but then a strange thing happened. The paper became red dust in her hands.

She did not know what to do. She did not know what to do.

Then the little girl with the long curls saw her blond curls for the first time. She liked what she saw. She touched her blond curls.

The little boy with the brown eyes saw his brown eyes. He liked what he saw. He touched his brown eyes. He did not like blond curls because there were blue eyes with them. She did not like brown eyes because there was brown hair with them.

Slowly the children saw their hair and eyes and noses. They liked what they saw. They did not like the other hair and eyes and noses.

The teacher had tears in her eyes as the little girl with the blond curls and the little boy with the brown eyes walked out of the little green door into the green forest.

They said as they walked slowly away, "I shall go to a place where all children have blond curls." "I shall go to a place where all children have brown eyes."

Soon the green forest was full of wandering children and the teacher stood in the green door with a tear in her eye.

Here And There

By Freda Siler

Last week Communism was very much in the news. At home McCarthy raged against the army and nearly everyone raged against McCarthy. Abroad the Communist question concerned the war in Indo-China, a big sale in Russia, and the failure of peasant cooperation in China.

The war in Indo-China, which has been going on for over seven years, may soon come to an end. At least it will if the French can make it. The French now realize that they cannot triumph over the Communist forces, although they are strong enough to keep the Communists from winning.

In preparation for the forthcoming Geneva Conference, the French have announced that they will negotiate. They say, however, that they cannot accept a cease-fire that will turn Indo-China over to the Communist forces. How this will work out we can only wait and see.

The U. S. is now financing this war up to 70% of the total financial cost. This aid has been supplied mainly in the form of weapons, but we have also sent 250 Air Force technicians to Indo-China. We are fighting Red aggression there in munitions as we did with men in Korea.

After 36 years of Communist rule, the people of Moscow finally saw on sale such materials as silks and satins. These materials, made in Soviet textile plants, were rather high for the Russian people, however. Cost of these luxuries: velvet, \$52.50 a yard; flowered silk, \$32.; plain and striped corduroy, \$35. Average wage in Russia — \$175 a month.

The crowd at the sales, so large that the militia stood by to keep order, was awed, both at the beauty of the materials and, no doubt, at

the prices.

The Communist collective program seems to be running into trouble in China. The richer peasants don't want to give up what they have, so they raise only what they need.

The poorer peasants are afraid to step up production because then they would be elevated in class and lose some of their land. The rest of the peasants think that "socialism" will solve all their worries, so they don't worry, they just wait for "socialism" to come.

The Communist party also ran into a little trouble in Italy. In the Reddest province there, 66 of the communities—1,500 registered party members—turned in their party cards.

Their explanation: "It costs too much to be a Communist. There are too many things we must contribute to."

McCarthy continued his fight against subversive activity in the army by questioning Private Martin Belsky, a doctor who was drafted and denied a commission because he refused to answer questions about Communist affiliations. He still refuses to answer.

Speaking of McCarthy, President Eisenhower said, "We are defeating ourselves if either by design or through carelessness we use methods that do not conform to the American sense of justice and fair play."

McCarthy replied, "Far too much wind has been blowing from high places in defense of this Fifth Amendment Communist Army Officer."

Last week Eisenhower appointed the first Negro to a sub-cabinet position.

Chicago Attorney J. Ernest Wilkins will be Assistant Secretary of Labor for International Affairs. But the main thing to note about Wil-

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By Donald Caldwell

Iodine knew that she would have to accept graciously. She couldn't possibly let the whole school down. Going with Charles Medlin and Clem Sandresky wasn't enough to keep her occupied, so she might as well be president of the Student Government. She had several good pictures that could be used with her press releases—the one of her addressing the Idle Valley scout troop or the one taken when she was president of her first grade class! Oh well it really didn't matter, the papers would probably take some new photos in real executive-looking poses.

Iodine put on her best cashmere and her new skirt for dinner Monday because she knew the nomination committee would announce the candidates for stee gee president Alice would surely come to ask her if she would accept before she made the announcement. Iodine almost choked on her first filet when Alice rang the gong and announced that the candidates for president of stee gee were Bobbi Kuss and Sue Jones.

Iodine consoled herself with the thought that she had always been the athletic type anyway. She would really go all the way with the A. A. Salem would organize the first women's football team in the Atlantic Coast Conference and they would play bi-weekly games with Carolina, Duke, State, Davidson and Wake Forest. Maybe they would get a bid to the Orange Bowl—anyway, the Shrine Bowl.

Or maybe vice-president of the Student Government. "Isn't she wonderful?" everyone would exclaim as she introduced Robert Mitchem and Montgomery Clift to give a panel discussion on "What I Like In A Date." She would really surprise the faculty with the ease she had in discussing world affairs with Churchill, McCarthy, or Eisenhower.

She had always felt close to Florence Nightingale and would love to carry hot tea (the price of coffee is rising) to all the poor broken-hearted girls who had just gotten "dear Joan" letters. Surely she would be an excellent president of the "Y". Her press releases would carry pictures of her in the Little Chapel dusting the hymnals. Everyone would know that she was the guiding spirit on campus.

But with all her originality, Iodine was certain to be chairman of May Day. Her theme would be the Mardi Gras, and she would transform the May Dell into a typical New Orleans ballroom. Surely the American Ballet troupe would gladly come to help with the dances, and Rudolph Bing would help with the sets. Or maybe she could stage "Kismet" or "Can Can" for those unfortunate girls who hadn't seen them.

Miss Byrd would certainly put up a fight for her to be editor of the **Salemite** or **Sights and Insights** because of her remarkable literary ability. She had been the star reporter for the Idle Valley High School "Purple and Green."

Iodine's **Salemite** would have an American Press hook-up and would come off the press twice a day. She would have Steinbeck and Hemingway as guest columnists once or twice a week. With a **Salemite** reporter covering Washington and New York, and maybe a foreign correspondent in England and Russia, the **Salemite** subscription would double. She would pose for pictures seated at a typewriter, talking on the telephone, and waving a pencil in the air.

The idea of the **Sights and Insights** really intrigued Iodine. She could run full-page pictures of each girl and a double-page picture of herself. The theme would be future career girls of America—movie actress or house wife. She would definitely have to decide between Clem and Chuckie, or maybe she would have a double dedication in her annual.

If the decision would be too great, Iodine might have to resort to being president of the Pierrettes. After much protesting she would agree to be the star of all the productions. They would build a new auditorium for her production of "Volpone, The Fox." Hatti Carnegie and Christian Dior would do the cost-

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Play Review

By Mary Anne Raines and Connie Murray

In producing "The Member of the Wedding" last Wednesday and Thursday, the Pierrettes scored another triumph. Much of the credit is due the director, Miss Elizabeth Reigner. The play is a delicate one to handle in that its meaning could be lost by a group of amateur actors, reducing it to a ridiculous comedy. Miss Reigner did an excellent job in interpreting the problems of an adolescent girl trying to grow up.

Laura Mitchell as Frankie Adams, the unhappy adolescent, gave a convincing performance. She communicated to a responsive audience the feelings of loneliness and insecurity which so often accompany adolescence. The audience was always aware of her inner conflicts, because she managed to portray them through her actions as well as her speeches.

With seemingly boundless energy, Laura was Frankie at every moment. She never lapsed in her intensity, whether in a childish action or an adult realization.

As Berenice Sadie Brown, the Negro mammy, Jane Brown gave a sincere performance. She handled the role, which could have been farcical, with such feeling that the audience really experienced the loss she felt at the end of the play.

Even in her lines rebuking Frankie and John Henry, Jane conveyed the deep love and attachment which Berenice felt for the children.

As the Negro mammy whose "glass eye bothered her socket", Jane was adequate and typical.

Ten-year old David Parrish, who played the part of John Henry West, won the hearts of the audience as the seven-year old cousin of Frankie. He was aware every moment of the situation around him and completely lost himself in his role. David showed excellent concentration and timing, and should be commended for a job well done.

In the supporting role of T. T.

Williams and Honey Camden Brown, Don Britt and Bruce Dowell were excellent in their portrayals of two entirely different types of Negroes.

Mr. Britt played the understanding, mellowed T. T. with a sympathetic nature. Mr. Dowell as Honey perfected the shiftless, resentful Negro who played the bugle, and justly rated the title of "Light-foot."

The other members of the cast were subjected to smaller roles, but should be commended for their interest and patience. Though apparently insignificant, three of the supporting characters gave very significant clues to the actions of the main characters.

Ginger Dysard was Janice, the bride; Herb Bunin played Jarvis, Frankie's brother, and Doug Carter was cast as Frankie's business-minded father.

Other members of the cast were Juanita Efrid as Mrs. West, Carolyn Miller as Helen Fletcher, Jane Craver as Doris, Ann Mixon as Mary, Paulette Nelson as Sis Laura, and Bob Benton as Barney MacKean.

Special mention goes to Emily Baker and her crew for the set. The colors and style were suggestive of the whimsical, romantic atmosphere in which the three main characters played the kitchen and yard scenes.

It pointed up the closeness of the three as they experienced the moments which "even now are passing and will never come again".

Credit is also due Martha Thornburg for the moody music of the colored people; Sandy Whitlock for properties, including a stove, refrigerator, and sink with running water; and Francine Pitts, for colorful, well-suited costumes. Louise Fike was in charge of the constantly-changing, atmospheric lighting, and Ruth Lott headed the make-up crew which mastered age and youth, whites and Negroes.

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