

Why Be So Foolish? . . .

It's funny about Salem. Salem is a feeling, not just a school. Salem is a tradition, not just a group of buildings.

The feeling is all around . . . at Christmas; at Easter; on May Day; when everybody says good-by at the end of the year.

The tradition is all around . . . in the brick paths; in the ivy on the walls; in the tile roofs; in Home Moravian Church.

People watch Salem . . . people from Winston-Salem; boys from Davidson; parents from home; Russell from the kitchen. People watch Salem.

People are quick to praise and quick to criticize.

It's funny about Salem. She has all these . . . feeling, tradition, interested people, and it is so easy to lose all of this.

People are quick to praise when they see or hear about the marvelous play productions on campus; when they see May Day in all its greenness and billowy dresses; when they see the new Little Chapel.

People are quick to criticize when they hear of obvious infractions of the rules; when they hear or see that our honor system does not work perfectly.

It's funny about Salem. There is so much here, but everything that is Salem depends on us. We can either keep it as it has been for 182 years or we can tear down with us everything that is Salem.

Salem depends on us and the honor system. Illegal cars, infraction of the major offense rules can ruin Salem and everything and everybody connected with it.

Who are we? We are Salem!

Some of us are rapidly leading Salem to a situation that is embarrassing.

A few can destroy what 182 years has created.

Why be so foolish?

Why Not Help? . . .

We all know Helle, Helen and Marianne. We all know and like them. They have brought to Salem a something that would have been absent without them.

We have all known the other students from other countries that have studied and lived at Salem with us. They too have added a something.

Salem needs girls like these. Salem needs their ideas and thoughts. Salem will be without them unless the money for them is raised.

The "Y" is sponsoring an auction sale in chapel next week in order to raise some of the extra, needed money.

We can support this auction and help to bring more students like Helle, Helen and Marianne who have so much to offer us.

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It's Spring!

By Bobbi Kuss

It ensnared me when the willow tree
Tried on a greenish veil,
When the grass took off her old brown dress
And brightened hill and dale;
It caught me when the dandelion
Donned feathery yellow fluff,
When morning frost and wintry wind
Declared they'd had enough;
It touched me when the jasmine said,
"I'll wear my yellow today
And compliment the apple tree
In pink, across the way";
It trapped me when the hyacinth
Brought Mam'selle April's new perfume,

When daffodills' and tulips' styles
Brightened up my room;
It captured me when the camelia bloom
Displayed her new spring bonnet,
When M'sieur Robin, with new coiffure,
Poured forth his latest sonnet;
It met me when the ivy climbed
To skies more blue and fair,
When the azalea felt a warmer wind
Waft through her crimson hair;
It lilted me and whirled me 'bout,
It made me want to sing,
Spring fever made me want to shout
It's Spring! It's Spring! It's Spring!



By Francine Pitts

None of the animals in the whole barnyard had never seen a more outstanding creature. She could "peep" higher and louder, but with a clearer, more mellow tone than any chicken since Noah's time. When she was merely scratching for worms in the soil, the design she created showed signs of a potential Picasso with feathers.

Even the buzzards in the sky gazed in their astonishment at the ability to use her sense of direction when searching for food.

She was not a native of this particular barnyard. She had been one of a brood of biddies hatched in a nearby hatchery. As a general rule there is always some odd creature in any imported group of biddies.

The chickens could all remember that game cock who turned out to be quite a nuisance because he would dream of his battles and crow in his sleep. The fowls had never forgotten the sassy little bantam hen who had continually bragged about her beautiful feathers.

Because of these past memories, the chickens had become a little skeptical of new arrivals who showed any characteristics that were in any way out of the ordinary.

But amazing as it may seem, soon after the arrival of "Wonder Biddie", even the stubborn old hens began to realize that her outstanding characteristics were going to be an asset to the yard. The results of her arrival were numerous and varied.

Then there was the exclusive SMAKKC (Sunday Morning Klu Kluk Choir). Since once you are asked to join you automatically become a life member, "Wonder Biddie" really didn't have much choice about this decision. No one had ever thought about turning down a membership invitation to this club. So, "Wonder Biddie" was drafted again.

With no trouble at all, "Wonder Biddie" seemed to be able to excell in all her activities, while at the same time she was normally growing into a graceful young pullet.

The yard was looking forward to her first egg with great enthusiasm. For if "Wonder Biddie" excelled in her egg-laying as she did in every other phase of the fowl life, it would surely mean that she would be asked to become a member of the Board on Selection and Elimination for Hens for Setting and Eggs for Hatching.

Fulfilling all expectations, Wonder Biddie did excell in her egg-laying which was something over which she had no direct control. Because she had executed her other duties so ably, the chickens of the yard naturally expected her to become a member of the board.

For the first time Wonder Biddie was in a precarious position. It became more and more difficult for her to make the right choices and, at the same time, keep peace among the fowl. Naturally each old sister thought her eggs the best.

But because they lazed around in the sun plucking their feathers when they should have been searching for big nutritious, yolk-building worms, and white-building grains of wheat, their eggs naturally were not as suitable for hatching as those of the more industrious hens.

In striving to create a sense of respect and duty in these stubborn old hens, "Wonder Biddie" was forced to reprimand at times. But poor "Wonder Biddie" received no cooperation at all from these hens, and much resentment was built up against her. They couldn't seem to realize that they had put her in this situation. Neither could they realize that she was excelling in this job as well as she had in all her previous ones.

What was the reason for this? Did they not want her to do the best she could in this job also? Or did they want her to do this job so it would fit their own personal conveniences? This couldn't have been the reason. But what could it have been?

Wonder Biddie cannot quite seem to understand what has happened to her, and neither do a few of the chickens in the yard. Why?

Oh the perils of this fowl life!

Here And There

By Freda Siler

Last week two compromises were in the foreign news. The biggest of these, which has not yet succeeded, concerned the Saar—that rich land which is so important both to France and Germany. France needs the products of the Saar for its heavy industry. Germany wants French ratification of EDC (European Army.)

In exchange for this, Germany agreed to the points: (1) the Saar will be an autonomous European territory, (2) its economy will remain linked to France, (3) no trade preference for West Germany until the common market for Europe is under way, (4) the Sarr "foreign policy" will be directed by an impartial high commissioner.

After this agreement, France announced that she didn't know when she would get around to ratifying EDC. The Germans replied, "The French know, and we know, they can have the Sarr. But they won't get our final agreement until we get EDC in return. It was the French who first said 'no Sarr, no German divisions.' This works the other way around too."

The second compromise was an effort to stamp out the Mau Mau revolt in Kenya. The provisions were: (1) a four-man war council to stamp out the 18-month-old revolt, and (2) a 16-man cabinet to act as "the principal instrument of government." This cabinet would include three non-white ministers—two Indians and an African. The whites were shocked, but agreed. The Negroes didn't get much, but said they would do nothing to stop it.

The world's oldest war was again in the news. The Communist Viet Minh attacked the French stronghold of Dienhienphu. This fortress is of more importance psychologically than militarily in the Indo-China war. This attack, costing many Communist lives, is being carried out to make their position stronger at the Geneva conference.

In a pre-election speech Malenkov for the first time informed the Russian people that another world

war would destroy civilization. Until this announcement, the Russian people had been told that another war would destroy Western capitalism and that Socialism would spread throughout the world. Thus the Russian people learned of the power of thermonuclear weapons, and the West learned that the Kremlin is aware of the horrible implications of the H-bomb.

But there is more news about the thermonuclear weapons. On March 1, in the Marshall Islands, one such device was set off as a precautionary rehearsal of a test to come later. The force of the blast completely surprised everyone concerned. From this blast it seems that the test on November 1, 1952, was a misfire. The latest explosion probably exceeded the force of 500 atom bombs like those used at Hiroshima, and the height of the radioactive cloud may have exceeded 20 miles. No wonder the formal test has been postponed a few days!

Headline-making McCarthy had a hard time last week. Not only did the Army accuse him of political pressure-cooking, but Ike took away his job as spokesman of the Republican party. This job was given to Nixon. In his speech defending the administration against Adlai Stevenson's criticism, he also rapped on McCarthy. He said, "When you go out to shoot rats, you have to shoot straight, because when you shoot wildly, it not only means that the rats may get away more easily, but you might hit someone else who's trying to shoot rats too."

At the Western Hemisphere conference in Caracas, the first agreement with any real hope of stopping Communist infiltration in the Americas passed 17 to one. Guatemala was the dissenter to the plan for joint action against such Red activity. Mexico and Argentina chose not to vote. This agreement, presented by the U. S., is another triumph for John Foster Dulles; for his persuasion obtained the passing vote.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I have a story to tell. It is a story of the mechanism of student activity at Salem.

During the past year, there have been many jobs to be done on campus—some of them small and some of them large. Someone had to see that coffees were given for guests on campus; someone had to write copy for each page of the annual that everyone will be so proud of when May rolls around; someone had to give call-downs for un-made beds.

The basketball games weren't played without teams; the paper wasn't printed without many trips to the printing company and long hours in the catacombs; the plays weren't given without rehearsals involving many people—both on stage and off; and the honor system didn't just work without being enforced.

There were many jobs to be done—and someone did them. Big jobs and little jobs and jobs that didn't even show up for anything. Sometimes these jobs were fun;

other times they were work—but someone did them. And someone coordinated them and made each little job a part of something larger—and of something larger yet—until all the jobs contributed to one theme. And Salem's standards were upheld and made higher by this coordination of jobs and activities.

Now that elections for the ensuing year are drawing to a close, and new officers will soon be installed, there are many who would like to say "thanks" to all these coordinators. For it is through these—the major officers on campus—individually as the heads of their own respective groups, and collectively as the central mechanism of campus activity—that Salem has worked for the betterment of all during the past year.

We appreciate all the jobs they have done and helped us do to accomplish this working mechanism which we all think is the best!

Sally Reiland