

## The Old and the New . . .

Pay Tribute . . .  
to the **Salemite**. For somewhere between the red-curtained eyes of the annual office and the creaking chair of "Mr. Night-watchman" we find her — that journalistic creature who observes all and tells only the right things.

She comes dressed in a linotype striped suit, belted in only by worn-out typewriter ribbons and the opinions of those who say that some things are not fit for print.

She is only one, but she seems to be everywhere. Her hair is tangled with visions of softball games, June weddings, foreign scholarships and a pie-bed in Clewell.

She hesitates to be specific where it may harm; detests anonymous letters to the editor; is easily irritated by some of her dress-makers who don't have the pocket of her suit ready for her Tuesday night fitting, and delights in revealing all campus secrets with streamers on her hat.

The knocking pipes keep her warm; Miss Essie keeps her house clean; Dr. Gramley pays her unexpected visits; Miss Byrd advises her; the staff fills the cavities in her teeth, and the frantic editors adore her.

Our **Salemite** is Knowledge without a college diploma; Beauty with an ink-smuggled face; Truth adulterated only by misspelled words and ears that don't rhyme; and Hope for more ads and news next week.

Nobody else can have such good intentions and so easily be misunderstood. Nobody else can so appreciate Mr. Cashion's patience and Lyda Ruth's jokes. Nobody else can have permission to have company after 11:15 p.m. Nobody else can be so frank and yet have so many friends. Nobody else can lose quite so many pencils and rulers, and smoke quite so many cigarettes. Nobody else can cram into one house three typewriters, one headline editor, seven cups of coffee, three boy-friend problems, one make-up editor, two calls from Chapel Hill, 45 old cartoons, one case of hysterics, numerous novels, and two mice.

Our **Salemite** is an individual. We find her everywhere—under the steps of Bitting, in faculty mailboxes, lining waste-baskets, in the hands of an impatient caller from Bowman Gray, going home to mother in a manila envelope, but most of all in our hearts as a piece of Salem that can't be taken away.

## I, the Old . . .

I, the old, cannot take her with me—but I will never forget her. Never forget her smile of satisfaction when Connie filled up her 15-inch holes—when Sally brought her a scoop—when Betsy put original touches on her features—when all the staff drank coffee to stay awake with her when she was ailing.

I will remember that, no matter how big the worries of typographical errors, hurt feelings, and comma faults seemed all through the week, she could make me smile when she winked at me as an intent head bent over her on Friday afternoon in the smoke-room. I leave this wink to the new.

A. B.

## I, the New . . .

And I, the new, take her with me. I would like to say that she will serve coffee and newspaper philosophy every afternoon to her enthusiasts—but she may not be able. I would like to say that all of her cavities will be filled by 6:30 p.m. every Tuesday—but they probably will not. I would like to say that all heads will fit her; that her make-up will always be becoming to her features—but it will probably not be so. I would like her to be a personal spokesman for every person on the Salem campus, but that too may be impossible.

So it is—with an immunity to her impish idiosyncracies, a love for her smile and wink, a wish for her recovery from the loss of this year's seniors, and a hope for her future plans—that I say "hello" to this, our **Salemite**.

S. R.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Salemites,

Last Monday and Wednesday nights, some films were shown to the Modern Dance club and other interested groups here on campus. Last Thursday night, the Modern Dance club sponsored a dance recital from Chapel Hill. On May 1, the Modern Dance club will exhibit the combined talent of its members in the May Day program.

This Modern Dance club, whose advisor is Mrs. Frances J. Hubbard, is something new on the Salem campus. It is an organization designed to promote interest in dancing and to develop a different phase of language and expression. Our classroom experiences teach us the language of writing and speaking, but a person must be able to express himself in many different ways to be educated. Thus art, music, dramatics and now dancing are a means to this end.

So let's, as Salem students, encourage and support this much-needed addition to our organization. Whether we are a member of this Modern Dance club or not, we can acknowledge and promote the interest in this new phase of language.

Anne E. Edwards

Dear Students,

I am sure that every Salem student would be very indignant if anyone told her that she had bad manners, but every day — three times a day — practically every Salem student shows bad manners.

Ignorance is not the cause of this; it is purely laziness and forgetfulness.

Meal time is supposed to be a

time of quiet polite conversation, not a time of screaming, grabbing and throwing food. Meal time at Salem has turned into the latter.

No Salem student would throw a spoonful of water across the table at home, nor would she reach across the table to stab the best piece of meat. Each one of us knows that these are signs of barbarianism, but these have become common occurrences in the Salem dining hall.

There is plenty of food in the kitchen and the maids gladly bring seconds. Since we have an hour for each meal, surely no one is too rushed to wait for the food to be passed or to wait for seconds.

Another practice that has become common in the dining hall is walking out when the meal isn't what we want. We must remember that at home, with Mother cooking the meals, there are days when the food isn't exactly what we want—but none of us would leave the table and go to the drugstore to eat. Mrs. Cummings' feelings are hurt as easily as Mother's.

Salem doesn't require us to dress for dinner each night, so the least each of us could do would be to wear a skirt or dress to each meal. Raincoats, scarves, and pajamas aren't a very appetizing sight.

So let's each remember to behave in the Salem dining hall just as we would at home.

Donald Caldwell

## Here And There

By Freda Siler

The seven-year old Indo China war became all important last week as its fiercest battle raged at Dienbienphu. A victory for the French would be a major setback for the Viet Minh, a defeat for all Communists. It would also aid the cause of those Frenchmen who insist that the war can be won.

Most French politicians have abandoned this belief for the idea that the war can be ended only by negotiations. French defeat at Dienbienphu would end the controversy—negotiations it must be.

If France resorts to negotiations it will have to accept Russian and Red Chinese demands. These, which have been hinted only would include: 1) Western recognition of Red China's "Legitimate place," 2) an end to the cold-war limitations on East-West trade, and 3) by implication, if not outright demand, a refusal by France to go ahead with EDC.

Many Frenchmen are now ready to trade a rejection of EDC for a cease-fire in Indo-China. The Laniel Cabinet hasn't accepted this plan, but is still refuses to set a date for EDC debate. To do so would not insure it, but it would remove EDC as a bargaining point at Geneva.

Last week Italy's Premier Mario Scelba announced that he was launching an assault against the Italian Communist Party, the largest, richest, and most powerful in the West. The biggest part of his plan is to cut down Communist Party revenues. This includes investigating companies that trade behind the Iron Curtain with the Communist Party getting a 'big rake-off, government seizure of property taken from Fascists by the Reds after Allied liberation, and a clean-up of Red infiltration in the theatres and movies, heavy contributors to the Communist treasury.

He also planned for civil service reform and readjustment of cultural relations with Russia. The two minor parties of Scelba's coalition government joined in with his plans. It will take a long struggle to make these plans a reality.

A bus full of Israeli men, women, and children was riddled with machine gun and pistol bullets at

Scorpion's Pass. An army truck came upon this massacre in the desert to find eleven dead, a woman and a child critically wounded, and three living who had pretended dead. Israel's government, after investigation, blamed the deed on Arabs from Jordan and asked for drastic measures. Only once before has the Palestine Truce been broken so bloodily. Last October Israeli invaders killed 53 Arabs at Kibza.

Reverberations from the March 1 hydrogen bomb explosion are still echoing around the world. Last week they came from Japan. A Japanese fishing boat, 71 miles east of Bikini, was showered with radioactive ash. The boat had come into port and its load of 16,500 pounds of radioactive tuna and shark sold before the contamination was discovered.

All 23 crew members had radioactive burns, several injured critically. Effects of this report: 1) the bottom fell out of the Japanese fish market, 2) the Atomic Energy Commission enlarged the danger zone around the test area to 20 times its original size, and 3) the Food and Drug Administration ordered Geiger counter checks on all fish brought from the danger zone.

In the Midwest dust storms, similar to those of the 1930's, are blowing. Great acreages of winter wheat have already been destroyed in the worst areas. Thousands of wells have run dry in the drought area. In many places water is being hauled in trucks, tank cars, and barrels from more fortunate places. In such hard hit towns as Garden City, Kansas, and Lubbock, Texas, traffic ceases as the storm hits and visibility falls to zero.

Many of us wonder where our dimes for the March of Dimes end up. This year 81 million of the 3 billion dimes contributed will go into the research and testing of a polio vaccine. This vaccine, made and perfected by 39-year old Dr. Jonas Edward Salk, will be tested on 500,000 to 1,000,000 first, second, and third graders in 200 test areas. If this vaccine proves successful we will have an effective combatant against polio. If it doesn't, there are other vaccines now being perfected which may end this dreaded disease.



By Betty Lynn Wilson

I am sitting on the cement well-covering out in front of South Hall, facing the library. Its screened windows lock in the dusty books that are often looked at, frequently picked up, and sometimes read. I can hear the steady tap of Miss Siewer's heels as she goes to arrange the periodicals at the west end of the main reading room.

I think of the faint buzz that the fluorescent lights make in the stillness of the bound monthlies and I am glad it's spring at Salem.

The twitter of birds whistle above the hum of traffic that rolls down and pulls up South Main. The steady drone of car motors emphasize the calmness of the Square.

Suddenly I hear the dead grind of a car changing to second and turn to see Dr. Singer hunching his shoulders in his Dodge as he speeds to a luncheon meeting of the Civanian Club. And then there's the soft hum again.

A lazy breeze stirs the branches of the trees in the square. The budding leaves fan the air, and I can see the blue of the sky through their soft green dress.

The cherry tree is behind me and I turn to watch its bright branches in the warm winds. A train rushes down the track and not a blossom or leaf moves—the wind is silent now.

Mrs. Schwin goes up the walk by Sisters, and a city employee reads the water meter beside me. There is a trail of smoke following the colored girl who crosses the square and walks into the drug store.

Marianne thinks of home, brothers and sisters, as she scurries to the post office and her letter from France.

A first grader dashes away from the cab that rounds the corner, then timidly watches me as I watch him. Betsy tears to the library in search of information on Oslo or the population of North Carolina. Two freshmen come across the square on their way back from the grocery store with food for empty stomachs. I wonder if they see Salem and spring as I do.

I glance toward my old room in South and remember leaning on the broad sill to watch the sun set through the bare oaks. I see again the water trickling through the ceiling of the date room and hear someone ask where the bucket is.

I recall the night I kept seeing the queen of clubs in my dreams and couldn't sleep.

I taste the fried chicken, popcorn, Dutch bread, old cheese, nut bread, and pickles we used to feast on just before bedtime.

Someone has raised the window in their practice room up in Memorial Hall, and strains of Chopin's Minute Waltz drift down to me. A door bangs shut behind me and I turn just in time to see Dr. Welch get in her car and drive off to one of her numerous meetings.

Betty stops by on her way to Clewell to tell me that Mr. Snavelly is giving away candy mints. Marianne returns from the post office reading her letter and a bunch of pansies in her hand—A "spring-is-here" gift from Ralph and Bobby.

The warm sun shines down on my legs. I sense the cold cement under me, recognize the noise of a road drill, feel the one o'clock bell ring, and wish I could sit here all day.

## The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College  
Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year  
OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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
Business Manager	Joan Shope
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 Nielsen, 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, Sudy Mae Spain, Kay Williams.
Business Staff:	Peggie Horton, Carolyn Watlington, Betty Saunders, Diantna Carter, Ann Butler, Thelma Lancaster, Mary McNeely Rogers, Betty Morrison, Bebe Brown.
Typists	Joyce Billings, Ann Butler, Eleanor Smith
Faculty Advisor	Miss Jess Byrd