

This is My First...

This is my first. I am new and I am green. I am not quite accustomed to my new mast, and the new ruler on my make-up doesn't move quite as assuredly as the old one did... Doesn't move quite as assuredly, but I can still tell that it has a sharp edge.

That's the way with all my new staff. I think they have a sharp new edge, but they're a little dubious about using it. They're not quite sure what to do with me, because they're afraid you might not like what they do.

Yesterday, I heard them talking about what they would like me to be. Some of the ideas sounded pretty good. So good, in fact, that I wanted to get up off the table and say "Do it!" I tried, but it's like I said—I'm a little weak right now.

My doctors said that I would be all right as soon as their new staff gets settled. But they also said that the staff won't be settled until you, my readers, help them. They said that I belong to you—not to them. That I only belong to them in that they represent you, and that they can't always represent you when they don't know what you think and feel about my condition.

They want you to express these feelings and thoughts, I do too, because that's the only thing that will make me better. If you only knew what hopes of improvement I got when I received some mail this week, I think you too would write me or come to see me with your ideas.

I was so encouraged by the interest taken in my improvement that I published the letter for you to read on this very page. I wish you would tell me what you think about the suggestions made in this letter. I think some of them are pretty good. What do you say? My doctors say that they would like to use some of these ideas in my future treatment, but they want your advice, because they say that's what matters.

I say that's what matters, too. I want to belong to you. I want to be a spokesman for you, but I can only do that through your interest in me.

To be a spokesman for you. That is my purpose.

I want you to observe the campus for me, and then I want you to tell me about it. Tell me not just about the lecturer who spoke on campus and the recital that was given last Monday night. But about the little things that really matter to people—like what Russell said when you went back to the kitchen the other night to snatch another brownie, or like what several of you were talking about when you sat up until three o'clock this morning. I am interested in these things, and only you can tell me.

I want you to write letters to me; I want you to draw pictures for me; I want you to tell me your thoughts—even the ones that are so skillfully nudged in the very back of your head for fear someone may not like them. I want to know all these things. I will understand them.

Tell me these things and I will be your paper. If you will, I am assured that I can be a better person, and more worthy of belonging to you.

This is my first. I am new and I am green. I am appealing to you, my owner. Please help me.

(Editor's note: The mast below will serve as announcement of the new major staff appointments.)

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Springtime At Salem

By Nancy Gilchrist

It's springtime at Salem and all through the air:

"Let's go to the May Dell, I'll see you down there!"

Each girl puts on the least possible clothes

And takes some sun cream to cover her nose;

She carries a blanket or an old bed spread

And also a pillow to prop up her head.

They all take cokes and mucho cigarettes,

But it's always the books that each girl forgets!

Now some are ambitious, at least seem to be,

And load themselves down with two books or three;

Or take a typewriter and term paper notes

Stuffed down in the pockets of their old raincoats.

But once in the May Dell with sun so hot

You find your concentration shot!

The portable's playing "Penthouse Serenade,"

While those who freckle talk in the shade:

There's a bridge game going, and a bull session too,

And lots of "marabunta" there to bite you!

It's a great old life here, when you can play,

But the term paper's due in one more day.

So goodbye to the May Dell, goodbye to the sun,

We'll wait 'till Easter to have our fun!



By Sandy Whitlock

Spring came to Salem and I came, too. Who am I? I'm Sambo, or at least that's what the girls at Salem have named me. (I'm black and I guess that's why they called me Sambo.)

I have large brown eyes and a soft fluffy tail. I'm quite friendly with everyone (but Casey loves me best). I guess by now you've guessed that I'm the little black dog you've seen running here, there, and everywhere.

I have seen a lot of what goes on behind the scenes at Salem in the few days I've been here. For instance, one day as I was wandering around in the date room of South, I saw a sophomore tearing her hair, beating her head on the floor, and screaming at the top of her lungs. I cocked my head aside and tried to figure out if she was playing or belonged in Dix Hill. (I've roamed around there, too, but left in a hurry.)

Another girl standing nearby said, "That's all right. Your English lit term paper will be O. K." I don't know what an English lit term paper is, but I've decided I'd rather be a dog than find out.

Strong basement is about as bad as South. There the girls are either cutting out figures for a flannel board (whatever that is), or typing pages and pages of nursery rhymes. If this is educational, I'd still rather be a dog.

Clewell is in an uproar every night, I've decided. The girls there are usually sitting in Davy, speaking some unintelligible language, such as "cosine, sine, tangent, etc.," and they won't even take time out to say "hello" to me.

Bitting is quiet, but for a very good reason. Most of the girls there have all their textbooks and notebooks, dating back to their freshman year, and are beginning to study for something called "comprehensives." The way they are concentrating makes me realize that this is no easy task, and again I thank my stars that I'm just a dog.

I have found out, however, that Salem is not all work and no play. For example, I visited the 10:20 tennis class last Tuesday and had a wonderful time chasing after the balls. I did get my feelings hurt, though, when they yelled at me to leave, so I left. (I do think it was rude of them not to let me play, too.) Tuesday night I decided to follow everyone to Stunt Night. (I didn't have a quarter so I had to sneak in—but don't tell anyone because the Y will be "hounding" me for the money.) At any rate I got in, and although they wouldn't let me get on the stage, (I tried hard enough), I did have a good time hearing everybody laugh for a change.

There is one thing, though, that does puzzle me. Every afternoon around five o'clock, a lot of the Salem girls go down to the May Dell, and I must say they do the strangest things—like kicking up their feet or swinging their arms around. I think it may have something to do with Tyler's May Day program, but I can't see the relationship yet. Maybe if I'm still here May Day, I'll understand it.

Something else has been happening most every afternoon at five—that is an exciting softball game. I've been watching the tournament, and I'll sure place my money on the freshman team to win.

I have poked my nose into about everything that is going on around Salem this spring—and there sure is plenty of excitement. The next big event for me, now, is to squirm my way into the IRC talent show next Tuesday so I can be on TV. Wish me luck!

Oh, by the way, if I leave during spring vacation, it's not because I don't love you all. It's just because I need a home and must look for one. If you see me around campus between now and then, please just pat me on the head. (I don't know how to growl or bite) and I'll sympathize with you—whether your problem this spring is term papers, education, comprehensives, Mr. Curlee, stunt night, sports, or May Day.

You can tell me all about it, and I'll just cock my head on one side and listen very sympathetically.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Since the *Salemite* is undergoing a change in editorship this week, perhaps the new staff would appreciate criticisms of past issues of the paper and suggestions for future issues.

Others on campus have made suggestions which I have incorporated in this letter, and although this does not represent the opinions of everyone, perhaps it will give a few ideas which can be used in future issues of the *Salemite*.

First of all, I do not think there is enough variety in the types of articles which appear on the feature page. A paper has to appeal to the interest of its readers. Last year the paper published crossword puzzles occasionally. What has happened to that feature? The cartoons which have appeared this year have been good, and I think they should be continued weekly. Perhaps a short comic strip depicting things which happen around Salem could be tried.

How about trying a weekly column commenting on events which are happening around us, as seen through one person's eyes? Maybe this could be applied to "Campus Shots." Everyone is interested in knowing about things which happen to the students and I think that a certain amount of elaborating on these events would effect additional interest.

A feature which would be better eliminated than continued in the manner in which it has been written in the past is "Of All Things." The column is rarely "of all things" but is usually about Sally Salemite and her "trials and tribulations." Let's have more "Pogo" and "Wonder Bitty," and articles which have more variety and originality than Sally Salemite!

Is it necessary to have quite so many interviews as the paper has been having? It seems that every-time I open the *Salemite* I see an interview with somebody. Interviews are getting to be a common occurrence instead of an honor. If there are that many important people to be interviewed, why not do "thumbnail sketches" and only occasionally use the longer write-ups?

I think that the paper has been greatly improved by features such as "Letters to the Editor" and "Here and There."

It also seems to me that the *Salemite* rarely takes an emphatic stand on anything. It is almost as if it is afraid to state an opinion on any issue. The editorials, I chiefly criticize for this fault. Taking a point of view does not necessarily mean being radical but means simply not being wishy-washy about important issues.

These criticisms are meant to be constructive—not destructive.

Mary Ann Raines

Here And There

By Freda Siler

Last week, the big battle at Dienbienphu in Indo-China still raged, France continued delaying setting a date for the debate on EDC, Egypt's government had another turn-over, and the whole world had the jitters from the hydrogen bomb reports.

The 15,000 French Union Forces at Dienbienphu, surrounded by Communist troops, seemed to be fighting a losing battle. A Frenchman at headquarters in Hanoi said, "Before the battle I gave Giap (Communist commander) a 20% chance to take the place. Now I give him 40%."

There were three big problems for the French. The first was Giap's artillery, which was much more effective than the French had anticipated. The big guns commanded not only the six French strong points but also their two air strips, making evacuation of the wounded virtually impossible.

The second big problem was the Communist "man-made" army. Each night they dug up to the French wire, loosening the ground to dig assault trenches. Even a French counter-attack which claimed 1,000 casualties did not stop the "moles."

The third big problem was supplies. The Communist anti-aircraft fire was working very effectively against the French airlift. Giap's supply line was bringing in reinforcements and ammunition in 200 new Molotov trucks.

In Europe, East Germany cried for a peace treaty that will give them their own government and for French ratification of EDC (European Army.) The French, however, continued to stall. Premier Laniel again refused to set a date for debate on EDC, which meant that his government will not agree to German sovereignty before the Geneva Conference. It seems likely that the U. S. will soon press for German self-government and an end to occupation, even if it is without EDC.

The government of Egypt greatly resembled a see-saw last week. At the first of the week, President Naguib announced that on July 24 the revolution would end and parliament would take over again. The people preferred the revolution to corrupt politicians—or so the cry in the streets said. By the end of the week Naguib reversed his decision, the crowds had been quieted, and Colonel Nasser had complete

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