

The Student Budget

This is a bargain. For this bargain, we, as members of one of the classes of Salem College, paid \$21.50 or \$24.50 for access to the complete extra-curricular outfit of an education . . . An outfit of the basics and accessories provided by ten campus organizations.

With this amount, we bought an essential educational garment in the right to attend at least three lectures per year; 24 lin-o-type striped suits of newspaper; and an annual which will always serve as a carry-all for one year of Salem.

We bought shoes in which we can stretch our toes to better than fit those of last year's May Day pageant, and the privilege of making all this a good fit by exercise with countless hockey sticks, basketballs and modern dance movements.

For the purpose of making our outfit complete, we can wear the hat of "I Represent Salem", the heart of the "Y", the laughs and tears of the dual dramatic masks. We can sport the jewelry that is unique to our own class, and cover ourselves with the protective slicker of a student self-government association.

These things we bought. At a bargain. But like all bargain-hunters, we wonder afterward . . .

Did we pay too much for any part of our outfit? Will some of these accessories not wear longer than others? Are those that will wear longer not the ones we should have put more into?

What about those of which no part can be removed and satisfactorily replaced? We can take a feather off the hat and replace it with another, or have one less volleyball without becoming physical weaklings. But we cannot cut a piece of material from the dress or from the slicker and expect to find a matching replacement—to have as good a final product as the beginning one.

Nor can we knock a heel off the shoe and expect to walk well, or saw a strap off the carry-all and have something we are proud to show.

This is a bargain. But some of us wonder. Wonder if we couldn't better apportion our money next time in order to be assured of having those things that are long-wearing, long-wearable.

S. Reiland

The Lecture Series

No pleas from the Lecture Committee; no big build-ups. The Lecture Committee has a refreshing and unique type of advertising; it appeals not to your gullibility but to your intelligence.

The committee asks you to attend three lectures during this school year. But don't come because they asked you to come. Don't come in order that next summer you can boast about having heard a world-famous personality speak. Don't come because you can hear three artists at Salem for what one such lecture would cost in Carnegie Hall.

Come to hear Miss Draper because you appreciate dramatic art and enjoy its expert presentation. Come to hear General Romulo because you realize that understanding other peoples precedes cooperation between international powers. Come to hear John Mason Brown because you like the idea of being enlightened and entertained at the same time.

No pleas from the Lecture Committee; no big build-ups.

J. Smitherman

The Salemite

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Junior Class,

On behalf of the Pierrettes, I want to congratulate you on your recent production, **The Junior Follies**. The teamwork, originality, and hard work that everyone put into the show, made it outstanding.

An important part of any performance is the work backstage, and you as a class should be very proud of the smoothness and efficiency of your crew work. All of you showed an unusual appreciation and respect for the equipment which is in Old Chapel.

Every so often, we as a school, need someone to show us how to do things with the least amount of trouble and time. So often, we hear, "Gosh, I'd like to work on a skit, or a play, or play hockey, but I just don't have time" All of you have proved that it can be done. The school as a whole, I know, is looking forward to seeing your group in action again.

Sincerely,
Ann Mixon

Dear Editor,

I take this opportunity to express the thanks of the junior class to all of those who helped to make our Follies the great success that it was.

Thank you to those who so generously helped us get the costumes together. There were clothes from every class on campus used and they were all lent willingly.

Thank you to all who helped Emily, Sandy, and Julia with the technical part of the show. Without the proper lights and scenery the show would not have been nearly as good.

Thank you to all who came to the show. The audience was wonderful. Anyone who has ever appeared before an audience knows that it is the audience that makes you do your best.

Thank you everyone. Without you we couldn't have done it.
Donald Caldwell

Here And There

By Freda Siler

The London Conference and its final agreement on the defense of Western Europe was the biggest news last week. At the Lancaster House nine foreign ministers met to set up a plan for European defense to replace EDC (European Defense Community) which the French had rejected. These nine ministers were Chairman Anthony Eden of Britain, John Foster Dulles of the U. S., Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, L. B. Pearson of Canada, Konrad Adenauer of Germany, Gaitano Martino of Italy, Joseph Beach of Luxembourg, Johan W. Beyen of The Netherlands, and Pierre Mendes-France of France. These men's job was a hard one—they had to agree on a plan to arm Germany without losing the French who are mortally afraid of an armed Germany.

On the first day of the conference Mendes-France spoke. First he said that the French would accept German armament only if controls and limits were placed on German arms. However, he also made a concession—the French would not oppose West German sovereignty or admission to NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization). Adenauer replied, also making concessions: West Germany would 1) pledge itself not to exceed the twelve-division strength laid down for it in EDC, and 2) submit to controls, so long as they were not discriminatory.

Anthony Eden spoke on the second day offering: 1) to maintain on the Continent, indefinitely, a British army and air force, "equivalent in fighting capacity" to the four divisions and tactical air force now assigned to NATO, 2) not to remove these forces, except in cases of "an acute overseas emergency," without the consent of a majority of the Brussels pact powers, including ex-enemies West Germany and Italy. These points, a big concession for England, were the assurance the French needed before they agreed to German rearmament.

On the fifth day the conference came to an agreement which provided 1) Germany would agree to make no ABC (Atomic, biological, and chemical) weapons, build only enough conventional weapons to arm its twelve divisions, 2) NATO would set minimum force levels for all its mem-

bers' armies, 3) the Brussels pact powers would by unanimous vote set maximum force levels for each national army.

Another diplomatic triumph came last week in the settlement of the Yugoslav-Italian disagreement over Trieste. Through the work of U. S. Diplomat Robert Murphy and U. S. Ambassador to Italy Clara Boothe Luce a plan was adopted to which both Italy and Yugoslavia agreed. This plan called for: 1) giving Yugoslavia Zone B, which is chiefly Slav and comprises a rocky area of small farms and fishing villages, plus a strip one mile long and two hundred yards wide running through the village of Lazaretto, 2) giving Italy Zone A which is chiefly Italian and contains the city and port of Trieste, 3) the port itself will be "internationalized", and the Italians agree to sell or rent Tito as many docks and warlike areas as he has money to pay for.

Red China celebrated its fifth birthday last week with a show of ured marching troops which power. A parade in Peking featured marching troops which shouted "Liberate Formosa" while jets and bombers thundered overhead. The first People's Congress was busy too. They re-elected, unanimously, Mao Chairman of the People's Republic and ratified Red China's first constitution.

For the first time since their break in 1948, Russia and Yugoslavia agreed to resume trading. The two governments signed in Belgrade a short-term agreement, bartering Russian crude oil, manganese, cotton, and newsprint for Yugoslavian ethyl alcohol, tobacco, meat, and hemp.

Everyone saw the big headlines in the papers when Dr. Otto John, chief of West Germany's security organization, defected to the Communists. Last week the State Department released some facts that did not make headlines but are perhaps more important. These facts said that since mid-1950 "only a handful" of Germans have crossed over to the Communists. In the same period, 1,800,000 Germans have fled from East Germany to the West—including 15 members of the East German Parliament, five members of the East German Cabinet, 13 provincial legislators, and at least 30 "leading officials". Dr. John was classed as a "leading official".



By Bryan Bowman

"Of all t'ings! Day done 'ticipated by comin' an' has built a corral for my hoss," exclaim Pogo to hissself as he jog up to Salem College for his autumn visit. (Salem Creek done dried up in de drought, so Pogo have to leave de "Bayou Blossom" in Okefenokee an' borry Albert's ole Juniper Flower for his journey up to Winston-Salem). Soon's he take in all de diggin's an' constructin's dat's gone on since he last pay a visit, Pogo turn Juniper Flower into de corral to graze, comb up his cowlick an' bresh a flea off'n his li'l white intern shirt. Den he strut t'ru the portals swtichin' his li'l crookedy tail behind him.

It being a warmish day for October, Pogo find a bunch o' de gals settin' out by the lily pool, so he go j'ine up wif 'em. De gals hardly recognize the little fella at fust wifout his striped shirt, but when day do day squeal an' almost squeeze de starch out'n his intern collar. Day plop him on de side o' de pool where he can dabble his toesies amongst de amoebas an' plead wif him to tell 'bout his adventures at Bowman Gray.

(Explanashun: Since Miz Boombah set on de deacon's haid, t'inkin' it was a aig, de critturs down in Okefenokee realize de need for somebody what can mend broke skulls an' de like. Consekwently, Pogo delegated to take a 'prenticeship at de med school. Dis here de reason Pogo so prissy 'bout his uniform, also de reason for his wearin' one at all).

Derefore, de li'l 'possum light up a pipe—decked up wif diamonds an' such fancies—what he borry from one o' de young ladies an' plop a lily pad on his haid to keep cool an' here's de tale he tell:

De fust few weeks was miserable enuf. Day shove me into dis lab called "pa'sitology" where I 'sposed to find out if peoples has worms infestin' in 'em. After being in dere a few days, look like tome peoples was put on de earf jest to be nutriment for dese li'l wiggly fellas. Dere was pink worms an' gray worms, long worms an' wee tad worms, p'inted worms an' blunt ones, but dey all had one t'ing in common: dey was everyone more disgustipatin' dan his predecessor. I struggled t'ru dere 'til one day one o' dem technical folks lay hold o' my tailbone, sanwich it 'tween a slide an' a cover glass an' poke it under a micerscope. De act in itself was humilifyin', but when she announce, "I done found a ascaris lumbricoides!" I snatch back my tailbone and stalk indignantly outa' dere an' decide I try de Blood Bank a spell.

De Blood Bank's de place where folks can buy a big orange drank for 500 cc of blood. (for 600 cc dey can git a glass o' cider). What it was dat I learn down dere was to stick dis great big needle de size of a bull rush into veins to collect a pint in return for de big orange. Dey have to give me half of every bottle I draw to 'sussitate me after de ordeal, so I soon git a honorable discharge slip.

Right off I gets assigned to de histology lab. I din't last but a few days in dis department. Dat's 'cause one afternoon I snuck next door an' climb up on a big table to snitch a nap. I wake up wif a bodacious light in my face, an' some big guy holdin' a scalpel poised over my tailbone, sayin' it "de longest appendix he ever see on any cadaver." As I skeedaddle out de door I spy a sign what say "Autopsy Room." To dis day I ain't had no time to consultify de dikshunary 'bout dem two words "cadaver" an' "autopsy", but I got a spooky feelin' about 'em.

At de place, I is at now, we takes peoples' blood like we done in de Blood Bank. However, we uses a wee tad needle here, but de patients don't get no big orange. Dis part of my trainin's called "toxicology" an' it mean, "If we can't find sumpin' wrong wif you, den you ain't no human bean."

Ugh—Oh! High time I hightailin' it back to de medical school . . .

An' wif dat Pogo dry his toes on one o' de gal's kilts, give 'em all a Liberace wink, thank 'em for de long string o' beads dey give him, an' set off toward de corral an' Juniper Flower. He mount up an' set off back to his

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