

Are You Afraid . . .

. . . that others will think you a prude if you insist on signing out just to go up town?
 . . . that those who break our honor system will break your popularity?
 . . . that you may be called a 'tattler'?
 . . . that being honest will give you membership with those who never hear the latest?
 . . . that asking someone to report themselves for a major or minor infringement will make you 'one of those'?
 . . . Are you afraid of Salem's honor system?

Aren't You Afraid . . .

. . . that you are weakening what others have strengthened?
 . . . that Salem will lose its reputation for being a good school?
 . . . that by losing that reputation you, too, will suffer?
 . . . that later you may regret being a Salem girl if you and others keep up this pace?
 . . . that there are too many keeping up with you?
 . . . Aren't you afraid that you are degrading your own character and personality?

From The "Y" . . .

Religious Emphasis Week has just ended. Much thought and planning on the part of our speaker was necessary for this program and we are happy to see that Salem's students recognized and took advantage of his efforts. Each class did its part by making Dr. Boyd their guest on successive days. Faculty and administration attended our services and welcomed Dr. Boyd to their classes.

For four nights in succession, extra chairs had to be brought into the Day Student Center and still girls sat on the floor. These services were not required—no attendance was taken—no cuts given—you came and came again despite tests, term papers and student teaching.

Several student organizations helped us make this week possible. The Salemite publicized the occasion, the Sights and Insights had to rearrange picture schedules, and the Day Students gave us a meeting place.

When students respond as you did this week, an organization can smile and say, "Perhaps we made this week a special one for our students."

Thus to each of—students, faculty, administration—a sincere thanks from the "Y" for your loyalty, co-operation, and true Salem spirit!

Sara Outland

The Salemite



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Going Home

(Editor's note: This is a continuation of the story started last week in the Salemite. The story was written by Maggi Blakeney and won the award for creative writing in the Kathryn B. Rondthaler Contest.)

"They know music and they will know when you have improved." Then one day I forgot and left the kettle on the hot plate. That night she called me into the dining room and started, "I don't mean to criticize, but—"

She always started the same way. I really didn't mean to do it. I just forgot. I try so hard to do the things my grandmother wants, so when I do something wrong I cry. I always cry in my room, but don't you tell my grandmother. She wouldn't like it. I don't think she has ever cried.

My grandfather got sick two weeks ago, the night before I was to visit my uncle in Newport News. The morning I was to leave, my grandmother went back and forth between my room and my grandfather's room. She just said he didn't feel well, but I heard her whisper something about it to the lady who was to take me to Newport News. Then in a whisper, "Don't say anything to her about it." I don't know why she didn't want me to know, because I knew anyway. My grandfather was so old I expected him to be sick.

When I came back last week, he was in the hospital. The day of my birthday, day before yesterday, my grandmother went to see him. I thought she should stay home on my birthday, but she said the Peacocks would take care of me.

The Peacocks are a family of old maids who live next door. "They are nice people," my grandmother says. The tall wrinkly one, Miss Aida is my favorite. She doesn't look as if she eats her food, like me, but I think she does.

She grins all the time and winks her eye as if she had a secret. Miss Aida let me play in her dress shop down town all morning. It was my birthday, she said, so she let me try on all the hats and look at the dresses. Oh, you would love her little white shop with the big glass windows. If you ever get a chance to go down town, you'll find it just across the street from the post office.

Agnes came to see me in the shop and we played in the back yard and even in the Episcopal Church yard. It was my birthday, so I could play where I wanted to. Besides, my grandmother had gone to see my grandfather. We went to Agnes' house, the next biggest in town, that afternoon to play.

Agnes is older than I am, but she is a lot of fun to play with. She takes piano lessons from the same teacher I do. She played the piano and I danced around the living room, then we made mayonnaise sandwiches. I bet you would like mayonnaise sandwiches.

Agnes said, "Let's go for a ride." this meant she was going to ride me on her bike. We rode up the dirt road beyond her house for a while, but I got my feet dirty, so Agnes took me home.

As I was taking my bath the afternoon of my birthday here at my grandmother's, Miss Aida came and knocked on the door. She was talking to Agnes.

"May we come in?" asked Miss Aida. I didn't have any clothes on. "I am in the tub," I said.

"I want to tell you something," Miss Aida explained. "Can you hear me?"

Of course I could hear her. She was shouting at the top of her squeaky voice. "Yes, mam. I can hear you."

"Your grandmother just called. Your grandfather is not any better."

(To Be Continued)

Here And There

By Freda Siler

China: Last week Red China and Russia signed a pact that gave everything to China in return for nothing. No one knows whether this was done by Russia just to make five-year-old Red China seem important or whether it was because Red China is important.

1. The Russians would evacuate their ice-free Manchurian naval base at Port Arthur by the end of next May, thereby ending a ten-year military occupation.

2. The Russians would extend another \$130 million in longterm credits to Peking.

3. The Russians would sell back (for easy payments of Chinese exports) their share of four joint Soviet-Chinese companies in Red China now that the Chinese "can themselves manage the activity of enterprises." (This was a major concession. The Soviets control satellite economies by joint control companies. Two of the companies sold back to China were connected with oil and mineral resources in the rich province of Sinkiang.)

4. Russia would help Red China set up 15 new heavy industrial projects and build two railroads out from Central China to the Russia border.

India: Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, wrote a letter to each member of his cabinet last week. It started, "Dear Comrade, On the eve of my visit to China, I venture to write to you to dispel doubts and rumors." He went to China to be present at its fifth birthday celebration.)

The rumors were that Nehru was going to resign as Prime Minister. The letter went on to confirm the rumor—he will resign if all the members of his party do not fall into line and join him in his new pro-Red program. Until lately he has been a neutral in the cold war. Pakistan: The U. S. Capitalists have received a cordial invitation from Pakistan's Premier Ali to invest in industrialization in his country.

Since Pakistan won its independence from India it has discouraged foreign investments because it

feared the threat of colonialism.

However, it now needs foreign investment to industrialize to the point where its economy will be stable enough to prevent Communist infiltration. Ali is asking U. S. capital aid to keep his new country free of Communists.

France: Ever since General Charles de Gaulle went out of power in France, there has been no effective leader. It seems that the first one has arisen in the form of Premier Mendes-France. Last week he was able to:

1. Persuade the National Assembly, a sizeable majority of which opposed Germany's rearmament, to vote 350 to 113 (3 to 1) in favor of the principle of rearming West Germany and admitting it to NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization).

2. Soften the big Socialist Party (105 Assembly seats) for an almost certain switch from hostile non-cooperation to participation in the Mendes-government.

3. Win from fading Charles de Gaulle the promise that his followers will soon be freed to support Mendes and his program for France.

This is not all that can be said for Mendes-France, however, for he has also gained wide popularity with the people. This has been accomplished with a theme of hope for France.

"Only four months ago," he said in one speech, "people spoke of France as the sick man of Europe. But—now we have the certainty of a great future for the republic."

New York: Here is a funny one for all you Southern Democrats. At a Manhattan party sponsored by UN boosters to celebrate Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's 70th birthday, Andrei Vishinsky, Russia's chief delegate to the UN, dropped in as a surprise guest.

When the festivities ended, Vishinsky warmly shook hands with one of his tablemates, a self-confessed Republican. "You are a very nice young man," glowed Communist Vishinsky. "If I were an American, I would be a Republican."



by Sally Reiland

Call me Casper. Several Halloweens ago—never mind how many precisely—having little or no courage in the hems of my sheet, and nothing particular to interest me in the celestial realm, I thought I would glide about a little and pester the living matter which the tombstones later represent. It is a way I have of ironing out the wrinkles, and increasing my circulation.

Whenever I find myself growing devilish about the mouth; whenever it is a rambunctious, hell-raising weekend in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before the fallen sheets' chute, and wondering how Gabriel would look being pushed through; and especially whenever my ethereal sling shot gets the upper cloud of me, that it requires more than one super-archangel to prevent me from deliberately shooting down the gates, and methodically admitting Beelzebub—then I account it high time to get to Salem as soon as I can. This is my substitute for cursing St. Peter.

With a philosophical flourish, Dr. Lewis rushes to the drug store; I quietly take to the campus. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but admit it, even the faculty in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same perverseness of spirit with me.

Now when I say that I am in the habit of going to Salem whenever I begin to grow overly friendly with the devil, I do not mean to have inferred that I ever go so as you can notice me rushing through the Square, fostering the ideals of the school to redeem my decadent spirit. Rather, I take it into my ghostly head to rid myself of all sadistic impulses by bringing disgrace on the place, gathering my spiritless mates about me and proceeding immediately to perform the contrary of what is expected at such an institution.

I entertain no qualms about going back to my room (I do have one on the campus) during a chemistry quiz to check a few formulas; I laugh when my pajama pants' leg unrolls from my raincoat on the front row of an 8:30 . . . I delight in causing my class team to forfeit a game because I would rather play bridge than hockey . . . I joy in seeing how many rules I can break without getting caught, and find utter ecstasy in the knowledge of how many offences others have committed—spreading this knowledge in the vicinity of the campus as one spreads butter on bread during wartime, using just enough to flavor, but not enough to prove its existence.

For my own part, I make it a point at this time to abominate all respectable campus toils, trials and tribulations—academic, organizational and social. I abandon the glory and distinction of genuine concern for such to those who are stronger than I.

This Halloween will be no different from any other. In fact, I have already encountered this invisible agent of perverted school spirits, who has the constant surveillance of me, openly haunts me, and influences me in some unaccountable way—saying that there is a place prepared for me at Salem.

The transition is a keen one, I assure you, from a light-winged flight along the heavenly highways to a clumsy slithering over the bricks, and requires a strong decoction of Satanic mannerisms, good company and water-proof boots to enable me to grin and enjoy it. But even these wear out in time.

Doubtless my "ironing out of the wrinkles" in such a way formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It comes as a sort of brief interlude and solo between my more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the original bill must have read something like this:

Salem Spirit Established—1772

Spirit To Be Laid Waste Periodically
 By One Casper

If this is the case, for my own part, I should be pleased to be less welcome—to have my divinely ordained occupation revised, so that the new bill might include:

Original Spirit Retained By One Casper