

### We Take Time . . .

- . . . to thank our roommates for eight friendly weeks of school.
- . . . to thank that professor for the encouragement he gave when we were feeling so inadequate.
- . . . to thank the chapel committee for the better programs we've had this year.
- . . . to thank Lillie Belle, Marie, Pat, Bright, and the remainder of Miss Essie's crew for keeping Salem looking its best.
- . . . to thank the Student Government for allowing us to express our views without fear of retribution.
- . . . to thank the 'Y' for making possible those few minutes each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning.
- . . . to thank Mr. Yarbrough for those many and continual repairs.
- . . . to thank the music faculty for broadening our education through the concerts they present.
- . . . to thank the Junior class for presenting the relaxing and delightful Junior Follies.
- . . . to thank Dr. Gramley for his constant encouragement and aid.
- . . . to thank the Deans for regulating and balancing social and academic activities.
- . . . to thank the Senior class for the excellent leadership during Orientation.
- . . . to thank the freshmen for their enthusiastic response.
- . . . to thank all those girls who have written so willingly for the **Salemite**.
- . . . to thank the sophomores for making Rat Week the most organized and sensible yet.
- . . . to thank Mrs. Cummings and her staff for filling our tummies while we attempt to fill our minds.
- . . . to thank the IRS for arranging to have the Christmas Dance in the dining hall.
- . . . to thank Mrs. King at the laundry for washing away the dingy heels and toes of our socks.
- . . . to thank those of you who have upheld the 'spirit of Salem'.
- . . . to thank each other.

### We Have Tried . . .

We have completed eight weeks of school. We have had our beginning, and it has been a good beginning in many respects. There have been many rough and trying spots, but we have attempted to go forward. And that is good.

We could have forgotten others and remembered ourselves, we could have forgotten to be tolerant, we could have forgotten all that Salem represents. But we have tried to remember.

These eight weeks have not been in vain.

## The Salemite



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## Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:  
We wish to commend you on the editorial that appeared in the **Salemite**, Friday, November 12. It is also our opinion that Salem's social regulations are not broken because of a lack of honor in our students, but because the rules themselves are at fault.

Many of us sophomores feel that the prevailing practice of social activities depending upon academic success is unfair. This implies to us a lack of confidence by the administration in the students' initiative to maintain a satisfactory scholastic standard. In other words, are we, as college students, dependent upon a threat of social restriction to motivate us to pass our courses?

Is the knowledge that she will receive more overnights the only incentive for a Salem student to

achieve good grades? We believe that an individual sense of achievement, parental approval and a desire for knowledge should be the accepted foundations for academic progress.

If, in college, we are never given the opportunity to decide by ourselves how often we can afford to take overnights, will we be capable of making intelligent decisions in later life?

Perhaps the failure of the honor system is due, in part, to this rule concerning overnights, which we believe does not acknowledge either our personal initiative or our ability to make mature decisions.

Carol Campbell  
Nina Skinner  
Suejette Davidson  
Sherry Rich  
Anne Crenshaw

## A Letter To Salem

(Ed. note: This letter was received by Dr. Hixon from Marianne Lederer. Marianne was one of the foreign students last year and she lives in Sceaux, Seine, France.)

Dear Dr. Hixon,  
I should have written long ago. But I have been very busy, first getting used to home again, then packing for vacation trips, and finally until now preparing and taking all sorts of exams, of which I still have to take the oral parts.

But delaying this letter has made me more aware of all the things I acquired in my experience of last year.

I thank you and all the people who enabled me, by offering me the scholarship, to make that trip to America and through the United States which all of us young people dream of, and to broaden my knowledge of countries and people, which can only be gained by staying among those people and living as they live.

I am grateful to the college which made it possible for me to study there and every family that invited me and treated me as a daughter. I can see every day now how much

more self-assured I have grown, how much more easily I can talk to people, how much more generally happy I am now than before I went to America. And it is a fact that one never knows how sweet a home is, as long as one hasn't left it for a while!

I know from Helen Fung that she is very happy in Colorado, making an experience in that large coed university, which will usefully complete her knowledge of the United States.

I am still in contact with some of the Salem girls and I hear that the foreign students this year are having faculty sponsors. I think it is an excellent idea because we did sometimes feel, especially in the beginning of the year, the need to have someone special to go to, when we had difficulties or just when we felt a little lonely.

I am very sorry that I wasn't in Paris when Miss Byrd and her tour were here this summer: but my parents and I will always welcome home any Salemite that should happen to come this way.

Very sincerely yours,  
Marianne Lederer

## Here And There

**By Freda Siler**

**UN:** After Russia refused to participate in the U. S. plan for a kind of atomic bank that would own, store, and dole out atomic riches, President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" plan was presented before the UN's Political committee.

The International Atomic Energy Agency would be loosely tied to the UN, but not under it (thus getting by the Russian veto). By this plan the U. S. would help instruct foreign scientists in the use of atomic power for peace, as in the treatment of cancer, and also give them fissionable material with which to start a reactor.

The U. S. will not build atomic plants for other nations, but help them with instructions and research facilities. It is hoped that in this way the countries can work together, instead of separately, and thus sooner make atomic power a boon instead of a menace.

**FORMOSA.** For the first time since the "vest-pocket war" began off China's coast, the Reds last week used airplanes against Chiang Kai-shek's island bastions. Nine Russian-built, twin-engined bombers appeared over the Nationalist held Tachens (200 miles north of Formosa and 15 miles from the coast) and dropped more than 40 bombs, killing five persons.

During the September fighting around Quemay the Reds used artillery only. It was thought that they did not wish to tangle with the U. S. Seventh Fleet, but they are apparently prepared to do so now.

**INDO-CHINA:** The Communists are quickly whipping into shape northern Indo-China, but the free

southern section is filled with disension. The honest, but ineffective, Premier Ngo Dink Dum is feuding with his army commanders, who are practically taking over the government.

Last week President Eisenhower sent the former U. S. Army Chief of Staff General J. Lawton Collins to Indo-China as special ambassador. It will be his job to get this mess straightened out in order to save the now free section of Indo-China from Communism.

**BURMA:** After nearly ten years, the Foreign Ministers of Japan and Burma concluded final peace terms after World War II. As reparation for the wartime occupation, Japan promised to send Burma twenty million dollars a year worth of machinery and goods for the next ten years, along with technicians, and to invest another five million annually in such joint enterprises as power projects and factories. Thus out of the peace Japan stands to get a friendly foothold in the Burma market.

**WEST GERMANY:** Last week as wave upon wave of applause came from an audience assembled in Hamburg, and from places as far away as Italy and England, Europe's most beloved actor retired from the stage.

This actor was a clown known as the Great Grock, the son of a Swiss watchmaker. He ran away from home at the age of fourteen to join the circus.

After sixty years of clowning all over Europe, he gave his fare-well performance before an audience of three thousand. One of his friends asked, "But who will ever be able to make us laugh like that again?"



Dear Linda, Maria, and Gull-Marie,  
Before you spend your first Thanksgiving in our country, I would like to tell you little about my Thanksgivings. Since I'm not too good at describing I have included five snap shots taken last year on my Thanksgiving Day.

The one on top is the picture of my little brother Johnny chasing our Thanksgiving Day dinner—the turkey. If you look in front of the turkey about two feet you may see the root that Johnny tripped over and the puddle he fell in about a second after I took this picture.

My little sister is sitting over there on the steps, crying because she had faithfully fed that turkey every day. She declared that she wouldn't eat a bite of him,—and she didn't.

Speaking of eating, after seeing that huge turkey, I guess you are wondering who would be able to eat all of him. Well, my next picture will help explain a little. No, it isn't the student body of a small school, or a district meeting of the DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) or the C of C (Children of the Confederacy), but it is a picture of my family and relatives. (My roommate will readily name everyone for you, for after three years of going home with me, she has met them all.)

The front row are my cousins, or maybe I should say the first two rows. Next, come all the aunts and uncles I could round up. The others were fixing dinner and talking politics.

Dinner finally was prepared, although frequent interruptions from the children, asking how long it would be until dinner was ready, didn't speed matters up any.

This next picture is of Grandfather carving the turkey, or rather I should say, chopping up the turkey. Grandmother just can't seem to persuade him that she can do a better job than he can.

If you look over in the two corners, you can see three card tables set up for the children. They put up their usual fuss about having to eat there, but as usual, they were told if they wanted to eat at all, they had better hush and sit down. They did.

I didn't include the picture of the remains of the dinner, because I was afraid people would start sending us baskets of food before Thanksgiving Day . . . it looked like we hadn't eaten in weeks.

I took this next picture right after dinner as everyone got up and headed somewhere in a hurry. The woman over to the right with the striped apron is Mother. She is going upstairs to take a nap.

Those three teen-age girls to the left of the picture were trying to sneak out the back door before they had to do the dishes. But they were caught and spent the most of the rest of the afternoon cleaning up the kitchen.

The men folks have their backs turned to us—they are headed into the den for their yearly discussion of the 'state of the union'. The tall man with the bald head is my Uncle Jack. Last year, he and Uncle Norman practically came to blows because of Ike's spending his leisure time golfing . . . (Uncle Jack is the only Republican in the family). But they were quieted down by my oldest uncle—Uncle Bill (you can't see him)—who is a deacon in our church.

My last picture is of our church. As you can see it is a country church, but we built a new auditorium this year.

We all went to the Thanksgiving service here that night and gave our sentence prayers. It was a wonderful feeling to hear Aunt Mabel thank God for the health and well-being of her family during the past year, when we remember that they have more sickness than anyone else. It made us more thankful for our own health.

These are all the pictures I have, but I hope they have given you some idea of my Thanksgivings last year, and I hope that your first one in our country will be as happy as the many that I have spent here.

Very sincerely,  
Mary Benton Royster