

Eighty-two days left . . .

This wonderful spring-like weather brings that far-away look to our eyes. We're tired of school, and the beach is much more appealing than Winston-Salem right now. But don't let the weather fool you—it's a long time before summer will be here. In fact, there are eighty-two days until Reading Day.

We can mope around and wish those days away, or we can get busy and make them pass faster. We can be happier during those days by knowing we have done the "right" thing. We can become a part of Salem. Instead of letting its endless activity flow over us, we can be a cog in the wheel. There are jobs to be done, a code of honor to be followed, and activities waiting for participants. But it's up to us. In those eighty-two days until Reading Day are we going to:

- . . . take part in the May Day pageant . . . or get in one more hand of bridge during practice hour . . .
 - . . . attend the Pierrettes' production of "The Heiress" . . . or go to that movie we've already seen . . .
 - . . . get up and go to church on Sundays . . . or use that time to catch up on our sleep . . .
 - . . . hear the speaker on the Lecture Series . . . or watch television in the basement . . .
 - . . . observe Charm Week . . . or wear pajamas under our coats to that eight-thirty . . .
 - . . . invite our mothers and fathers up for Parent's Day . . . or run off to Davidson that weekend . . .
 - . . . support our class teams . . . or be a "floating island" the rest of the semester . . .
 - . . . spend a few hours in the library working on that term paper . . . or conserve our energy for the Azalea Festival by getting an old one from W. C. . . .
 - . . . elect the most capable girls to office . . . or vote for our friends . . .
 - . . . contribute to the March of Dimes . . . or get another cup of coffee . . .
 - . . . respect the chapel speaker . . . or use that time for a little extra conversation . . .
 - . . . write up that assignment for the Salemite . . . or go shopping for a pair of Bermudas . . .
 - . . . sign out for the weekend . . . or slip out the back way . . . "Nobody will ever know" . . .
 - . . . participate in campus activities . . . or complain about there being nothing to do . . .
- What are YOU going to do?

Emily McClure

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

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COSMORAMA

By Sally Reiland

During the past few weeks, musically speaking . . .

While Eugene Ormandy has been guest conducting the British Broadcasting Company orchestra to a rather "drastic treatment" (says the *New York Times*) of Samuel Barber's Second Essay for Orchestra, and at the same time "succeeding brilliantly and triumphantly" with Beethoven's "Seventh" and Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra . . . Hans Heidemann, of our own music faculty, has been preparing for a three sonata and one tone poem program, which he will present on Monday night . . .

While Leontyne Price, who won international reknown singing the role of Bess in Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess", has achieved her greatest personal success in her first major operatic assignment — the title role of "Tosca" in the NBC Opera Theatre's TV production, in which she plays opposite David Poleri, who takes the part of Tosca's lover . . . And while Hildgarde Neff, as a Society emissary who gets a taste of Parisian glamour, and Don Ameche, as a Hollywood entrepreneur, co-star in the New York opening of Cole Porter's musical—"Silk Stockings" . . . Our own Don Britts have journeyed to Greensboro, where they were more fascinated by the exotic beauty than the renowned vocal range and contortions of 26-year-old Ima Suymac . . .

While the national Institute of Jazz Studies, planning another jazz festival at Newport, R. I. for this summer — to include three full-scale concerts as opposed to the two of the first such festival held last year—has been signing Duke Ellington and other name jazz artists and orchestras . . . Salem junior and senior music majors—Jane Little, Bonnie Hall, Nancy Florence, Ella Ann Lee, and Irma Gatewood, to name a few—have found themselves more occupied

with the classics and romantics in planning and practicing for their forthcoming recitals . . .

While Richard Bales, conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra of Washington, has donated the "season's biggest morale-booster for Confederate supporters and sympathizers" (according to the *New Yorker*), in his recording of a cantata entitled "The Confederacy" — has included songs that were popular among Southern troops and Southern civilians during the Civil War. According to all reports, one can hardly afford to deny its morale-boosting prestige: during the first several weeks after its release, "The Confederacy" outsold the original-cast recording of "The Pajama Game" in Richmond, Atlanta, Charlotte, New Orleans, Dallas and Memphis; outsold the latest Liberace record in every one of the same cities save Atlanta; and even Detroit, a mysterious source of Southern strength, ordered more "Confederacies" than either New Orleans or Dallas . . .

Although Mr. Bales has already stated that, just for the sake of impartiality, he intends to soon "buckle down and tackle the Northern songs"—the Chicago Public Library apparently wants to be assured that the Union is by no means neglected in a month of such Confederate enthusiasm: As their February display of reprisal, they have set up "Songs Lincoln Loved"—presenting originals of popular songs of the years 1842-1861 and copies from Lincoln's library . . . Rather amusing since Lincoln was barely what would be termed as musical—known on occasion, however, to play a harmonica in primitive fashion . . .

While Leontyne sings, Mr. Heidemann practices, Confederate sympathizers hum Bale's version of "Dixie", and Lincoln's ghost plays its harmonica—we have run out of manuscript paper . . . So—until next week—when the student musicians on campus will be one week closer to their respective recitals.



By Bobbi Kuss

Mother! Mother! Guess what! I. R. Salem just called and invited me to Charm Week at "The College of the South"! Oh, I'm so excited . . . just think . . . at long last it's here . . . 'er almost here . . . that is . . . March seventh through eleventh, mother . . . just lemme see, one, two, three, . . . nine days! Oh, can you believe it? I. R. hasn't forgotten me!

Now I can wear that sincerity and soft-spoken voice quality and oh, mustn't forget my neatly pressed light blue suit! 'Course I must admit, I've tried them on before this year, and worn them a bit now and then, but I. R. won't mind . . . doubt if they've ever noticed before really . . . do you think so, mother? Aren't you a bit excited?

Look! Here's a calendar of the most special events. I. R. dropped them in the mail a couple days ago.

Monday: Dress of the day . . . maturity, sincerity, and straight stocking seams.

Tuesday: Dress of the day . . . pleasing appearance, tact, honesty, and a friendly smile.

6:00 p.m. Dining Hall . . . gala Birthday Dinner ("Heels" and "well-groomedness required").

Wednesday: Dress of the day . . . good posture, healthiness, graciousness, and a fresh, even application of lipstick.

Thursday: Dress of the day . . . intelligence, wide-awakeness, genuine interest in those around you, and a button 'stead of a pin on that freshly starched blouse.

12:10 p.m. Memorial Hall . . . "Charm Panel" starring the experts:

Dr. D. H. "Grumbly", Mon-sewer H. M. Lewis, Dr. Philip "Africanus", Dr. Warren Robespierre Spencer, Master Don Britt and that noted lily pond expert R. Campbell! (Commercials by Huntley and Proctor).

6:30 p.m. Biting Basement . . . "The Best Make-up for You" with Harriet Keen (tracer of lost complexions)—a make-up clinic.

Friday: Dress of the day . . . pleasantness, poise, and freshly combed hair. About 3:00 p.m. Salemite presentation of "Miss Charm" of "The College of the South".

Oh, doesn't it sound grand? They say the dinner is really going to be fabulous. Special decorations for each month, birthday surprises, 'n all. Do you think my lavender wool will be all right for that? Goodness, I'll never get everything packed! Look at all the stipulations for each day's dress on the calendar! Do I have enough to be a part of Charm Week? Oh mother, my whole personality is at stake . . . you know how I. R. feels about charm . . . oh!

And won't that panel be a riot? Imagine hearing I. R.'s professors expound on "charm" . . . ! It's all so divinely intangible . . . don't you think so mother? Yes, I know I'm just babbling on and on and not being very coherent, but I'm simply up in the clouds . . . to think that I. R. asked little ole me to . . . And Thursday at long last maybe I'll find out what shade lipstick will go with my coloring . . . maybe that new wisteria . . . 'N maybe I could really "snow" I. R. if I become a "new-me" or something!

Wonder who'll be "Miss Charm". There's a "P. S." at the bottom of the calendar that says we'll all have a chance to make nominations. Guess it'll depend on the "dress of the day" . . . They say if you've worn it before you'll have a much better chance 'cause it'll show up naturally and to more advantage that week. That'd really be an honor . . . to be charming . . . But mother, I can't help daydreaming! What? Do something about it? Get packed? Yes, I guess I should . . . 'cause I'd so like to be presented Friday . . . It'll be so much fun! Wish the week would last forever!

Letters To The Editor:

Editor's Note:

Miss Marsh, after talking to General Romulo about his good friend General Douglas MacArthur, wrote MacArthur inviting him to Salem. In her letter Miss Marsh mentioned to the General that his mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy, and two aunts, Emily and Elizabeth, refugeeed at this school during 1865. The letter which Miss Marsh received from the General is printed below.

14 February, 1955
New York, New York

Dear Lelia Graham Marsh:

Thank you so much for your gracious letter of February 8th with its invitation to visit Salem College. My Mother often spoke to me of her attendance there and always with deep affection of her memories of the school. If an opportunity arises for me to visit Winston-Salem, you may be as-

sured I shall visit the college.

General Romulo is an old comrade of mine and I am sure you must have enjoyed what he said.

With every good wish from Mrs. MacArthur and myself,
Most cordially,
Douglas MacArthur

* * *

February 16, 1955

Dear Miss Byrd:

Thank you very much for your generous note of February 13th.

Of all the honors that have come my way all these years, to be the "sweetheart" of the girls of Salem College is the sweetest and please tell them if I had 350 hearts I would give one to each of them. They are all so wonderful and the picture of them standing and applauding after my speech is one I will never forget.

May our paths soon cross again.
Sincerely,

Carlos P. Romulo

Here And There

By Freda Siler

Russia: Last week this article ended with a report on the failure of Premier Malenkov's program of "peaceful co-existence" and more consumer goods for the Russian people. This failure cost him his job.

When Valkou, chairman of the Council of the Union, read Malenkov's resignation to the 1,300 members of the Supreme Soviet of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics there was a murmur of surprise—and this from a group that usually murmurs at nothing. Then a vote was taken on accepting Malenkov's resignation. The vote was a unanimous yes, of course. It took exactly seven minutes to throw Malenkov out.

At 4 o'clock the same afternoon this body met again. This time Nikita Khrushchev addressed the deputies, "Comrade Deputies, on instructions from the Central Com-

mittee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Council of Elders, I submit the proposal to appoint as Chairman of the Council of Ministers . . . Comrade Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin." Again there was a unanimous vote of yes. Next came the announcement that Malenkov had been made Minister of Electric Power Stations, a rather insignificant job.

All of this seemed to show that the West was right when it looked for a struggle for power in the Kremlin after Stalin's death. At first it seemed that Malenkov had this power, but just three weeks after Stalin's death Khrushchev supplanted him as First Secretary of the party, a key position. The mix-up last week did not make him the big power as Stalin was, but it does mean that he has enough power to control party policy.

One reason for the change com-

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