

Of Onions, Light Bulbs, And Leaky Faucets . . .

Awoke the other morning to hear the swish, swish of a broom in frictional contact with the red, square flagstones around Clewell. And noticed later in the day the neat pile of fallen tree limbs stacked around the base of a tree out behind the Day Student Center.

Saw Mr. Yarbrough dart through the living room of Bitting just after the five o'clock bell had rung on his way to the basement. And heard Miss Essie tell Moria to dust Memorial Hall extremely well in preparation for a recital.

Put on a hand-ironed blouse that had just returned from the laundry; and exchanged my blue bedroom slippers for a pair of brown suede loafers, and left for the dining hall. Tonight, we were having roast beef and browned potatoes, my favorite meal.

So what?

So what would you do if you had to feed approximately three hundred twenty-five girls three times a day for eight months? I suppose you would have chicken, roast, veal, liver and ham just like Mrs. Cunningham does. And the vegetables would list in practically the same order, particularly when you had to stick to a budget.

That blouse you are wearing and those gym socks look rather white and bright, as the advertisement says. Suppose you washed that in your sink with the strongest soap you could find. How smart of you, and to get it ironed, too! Me, I never could seem to get my socks clean. Once rubbed the skin from my finger trying to get the mud out of my socks.

Some schools, and some of the more elite ones, have a work system whereby the students keep the lounge neat and clean. The girls take turns emptying the ashtrays, sweeping the floors, and generally tidying up. While I enjoy a neat room, I don't know that I would particularly relish the job of cleaning up after a group of thoughtless girls.

The light in our room burned out about six one evening, and we had a difficult time getting to bed by the light from the hall. Duly left our note in the Dean's Office, and were joyed to see a one hundred-watt bulb in the ceiling socket the next day.

And for some unknown reason our hot water faucet went haywire, and we weren't able to turn it off. Hot water was splashing everywhere until we finally had sense enough to turn the water off the pipe controls. By evening, we had a shiny new faucet that worked. It didn't match the other faucet, but we weren't forced to use cold water.

Won't be too long before I will watch Lillie Bell clean Bitting for the last time. And I'll have to run over to Mrs. King's establishment on May 28 to pick up my laundry and say good-bye.

Dorothy has waited on me for four years, sneaking milk out when I looked especially weak, and bringing onions for my green beans. Mr. Yarbrough assured me that our window screen wouldn't fall out again, after he had made a special trip up on third floor to put it back. I thanked him for his trouble.

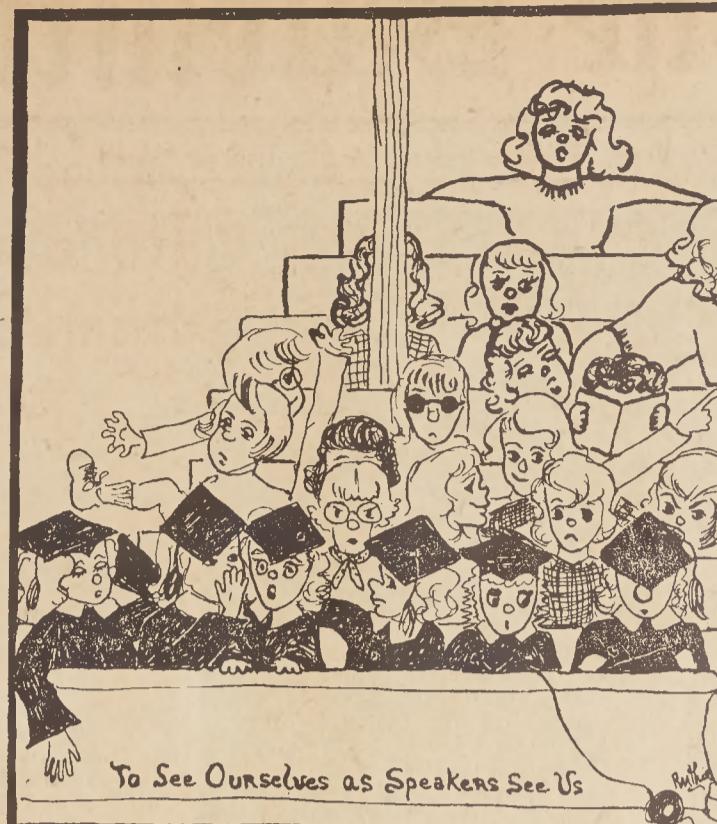
Which reminds me! Thanks to the rest of you, too.

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This cartoon is a reprint of one run several years ago.

COSMORAMA

By Sally Reiland

While engulfed in a sea of campus activities and living in the depths of fiery Ds turned in—we decided to remedy Chaos by paddling canoes to Chapel Hill for weekends.

According to the *New Yorker*: "Now that it is quite clear that thermonuclear explosions can in a few years make the earth uninhabitable, steps are being taken to meet the situation. Here in New York, the City Council has responded by banning toy pistols. President Eisenhower has been to hear Billy Graham—who told him that our problem is human nature, not the H-bomb. And plans are afoot to launch a satellite, or artificial heavenly body, which will travel around the earth in space. It is to be about the size of a softball."

Upon receiving the Federation of American Scientists' warning about contamination of the earth's atmosphere by radioactivity from bomb tests, the layout editors of the *Herald Tribune* must have experienced quite a headache. Finally, after juggling this item suggesting the end of all life on earth, they published it on page 3 and probably took an aspirin (in hopes that a few readers advance beyond page one.)

Two days later, the same paper

published the story about the banning of toy pistols. It ran on page one. On the day between and the page between came an account of a new bomb test in Nevada, with the light from said bomb visible a thousand miles away, and local troop maneuvers cancelled because of the fallout.

In the meantime, others seem to remain totally oblivious to any problem. According to a recent United Press release from Hollywood:

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis threw the Hollywood Brown Derby in an uproar again this week when they put on an impromptu show more riotous than their TV program.

"Dean arrived first and sat in a booth counting aloud the loot the pair had earned the previous three weeks in Las Vegas.

"We didn't just fill the hotel," Dean said, "we filled the whole town. It's as quiet as a pair of rubber dice there in January, but we pulled 'em in."

Dean was interrupted when Jerry awoke up to put on his special brand of zaniness for the benefit of an interviewer.

"Waiter! Waiter! Jerry hollered. "The service in this joint stinks." A platoon of red-coated waiters hustled over. Jerry said they

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Here And There

By Freda Siler

Great Britain. Last week the leaders of the Labor Party met to decide what to do about Aneurin Bevan. Bevan had to be dealt with for he has continually raised his voice in opposition to the party line in Parliament. The fact that he refused to vote with his party in censuring the Tory government's defense plans was overlooked, for 62 other Laborites had also abstained. But what the opposition party could not overlook was the speech Bevan made in Parliament taunting party leader Attlee on Labor's willingness to use the H-bomb.

This was not the first time Bevan has been in trouble with his party for he was expelled from it for eight months in 1939 for seeking a "united front" with the British Communists.

At the meeting of Labor Party leaders, the right-wingers insisted that something drastic be done. Attlee tried to avoid it, but finally had to put the proposition of "withdrawing the party whip" from Bevan to a vote. The right-wingers won nine to four. This decision means that Bevan will not be invited to party councils—a prelude to outright expulsion.

France. The new Premier Edgar Faure is trying to steer a middle course between Mendes-France's contentious boldness and the do-

nothingism of Mendes' predecessors. In a statement about this plan he said, "I know people will talk about me having a small appetite. I don't eat everything in sight. I nibble."

His nibbling got off to a good start when the Assembly passed his budget of \$164 million, the same problem that cost Mendes his office. Another nibble that counts was the Senate's agreement to start debate on the Paris accords, the vital issue of German rearmament that the Assembly has already passed. An early date set for debate made Senate passage a little surer.

Italy. Premier Scelba won an important victory, which well may be his last, when the Senate passed the Paris accords last week. This made Italy the first nation on the Continent to ratify West German rearmament.

The debate in the Senate almost turned into a brawl with the Communists and Neo-Fascists calling each other names. The Fascists were supporting the Christian Democrats, who could have done without their support.

The accords passed 139 to 82 with mostly Communists voting against. Although Scelba was successful in this measure it is beginning to look like he is going to lose his job. His four-party coalition cannot agree on domestic policy.

The secretary-general of the

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By Mary Mac Rogers

Wrapped in a bark blue housecoat, with my initials in white old English letters, three of the six buttons missing, my feet in black leather slides—the sole on the left one is loose—I caught it on the nail in the floor of my room.

Sure is lonesome now that Sandy is gone—a Pall Mall in one hand a long green pencil in the other, I sat in the living room and tried to decide what in the world I would write for "Of All Things" for the *Salemite*.

I thought of deep philosophical ideas, the provisions of the Constitution of the Year Three of the French Republic—yellow pages also surrounded me; Dr. Spencer decided to give us a test in European history.

Then I remembered, Miss Byrd in Freshman English said, "Please girls, write about something you know." That narrowed the problem down—something I knew about.

An empty apple pie tin, papers, cards, ash trays, a broken lamp, the Gramley's black cat curled up on the chair, blue rug and green furniture and a native picture—high cheek bones representing poverty, wide lips—senility, the green leaves at the back not finished, came into focus. South! Seven months in South—I guess I know it best.

First of all, South is a tall red brick building that faces Salem Square. (It won't be tall for long; it's next on the agenda of Old Salem.) It has four doors—two to the outside, one to the attic and one to Main Hall—wide floor boards and a big fire place in the living room. The fireplace doesn't work.

But South is more than a building it also has class rooms. Anytime of the day you can hear experiences of Dr. Welch, and any time of the day or night—music. It's very pleasant to be awakened at the late hour of 7:00 with the strains of *H. M. S. Pinafore* sweeping through the floor boards. (Susie is teaching it at the Academy.)

There are always attractive bulletin boards to be viewed and coats piled fifteen feet deep on top of the sign out sheet—especially when you are in a hurry to fly to town. We've got culture too—the art lab is upstairs.

But South is more than a building of class rooms—it's a dorm. It has fifteen rooms, 4 bath and a john—and Miss Barrier, Jane and twenty-three girls—and dates on the week-ends.

Back to the girls—tall, short, blond, red-headed, brownette, black headed, thin and "plump"—all different. Aggie and Gull-Marie—greatest desire a private phone system—Fif and Betti's private beauty salon (at their convenience) —Dayl and Smiley —B. W. O. C. Louise—diamond-Betsy!

"Tea for Two", the infernal record player, lesson plans, history, math, "The Heiress", men (oh, I mentioned them before), late discussions, Russian bank, "come on, time for one more hand", birthday parties, shaft twins, and Greek lessons put to good use in bridge games.

Never a dull minute — Come see us sometime!

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