

# To The Class of 1956 ...

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
 Old time is still a-flying:  
 ... wrote Robert Herrick in 1648; and in 1955, the Seniors are inclined to agree with him after Dr. Hixson's talk on vocations Tuesday. That day we've longed for is looming ominously close, and we find ourselves a little reluctant to be gently pushed out of Salem's brick nest. How did we ever get here?

Why, it seems only a very little while ago that we were safely freshmen and had an eternal four years ahead of us. But those four years turned out to be temporal instead of eternal, and here we are.

We are confused and plagued with indecision. Most of that confusion and indecision is concerned with marriage—that is, marrying or not marrying, and why, and what if. Some of us want a career, first and foremost, and marriage someday, but not now. Others want and are satisfied with marriage only. Then there are those of us who are torn between the two.

For those and for the others, eventually, a combination of the two would seem to offer the best solution. That is not to say that the career girl should marry any "available" just for the sake of acquiring the happy combination, nor that the dedicated homemaker should start foraging for a job the minute she has spoken her vows. But—there will come a day when our Marjorie Morningstar will find the one and yet will not want to lose her independence. And the home economics expert may someday feel tied down with her "little home with picket fence", and seek another way to express her creative instincts (which I take for granted were awakened at Salem).

In other words, marriage to the intelligent girl should not seem a dull and far-distant last resort, nor should it bring forth sweet images of what amounts to a protective shell into which are drawn you, your husband, and your children. Marriage is a sacred institution, and it can and should be a meaningful and rewarding experience.

And most important of all, those of us who do marry, career or no, face certain obligations. In Mr. Adlai Stevenson's commencement address this year at Smith College, he pointed out a purpose for the modern woman, in the "humble role of housewife."

Mr. Stevenson told the girls that their duty was "to restore valid, meaningful purpose to life in your home; to beware of instinctive group reaction to the forces which play upon you and yours, to watch for and arrest the constant gravitational pulls to which we are all exposed—your workaday husband especially—in our specialized, fragmented society, that tend to widen the breach between reason and emotion, between means and ends."

He goes on to express the hope that "you'll not be content to wring your hands, feed your family and just echo all the group, the tribal ritual refrains. I hope you'll keep everlastingly at the job of seeing life steady and seeing it whole. And you can help others—husbands, children, friends—to do so, too. You may, indeed you must, help to integrate a world that has been falling into bloody pieces."

That's a weighty request, and a world-encircling obligation. But—if and when we marry, after graduation or ten years later, I think it's worth trying to fulfill.

E. M. M.

# Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Last week's *Time* ran a cover picture and a lead on Ed Sullivan. The article, besides revealing the personal life of the emcee of emcees, disclosed in detail the network managers' tricks for keeping a family glued to a particular channel for the entire evening.

And these tricks work. An hour and a half of Jose Ferrer in a live production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was followed by Robert Montgomery's presentation of "Tomorrow is Forever" (an hour long). Then we switched channels and found Steve Cochran doing a Brandoish job of acting in a surprisingly artistic Studio One play.

The cause of this lost (but not really lost) evening, Jose Ferrer, was starring on a monthly Producer's Showcase that in the next couple of months will feature both the Sadler-Wells Ballet Company (with Margot Fonteyn as the "Sleeping Beauty") and a full-length production of "Peter Pan" (with Mary Martin, of course).

There are a few cosmopolites on campus who refuse to watch TV on the grounds that since we don't have culture "in person" in Winston-Salem we won't have it at all. For these I point to the concert in Memorial Coliseum next Monday night. Bill Haley and the Comets (of "Rock Around the Clock" fame), plus The Clovers, and Faye Adams will give a three-hour pop and blues program.

The coliseum will hold all of us but the show doesn't start till eight o'clock. Some of the freshmen cats have been contemplating a request for late permission.

Other live culture in this vicinity includes Carl Holty (see the front page news article on the Rondthaler Lectureship) and, for those who went to Davidson on Friday, Basil Rathbone reading poetry.

The last thing to leave out is the campus production of *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

Judy Graham says that when Riley Matthews finally gets his MG started and pants into practice he insists on rehearsing the love scene with Carol Campbell.

More bits of interesting information about the men-on-campus are being collected for a *Salemite* article. The staff engaged in a bridge tournament to see who got the assignment. The article unfortunately does not include the thirty or forty Air Force men who distract us on Wednesday nights. (They don't intentionally stand at the windows of the office; in fact, they don't even know we're there).

The football crowd at Davidson last week-end were aware of the Salem girls. A solid cheering section (with everything but special cheerleaders) claimed the right to cheer Bill Gramley (Davidson end) as one of their own.

And the Davidson Homecoming week-end proved that Salem-Davidson Day was not in vain. A number of freshmen were dating boys they dated at, or met at, the previous affair. Whether Marcia Stanley's rolled-up hair in the dining room on Tuesday was an outgrowth of the week-end or not I couldn't find out. She couldn't talk for smiling.

The last hockey practice will be held Monday afternoon and the games will start on Tuesday. Little David Parrish from down the street has consented to play goalie for the class that gets ten of the eleven necessary players. Now the problem is getting an opposing team.

Whatever Dr. Hixson told the seniors in their class meeting on Tuesday, she got them on their vocational toes. Ann Campbell said she couldn't sit still when they discussed buying and selling. Somebody else panicked in the drug store because she was graduating this spring without that cure-all teacher's certificate.



By Sarah Eason

On my left, on my right, and behind me were attractive houses. In front of me was the Campus Club. The sheet of paper in my hand informed me that it was also a co-operative, and the woman at Colorado University had told me that it was the only house that had any vacancies. I had come two thousand miles to attend summer school at one of the most beautiful campuses in the United States.

This house—this old house with the peeling exterior and the grimy interior was to be my home for seven weeks. I was in the state of rugged Rocky Mountains, Colorado Blue Spruce, cascading streams, and the Campus Club.

The second time I saw the Campus Club a minor reformation had taken place within. Curtains had been hung in my room. The dishes in the black kitchen had been washed, and the dish towels hung up. The newspapers had been taken off the living room floor.

In the dining room I met several girls drinking coffee. Carolyn was the only one who lived in the house. She was the girl who posted the duty charts.

It didn't take long to get acquainted with those charts. On days when I wanted to sleep late I had to get up to put soup on the black stove for lunch. When I wanted to unpack and iron my wrinkled clothes, I had to stop to scrub the permanently streaked bathroom floor.

After two days of fruitlessly trying to get my clothes in wearable condition, get my duties performed, and get adjusted to the altitude, I walked into my room and found a new piece of furniture—a room-mate.

Dora was a school teacher from California. I told her what I had gleaned from my two days' residence. The house contained eleven girls, three cats—Sam, Damnit, and pregnant Sara; a golden retriever, a young house mother; and a boy in the basement.

Just as Dora soon changed from a new addition in my room to a room-mate, the people in the house changed into real people with real personalities. Edie and Jean were a fun loving and fun producing duo. Cindy was a mountain climbing addict. Thelma was a dreamer. Martha was a married woman. Dark-complexioned and black-haired Sonni could pass as anything from an Indian to a Jew. Carolyn could make the most depressed person in the house laugh. Pilch could do anything from making images of heathen gods to being a good house mother.

The people in the house became human, but the duty chart didn't—it found that I couldn't cook, that I hated to wash dishes, and that I was indolent. Each day that duty chart assigned me to a harder meal to prepare, more people to wash dishes for, or a more time-consuming cleaning job.

One day I had to cook a turkey. By the time it was served I had named him Oscar, had every girl in the house helping me lavish motherly attention on him as he simmered in the black oven; and had browned him to perfection.

My days became a pleasant entanglement of new kittens, swimming, friends, games, mail, and cooking and cleaning. There was no end to the work that went into the Campus Club and no end to the fun that came out of it.

Suddenly, however, August the twenty-sixth came and I had taken my last exam, washed my last dish, and prepared my last meal. I had bought my plane ticket and packed my bags.

I had said good-by to every person and to every animal who had lived that seven weeks in that old house with the peeling paint. I knew I would miss the Campus Club.

# Here And There

By Emma McCotter

**France:** Here the conflict in the government has really been acute—almost to the point of downfall. For the most part this has been over the issue of what type of policy to establish in trying to clear up the conflict in North Africa and Morocco.

While the assembly was fighting over the idea of overthrowing Edgar Faure, the violence increased in both Morocco and Algeria. Mutiny is an ugly word, and in the Chamber, Deputies were sobered.

Faure made a last, stern appeal: stop bickering, and make up your mind on what France should do in North Africa. Lest France be left alone and friendless in the world, he pleaded, "We must have a clear policy — not powerless sulking." However, after much debate in the Assembly, Morocco has been promised reforms leading to greater self-rule and, ultimately, to a transformation from colonial subservience to "independence within interdependence" with France.

**Germany:** Last week the first of the 9,626 war prisoners whose release was promised at the Russo-German Moscow conference reached a drab reception center in Friedland. Among them were two who claimed to have seen the Hitler finale with their own eyes. They stated that they had actually seen Hitler kill himself.

If these reports are true, this was at least the incontrovertible eyewitness testimony needed to declare Adolf Hitler legally dead and put a period to the long tale about the German dictator's death. The question is: are these men really telling the actual truth of the event as it happened ten years ago?

**England:** When the Conservatives had their annual party conference last week, their hopes were not as high as they had been last May when they were victorious at the polls. Reports from the leaders were anxiously awaited by the party, because they are quite worried about the inflation in England.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler told about his program and said it was one to "expand success and curb excess."

From Prime Minister Eden came even bigger deflationary news: a cut of 12½ per cent in Britain's defense forces, a reduction in the armed forces from 800,000 to 700,000. The Prime Minister also stated: "We are confident we can discharge our treaty obligations and maintain our position as a world power despite this reduction in number."

**Indonesia:** As far as the incomplete elections show, the Nationalist Party will be at the helm of the government. This will make Ali Sastroamidjojo the new Prime Minister. However, the Communists were in fourth place and will, therefore, have a good chance of playing a role in the Nationalist Premier's Cabinet and his policies. This indicates that the Communists have still got a long way to go before they have complete control of the Far East, as far as Indonesia is concerned.

**Russia:** Here the First Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Molotov, who got into the Communist movement in 1906 at the age of 16, admitted that at the ripe, Red age of 64 he had committed a "theoretically mistaken and politically harmful" blunder by understating the extent of Socialist success in Soviet Russia.

All the uproar came when the Foreign Minister made the following statement: "Side by side with the Soviet Union, where the foundation of a Socialist society has already been built, there are people's democratic countries which have so far taken only the first, though very important, steps towards Socialism."

His mistake lay in the use of the word foundation, because it implies that a Socialist society has not yet been fully established in the Soviet Union. Will such a blunder on the Prime Minister's part lead him to retire from leadership in the Communist party?

# The Salemite

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