

It's All Yours . . .

Sometimes it seems almost easier to sigh than to sing, yet how often have I heard you singing—loudly in the showers, happily while walking to the gym or laundry, sighingly as you come up the steps from that Saturday night date, jauntily as you walk across the square, prayerfully in Morning Chapel, and thoughtfully in Y Watch. Your songs are not all on perfect pitch, nor do you remember all the words, but they are yours to sing.

Sometimes it seems almost easier to groan than to give, yet how often have I seen you give your time and talents—hopefully practicing on the hockey field, tensely rehearsing for a follies or a play, avidly listening to a concert or a lecture, excitedly writing up an article for a newspaper or annual, jabberingly rolling up your roommate's hair, and enthusiastically showing a visitor around campus. These gifts may not be the most expensive or the most costly, but they are yours to give.

Sometimes it seems almost easier to delay than to do your lessons, yet how often have I seen you determinedly pass up a movie in favor of a map, resolutely get that paper in on time when you knew that you would probably still pass if you didn't, firmly write what you think and know rather than looking to someone for an easy solution. Your deeds are not likely to get a medal, nor are they likely to be praised, but they are yours to do.

Sometimes it seems almost easier to ignore than to enjoy, yet how often have I heard you thrillingly talk about the autumn colors; gratefully express your thanks for good food, clean rooms, nicely ironed shirts; and complimentingly comment on new dresses, new cars, old dates, or jobs well done. Your pleasure might not be expressed in poet's words or phrases nor may it never be forgotten, but it is yours to express.

Sometimes it seems almost easier to turn away than to think, yet how often have I seen you eagerly propose your new ideas for discussion and comment, determinedly bring up matters that many would have numbly accepted and acquiesced to, excitedly follow a new thought through until it meant something to you. Your thoughts may not be revolutionary, nor may they be original, but they are yours to give.

Sigh or sing, groan or give, delay or do, ignore or enjoy, turn away or think—these are for you to decide.

M. B. R.

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Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Sophomore literature students think they had trouble last week with Canto VI of **The Faerie Queene**. Suppose, girls, that your sister was a queen (literally, not colloquially) and you had to ask her if you could accept a pin from that good-looking boy at Carolina.

Most of us say we wouldn't do what Princess Margaret did. Not even in the movies could we allow the broken hero to ride off alone, into the seclusion of the hills.

Here, in America, where each person's conformity is his own business and lack of long-standing tradition bears the semblance of freedom, we have colored, or discolored, the Anglican Church and royalty in general. Indignantly we champion the rights the Princess has decided to relinquish.

Someone remarked wisely, "She never should have gotten mixed up with that divorced commoner anyway!" I doubt that many of us would have had the nerve to do that much.

Now the world can turn its gossip tongues in other directions. The Nobel Prize for literature was awarded last week to an Icelandic novelist. When, as expected, the political sympathy of Halldor Laxness was casually questioned, the speculators found a paradox.

He lives in rich and neutral Sweden, in a villa near Stockholm. In spite of his friendliness with the Russians and participation in some

of their peace movements, he likes American money and drives a cream-colored Buick. Perhaps the people who give the Nobel prizes have caught the "Geneva Spirit" that is floating somewhere over the western world.

Mary Benton Royster injected a new spirit into the **Salemite** this week after an excused absence of three weeks. Her new diamond ring competed with the fluorescent lights and she volunteered to write the editorial. Mary Hadley Fike can't stop grinning over the Zete pin she got at Carolina last weekend.

It is fascinating to see the art with which the workmen re-made the columns on the Main Hall porch. For an interminable time the job looked hopeless. Sue Gregory has a priceless color slide of the columns in their pinkish stage.

We have a tendency to disregard the beauty of the campus and to mock its age and tradition until something like the column-renewing takes place. Then we would like to tell visitors and passers-by to come back by and see it when it looks normal.

Mrs. Heidbreder came out of the fortune-telling booth doubled with laughter Monday night. Madame Belle, with a convincingly professional air, had looked at her life-line and said: "I see, Mrs. Heidbreder, that you have a long and happy life ahead of you yet!"



Of Salem and Boys . . .

By Claudia Milham

To get your mind off that psychology quiz you flunked the other day, stop for a minute and think about boys, football games, dances, and fraternity parties.

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well, maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but just 'tween us, I'm talking about Salem and boys, football games, dances, and fraternity parties. That is, I'm day-dreaming about Salem in 1956—Salem with Wake Forest almost at her back door.

The male element in the Salem student body is a new, and should I say welcome, addition; but you must admit that not too many males venture behind these ivy-covered walls, especially during the week. It may just be my Salem pride showing, but I don't think it's all Salem's fault. Even the fathers will agree with me when I say Salem has one of the cutest bunch of girls to be found anywhere.

However, the fact still remains that Winston isn't very close to any other school. One or two hundred miles is a long way to travel to be with anyone for three or four hours.

Don't get me wrong; I don't feel like we're being neglected; because, of course, there are always the week-ends when half of Salem is at Carolina, Wake Forest; and Davidson; and half of Carolina, Wake Forest, and Davidson is at Salem. But after the week-ends, the routine of classes, meals, sleep, and girls, girls, and more girls begins again. Still, the week-ends are so short and the weeks so long.

Now just because Wake Forest is going to move to Winston next year doesn't mean Salem will turn into a country club. (As long as Salem keeps up the Academic rating she now has, it will be highly impossible.) However, the way of life at Salem is bound to change, somewhat.

Having a boy drop by to get a coke or go for an afternoon ride will no longer be reserved for the girls who go with Bowman Gray boys. Also, finding something to do when dating won't be as much of a problem as it is now.

Everyone will be able to go to the football games. Then, too, fraternities almost always welcome not only their chapter members and their dates at the parties, but also their brothers from other chapters and their dates.

Getting to attend dances with big name bands without having to sacrifice precious overnights will be a new experience for most Salem girls. Yes, Salem will certainly be different when Wake Forest moves to Winston next year!

I surely don't know how our new neighbor will affect the rules at Salem, but I predict a hand-book revision when the boys and something to do are added to Salem. Just 'tween us, tho, I'm looking forward to the excitement and crossing my fingers about the rules.

Letters

To the Student Body:

Salemites, you are wonderful! Now that it's over we Juniors can admit how shaky in the knees we were when we undertook this new project—a Halloween Carnival. We were so afraid it would be a ghostly and ghastly flop; and the thought of the Seniors graduating without our banquet under their belts really haunted us.

But we should not have worried. We should have known that Salem would not let us down. And all because of you the Halloween Carnival was a much bigger success than even Madame Belle could prophesy.

Thanks for your cooperative spirit. Hope you had as much fun as we did!

Sincerely,
Judy Graham
President, Junior Class

To the Editor:

One of Salem's academic aims is to teach each student to think for herself. Obviously, this cannot be accomplished unless she knows how to think.

We feel that, in order to accomplish this academic aim, the college curriculum would benefit tremendously from a course in logic. This course, offered during the sopho-

more year as an elective, would benefit a college girl early in her college career and throughout the years when she needs to concentrate maturely on her major field.

It is still difficult for many of us upperclassmen to think through problems in a logical and methodical way, and we are apt to run helter-skelter. This costs us both time and energy and sometimes ends in a frustrating decision to quit. Logic, we feel, would benefit our gains from any course from home economics to music theory because its purpose as a course is to teach us an orderly and scientific method of observing and comprehending.

We feel sure that, like us and probably long before us, certain faculty members have realized our need for this course. As students we are beginning to feel that we can get the most benefit from Salem, a liberal arts college, if this course is offered.

In order to determine how many of the thinking students and faculty members here are interested in adding a course of logic to the curriculum, we suggest that the **Salemite** take a poll and print the results.

Marcia Stanley
Kay Williams

Here And There

By Emma McCotter

South China: Communist China has claimed the 400-year-old Portuguese colony of Macao and warned that "continued occupation" of the city and coastal islands can no longer be tolerated. The colony consists of the city of Macao and three small offshore islands.

The Communist China broadcasts did not mention Hong Kong, the British crown colony which occupies a similar position off the South China coast, but the Red move increased the possibility that they may claim Hong Kong next. Will the British Commonwealth allow such an act of aggression?

Great Britain: Here the plans of Princess Margaret, third in line for the throne of the British realm, and Group Captain Peter Townsend, R. A. F., a once-married commoner, grew into the topmost concern of church and state. The question of her marriage concerned not only her happiness but the British balance of church, state and throne. Every day pressure grew from the opposition to make the Princess aware of the seriousness of the step she proposed to take.

All the world awaited the decision of the British officials as to what step the Princess would take. Then: **Flash!** The Princess has announced her decision to put duty to church and state first and will not marry Townsend.

The Saar: This small territory between France and Germany made a great decision this week at the polls. It was whether they would accept the plan of Europeanization. Their vote was announced as "nein"—meaning no. Thus, they had rejected a plan giving them political autonomy under the new Western European Union and continued postwar economic union with France. West German Chancellor Adenauer was very disturbed over this decision and immediately called an emergency session of his cabinet to consider what to do next.

Middle East: Here life is one of turmoil and trouble. Egypt and Syria signed a defensive military alliance directed against Israel and set up a joint army command. Also, five shiploads of arms from Communist countries have been reported as arriving in Alexandria, Egypt. Yemen announced that it

(Continued on Page Four)