

P. S.--Drop us a Line...

This is your newspaper—yours to read, to pass around, to stuff in the wastebasket, to comment on, to write for, and to disagree with. No other body of printed material concerns you and your environment so directly. However, while we try to record your actions, embody your ideas, and crusade for your causes, the relatively small group of us who do the actual writing, assembling, and printing cannot hope to cover completely the inner workings of over three hundred minds.

A subject of wide interest may arise and become hot controversy in the basement of a dorm, in a classroom, or over at Tom's. One student thinks a certain thing should be done, and another student has her own solution. Nothing is ever done about it, because it goes no further than the basement, the classroom, or Tom's. Both students may have good ideas, but a good idea is no better than its promotion.

We make a statement which seems completely unjustified to a number of you. Mutterings of protest are audible, though barely, and we wait for someone to take the stand and reply. No one ever does. The perhaps unjustified statement remains the outwardly accepted statement.

There's been a hockey game, and we got the report just before the deadline, and it is recorded that Mary made the winning goal when Sarah was actually the one. Feelings are hurt and cracks are made, and we have committed an error. But no one tells us about it. And Sarah has to try to get her children to believe that she won the game, although she has no correction to paste under the write-up in her scrapbook.

Last week, for the first time this year, we received letters to the editor. One was a thank-you note from the Juniors addressed to the whole student body. The efforts of such a well-mannered class to express their appreciation, will surely not go unnoticed. But, their appreciation, though still existent, might have, had they not taken the trouble to write the letter.

The other letter was concerning the addition of a course in logic to Salem's curriculum. This may not be a new idea; students very possibly may have felt the lack of such a course all along. But no one knew about it other than those particular students. So, things went on as they were, although the need was still felt. Now that the subject has been broached, a poll is being taken. The suggestion, out in the open at last, has a fair chance.

If you have an idea, promote it. If you disagree, protest. If we make a mistake, correct us. How? By writing a letter to the Salemite.

This is, after all, your newspaper.

E. M. M.

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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Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Somebody was complaining about a crowded schedule. A church group meeting coincided with her plans to prepare for a chemistry six-weeks'.

"Guess I'll have to give up chemistry for the church!"

Another girl said, "That's what Princess Margaret Rose did."

Still another quipped, "But Princess Margaret gave up biology, not chemistry."

It was funny at the time.

* * *

Nobody came down to watch the Salem-Guilford hockey game last Friday. But that's all right. What the Salem team needed most were benches for reserves and suits of armor. Frantic stick-swinging and wild fifty-yard drives bewildered even the most adaptable athlete Salem has.

And imagine cool, easy-going Nellie Ann Barrow facing the onrush of six or eight club-wielding women. Anyway, two members of our forward line managed to wedge the ball through the entire Guilford team (planted en masse in front of the goal cage). And we won, 2-1.

* * *

The voice of the Supreme Court of the United States has sounded again. And now segregation in public facilities is illegal. Somebody said Reynolds Golf Course and swimming pool and skating rink are already immune because they are self-supporting and do not use public tax money. Eventually the Supreme Court will come up with a Constitutional interpretation that cannot be evaded. Even then there will still be people who uphold the creed of James Russell Lowell's *Pious Editor*.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharysees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

* * *

Time gives "The Tall Men" the flick treatment. If you saw the flick last week and liked it, put on your tolerance and read the review. Try

to appreciate the writer's reference to Jane Russell as a "font-tier belle" and Clark Gable's perennial look as an "anxious little smirk." And if you failed to notice "that the winds which howl about his (Gable's) hairdo do not shake the trees in the processed background," don't be indignant.

And if you are among the masses who wept with joy during "Love Is A Mary-Splendored Thing", consider the *Time* comment that "everytime they (Mark and Suyin) look deep in each other's eyes, the theme song swells to a crecendo." This is not a compliment to the music director.

Lots of girls liked Jennifer Jones' philosophy. *Time* says "she murmurs cryptic remarks about life and love; he (Holden) responds with equally neat epigrams. It's all pretty Confucian." I think it is all right if college girls' taste relishes an occasional "morass of sentimental fudge."

Time's self-delegated obligation, it seems, is to lurk at Hollywood's doors and knife the manifold forms of trash that come out disguised as deluxes of all kinds. Speaking of knives, none could be sharper than those that pass back and forth between the eyes of Emily McClure and Dr. Spenser when he slashes *Time* book reviews. Em inflicts him with her silent treatment.

* * *

The repetitive civic quartet in chapel was fine, but I heard some comparable harmonizing on the back row during the opening hymn. Dr. Gramley, Mr. Wendt, and Mr. Britt. If you ever come into chapel late, sneak into the row near them. And, please, when you leave chapel take your dirty Kleenex out to the containers in the lobby. The marshals are not immune to germs and viruses.

* * *

Brenda Goerdel's mother likes to see Brenda's name in print and finally the Kingsport gal has done something newsworthy. She racked up low score in last week's archery tournament. It wasn't easy, either. She had plenty of competition.

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

Geneva: President Eisenhower had called this second meeting of Geneva "the acid test" of whether the spirit of Geneva marks a genuine change on the part of the Russians. However, the Russians had all but declared in advance that they had no intention of settling anything at the second Geneva meeting, because they had gotten what they wanted at the first Summit meeting.

In effect, they had gotten "peace" merely by declaring it. They felt no need or compulsion to bargain further. The Western diplomats have stated that there would be no security pact, or even a discussion of it, without a settlement of the re-unification of Germany. The Russian diplomats felt differently—because they said German Unification was "subordinate" and there was no hurry about it anyway.

So, only time will tell what will be the result of this present meeting at the Summit. Which side will yield—the East or the West?

Middle East: The arrival of Communist goods in Egypt has caused a great disturbance here. Last week Israel's Premier, Moshe Sharett, rushed to Paris and then to Geneva to get help from the Western foreign ministers. He told them that his people were so wrought up over the Egyptian deal that they were seriously thinking of launching a preventive war.

He pleaded with Western ministers to guarantee his country's borders and to sell it arms at least equal to those its enemies were unpacking. Secretary Dulles said flatly that the West could never join in a Middle East arms race,

and he warned Israel that she would surely be over-powered by the Arabs, if they should go to war.

However, the Western countries of the U. S., Britain, and France promise to use force, if necessary, to thwart all-out hostility by either Israel or the Arabs against one another. The predictions are that war will not become a reality in this area.

Great Britain: Well, the excitement has calmed down since Princess Margaret has announced that she will not marry Peter Townsend. In the country itself, the uncertainty had reached such a pitch that it could not long continue.

What had begun as a simple and sentimental story in love had become a crisis that deeply involved institutions close to the heart of every Briton: The Crown and the Established Church. Was the Princess just being a martyr or was she not in love with Townsend as the whole world had been led to believe?

France: The Assembly has not been very cheerful for the last few weeks, because they have been debating over Faure's policy in the Moroccan crisis. However, they finally brought the issue to a vote, and as a result, Faure's government squeaked through by twelve votes, 271 to 259. Grudging or not, it was a decision the Assembly could not easily go back on.

This week, as Faure called a full-dress debate on the election issue itself, all parties knocked themselves out protesting their ardent approval for the idea of consulting the beautiful, sovereign people.



Of Salem and Boys, No. 2

By Marcia Stanley

This took place B. W. F. M. (Before Wake Forest Moved)

We swore that the dining room added something to the food. Despite this fact, by Friday night we looked at the moon, the lights on the layers of hills behind Strong Dorm, felt the shivery cold, and wished that we didn't have to wait until Saturday to share the night with our special someones.

We were not quite ready to settle down to concentrating on the Middle Ages or *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, so we nearly always yielded to temptation and strolled over to the drugstore.

If we saw any males in the drugstore, no matter what shape or form, we looked at each other with excitement, before we realized that we didn't look very glamorous—in fact, quite the contrary. We would have on the winter coats set aside for "wearing around school."

Mine was a vile purple with grotesque doleman sleeves and the square-shouldered look that was so popular in junior high school. We washed our hair once a week but this would inevitably be the seventh day of the week, and my hair had a habit of turning up above my ears at that point. I hated for my ears to show so I would pat and push my hair frantically until we had gotten to the door of the drugstore.

Oh, well, we'd get no notice from those boys — just hope it was nobody important. And it wouldn't be, as usual just high school boys that had dropped in to see Danny, the soda jerk.

After listening to "Only You" and "I'll Never Stop Loving You" on the jukebox, we would walk directly back to the dorm.

But we never seemed to get any studying done on Friday night because everyone was arranging blind dates, and deciding where to go. To College Grill or to College Grill. There was one good thing about the Grill, we decided; if anyone was there that we didn't know, we'd soon bump into him. Some of the boys went to all boy schools which were as bad as our all girl school, so it was sort of a special occasion for them too, and it really got rowdy sometimes.

Miss Byrd would never forgive me for saying this, because she would call it trite and straight from the Salem handbook, but we did have some indefinable spirit at Salem.

Maybe it was because we all hated the nights at Salem with nothing to do but study. We were tired of hearing about ivy-covered traditions and the Salem Lady.

But we were all suffering together, and it was sometimes exciting and somehow pure.

But this was B. W. F. M.