

Of Time and the Turkey

Little did that small large-collared group of 1621 realize how happy they'd cause a number of Salem girls to be in 1955. Just because they had a few tough, probably stringy, wild turkeys and dried-up tooth-cracking corn for dinner one fall day and were glad to get it, we are given a holiday of four days and a half.

It's not that we want to get away from school—from two tests a day for three days in a row, and homework which was assigned in addition to the tests; from required symphonies and concerts and recitals the night before those tests; from cooking breakfast in the Practice House with one hand and holding an Organic Chemistry book in the other; and otherwise "developing our potentialities" and "exploring our possibilities".

Not is it that we want a respite from meetings at 1:30 on Monday, and 6:30 on Tuesday, and 5:00 on Wednesday and so on through the week; from getting out of the Presidents' Forum in time to go to the annual office to read copy; from play rehearsals until midnight; from running back and forth in the rain, between the "Sun" and classes; from practices at 5:00 on the athletic field; from conferences and seminars and going to bed at 2:00 a.m. and getting up at 6:30.

No, it's not that at all. We like challenges—to our intellect, to our endurance, and to our sense of responsibility. There is nothing quite like that feeling of satisfaction one feels upon accomplishing the impossible.

Of course, some times we faint in class and sometimes we end up in the infirmary, but what are a few falls by the wayside compared to the long-term value of a liberal education?

Some girls (at other schools, of course) intend to fritter away these heaven-sent days with parties, dances, shows, plays or just relaxation. They have made the mistake of taking the word "holiday", literally, in its original meaning. That is, "Any day of exemption from labor or work; hence, . . . a period of recreation or rest; vacation." Do they not realize that a word, due to external changes, in the course of time may change its etymological meaning?

We who are aware of the true connotation of the word, to be exact, "Period in which one attempts to catch up", are happy because we see this holiday drawing near and are terribly grateful for its being set aside.

We look forward to an extended week-end devoted to writing those book reviews we haven't found time for, reading those 3,569 pages of perpendicularly pertaining parallel, and compiling that 10,000 word term paper that was assigned an ample three weeks ago and due the day we get back.

What care we for such fleeting pleasures as "recreation and rest"? We, like Chaucer's Clerk, who

... much preferred to have beside his bed His twenty volumes bound in black and red, would rather devote ourselves to the never-ending "search for knowledge".

It promises to be a glorious holiday for all concerned. The question is, who is more glorified,—the dead turkey or the dedicated Salemite?

E. M. M.

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Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Most of the autumn leaves are finally scattered on the sidewalks, in reach of Miss Essie's little men. And with them, I hope the last strains of Roger Williams' tinkling accompaniment to their falls.

Once a nice little French tune, "Autumn Leaves" has suffered the inevitable fate that comes with heading the nation's hit parade. Nobody, at least nobody decently original, would dare harbor it as a favorite song now.

Several ex-juniors have gotten around to visiting their alma mater. Taking time out from big wedding plans (she's marrying Press Millen on New Year's Eve), Nancy Gilchrist spent yesterday on campus. Two juniors at the University of South Carolina, Barbara Usher (Bennettsville, S. C.) and Nancy Cockfield (Florence, S. C.) are coming up tonight for the week-end. Look on the back page for a written visit from Ellen Summerell, now majoring in English and good times at the University of North Carolina.

Stan Kenton stood up all the Germans-visitants (to the concert) at Carolina last week-end. He showed up for the dance, though, and the people who usually complain about un-danceable dance music rationalized that he was giving his concert in Woolen gymnasium. I heard that two Salem girls rushed home from Chapel

Hill early Saturday morning for a class. And the professor took a cut.

This must be pinning season for Kappa Alpha orders. Salem girls collected four last week. Anis Ira has one from Emory; Ann Summerrell's is from Carolina.

Bunny Gregg's KA man is a good friend and fraternity brother of Ann Knight's KA man at Presbyterian College. It took a freshman, Carolyn Garrison, to snow Charlie Duckett, a former KA at Wake Forest. He's a Phi Chi at Bowman Gray.

Strange things have been happening this week. Jody Mellicke and Peggy Horton tried to blow up the chemistry lab Wednesday afternoon. They, and everybody else in the science building, screamed in the hall while Mr. French turned out the Bunsen burner and stamped out the fire.

Then, after supper, Chris Clark began to display the boiled quail eggs (about two inches in diameter, rubbery and white, floating around in greasy fluid). Rose Tiller came out of her cloud and looked in the can. "Whale eggs! Hmfff," she remarked with disbelief, and stalked upstairs.

It took a Salem senior to punch the state F. T. A. Convention (Greensboro, last week-end) in its narrow-veining eye. Of the three

(Continued On Page Three)



A Fowl Tale . . .

By Ann Miles

When Thanksgiving comes, most thoughts turn to cranberries, stuffing, and, of course, turkey. But my thoughts turn to the Pilgrims and how unoriginal they were in choosing a Thanksgiving dinner. At that time there were lots of things to choose from—wild pigs, catfish, blue jays, hippopotami.

Any of these could have been Thanksgiving candidates for the Pilgrims and later for us. It just happened that we turkeys were abundant, and never having seen a gun before, were a little slow on the take off.

Therefore, we fell into the office of Thanksgiving dinner. And now we aren't even given a running chance to escape!

Yep, we are destined to be presented, surrounded by parsley, to a table full of hungry mouths or carried as ground-up left-overs on picnics. But the thing that really gets me is the fact that they won't even let us rest in peace at the bitter end. They keep poking and picking at our bony carcasses like desert buzzards!

Now you, too, I hope, can understand why I believe that turkeys are fated critters. I know, 'cause I'm a turkey and I am speaking from a turkey's angle of this thing.

Oh, by the way, my name is Tom. Now that's traditional enough, don't you think?

Well, getting back to being fated. As I said before, we are and that means me, too! Seems as though I was born to be eaten, live to be eaten, and will die to be eaten! Pretty dead-icated life, but I try to make the best of it.

My personal property includes one red comb (no brush!), one manly chest (look out, girls!), two good legs, and a handsome bunch of tail feathers. Not much, but it's all mine anyway.

All in all, as I gaze at myself in the drinking pan, I seem to be a right handsome gobbler, if I do say so myself!

All this glamour obviously must be the result of the good food I've been getting. Sure has been a lot in the past week or so. I feel fatted as well as fated.

You see, I know what's gonna happen to me sooner or later. It's just that I'm uncertain as to whether my deadline is today or tomorrow. I used to think, when I was a younger gobbler, that it could be very exciting to see my master advance slowly toward me, axe in hand, pick me up and march slowly and deliberately to the chopping block.

I used to be able to picture him standing with the axe poised dramatically over his head before the swift blow came to remove my . . . But I never get any further in my daydreaming.

I just heard the back door of the house slam reluctantly but with determination . . .

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Letters

Dear Editor:

I thank you for your invitation to "use" the Salemite. I can think of no better way to express views, problems, and ideas of interest to the student body.

Being a firm believer in making the most of all opportunities, I would like to make an announcement to the Student Body. Beginning Monday, each Salemite will have the opportunity to contribute to a collection of money.

The Christmas season begins early this year because this money will be equally distributed to a deserving group of people for "extras" at Christmas time.

Who are these people? They

are the ones that wash and iron our clothes, cook and serve our food, pick up after us in the dorm, and keep our campus in such a way that we're happy for strangers to visit.

Some of them we see every day; some we never see; they all do equally as much for our welfare. And they find that they are able to help others—people you'll never see. A large percentage of them find that they are able to contribute to the United Fund.

And now we have the opportunity to thank them — on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Sincerely,
Louise Barron

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

Washington: Behind the scenes in the State Department there is some diplomatic trouble with Israel. The U. S. wants to strengthen the "northern frontier" defense alliance by adding Jordan. The other alliance members, Great Britain, Turkey, Iran, Iraq, and Pakistan, favor the idea; but violent Israeli objections are making the U. S. think twice.

Paris: Don't be surprised if France also sells arms to Egypt. The French would do this in return for an Egyptian promise to stop the propaganda broadcasts by which Radio Cairo foments native unrest in French North Africa.

However, the Communists apparently plan to use Egypt as an arms distribution point for the Middle East. Signs are multiplying that Communist arms landed here will be transhipped to Syria and Saudi-Arabia. There is no doubt that the Western world would favor the French giving aid to the Egyptians rather than having Russia and her Satellites filling the job.

Middle East: Lately, the Western powers strove to head off full-scale war in this region. In the time that may remain, diplomats worked ceaselessly to halt hostilities.

The U. N. has proposed the withdrawal of all troops in El Auja and permanent marking of the demilitarized zone. There was also the suggestion that the U. N. muster and dispatch a neutral security force to keep the protagonists from each other's throat. However, there was more at stake than the simple determination of borders—for one, the resettlement of nearly one million Arab refugees, forced

from their homes in Palestine by the war.

And there is serious doubt that any Arab leader now would risk his future, perhaps even his neck, by sitting down with the Israelis, even if he wanted to. No one but the extremist wanted war, but it looks like any peace between Arab-Israel is a long way off.

Geneva: Here there has been little progress, thanks to Molotov. The only perceptible progress was submission to a committee of Soviet and Western plans for improved cultural contacts and communications.

But in the stalemate of European security and German unity, the West had succeeded in placing the blame where it belonged—on Soviet intransigence. There is reluctance on both sides to admit that the Geneva Spirit is dead. Will the West and Russia be able to settle the question of German unification at this meeting?

France: Things here have gone from bad to worse. Weeks of political double talk reached a new high when, in four days, deputies turned down fourteen proposed electoral systems, then approved a previously rejected fifteenth calling for continued proportional representation.

The first week in November, more than any other week in the history of the Fourth Republic, strengthened the impression that France is rapidly deteriorating into un-governable anarchy.

The socialist-minded and pro-Mendes Count of Paris, pretender to the French throne, seriously suggested that the only antidote is revolution. However, is it possible that such a suggested revolution would be the means of establishing a stable government in France with everybody happy?