

A Native Returns . . .

Christmas is here. You can't escape it—don't try.

At one minute past twelve midnight on November 24, the commercial decorations went up all over the town. There are lights, all colors, trees, real and artificial, reindeer—sorry, all artificial,—and tinsel enough to glamorize it. It's rather pretty; look at it, for it will all be gone in a month.

Last week there was the Putz. The industrious ladies decorated,—the Brothers' House with miniatures, and themselves with costumes—brewed coffee, baked sugarbread, dipped strings in beeswax, and generally promoted Old Salem. Hope you went. It was interesting.

This weekend there will be a dance. Gowns, long and short, crinolines, girls and boys, long and short, will flake into the snow-filled Corrin Refectory and drift in a storm of music. If you worked on it, you're proud; if you're going, you're excited; if you don't do either, you're unaware. You just missed out on another Christmas activity.

Next week you'll go downtown. Full of that Christmas spirit, and carried along by sound waves in the form of carols coming from amplifiers hidden behind a plastic Santa Claus or a silver-sprayed wreath hanging from the ceiling, you'll be jostled and bumped and pushed to the counter where you'll find just the gift for mother, father, and Joe. You might even get a little something for the orphan you understandably forgot last week. Don't forget to have them gift-wrapped, the presents, not the orphan.

Also next week, there'll be carols sung in chapel, dorm decorating (I already see one Christmas tree in a Clewell window), Senior Vespers, caroling, dorm parties, and "peanuts." There may be a few tests, but they don't matter, for Friday begins the nicest part of all.

Then we leave—for three weeks of parties, small and large, dances, small and large, and bowl games, large. Anything is fun during Christmas, because its Christmas—that special time of the year with that special feeling.

One more thing—there's a holy day coming up, just about the middle of our holiday. That's Christmas Day—you know, the day Christ was born.

Well, I hope you have a happy Christmas.

E. M. M.

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Effigy-burning seems to be the latest college fad. And both effigy incidents smeared over last week's papers revolved around the perennial fad of athletics.

At headline glance, the protesting Georgia Tech students were champions of human rights, balking the governor's segregationist ultimatum. But the signs, they carried into the city square said nothing about the segregation issue. The rebellious students were about to lose the glory of a Sugar Bowl appearance by the crack Georgia Tech football team.

Perhaps one can stretch it a little and say that they can be admired for disregarding that fact that Pitt's second-string fullback is a Negro. But it looks like they were just too busy burning the effigy to recognize the really hot issue involved.

Then, down in Baptist Hollow, when the football coach and athletic director resigned, the students' ire led them to the door of the president. Somebody had started a nasty rumor that Dr. Tribble was in favor of de-emphasizing athletics at Wake Forest. Five hundred students hung a gallows in his front yard and burned him in effigy.

Tribble, a good Baptist from way back, was called out to testify. His prosecutor was a member of the football team. Yep. There's no doubt about the nerve of American college students. But the rebels seem to be wanting for a valid cause.

Here at Salem we get up in the air when we make the front page of the local afternoon newspaper. And it is not so strange, is it, that with the world as fashion-wise as it is, the people of the city might be interested in what we can and cannot wear around here.

It's logical to assume, too, that since the petition for Bermudas in the library originated with the students and not with the IRS Council, the issue was not an entirely dead one. Lots of Salemites accused the *Sentinel* of making something out of nothing. Looks like that's what we did.

And, perhaps, what the local radio news hawk did. The same man was over for an interview with

Bennett Cerf. Afterwards he conversed on tape with Emily McClure about the *Salemite* and things in general. When you aren't occupied elsewhere this week-end, tune in to WAIR's "Week-End," a well-done mock of "Monitor."

No one seemed to regret that she missed the State-Wake Forest game to hear Bennett Cerf. And the girls who saw the game express no regrets, either. Cerf definitely snowed the campus, but with a soft spring snow and not a howling December storm. At the coffee, somebody reminded him he was competing with basketball. He didn't seem to mind.

Cerf calls himself "the eternal optimist." I heard about another optimist once. He fell ten stories and at each window he shouted to his friends: "I'm all right so far!" No inference intended.

Over in South the girls found goldfish Frederick dying—swollen and still on top of the water. They put aspirin in the water to get him out of his misery. And Dottie Ervin added some chemicals from the chemistry lab.

Instead of dying Frederick produced some highly potential eggs and came back to life. Unfortunately, the young mother has no men friends, so she may die childless. But to spare her all the embarrassment possible, the kind girls in South changed her name to Frederica. There is still a ray of humanity in this wicked world.

Louise Pharr reached over her head for a high ball and came screaming off the volleyball court. She was immediately replaced. She termed the catastrophe "the greatest let-down I've ever had!"

Another statistic in this week's Bloodshed Boxscore is Suzanne Gordon, whose sprained finger from volleyball has excused her from the final practices of the Winston-Salem Symphony. She plays violin and will probably be ready for action again by game time (see front page article for details).

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

United Nations: Last week without a dissenting voice, the General Assembly agreed to drop the Algerian case from the agenda. It was this case which caused France to walk out of the General Assembly.

Following the General Assembly's agreement, in France Foreign Minister Pinay hailed "a victory for reason," achieved without any pressure by the French themselves, and ordered his delegates to return posthaste to their seats in the U. N.

Middle East: Well, now the third sectional organization has been established. It is the Middle East Treaty Organization (METO) which was born last week in Bagdad. The countries in this new organization are: Iran, Iraq, Turkey, and Pakistan.

Thus, this is a last link in a defensive chain forged around the Communist land mass from Norway to the Philippines. The group is united, but there is still one question which divides them and that is the acute problem of the Israeli-Egyptian crisis.

In spite of this the METO nations have declared their trust in the West—and that is probably the greatest importance of the Bagdad meeting. In the end, METO will be strong or weak in the exact degree that the West is willing to make it so.

Germany: Since Chancellor Adenauer heard of the failure of the Geneva Conference on the question

of reunifying Germany, he has been working on the formation of West Germany's new armed forces. He desires to have four combat divisions in the field by the end of 1956.

The Bonn government seems to be going right along with the Chancellor's wishes, because it recently established a five-member Supreme Military Council to assume direct operational command over the armed forces. It looks as if Germany is taking charge of the direction of the rearmament program without the aid of the Western nations.

South Africa: Here last week electoral colleges, formed according to Nationalist Premier Johannes Strydom's tricky new rules, met to pack the country's Upper House and create the two-thirds majority that he needs to expunge from the constitution the hateful clause that for forty-five years has guaranteed voting rights to 50,000 mixed-blood citizens.

As a result, the Nationalists inflated their countrywide majority to 77 of the Senate's 89 members. Now the way seems clear for Strydom to establish the total "master rule" of whites that he has preached so long.

The way is also clear, at some future time, to proclaim a republic and make Afrikaans the only official language of the land. This all looks like a definite step in the history of South Africa toward becoming a true nation; however, the road still looks long.

Not Jude The Obscure



By Martha Ann Kennedy

The boy lay on his narrow, olive-drab cot with his hands behind his head. He could see several objects on his metal footlocker: a neatly pressed uniform, a pair of shiny brown shoes, and some dark green and gold bottles of champagne.

It had cost \$10 a fifth and he hoped that it would be enough for that night. He had known all along that he would be in Germany for Christmas, but here it was Christmas Eve and he wasn't quite so hard as he had planned to be.

Anyhow, he and three others had planned to make a night of it down at the Blue Angel, the small, dark cellar under the town's one hotel. The round tables were sticky with beer. It would be crowded though, he knew, with smoke, G.I.'s, and noise. The girl who sang boisterous songs in a mixture of German and English wasn't bad—, he thought,—lots of blond hair but rather on the hefty side.

He moved restlessly and sat up. Why didn't the others come on? He wished he hadn't finished his detail so soon. This waiting gave him too much time to think. He lay back down.

He wondered how his mother and his girl would like the presents he had sent them. His mother would cherish the silver bowl, not because of its heavy scrolled beauty, but because he had picked it out for her. He could see her proudly showing it to her friends and hear them sympathizing with her about him being away at Christmas.

He was almost scared to think of his girl—he hoped she was still his girl. Sure, she wrote every week, but how could he rely on letters from a million miles away? The present, a small wooden music box, meant something to him, and maybe she would realize it. It tinkled out one of the songs from the *Student Prince*, and he had nearly worn it out, playing it. Finally, he had carefully wrapped it in cotton and shredded newspaper, so the tiny carved peasant couple on top would not get broken.

He jumped up, mad at himself for letting his thoughts get so sentimental. He went to the barracks door and opened it. The air was still and crisp, and two or three stars twinkled in the blue-grey sky. He wondered what in the devil was keeping his buddies—they would be late and might not get a table near the bandstand.

He turned back into the barracks after a few minutes, and the green and gold bottles met his eye. Slowly, he moved toward them, picked them up and tossed one on each of his buddies' cots.

Turning quickly, he grabbed his regulation overcoat and walked out the door and down the road toward town. He chuckled as he thought of their surprise when they found out tomorrow where he had gone.

Soon he reached his destination. He opened the heavy wide polished door, and there were unmistakably goose bumps on his arm as he saw the glow of candles and many kneeling figures.

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