

Stop And Think . . .

Stop and think. There was an editorial of the same title last year which advised hesitation and thought before the breaking of college rules. That is not the purpose of this one. This one just advocates thought.

Last week all you could think about was one subject at a time—soaking it up and squeezing it out, before a drop spilled, into the pages of a little blue book. Well, it's over. If you passed, you can forget everything you crammed; you've got your three hours, and you will never, never have to take the course again.

You can add up the hours you have collected, hanging in your mind's trophy room, and subtract them from the minimum required for graduation. Then you will have an idea of how many little obstacles stand between you as an amorphous student and you as a finished College Graduate.

Why bother going through with it? Why be a College Graduate? Why, it's the thing to do, that's why.

Is school so many hours toward graduation and a certificate which says you ought to be fairly educated whether you are or not? It is assuring ourselves of a little niche in society with the rest of the degree-holders? Is it regimented groups of unassimilated material which is forgotten as soon as it is completed and accounted for on the student's record? Is it to end completely and not only formally at commencement, a word which means beginning?

I think not. Whatever school is, I think it is not merely that. Before you become too entangled with the mediums through which you rack up those hours—professors and subjects—stop and think what school is to you. Are you the same person you were when you started? If not, whose fault is it?

Maybe you want to be the same person, through and through. Perhaps you're satisfied with the way things have always been, are, and always will be. In that case, this editorial is not for you.

For the rest of you, I ask you to think. Think and then do, as well as do and think afterwards. You learn by the last to use the first method. And school is a good place to start. If you learn what school is and why you are here, perhaps you'll learn a little about yourself, to say nothing of a few truths that will remain truths even after you've been graded.

I haven't told you what school is. That you must find for yourselves. Thoreau said "... our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that is which appears to be." Let's prove him wrong.

E. M. M.

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Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Mrs. Pyron and her assistants caused more disturbance than usual in the library Wednesday as they repeatedly exclaimed surprise at the new set of books on a Reading Room table.

"Well," Mrs. Pyron exclaimed to an inquiring professor, "Last fall I filled out a blank saying we'd like to have the books and we didn't hear a thing until this morning when a man delivered them to the library door." She couldn't even remember what organization or foundation had sent the application blanks.

The at-first-anonymous gift, a 54-volume set of Great Books of the Western World, was discovered to be a donation of the Old Dominion Foundation, which gave money to the American Library Association which sent the blanks to Mrs. Pyron.

Published by Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World included translations made especially for the renowned Great Books experiment in education at St. John's and Chicago University. Two of the fifty-four volumes are composed of synopticons, or collections, of the world's ideas on almost every subject that can be approached from more than one angle.

Seventy-one men are represented; they are philosophers, historians, poets, novelists, scientists, and critics. It is interesting that, whether they said more or more important things, only four men rated two volumes each: Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Shakespeare, and Edward Gibbon.

There is still a feeling of awe surrounding the gift and people wonder what was on that blank to convince the judges that our library deserved so distinctive a gift as this. Perhaps they discovered that one-fifth of the Salem student body does the calibre of work demanded for Dean's List distinction.

Incidentals: Five new homemakers will keep house in the Home Management House beginning next week: Jean Stone, Barbara Berry, Sara Marie Pate, Betty Saunders and Bunny Gregg. . . Paramount Studios have contacted Salem junior Toni Gill and asked for pictorial samples of her "photogenic qualities." Toni thinks Bennett Cerf (who lauded her beauty and baton-twirling in *Saturday Review*) has something to do with her newly-acquired fame; she chooses to re-

main silent as to her plans. . . New York has never been wilder than between-semester when Mary Alice Ryals and Martha Ann Kennedy stormed in. . . Melinda Waberson, an ex-member of Salem class of 1957, will be an ex-Waberson after her wedding in Hamlet this week-end. Ann Knight, Dottie Ervin, Carolyn Garrison, Claudia Milham, and Nancy Cockfield (also ex- of that class) will be accomplices. . . Martha Dunlap (still another ex-member of '57) is pinned; she goes to the University of South Carolina. . . Mary Hadley Fike whistles while she plays basketball; Mary Jo Wynne will give any opposing team a hard time on behalf of the freshmen.

The beginning of a semester is renowned as movie-going time. Girls who saw either *The Trouble with Harry* or *I Am A Camera* or both varied greatly as to the merit of the movies. Several townspeople stalked out of *I Am A Camera*, talking all the way up the aisle about "the silliest picture I've ever seen. Humph!" At least Salem girls sat amused and astonished through the movie before getting together and deciding it was silly and pointless. The opinion was not unanimous.

In spite of the green death, which picked off A. A. members one by one, Salem was chosen president of the North Carolina Athletic Federation of College Women for the 1956-57 term. The convention, held at Woman's College, Greensboro, finally set aside a special room for ailing Salem delegates, most of whom made it back to Salem in time to claim an infirmary bed.

The third "Rhythm and Blues" show will roll around Memorial Coliseum tonight. Bill Haley and the Comets are given top billing, but the more distinctive jazz enthusiasts are pointing to Roy Hamilton as their drawing card. LaVern Baker and Joe Turner are other heard-of single performers; two vocal groups, the Drifters and the Platters, will sing. The Platters will give out with "See You Later, Alligator," I suppose.

There are still two nights, tonight and tomorrow night, to see Betsy Liles, class of 1955, in the Little Theater production, of *House Without Windows* (and the house without windows is . . . death.)

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

United States: About two weeks ago, Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, found himself in the center of a new national and international uproar. It began when the Secretary gave Time-Life Washington Bureau Chief James Shepley, in an exclusive interview in *Life*, his interpretation of how the Eisenhower Administration has kept the peace.

There have been three times in the last three years, Shepley reported, when the U. S. "was brought perilously close to war, and when the new policy of deterrence instituted by Dulles preserved peace."

Soon after this article came out, Vice-President Richard Nixon restated in simple terms Dulles' statement. He said: "The test of a foreign policy is its ability to keep the peace without surrendering any territory or any principle."

The question of keeping the peace will definitely be the main thought behind the U. S.'s dealings with Britain when Prime Minister Anthony Eden and President Eisenhower meet this week.

France: Here an ex-professor of English named Guy Mollet has emerged out of the milling confusion of France's indecisive election. He is boss of the Socialist Party.

Under Mollet, however, there is small danger that the Socialists will renew their Popular Front with the Communists. As a man trained in Marxism, Mollet has no serious

quarrel with many of their economic doctrines. He simply considers them "representatives of the Soviet Union."

This new "victor" in France is a friend of the Atlantic Alliance, and he says he will treat the Communist Party just like any other one.

Middle East: The center of activity is now located in Jordan. Recently the British reinforced their defense on the island of Cyprus in case there is any need for them in the troubled area.

London rushed its paratroopers to Cyprus partly out of suspicion that the West Bank dissidents had penetrated the Arab Legion to a point where this strong force, once the key to Jordan's stability, might cease to be a reliable instrument of British policy. Pushed out of Egypt, set back in Jordan, endangered in Cyprus, the British saw their position in the Middle East deteriorating fast.

Venezuela: Recently the President of this South American country announced that the oil industry is "to open the doors to offers" for new concessions. Whoever offers the most in royalties and "advantages" to the county will get the concessions.

However, the government hopes to get two-thirds of the profits from the new enterprise. Also, Venezuela has showed that it favors Europe instead of the U. S., because it is scared it will become too dependent on the latter's mar-

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By Anne Summerell

For once, all of Clewell Dormitory was quiet—really quiet. On almost every door hung signs reading, "Very, very busy. Please do not disturb."

The slightest noise called forth a chorus of "sh-sh-sh-sh's" from behind the closed doors. The reason for all this unearthly silence: we freshmen were having our first exams.

Even the usually crowded reception room was strangely empty on Saturday night, and the date room was filled with books and papers and cigarettes and girls in pajamas or blue jeans frantically trying to learn how to work algebra or chemistry problems or how to conjugate Latin or French verbs.

Bridge games and argyle socks were forgotten for a few days and were replaced by English, history, and biology.

What worry and toil and agony went into the preparation for those exams! After each one, we came out with our heads a little higher and the hint of a smile on our faces. But our expressions were soon serious again as we plunged into our books for the next one. It seemed as if that wonderful time would never come when exams would be over, and we would be home for a few days' rest.

But finally that time came. Those of us who had later exams gazed enviously at the packed suitcases of those lucky classmates who had finished early. It became increasingly hard to concentrate on studying for those last exams when our minds were filled with thoughts of that far-off, mystical place called home.

Then at last our time came, and we were the lucky ones who were through and ready to leave. The days at home flew by—glorious, carefree days during which we enjoyed sleeping until twelve o'clock, eating Mother's own good cooking, and being able to loaf away the time doing absolutely nothing.

Too suddenly we were back at school. With trembling hands we reached out to receive the fatal envelopes which contained our grades. There were relieved sighs, cries of joy, and a few dejected expressions.

Many were heard saying, "I'm really going to settle down and work hard next semester. No more of this playing around for me!"

It's hard to believe that one semester is actually over, exams and all. We really had a rugged time; but remember, freshmen, we just have to go through with it seven more times!"