



Martha Thornburg To Marry John Cauble In Late May

Dr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Thornburg of Hickory, North Carolina, announce the engagement of their daughter, Martha, to Mr. John Russell Cauble, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Luther Cauble, also of Hickory. The wedding, which will take place the latter part of May, will be held in Holy Trinity Lutheran Church of Hickory. Martha, who is graduating this

year with a degree in music, was Miss Charm her Junior year, is editor of the **Sights and Insights**, and is this year's May Queen. John, a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, graduated from Carolina in January and will hold a position as technical director in an outdoor drama this summer in Berea, Kentucky, where he and Martha will live until this fall.

Editorial

(Continued from page two)

Following Nance's petition showed he was not representing the entire student body, as he insisted the editors must do.

Here are some excerpts from letters to the editor. You may form your own opinion about the authors:

"Assuming that newspapers should stimulate public opinions rather than cater to the popular whims and fancies, a recall would only nourish the growth of a propagandized medium and destroy an aid to misinformed minds. Setting a precedent for the threat of recall in the future would limit our editors to keep public opinion stimulated. This irrational action will be an attack on any newspaper's freedom."

"I realize . . . I am of limited intelligence . . . I profess (my superiors) are infallible, possessing perfect wisdom, genius, and supreme authority. Therefore, I humbly propose (1) that student editors be chosen on the thickness of head . . . and certainly not by the votes of menacing mass thinkers; (2) that editors be given permanent tenure, their choice in the amount of salary, and a . . . pension when they retire; (3) that they express anything they wish, since they are responsible to no

one alone, autocracy being essential in elected jobs; . . . (6) that all student critics of the exalted editorial opinions be liquidated, these critics being most dastardly and base. Please accept these excuses (for trying to elect editors, etc.), my most reverend and omnipotent editors, from me, your most obsequious servant."

From one who disagreed with some of the editorial opinions, yet could say, "I know that they have been guilty of nothing more than stating their honest convictions. If they did otherwise, they would be compromising their own integrity and that of this newspaper, which has always proudly stood for editorial freedom."

Concerning Brumfield's statement that the editors had "pulverized" student opinion, "Certainly this is ridiculous, because by the very nature of the term 'pulverized', this whole uproar would not be occurring and the students would have been intellectually stomped into the ground."

Something, however, has been pulverized—Reid and his campus political machine. The integrity of some students, which brought them to support their "opinion" of freedom of the press, came to the fore, and Yoder and Kraar defeated Brumfield in the Tuesday election by an overwhelming majority. I say **some**, because only 2,831 of the 6,500 students voted. E. M. M.

(All quotes are from **The Daily Tar Heel**)

Student Talk About Trip To New York

By Nancy Walker

"Oh, I could tell you, and tell you, and tell you, about Harlem!" cried Ann Darden Webb excitedly when I asked about her trip to New York for the Conference in Religious Vocations last weekend.

Ann was shocked to find that people can actually live in such filth and poverty as exists in this Negro section of the city.

However, she saw a cheerful note in all of Harlem's squalor in the fact that the vicious gang killings are diminishing through the influence of social workers who have moved into the section and helped to democratize the "rough-'em-up" police methods.

As Salem's other representative to the Conference, Miriam Quarles was fascinated by the New Yorkers' reaction to Southerners. She found that wherever she went, be it St. Patrick's Cathedral, Radio City Music Hall, Greenwich Village, or the subway, everyone would "look, stare, and smile" at the first peep of a Dixie drawl.

Apparently the only person who wasn't charmed by Salem's belles was the negligent porter on the train who woke them up fifteen minutes late one morning. He was doubtless avoiding two college girls who had kept him on the run the night before by confusing the light switch and the porter's bell.

Both girls feel that they received much personal benefit from the Religious Vocations Conference, held at Union Theological Seminary. Ann, who plans to go into social work, learned much about this field from a missionary-teacher to Japan. Miriam and Ann especially enjoyed the panel discussions and talks by the administrative officials of the Seminary.

Besides describing the various characteristics and requirements of particular, full-time religious vocations, the conference discussions emphasized that college or graduate courses are as useful for future wives and mothers who would not receive a salary.

Beyond The Square

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determination" for Cyprus if the islanders "sincerely cooperate" in arranging a gradual change to self-government. Thus, the leaders have begun to talk and try to settle their differences.

Each side has cautiously proclaimed that they are near agreement, but the question is whether the archbishop will sign so long as he sees the possibility of getting more concessions by not signing.

Against the useful advantages of this technique is the growing realization, by both Sir John Harding and Archbishop Makarios, that if they do not reach a settlement soon, they will lose control of the situation to the advocates of violence.



Pate - Chambers Wedding Scheduled For August

Miss Sara Marie Pate's engagement to Mr. Robert Tillman Chambers of Durham, N. C., is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pate of Rowland, N. C. Mr. Chambers is the son of Rev. and Mrs. M. R. Chambers also of Rowland. The wedding will take place in August. Sara, a senior home economics major, and Bob, a student at Duke Medical School, will be at home in Durham.

Scene

(The following was taken from a booklet of creative sketches written and collected by the class in advanced composition last semester, Editor.)

By Toni Gill

The blazing, scarlet sun slid down the side of the cloudless sky. The sails of the Star, like a dying white moth, gave one last flutter. The boat floated motionless on the new smooth surface of the river.

Reflected in the upside-down world along the shore were the two long, brown legs of the child sitting there. One of her swinging feet struck the water, shattering the picture of the knotted cypress tree standing a few yards out from the squatting pier on which she sat. Beside her in the rusty, battered bucket half full of the brownish, yellow river water, were three scurrying crabs, a slithering eel, and an unidentifiable fish.

As she swung her legs over the edge of the pier and stretched them out behind her, the splintered boards scratched her bare midriff. She stared at the reflection of her round face and long, brown braids. Looking through her image, she saw a small, brownish blue crab snatching at the piece of fat meat tied on the end of the string clutched in her dirty hand.

On the old wooden bridge next to the pier sat three shapeless Negro women holding the ends of

long reed poles propped on the railing. The corks on the ends of their lines lay motionless in the shadow of the bridge. Small pebbles splattered around them as a car rumbled over the loosely fitted boards.

As the light faded, weary, sun-tanned "sailors" spread large white sails on the warm grass in the back yard. The little girl threw her captives back into the murky river, walked across the sticky street popping tar bubbles with her toes as she went, bounded up the stone walk, and burst in the same screen door which the "sailors" had just slammed behind them. As the three shapeless Negro women plodded past, the darkness became complete.

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