

Apathetic Elections: Pathetic Results

Official notices were placed in the hands of the nominating committee this week. The notices, of course, referred to the schedule of nominating committee meetings and the tremendous task of finding successors for the major campus officers.

Perhaps it is difficult for the majority of the student body—or, in fact, anyone outside of the nominating committee—to begin to think in terms of preparation for next year; but it is not too early to turn our thoughts toward the selection of new campus leaders. Perhaps the difficulty in the past has been that only a small percentage of the student body has actually turned concentrated thought to the problem of elections at all!

The nominations have been accepted with only a few "ahs" between mouthfuls of brussel sprouts and casual remarks by the dummy of our bridge game. Rare and isolated have been the earnest discussions of "who would make the best officer."

But by the time a marshal hands us a ballot we are ready to cast our vote. We can vote on the girl who dresses the smartest or dates the most—and not vote on the girls who "snaked" on our date at Davidson or gave our roommate her fifth call-down just before a big week-end. We can and often do choose our officers with a complete lack of enthusiasm and then support them with the same amount of enthusiasm.

But surely Salemites are not completely disinterested in who their campus leaders are. Surely there is some way to arouse both interest and enthusiasm in the elections.

Perhaps the fault does not lie entirely with us. Perhaps we are not given enough to become enthusiastic over—

Maybe some of the fallacies in our own system are more easily discernible if we compare it with schools in which election time is the most exciting event of the year. You know of schools like this—schools in which posters, banners, and speeches ask you to vote for Jack Shmink—schools in which the students display their choice by wearing "I Back Jack" buttons.

Yet you can easily see that this system has its fallacies, too; for it also tends to become a superficial popularity contest.

I am far from advocating that this type of hand-shaking, baby-kissing, all-out politicking be used at Salem. But it does have one advantage which might prove worthwhile here.

Through the posters and speeches the students are given a basis for a vote. They are made aware of the past record and experience of the candidate and also of her plans for fulfilling the office if she is elected.

Salemites are given nothing but the candidates' names. Is there not some way that we can have more to base a vote on than our scanty observation? Is there not some way that we can have this without sacrificing our dignity about elections (which the change to the other system would call for?)

Another point to be mentioned in the comparison of the two systems is that in other schools the candidates actually "run" for the office—they announce their own candidacy. Such a system here would help the nominating committee, for there is a definite need for the potential candidates to express their interest in a particular activity.

For illustration, take the imaginary but not too un-imaginable case of the talented Junior—a girl equally competent as editor of the Salemite or as May Day chairman. The student body knows of her capabilities but doesn't know that her true interests lie in May Day.

The Salemite editor is elected first, and she is nominated for the office. She has a chance to refuse the nomination, of course; but she sees it as an honor and does not feel she should decline. If she had been given a chance to voice her interest, this situation would have been avoided.

But these are only suggestions, and suggestions take time to become procedure. The one thing that can be accomplished this year is simply this: decide intelligently on your candidate and then really support her through dormitory, dining room, and drug store discussion. For after all, Salemites, your lack of interest in elections is merely evidence of your lack of interest in the entire idea of student self-government.

J. P. G.

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

In spite of its fairy-story ending and improbable plot, **All That Heaven Allows** (with quiet simplicity and healthy Rock Hudson) made for two enjoyable hours... The basement of Strong is renowned now for more than a TV set and Ed Sullivan fans; it is now a dangerous den of snakes (definition: girls who steal other girls' boy friends) and a refuge for stray gray cats... Ex-members of the Class of 1957 were visiting on campus early in the week: Nina Skinner, Matilda Parker, Carolyn Miller, Rachel Ray, and Ellen Summerell. The last four are currently coeds at the University of North Carolina—located in that renowned section of the state to which literally two-thirds of the Salem student body migrated last week-end... Somebody remarked that the new steam plant was going up like the Tower of Babel did back in Bible times. But not for the same reasons.

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Judy Graham, Junior Class president, deserves all the credit she got for what proved to be one of the best-received assembly programs of the year. It is true that Judy wrote the rather trite and simple dialogue around which formed the basis of the heavenly trial (or she adapted to Salem faculty a skit she wrote in high school). But Judy's claim to fame is the industry with which she arranged rehearsals, prompted, gathered props, and persuaded the faculty to cooperate.

It was almost inevitable that, while the condemned faculty members were awaiting redemption, one of them should remark: "This is the coldest hell I've ever been in..."

* * *

I had a quotation all prepared in case the Freshman basketball team left the Juniors of the championship they have harbored for

two years. It was to encourage an attitude of resignation, almost admiration, for a hard-playing, talented team of newcomers. An attitude of acknowledgment that "On our heels a new perfection treads..."

But the Juniors were not quite ready to be chided with "the old gray mare" chant. In a game of amazingly accurate shooting (unofficial estimates claim 70 or 80 percent accuracy in field goals), both sets of guards were valiant, but unable to halt on either end of the court what amounted to an offensive miracle.

As a post-season splurge the varsity and sub-varsity (listed on Page 1) will participate in a monstrous tournament to be held in the gym Saturday. Not less than seven teams from schools all over the state have agreed to send teams to our campus.

All of us can do much to make a good, friendly impression on the many visiting students who have not seen Salem campus "on the inside" before.

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Tom Perry, Salem's Sweetheart for 1956 (and unofficial sweetheart for years and years) is famous all over Winston-Salem now. On Wednesday afternoon a huge three-column picture of Tom and two Salem girls appeared on the front page of the **Twin City Sentinel**.

And Tom said when he went home that afternoon his two little kids met him in the yard screaming for the neighborhood to hear that he was a "sweetheart." Then most of the neighbors and everybody else saw the picture flashed over a television newscast.

Tom has only one objection—and that is directed to an anonymous and certainly well-meaning headline writer down at the **Sentinel** office. The one who tabbed him in big, black headlines as a "Hot Dog Man..."

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

France: France's new Prime Minister, Guy Mollet, was shaken up when he arrived in Algeria last week. He was received by an angry mob.

After spending four days in refuge under the protection of 3,000 security police flown in from France, he delivered messages to both the Moslem and the French citizens in Algeria. To the latter he guaranteed the fierce will of the government to accord them justice and full equality before the law, and to the former, he said, "France will fight to remain in Algeria, and she will remain here."

At the week's end the Premier returned to Paris to face threats of demonstrations and a growing mutter of criticism.

Russia: Last week two missing English diplomats, Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean, were brought out to the wondering eyes of the public in a news conference in Moscow. Since the Russian Foreign Office has denied any knowledge to the whereabouts of these two men and their families, they seemed to have been "flatly lying."

Apparently Khrushchev & Co. hoped to get some windfall out of parading Burgess and MacLean at this moment, hoping either to smooth the way for Khrushchev's forthcoming trip to London, or to muddy up the recent Anglo-American accord.

Foreign Office officials have suspected MacLean's hand in the skillful phrasing of Bulganin's two recent "peace" notes to President Eisenhower. But the circumstances of the hotel interview indicated that, though they might be useful

in phrasing messages, the Russians regard the two ex-diplomats as no more than propaganda puppets.

South Africa: In late 1953 South Africa passed a law barring all future immigration of Asians into White-supremist South Africa.

On the night before the law went into effect last week, the airports were jammed with last-minute arrivals. A party of 150 Asians was stranded enroute in Nairobi, unable to charter a plane to make the deadline.

In the future not even a baby born to a South African Asian while traveling abroad will be allowed to enter its mother's country, and a South African Asian marrying abroad will be unable to bring his bride home. This seems like a terrible restriction to be placed on anyone. However, it seems to be one of the means to maintain white-supremacy in the Union of South Africa.

Malaya: The British now have a new expression for their retreat from imperialism. They call it "creative abdication."

Last week in Malaya, Britain's rubber-rich colony, the phrase seemed for once appropriate. Four years ago the British promised Malaya self-determination "in due course," but did not fix a date. Last week the British named a date, and soon: August, 1957.

As a next step to further the common interest, the British plan to remove rubber and tin, chief exports of Malaya, from the list of strategic materials barred to Communist countries. By trading with Red China, the British argument goes, Malaya can become prosperous enough to resist Communism.



By Judy Golden

My name is Sugar Honeyepott, and I just wanted to write to this cute paper and tell everybody about my fabulous adjustment here at Salem. To be perfectly honest, I had a terrible time finding my place in society. Honestly, when I think about those first few months—well, I'll explain!

First of all, college just wasn't what I had expected—fun, and all that. Goodness, these teachers expect you to work constantly. Those awful old classes were just beyond me. When I found they don't tell you what you're supposed to think about all that philosophy and stuff, I was sunk.

Gracious, I'm not cut out for all that thinking. It makes my head hurt! My mean old teachers just didn't understand. And after all, it's their fault I couldn't pass. They talk too deep.

Now other people are smart. They seem to get by without working at all. I just have to study for hours sometimes. I finally had to stop that because I wasn't getting a thing out of college.

Some of those smart girls even seem to have time for concerts and lectures. I decided one time I really wanted to go to a lecture and get a little culture. (I hadn't dressed up in weeks!) So I went to hear some man speak. I've forgotten his name, but he was a foreigner. Anyway, I got so bored I had to leave. I met some people at Tom's and had a good time talking.

Well, things went on like that until just recently. Now I've found my friends! They aren't all freshmen either. Loads of sophomores, juniors, and even seniors feel the same way I do. We've decided we're just going to get by with as little work as possible. Why, what did we come to college for? We'll get old and gray if we worry about studying all the time.

My new friends and I have so much in common. We go to the best movies and cry all the way through them. (I just love to cry, don't you?) We hate those problem movies that make us think.

Then we all have terrible crisis in our love life. Mine is always upset. One girl came in with a ring last week and I sat down and cried. Some people get all the breaks. But that's life, I guess. Maybe someday I'll meet a boy with loads of money.

Something else all my friends and I do is borrow money. That's great, because somebody always has some to loan. None of us can ever remember to pay it back, but it looks like the people we borrow from would ask for it. Seems like borrowing is getting harder and harder, though. Everybody must be broke. Oh, well!

You know, some crazy girl asked me yesterday what I'm getting out of life. I nearly died laughing. Why, I'm happy as I can be—no worries!

I did fail math last semester, but I called Mother and Daddy and cried. That fixed things. They said not to worry about it one bit. I knew they'd understand. I'll have to take it over but if I drop some other subjects I don't like it won't be as hard. This semester should be great. I love college now.

Guess I'd better stop writing. I'm in French class now. We took up something new, I think. I'll write again maybe after Lent and tell you how our diet turned out. We decided dieting would be easier since we were giving it up for something worth while.

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