

## From The Old . . .

I am taking it upon myself to speak for all of the 1955-56 officers. It's been a good year. We disproved the theory we all held this time last year—we lived through it. We not only lived through it, but we *lived* it. All the hard work, the mistakes, the crises, the good and bad results and—the fun—were ours.

Our staffs, our committees, our councils were all a part of us. We could not have done without them. A blank space in the make-up, an ill-fitted costume, an unimpressive set, a badly managed tournament or a switched picture in the yearbook would have shown their marked absence.

Our readers, our audiences, our spectators accepted us. They read our paper, attended our plays, watched our sports and spread our much-needed publicity. What we did, we did for them. If they liked us, we did it well.

Our advisors were our souls, our conscience and our courage . . . the only critics we invited and heeded without doubt or regret . . . whose praise was the highest payment we ever wanted.

We thank you all.

## To The New . . .

Some of you are well acquainted with your job. Others are a little vague as to what is expected of you. All of you will have to prove how well you can do that job or how well you can learn.

There are two precedents to take into consideration—the one that faces you and the one you are going to set.

The most important thing to remember about the first is that someone else was once in the same position you are. What they did, you can do.

Not only will you want to do what they did, what is expected of you, but you will want to do more. This is your precedent—beginning now and to be completed when you pass your office on next year. It is yours to use as you wish.

Good luck.

## The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year

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## Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

The juniors claim that their untimely 10-8 defeat at the hands of the freshman softball team Tuesday is the first time they've lost an intramural team game. Even the most invulnerable athletes waver when the title of "senior" gets so near . . . People are wondering who sent **Mrs. Heibred** two dozen roses (a dozen two different times). She would like to know, too . . . The overloaded line of the year: "**I'll Cry Tomorrow**." Filmed on location . . . inside a woman's soul. A soul that glories in being blared across the world on television screens, radios, and in movie houses to a society that glories in obvious, sentimental melodrama . . . People uptown quibble about which corner on Fourth Street is windiest and coldest. Most of us could put up a good argument for either of Tom's corners . . . Have you noticed that most formal faculty members call Tom's "Tom Perry's?" . . . **Jeff Covington**, original owner of junior **Jane Little's** Sigma Pi pin, has been elected president of the Inter-Fraternity Council at Wake Forest for next year . . . **Barbara Bell** is sanely silent on the details of her Y-purchased date with **Mr. Medlin** last Saturday night. They dined and danced . . . If any person in the world needs a double endowment of patience, it's a taxi driver . . . A Salem delegate to the Future Teachers of America convention (finishing up tonight in Asheville) will be characterized and recognized by her high heels, hat, and

fur coat . . . A third "rock and roll" show has been scheduled sometime during our Easter vacation. Perhaps the coliseum committee is afraid Salem girls would block the aisles dancing the new steps they learned from the daily lessons in the **Journal**. The general hints at the end of each lesson are priceless: 1) If you're not sure of yourself, don't be the first one on the floor. 2) Bad habits form easily and are difficult to break. 3) Rhythm is the key word of rock 'n roll. 4) Girls, learn the steps! 5) And practice! **Martha Thornburg's** graduating recital was as beautiful as Martha herself. But, as a result of too many movies, I kept expecting a maze of flashbacks to the background of the heroine. One of the young pianist practicing while looking wistfully out of the window at a game of ball. Or being rapped on the knuckles by a music-master's pointer . . . According to the evaluation sheets filled out by juniors and seniors, the majority of "once-sophomores" did not find out the results of their comprehensive tests; said the tests did not prompt them to any new course; knew of no way in which the tests had benefited them; but felt the tests should continue to be administered. The present sophomores were victim to this weird logic this week . . . **Picnic** will be playing uptown the week-end after we come back from spring vacation. The Wednesday golf class watched a Negro golfer tee off for

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## Moravian Easter

I shall not soon forget my first visit to the Easter Service. I came to witness a spectacle . . . I stayed to see worshipping thousands stand reverently to hear the preacher proclaim "The Lord Is Risen!" I came to listen to a curious performance, bands blaring sacred music that might be heard for miles . . . I stayed to hear the deep mellow tones of the old church bell as it prefaced the echoing of bands across the dawn-lit hills. I came to watch milling crowds jostle each other noisily up a narrow street to a graveyard . . . I stayed to become a proud part of a humble silent crowd as it made its way into God's Acre where the arches proclaimed "I am the resurrection." I came to wander with the shiftless multitude among gravestones of no particular charm—just small blocks of marble all the same size . . . I stayed to stand in awe through a deeply moving service in song and story—the story of a risen Christ—among gravestones that spoke of the futility of earthly treasures. I came to hear the martial music dismiss a restless throng . . . I stayed to weep at the majestic beauty of the "Creation Hymn." I came to the Moravian Easter Service because it would be something different—an escape from boredom . . . I stayed to stand alone on a flower-decked hillside, and pray humbly and contritely, after the crowd had gone: "Spirit of the living God, Fall afresh on me!"

## Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

**United States:** Seven times in two years the American Institute of Public Opinion's George Gallup has deployed polltakers across the land to ask: "If President Eisenhower were the Republican candidate and Adlai Stevenson were the Democratic candidate, which would you like to see win?"

Last week Gallup reviewed the seven polls, found that Eisenhower since 1954 has slowly broadened the gap. A year and a half ago, 53% of decided voters were for him. In his latest poll, taken just before Ike announced his availability, Gallup found 66% of decided voters for Ike, 34% for Adlai. Concluded Gallup: "In an election today Eisenhower would likely surpass the greatest landslide vote in recent U. S. political history, racked up by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936."

**Middle East:** In this area of great conflict, men and governments, last week under severe pressure, loosed forces whose consequences they themselves could not easily foretell or hope to control. The young King of Jordan won a wild popularity in the streets by unceremoniously expelling Glubb Pasha, the British commander of his armed forces.

But had he gratified or merely whetted the appetite of the mob? The British, their power and prestige gravely shaken by the latest in a series of humbling retreats, decided to make a show of standing firm in Cyprus.

The method they chose came

right out of Kipling: they banished the bearded Archbishop Makarios, spiritual and temporal leader of the Cypriots, to an equatorial Indian Ocean island. They hoped thereby to hold Cyprus, but had they merely made sure of losing it?

Many Britons took this move by the English government as Eden's desperate attempt to placate critics within his Conservative Party, who wanted the government to do something—do anything—bold.

**West Germany:** Last week Konrad Adenauer got a majority in the Bundestag for German rearmament. It overwhelmingly enacted the constitutional amendments needed to clear the way for the creation of the new German armed forces.

Once the upper house and President Heuss aid their approval, the new citizens' "Bundeswehr" (Federal Defense Force) can go on with plans to take in some 90,000 men by the end of 1956, and to train 500,000 men for NATO by 1961.

**France:** Following the strike and uprising of all the Algerians in Paris last week, premier Guy Mollet in schoolmasterly fashion announced his government's program for meeting and quelling the Algerian unrest. The program is as follows: 1) vigorous military effort to restore order, 2) economic reform, 3) free elections as soon as possible to provide Algerian spokesmen with whom France can work out a political future for Algeria. In short, said Mollet, demanding a vote of confidence, "neither abandonment of the rights of France, nor denial of her duties."



By Ruth Bennett

It isn't every day that one meets the President of the United States. Since my arrival in the nation's capitol on that hot August morning, I had eagerly anticipated the time when I would visit a man called Ike. At last I was on my way, singing the Girls' Nation song in unison with my friends and completely unmindful of the historic sights along our route. I should have seen the impressive consulate homes along Embassy Row and I should have noticed that the Gothic spires of the Washington Cathedral were etched against the cloudless sky, but one of my gloves had disappeared and I was frantically searching for it.

The drivers made a circuitous drive to show us the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, but these held no interest for me. Lincoln and Jefferson were men of stone, while Eisenhower was living and vibrant, waiting to welcome us with his friendly smile. When the Washington Monument came into view, I was not able to see it as did Carl Sandburg. I didn't find it hard "to forget an iron man," for this was the time to think of the thirty-second president, not of the first.

Even the Capitol building, which had seemed so fabulous to me the day before, faded into the background, for as the busses stopped in front of this historic shrine, I could look down Pennsylvania Avenue and see my destination.

Arriving at the west gate of the White House, we were met by a squad of policemen which was to escort us on a tour of the Executive Mansion. Momentarily, I forgot my impatience to meet the President over the prospect of seeing the beautiful rooms I had heard so much about. However, time was precious, and I actually had to run to keep up with the pace of the guides. I passed a crimson blur, better known as the Red Room. Then came glimpses of midnight blue and sea green, which are the famous Blue and Green Rooms. As an added attraction, there was a dash of sparkling crystal and shining brass, coming from fragile chandeliers and gleaming candelabra. Before I had time to mull over my disappointment, we were marshalled into the Rose Garden, a large, rectangular-shaped terrace, bordered on one side by the presidential offices.

I turned to face the offices, trying to imagine what was happening behind those closed doors. As if in answer to my thoughts, a door opened and a score of secret service men strode out into the garden, but in contrast to their air of indifference, their wary glances missed not the smallest detail. Another door opened and a number of press photographers made their way into the group, most of them taking positions near the steps that the President would descend.

Then I watched a third door open, and out of it came the President of the United States. A silence that was almost reverent spread over the group as the Chief Executive approached. How important it made us feel that this man who had so much work and such great responsibility could find time to speak to Girls' Nation. I stood there in awe of his greatness, and then—he smiled—that warm, gentle smile that has comforted and cheered so many.

He made a short speech to the group; and as I listened, I found that it was not so much his words that interested me as it was his face. His eyes could be twinkling and then determined; his mouth could be smiling and then stern; but always there was his look of steadfastness, strength, and peace in mobile features.

President Eisenhower spoke with several delegates and accepted graciously the gifts that were presented him. Then he posed on the steps so that we might take pictures. Cameras clicked! Bulbs flashed! News photographers retreated in favor of the excited shutter-bugs!

The reception lasted only a few minutes longer. As he waved good-bye, the secret service agents followed closely behind. I had met the President of the United States!