

Push...

The incoming staff of the Salemite has a number of precedents to meet and to try to better.

Students and faculty and administration and parents—all who read the Salemite were aware, and frequently said they were aware, of the depth of the editorials, their scope subject-wise, and the impersonal, restrained tone that is rarely achieved by an undergraduate.

A commendation is due the past editor for restoring this serious, contemplative element to our newspaper.

Our aim, as a staff, is not to let that element die out.

Dare...

April 6-10 has been declared Academic Freedom Week by the U. S. National Student Association. We at Salem generally feel that there are no restraints on our academic freedom.

But we really would not know. Unless a dog tries to break away from his master, he never learns that there is a leash on him.

Who knows? Maybe the dog has been quiet for so long the leash has been taken off and thrown away.

Face...

Fifty years from now people will be talking about the things that characterized our generation. One of these will be war; another will be the breakdown of racial prejudice; another will be abstract and esoteric poetry; another will be jazz.

And, probably, our grandchildren will hear about some of the lurid outgrowths of a war-wary generation: a contemporary example, Rock 'n Roll.

They took the jazz beat. (Said Lionel Hampton after his music evoked a riot in Amsterdam last week: "They go for our heavy beat. It's just an epidemic. You can't explain it. Every night it's the same thing.")

They took it from the Negroes, where it started. People who would rather discontinue public education than integrate public schools go over to the Coliseum.

And there they jump to the music that the Negroes have taken for granted for years. The beat that, when it works Negroes into a frenzied ecstasy, has been used to illustrate the essential barbarism of the race.

But when we go off to a cabin party where a combo stirs up a dust of irrational excitement, we are merely conventional college students having our flings.

If we want rock 'n roll to hang around (and it is certainly not on the way out) let's recognize what it is that is obsessing our age. And why we are willing to allow it to do so.

J. S.

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The phrase civil rights means a number of concrete things. It means the right to be treated equally before the law. It means the right to equal opportunity for education, employment and decent living conditions. Adlai E. Stevenson

Around the Square

By Martha Ann Kennedy

The natives have returned... and some truly look like natives via Bermuda, Florida, beach, or G. E. suns, but the rest of us are waiting anxiously for the completion of the new, higher brick wall around our luxurious pool.

This past weekend saw action at Wrightsville Beach, scene of the annual Azalea Festival. Monday night, everyone watching a film of the parade on television felt proud to see the cameras follow Bunny Gregg on her beautiful float for several minutes.

Heard a report that Patty Ward had the honor of driving the car that held The World's Strongest

Man, but failed to catch a glimpse of that memorable sight.

Noticed that some of our audience who had been down to Wilmington were as interested in the parade and speeches as if they had never seen them before. Now, you know they went... (Dear Mom, The azaleas were gorgeous...)

Also, Salemite T.V. fans are thrilled daily at five by the Mickey Mouse Club, and some members took advantage of Thalimer's sale and procured their official Mouseketeer Hats, complete with emblem and ears.

Listen closely when people are filing into the refectory for supper, and you will probably be able to hear the haunting refrain of "M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E" lovely (Continued on Page Three)

Letters

Dear Rising Seniors,

We've read in the papers and heard from different ones of you about the results of the spring elections at Salem. All that we've heard makes us very, very proud of the class we left.

As we think of the installation service for the officers for next year, we wish we could be with you to express our joy and confer our congratulations to all of Salem, and especially to our class, on the wonderful slate of officers you have chosen.

You can all be justly proud of the girls who will lead you next year. We certainly are proud—proud of the wisdom and careful consideration that all of you have shown in choosing the girls that you did, proud of the distinctions which all of them have won, and proud most of all to be able to say that these girls are our friends.

We wish we could offer our congratulations in person. Since we can't, this letter brings you our best wishes for a wonderful Senior year. We will miss being Seniors with you.

Ellen Summerell Rachel Ray

Beyond the Square

By Carol Campbell

In Harpers Bazaar's March issue, the scoop we've all been waiting for has finally come and we can forget last year's 'long, supple tunic line' and Dior's 'A' line fashions and begin collecting our 1956 wardrobe, mainly designed by Christian Dior. As Bazaar coos in its annual Paris Report, "Dior's spring collection sends an arrow of delight into a woman's heart."

Monsieur Dior has decided that this year we are to follow the Josephine Cut, reminiscent of the French Directoire era. This style is characterized by the unmarked waistline and the bodice marked by a bow or belt just below the bosom. If the rest of the dress is form fitting, the whole effect is rather becoming (depending on the individual's form, of course), but the dresses on this idea that simply fall loosely from the bodice to the floor look as if mademoiselle has suddenly gained 40 lbs. in the hips!

Flower shades and prints (especially daisy) are the style this season and hats are either dressed with 'yards of tulle' or 'masses of flowers!'. These hats are quite similar to a large, turned-over cereal bowl and I'm told that a free bag of weed killer goes along with every garden-like bonnet. The fitted, rib length jackets are also big news, and as a 'Masters touch',

tweed coats are being coupled with chiffon dresses. The costume idea, you know. As for me, the modified American adaptations of Dior's creations are perfectly charming, but his originals can stay in Paris.

National affairs: A December Gallop Poll showed Negro voters predominantly Democratic in sympathy, in fact, 2-1 outside the South. But there's a whisper in the wind that such issues as the Autherine Lucy affair, the Montgomery, Ala. bus strike, the arbitrary stand of the South against school integration and Congress's lack of haste over the school construction bill could bring about a shift to the Republicans.

If you can't say anything else about Ike, you'll have to admit that he has charm. When the President, St. Laurent of Canada and Cortines of Mexico met last week for a three day conference to discuss their roles in world affairs, the credit for the friendly atmosphere must go, in part, to Ike. Little was actually resolved, but a feeling of unity was established, with Mexico especially delighted to be accepted as an equal.

International Affairs: Off the southern tip of India is the island (Continued on Page Four)



By Laura Bible

"Bye, Honey. Don't forget to tell Tony and Lynn hello for us. Do you have your ticket?"

Kim Warren's father and mother kissed her good-bye. They waited in a gusty September wind as she walked toward the Capitol Airlines 5:56 flight to Washington and her first plane trip. Carrying an over night case and a Vogue magazine in one hand and her pocket-book, hatbox, and ticket in the other, Kim cautiously picked her way up the narrow steps to the plane.

Near the top her hatbox caught underneath the railing. In the process of getting it untangled, Kim felt the wind tug at her full skirt. Everything fell, as she made a desperate lunge for the skirt.

At that moment a voice said, "Can I help you?" A tall slim young man with a wide grin and a steward's uniform neatly balanced the offending baggage under one arm and deposited everything else, including Kim, inside the door. Red-faced under his broad smile, Kim showed him her ticket, stuttered "Thank you," and prayed desperately for a seat near the back to hide in as quickly as possible.

After finding one and laying her hat on the next seat, she sat down, fastened the safety belt in response to a lighted sign in the front of the cabin, and waved at her parents through the window. Then in a roar the plane took off.

Kim looked around her. A woman with bushy red hair, in a dark red suit, dangling rhinestone earrings, and high heeled ankle strap sandals sat across from her reading a True Confessions magazine. The more interesting the story, the harder she popped her chewing gum. After watching the woman go through a particularly passionate love scene Kim lit a cigarette and started looking for a new formal in Vogue.

After a while she began to feel strangely uncomfortable. She tried sitting first one way and then another, but nothing worked. There had to be a rest room somewhere. Kim could hear the man behind her taking papers out of his brief case. In a moment he got up and walked up the aisle to a little door Kim hadn't noticed before. Across from it was another door marked "Women."

"Aha, now my problem is walking up that aisle," she thought.

Just then the lady in red, noticing Kim's quick nervous glances toward the front of the plane, leaned over and whispered loudly with a knowing smile, "It's the door on the left, dear."

Gritting her teeth, Kim muttered "Thank you," and wished someone would break the sudden silence. After she had gotten up enough nerve and it became an absolute necessity, she walked up the aisle feeling everyone looking at her.

When Kim came back she saw a small boy playing with the hat which she had left on the seat. He had it on, tilted over one ear, with the ribbons of the veil hanging over the tip of his pug nose. Kim started talking to him.

An expensively dressed woman two seat in front turned around and saw him. "Sammy! Sammy, you come here!" Sammy cocked his head to one side, paused a moment, then slowly stuck his pointed tongue out at her. The woman came back to the boy, jerked him up, and not saying a word to Kim, dragged him to her seat.

Kim could hear her low, audible voice saying, "Don't you ever let me catch you playing with strange people like that! You can't ever tell what kind of person she might be!" Kim looked down at her battered hat and sighed.

Soon it was time for the plane to land. Kim combed her hair and put on lipstick. She looked out the window and saw the lights of the airport come closer and closer. Just when she thought they had made a smooth landing and she relaxed, the plane jarred down on the field. Kim, after getting her things together and smoothing out her rumpled skirt, left the plane.

Never had a brother-in-law been so welcome a sight. Tony hugged her. "Lynn couldn't come," he explained briefly. "How was your trip?"

With the air of an experienced traveler, Kim shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, so-so, I guess. Nothing much happened."