

Two Freshmen Wonder: Is Swimming So Relaxing?

By Jane Rostan

Jane, you and Anne have a caller."

Armed with our bathing suits, swimming caps, towels, life saving manuals, and notebooks, we went downstairs for what turned out to be the most unusual series of dates I have ever had. It all started very carelessly when I decided to acquire my senior life saving badge so that I might be a waterfront counselor at my summer camp job, and also when I persuaded Anne Pearce to go along for company. However, I have found that there is a great deal of endurance, hard work, inconvenience, and humorous experiences connected with such a course.

A Rather Relaxing Sport

To me, swimming has always been a rather relaxing sport, but now I have found that it is an athletic feat which requires great physical and mental endurance. The first Friday night one of our instructions was to swim ten laps around the pool.

After five laps doing the breast stroke, my arms and legs ached from the kick, glide, and pull stroke; my stomach was practically doubled with cramps from the icy water; my eyes were bloodshot and so filled that I couldn't see; my back had cuts and bruises where muscle-bound boys had scratched, pulled, kicked, or grabbed; and my nails were filled with skin and hair which belonged to the person in front of me. Although my physical strength was practically exhausted, I managed to use what little mental strength I had left deciding whether my life or my life saving was more important.

Our First "Goof-off"

Anne and I decided to have another try at our course, and the next Friday night we returned to the Y. W. C. A. Our first "goof-off" of the night was telling Mr. Lanier, the director and instructor, that we felt the class should be cut down in size; that we weren't learning anything because the class was too large; and that we were trying to decide if we should continue.

After our little speech, we were politely informed that we would earn whatever we received; that if life saving was too easy for us, it could be made harder; that we were not required to come; and if we didn't come, there would be more room for others. Such catty remarks only made us determined to complete the course—come what may.

Removing Clothing

One of our assignments was to bring along a dress and a pair of shoes to use in learning the proper procedure for removing clothing in the water. Since one water buddy was to wear the clothes, I had chosen to do so, and Anne was to be second. However, as we walked out into the pool area, Mr. Lanier

instructed us to use the proper dive for entering the water and to swim five laps around the pool.

My shallow water dive left me burning from face to feet, and I never thought I would make even one lap around the pool. With water filled, stretched tennis shoes holding me back, and a fast shrinking home ec uniform binding my arms, I finally completed my warm-up and managed to hoist myself out of the pool.

Everyone Staring

When Anne and I prepared to leave, we climbed the stairs to a friend who was waiting to bring us back to school. I noticed that everyone was staring at us, but I felt it was because we were girls in the men's section of the Y.

As Anne walked in front of me I looked down and saw that her straight skirt had not been zipped. By this time Anne realized that she had forgotten to zip her skirt, and needless to say her blond hair accentuated her beet-red face.

Monkey-like Positions

How to carry a victim from the water was one of our final assignments. The fireman's carry, which consists of rolling the victim onto the rescuer's back, is quite difficult. Mr. Lanier had demonstrated this carry several times, and when he asked for someone to rescue him, the class had a wonderful time laughing at another boy who couldn't do the rescue correctly.

Invariably he would come up with Mr. Lanier hanging onto him in a monkey-like position. When we hit the water we learned what a task it was to perform. Anne, when rescuing me, somehow got me on top of her head and I couldn't get off. After much pushing and pulling Anne emerged, gasping for breath and coughing up mouthfuls of water.

Assignments Completed

Now that all assignments have been completed and our final swimming exam is all that faces us, I am looking forward to my summer job.

My working hours had better be good, the pay wonderful, and the work easy in order to make up for the strep throat, bad cold, bruised legs, and newly developed muscles that I have acquired in the past six weeks of Senior Life Saving.

Read A "Mans" View Of Salem Sports

(Mr. Steve McArthur McNamara, bachelor graduate of Princeton and reporter for the Winston-Salem Journal, stumbled upon the faculty-student softball game Tuesday afternoon. His article follows. Editor.)

By Steve McNamara

After decades of defeat the Salem College faculty finally beat the students in their annual softball game.

The stunning 11-9 upset took place before a screaming, shouting mob of 40 on the college's athletic field.

The students, accustomed to drubbing their teachers annually, apparently carried things a bit too far last year when they pasted the professors, 17-5.

Faculty twirler Paul (Iron Man) Peterson, head of the voice department, said the faculty nine was fighting mad after last year's debacle. "We were determined to avenge that defeat," he panted in

Beyond The Square

(Continued from page two)

of Ceylon. The West received a blow when Prime Minister Sir John Kotelawala lost the recent election and was replaced by Bandaranaike. Mr. Bandaranaike is anti-Communist, but unlike Sir John, says NO to ties with the West.

Are you clear on the Arab-Israeli situation? If not, an elementary summary: for nine years the U. N. has been trying to solve the problem of Israel and the Arabs. During this period this young Hebrew nation has grown, fought with the Arabs along a strip of land called Gaza and has now obtained a fragile truce. But Russia isn't helping things by backing the Arabs with arms.

This week Secretary General Hammarskjold of the U. N. is in Palestine trying to patch up differences, but the Russian delegates make it rather difficult for the U. N. to agree on some really helpful measures. Now, what are the Big Three, United States, France and England, doing to help Israel? In 1951 the Tripartite Declaration was signed between these countries agreeing to act either within or out of the U. N. to prevent further war. Since Britain's economy is based on Middle East oil, she is of course trying to get us to take a stand and back Israel. So far, we're not saying anything. Why? Election year, of course, and agreeing to send troops to Israel wouldn't exactly make a candidate too popular. Right?

The denunciation of Stalin and his men that's been the rage in Russia recently (He murdered his wife, etc.) seems to have started the dangerous practice of discus-

a post-contest interview.

The faculty's grim determination was evident from the start. Team captain Bill (The Claw) Spencer of the history department curtly refused a pre-game interview. "I'm too busy whipping my team into shape," the wily mentor snapped as he pushed his charges through a grueling set of pre-game exercises.

Iron Man Peterson opened the epic struggle with a long pop fly to left field. The scoring was fairly even until the top of the third inning. The faculty exploded for several runs. Ed (Speedy) Shew-

make, head of the art department, pounded a slow ball into the tennis court for a home run.

It was all over but the shouting when the top of the fourth Iron Man Peterson and The Claw Spencer blasted successive in-the-park home runs to left field.

The faculty, tiring rapidly in spite of their rumored secret training sessions, grudgingly assented to a fifth inning. But inspired by veteran outfielder Roy (Killer) Campbell of the biology department, they managed to stagger through the final frame and preserve their lead.

Students May Drink From Pump

By Anne Pearce

Old Salem, Incorporated has completed the restoration of the square by placing a water pump on the south corner of the square.

The water pump or cistern was placed where one which was built in 1768 stood. The original was a big well fed by springs a few blocks away. The one now in the square is fed by city water which can be drunk.

Underneath the pump is a storage vat in which floats a valve which makes the vat fill up with water. The brick base is eight feet square. It is four feet high in the back, and the front slopes down to eight inches. The cistern has a plank roof and a stone trough placed in front where the water comes out.

In order to get water from the cistern it must be pumped two or three times. The public as well as the students at Salem are invited to use the pump.

sion and argument among the people. So now action is being taken to stop all the criticism, or soften it, and end all this silly public opinion.

Entertainment: This has been a great year for Broadway. Last week the top ten plays were: Pajama Game, Fanny, Witness-Prosecution, Silk Stockings, Bus Stop, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Inherit the Wind, Damn Yankee, Diary of Anne Frank, and Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

Speaking of plays, a new one is Mister Johnson. Taken from a character from Joyce Cary's novel about Africa, Mr. Johnson is a Negro clerk to the British resident in a small community in Nigeria. A gay, carefree person, he carries a black, furled umbrella but walks barefoot with his shoes hung around his neck by the laces. This is a study of a man who becomes an orphan of two cultures, regarded as a rogue by the whites and as a fool by the Negroes. Most of the critics say that while there are moments of candid insight into this problem, the play as a whole fails to come to any definite conclusion.

Coming on May 26th is the opening of The Ziegfeld Follies starring Tallulah Bankhead. Can't wait to see what the critics have to say about that.

If you ever get a chance to watch television, try to catch NBC's Elder Wise Men Series featuring such people as poet Carl Sandburg, Harpsichordist Wanda Landowska and Architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

People: It seems that Prince Rainier has a few reservations about giving T.V. cameras free access to the wedding. Says a spokesman, "His Highness is sorely afraid that somebody is going to advertise soap or socks in connection with his marriage." And somebody probably will.

"There's a difference in amateur and pro tennis . . . My game is at least 25% better than when I was an amateur—still I lose." Words from handsome, 25-year-old Tony Trabert as he continues his tour with Pancho Gonzales. Of the 66 games played so far, Pancho has won 51, I'm still rooting for Tony, anyway.

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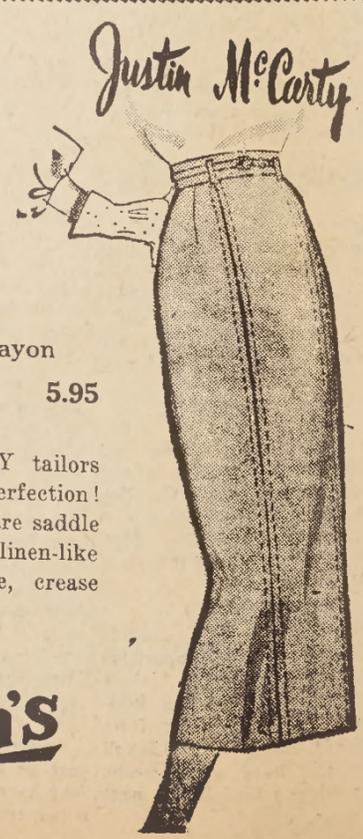
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