

Cultural . . .

An article in a local newspaper recently had this "mathematical" conclusion as its essence: a good, serious movie has to be twice as good to attract half the audience of a musical comedy. The writer is making an observation, and not necessarily a condemnation, on the taste of average American movie-goers.

We, on the basis of a few general statistics, can assume that we, here at Salem fall pretty easily into his pattern. Four or five times during the past year, students have been asked to sign up to ride a bus to the Civic Music concerts. At no time were there enough people to warrant the hiring of a bus.

But for the Coliseum show this week (Ted Heath's band, Nat "King" Cole, June Christy, and the Four Freshmen) two busses of Salem students were packed, and scores of girls with dates and upperclassmen with cars attended the show.

Generalizing from these illustrations we do fall into such a pattern.

But there is reason to believe that Salem girls—or a large percentage of them—cannot be categorized with such a sweep of the pen. Switch to another branch of "the arts."

The Salem College Lecture Series has had one of its most successful seasons in years as far as student participation is concerned. Margaret Mead was a two-day wonder on campus; Bennett Cerf packed Memorial Hall; and William White, a substitute, attracted a good number of world-affairs-addicts.

Perhaps, in spite of our average taste in some fields, especially music and art, there is some spark of enthusiasm in a liberally-educated Salemite.

And even in these two fields, our minds are more uninformed than closed. Note the success of Mr. McCorkle's extremely enlightening (to a non-music major) assembly talk on Mozart. And remember earlier in the year when Rondthaler lecturer Carl Holty succeeded in carrying an assembly audience through a mazy discussion of modern art in relation to the rest of the modern world.

Both of these programs evoked a response from a number of students — probably the same students whose musical taste chooses June Christy to Roberta Peters — or Nat "King" Cole to Byron Janis.

But this is a good sign. It implies that we are not so far from our goal of being varied in our interests (and most of all, just interested) as some people might think.

Technical . . .

For three years a system of administering call-downs for late holiday signing out has been in effect. It was originated in an attempt to halt the floods of people who rushed into the office days after the sign-out deadline.

For various reasons, the Dean of Students' office needs to be done with the business of mass signouts several days before the holiday begins. And the idea of giving a call-down for failure to meet the deadline is understandable.

But the practice of giving a call-down for each day late a person signs out seems too severe a penalty. The call-down is given because a student forgot, or neglected, to sign out on time and because her mistake cost the office of the Dean of Students, and the dean on duty, the time it takes for the girl to sign out.

But no matter how long it takes a student to remember the deadline, either on her own or by the office, she forgot one thing once. And the day on which she corrects her mistake by signing out may be one or two or three days after the deadline—but she still takes only a certain amount of time from the other duties of the acting dean.

For this—whether it be ten minutes after the deadline or ten minutes before the holiday—she should get one call-down. The fact that, in spite of the rule, dozens of people forget to sign out before the deadline, seems to show that threats do little to stimulate the memory.

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Around the Square

By Martha Ann Kennedy

Golf fans were in their element this past weekend with the G. G. O. tournament being held next door in Greensboro. A number of Salemites were present to see Sammy Snead win a "Sudden Death" playoff in Sunday's rain. It seems that this is his fifth consecutive year to capture the purse there, and the tournament is no longer known as the Greater Greensboro Open, but, more appropriately, the Greater Snead Open.

As far as I can surmise, the reasons for attendance were many and varied. The results of my personally conducted poll are:

- 1) To see celebrities like Snead, Stranahan, and Ford and get their autographs . . . 4.7%
  - 2) To see a few "locally-known" amateurs compete (namely, Pat Brady of Reidsville, Aubrey Rothrock of Spartanburg, Jim Ferce, Joe Kerell, and Reynolds pro, Mr. Edwards, of Winston-Salem) . . . 7.3%
  - 3) To go to parties afterward ("21" Club or Mel Torme at the Plantation) . . . 55.2%
  - 4) To get a suntan . . . 32.8%
- Unfortunately, I could get nothing except quizzical looks and "Are you kidding" comments in response to the last reason. It was: To see golf played.

Lehman Hall was the scene of a good old-fashioned houseparty this weekend. Besides visitors from Clewell, Charlton Rogers was entertaining Sista Padgett from Bennettsville, S. C. and Martha Duvall was hostess to Mary Hook from Cheraw, S. C. Both girls are prospective Salem freshmen for next fall, and sounded as if they are already becoming integrated. Mary is reported to be the "exact double" of Mutt Parker (ex-member of the junior class, now at Chapel Hill), while Sista picks out some poignant hillbilly numbers on the uke. We could use some good "country-music sangers", since Mary Alice and Polly will be a-leavin' us. Wish they would record their classic,

"Hold Me In Your Bony Arms", and bequeath it to the library.

It's Spring in Clewell Hall, and the breath of romance frequently brightens its greyish-yellow corridors . . . It did Saturday night when Murriane Linker had an unexpected caller from Presbyterian Junior College. Although not related, his name is also Linker—Dwayne Linker and he hails from Fayetteville, N. C. The two had been corresponding for several months, but, because of his being on the baseball team, they had not been able to get together and meet until Saturday night. The story had a happy outcome, too — they got along fine, and he's to be her chief marshal for the Winston Deb Ball in June.

**Congratulations:** to Iva Roberts who was selected to ride on the North Carolina float at the Lions' International Convention in Miami. Besides riding the float and staying in the swanky Fountainebleau, she is on the hospitality committee to welcome Lions from all over the world . . . To directors and performers in Tuesday night's plays in Old Chapel. The stage settings in **Mooney's Kid Don't Cry** were great . . . even an authentic old icebox!

Terry Harmon was an enchanting Ondine, and, as a faculty member put it, "jumped into the knight's lap even better than Audrey Hepburn did on Broadway." . . . to the F. T. A. for presenting "The Snakepit"—fascinating, but a good nightmare provoker.

Music lovers were forced to choose Monday night, as Nat King Cole and the Choral Ensemble were both on the agenda. The choices were made, though; 12 students were present in Memorial Hall and 102 Salemites were in the Coliseum . . . the Coliseum tickets were more expensive, too. (Say-y-y, what is this thing called "culture", anyway?)

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By Mary Benton Royster

Suzie Salem stood pondering in the bookstore when she finally remembered what she came for—some film and a few flash bulbs. At last her ambition to be a great photographer was to be realized!

Yes, she might start out simply—win the local amateur photo contest in her home town newspaper, which would naturally win the national prize. Just think where she might go from there! Er—well, h-m-m, yes, think! Surely she could go further than—oh yes, by that time, **Life** and **Look** would be begging for her pictures—she would do covers for **Good Housekeeping** and **House Beautiful**. Why, she would really be famous!

The saleslady stood gazing at her patiently. Susie began confidently, "Some film, please. What size? Goodness, I don't know. Have you got a 177? No? Well, how about a 122? Oh, you have a 127? That's it—I remember now. Five rolls please."

"And some flashbulbs too. Size? You mean they come in sizes too? The last I had were about this big around and about this high. Yes, that looks just about right. I'll take three dozen."

"Do you have any camera magazines? Oh. Well, this pictorial view of Europe ought to help me with landscapes. This funny baby book is just the thing for expressions and lighting. **History of the U. S. in Pictures** should just about cover every thing else."

"Now, how much will that be? TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS! Er, will well, charge it please. I'll pay Dad back when I get in **U. S. Camera**."

Susie gaily stumbled out of the bookstore with her packages and rushed back to the dorm to load her camera and get to work. That accomplished (two hours, two fingernails, and one roll of film later), she hurried outside and began looking for subjects.

Spying the laundry, she recognized a good subject for line and structure. Aiming carefully at the smoke stack and making sure to catch part of the leafless tree in the background (for startling differences) she heard the familiar click. For a picture of Industry, she got a shot of the men working on the new swimming pool wall. Glancing around quickly she snapped a picture of a third floor Strong junior running for her art lab.

After much deliberation, she dragged her roommate out for the character photo that she needed. She finally decided on a view of Salem Square for her landscape and scenery picture. The other three pictures on the roll somehow got lost while she was turning the film.

The next day in the bookstore, Susie could hardly contain herself as she joyfully opened the envelope with her returned pictures. (She would begin developing them herself later.) This was her big moment!

The first picture seemed to be blank except for one dark blob in the lower right corner and a few scraggly lines in the top left corner. She finally recognized the laundry stack and the trees for contrast. Her hand must have slipped and tilted upward when she took that picture.

The next picture was quite clear — two figures leaning over a wall — the workmen building the new wall, naturally. But why hadn't she asked them to turn around?

The third picture was blurred, but she did make out a pair of legs and an art book. What action! Goodness, that's a character shot??? She would certainly have to speak to her roommate about sticking out her tongue at the last minute and ruining the whole picture.

The last picture was a sea of faces—all gazing toward her. Why did she decide to take that landscape from the top of the new well just as a bunch of visitors came by? Well, it could be used as a human interest shot maybe.

Looking up, Susie saw that the saleslady was still looking at her. Beginning confidently she asked, "I wonder if you would exchange a couple of books I bought yesterday for some of those new art materials. I think it would be quite exciting to be an artist."

Beyond the Square

By Carol Campbell

Last week as 37-year-old **Nat King Cole** began swinging into "Little Girl" before an audience in Birmingham, Alabama, he heard a cry of "Let's get that nigger" and was immediately attacked by a group of white radicals. In the light of this disgusting incident, Mr. Cole's remark made in **Winston-Salem** that he wouldn't appear in Atlanta as scheduled for a million dollars is certainly understandable.

In fact, most of us when we saw him at the Coliseum Monday night, felt agreat respect for this man who had the courage and dignity to continue on with his tour after such an experience. And yet, as we reacted to his smooth voice and easy, polished manner, we kept in mind that he wasn't the 'usual Negro'.

We are definitely against integration and the Supreme Court is unjustifiably wrong, but in the case of Nat 'King' Cole, well, that's different. Because, of course, he's become a success somehow, and you see, he sings.

The Nation

Fifty years ago Wednesday, **Enrico Caruso**, clutching a towel around his golden throat and a picture of **Teddy Roosevelt**, dashed from a **San Francisco** hotel to behold one of the worst tragedies in history, the Earthquake of 1906. This nightmare lasted 72 hours, ruining 490 square blocks of buildings and leaving 25,000 people homeless, thousands injured, 400 dead and 350 missing. Today it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Despite the fact that few of us are fascinated by the details of the **Farm Bill** that Ike vetoed this week, you should look into it, for it will be one of the issues in the coming election. It concerns the price supports for farmers—either rigid (Democratic side) or flexible (Republican). **Stevenson** says this

veto shows Ike's failure to face facts about the 'farm depression', but the President explained to the nation that he sincerely felt that it is a 'bad bill'. By the way, know what parity is?

Let's take a look at the Democratic presidential hopefuls so far: **Stevenson**, although defeated by **Kefauver** in the New Hampshire and Minnesota primaries, scored a victory in Illinois and both are beginning to feel that maybe Ike isn't undefeatable. The **New York Times** reports that when the Kefauver caravan was stopped for speeding in Florida, Kefauver, who had been dozing, stumbled out of the car, automatically shook the policeman's hand and mumbled, "I'm Estes Kefauver and I'd appreciate your vote."

People

By now the **Queen of the Cinema**, **Grace Kelly**, is now just a Princess of Monaco. Thought it was interesting that Ike's emissary to the wedding was **Conrad Hilton** (of hotel fame) and that **Prince Rainier** is known to the Kelly family as 'Ray'. I wonder how long it will be before Ray and Grace have some privacy?

Another **Bride of the Month**, although much less publicized, is **Margaret Truman**. Back home in Missouri to prepare for a quite wedding to North Carolinian, **Clifton Daniel**, she was unexpectedly serenaded by 25 glee club members of Westminster College but did not come out to thank them. But they understood when Mrs. Harry S. Truman explained that "Margaret is feeling a little lazy today."

It's baseball season again and the experts predict a great year for Yankee player, **Mickey Mantle** who wowed the crowd at the opening game with Washington with two spectacular home runs. (Yankees won, 10-4). Tidbit for conversation: On April 17, 1953, **Mickey Vernon** hit a home run.

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