

## Example . . .

The class of 1956 is an extraordinary senior class—one from which the remainder of us can learn.

First, the leaders which the class has produced have shown a maturity that exceeds the common degree. (The president of the student body merited the esteem of the most frequent rule-breaker; the "social standards" leader has been an example of sensible attention to a Salemly attitude and appearance; the May Day week-end was the product largely of one artist's convictions, concern, and imagination; the yearbook speaks for itself and its editor; the newspaper contained editorial challenge for students on every level of interest.)

Certainly there is room for praise and inspiration here. But it is the class as a whole—the class which gave the Senior Follies—that should point up the needless, immature grouping of the other classes into solid, implacable social groups.

Cliques are never entirely abolished—for there are, and rightly, natural tendencies toward grouping around the girls of one's own social interests, or economic background, or general attitude toward college.

But on a small campus, for better or for worse, the most workable-sized group is the class—maybe outdated on a large university campus, but still instituted and a center of loyalty here.

The class of 1956 appears to be composed of strong individuals, each one of whom has friends but is not willing to let "her crowd" push her around. Aside from the cooperation on the Senior Follies, observation and association with individual members of the class prompts one to feel this way.

The remainder of us can learn this one more thing from the seniors. Independence—freedom from the dictates even of one's friends—is basic to the growth of a group or groups into a cooperative class of individuals.

## Is The Grass Greener?

The Salemite feels that, in keeping with a policy of broadening student interest, newspapers from other colleges and universities should be made available to Salem students.

According to the present system of exchange, the Salemite receives one daily paper (The Daily Tar Heel from the University of North Carolina) and a number of weekly papers. The weeklies which come with regularity are The Davidsonian, The Old Gold and Black (Wake Forest College), The Pioneer (Catawba College, Salisbury), The Guilfordian, The Lenoir Rhynean, and The Technician (N. C. State). Occasionally copies of The Sweet Briar News, The Clarion (Brevard College), The Comenian (Moravian College, Bethlehem, Pa.), and The University Hatchet (George Washington University) are received.

Beginning this week, copies of these newspapers were placed in the library, along with the city dailies.

Whether your interest is in an individual (he may have been elected to something, or you may know or be a dance sponsor) or whether you are curious about what really takes place on other college campuses—take time to have a look at these papers.

And if we are not exchanging newspapers with a school in which you have an interest, leave a note in the Salemite office. We will be glad to find out if they are willing to begin such an exchange next year.

## Letters

(The following paragraphs are excerpts from a letter written to Miss Byrd by Nancy Gilchrist Millen, former member of the class of 1957. Nancy, an active member of the Salemite staff and participant in a number of extracurricular activities, left Salem after her sophomore year to marry Press Millen. They are now in Houston, Texas, where Press is serving in the Air Force. Editor.)

I guess this is the time of year when I most miss Salem! I can just picture the way it is right now with the cherry trees in blossom and everyone possessed by that old bug, spring fever. Everyone will be using the saved-up chapel cuts to take sunbaths. I would so love to be able to be back for just a little while!

I'm studying now, too, on two correspondence courses in English from U. N. C. Each assignment requires a minimum of five to six hours of study, but I have yet to finish anywhere close to the minimum!

I was slowed up quite a bit on my studying and other things two weeks ago by an unexpected happening. A dull pain which I'd had in my side all day suddenly got acute about 2 a.m. We didn't know any doctors or anything about any hospital.

We were heading for one we had seen and passed another one on the way. We saw a sign saying "emergency room" and turned in at that one. We took pot luck and got the surgeon on duty, who happened to be a wonderful doctor. He operated a series of tests which proved it to be appendicitis plus several complications.

So now I'm the proud possessor of a lovely six inch scar and tales of "my operation" to discuss with other old ladies in my old age!

An open letter to the Students and Faculty of Salem College.

Dear Friends,  
I don't know if I will see everyone of you during that mad rush for exams that precedes the shortest way home, so I take this opportunity to thank you for the experience I have shared with you in college life.

It is hard not to be sentimental when you look back but I will try my best to avoid it, especially when the joyful events are in absolute majority.

Although I have gone through

orientation, rules ending in call-downs, and exams with you, that only blends perfectly with concerts, snowballs, and holiday trips. These are some of the outstanding features of my year and still they don't mean as much as the daily life together.

In class or chapel, walking to the post-office or the graveyard, in our rooms or in Cozy we have all felt at home at Salem.

I hate to say good-bye and I dread that day coming in only two weeks when I will have to. But I'm also looking forward to a summer in your country and the next year at the University of Lund, Sweden, when I will draw from my experiences and be welcomed and rushed by my friends there.

Good luck to you all and Salem.  
Malin Ebinger

To the Student Body:

It was brought to the attention of the Student Council this past week that the student body has a false assumption concerning the penalty for overuse of the overnights allotted to one girl. It was assumed that the penalty was automatic—that overnights would be taken from the next semester for over-use.

But the Student Council has no set, automatic penalty for this offense. Just as with every other offense—whether due to coming in late, having an illegal car on campus or over-use of the overnights—each case is handled individually; and each penalty is given on the basis of the circumstances involved and the individual interpretation of the particular case by Student Council. We feel that this is the only fair way to handle the cases.

Also it should be stressed that a second offense is always considered more serious than the first. In other words, if a girl breaks a rule once, receives her penalty from Stee Gee and then purposely breaks the same rule again, we feel that undoubtedly the first penalty was either not severe enough or just not effective. It is then our prerogative to find some new method of making the girl abide by the rule.

If there is still any misunderstanding concerning either the overnight rule or the second offense penalties, please see me or some Stee Gee member.

Thank you,  
Judy Graham  
Student Government President

## Clerical Robes, Or The Devil's Cape

By Margaret MacQueen

Now you may say that a preacher's daughter has it made—getting in shows free, going to camp free, getting a television set and new Mercury for Christmas. But believe me it is not all it's cracked up to be. Prominent among disadvantages are ideas that preacher's children should be angels, vacations shortened by weddings and funerals, dates' reactions, hated church conferences, family reunions, and summers at Montreat.

Top of the list of disadvantages is the attitude people take in thinking that preacher's children should always be good. All my life I've come up against, "What do you think your father would say if he saw you doing that?" or after missing a foul shot in a basketball game when an emphatic damn issued forth, hearing, "Shame on you and you're a preacher's daughter too."

Although to me smoking brings up no moral question, some people in our congregation think women are headed straight for hell if they take out a cigarette. Consequently, if I smoke one cigarette I have to go through my little routine of locking myself in the bathroom upstairs and then afterwards practically chug-a-lugging mouth wash and spraying the bathroom with Air-wick.

One of the worst handicaps about a father with clerical robes is interrupted vacations and plans for weddings and funerals. One June day when my brother, Donny, was five, Daddy promised to take us to White Lake to go swimming. We were bustling around upstairs getting our bathing suits and towels together when the doorbell rang. Donny hurried down to answer it and found a young man nervously pacing up and down on the front porch and a dressed up young lady in the car. We overheard this conversation.

Young man. Hey, sonny, could you tell me where I can find a preacher to marry us?

Donny. Well, the Baptist preacher lives just on the other side of town. I'll be glad to tell you how to get to his house.

Young man. No, I've already been there and he's out of town on a convention.

Donny. (hurriedly) The Metho-

dist preacher lives just around the block.

Young man. I've been there too, but he has a funeral.

Donny. (desperately) Have you tried the Episcopalian rector?

Young man. Yes, I have been there too, but his wife doesn't know where he is.

Donny. Well, come on in. Daddy's a preacher.

We did not go to the lake.

Now that I've gotten to college and had numerous blind dates I've found that being a preacher's daughter has drawbacks in this field also. I get along beautifully with my date until he finds out I'm a preacher's daughter. Then he freezes up and thinks, "Uh—oh, no fun tonight."

He apologizes for saying damn or hell, asks if he can smoke, and makes a great issue over drinking. I've now started replying to "What does your father do?" with, "Oh, he runs a pool hall." The three things I hate most are church conferences, family reunions, and Montreat.

Church conferences are directed by preachers who went to the seminary with Daddy and expect Margaret to know all the answers to their questions on the Bible in their classes. They are attended by pious little busy bodies who think playing tennis during these same Bible classes is the unpardonable sin.

Several Sundays out of each year the "preacher's family" is invited to a family reunion by some member of Daddy's country church. Wooden tables are spread thick

with fried chicken, rice and gravy, and flies, and the grounds are teeming with kin people and wailing babies. The conversations vary from Uncle Joe's funeral to Aunt Mattie's last operation. Everyone has to meet the preacher's children and comment on how they have grown since the last reunion.

Montreat is to Presbyterians what heaven is to most people. It is their summer meeting grounds and preachers and missionaries flock there from all over the world. Our family has spent the last week of our vacation there (August when most of the young people have gone home) for the past two summers. We stayed in an inn where only old people are registered and most of them are retired preachers and missionaries who are content to sit and rock, play rook, and argue "Union and Segregation" all day.

Everytime I walk out in shorts the old ladies rocking on the porch nearly rock off, and when we want to play bridge there is a deathly silence and everyone stares, for bridge is not allowed.

One night when Daddy and some of his nonconformist friends were playing, one pious old lady kept walking around the table and watching every move. Finally she asked, "What in the world are you playing?"

Daddy looked up and said, "Lady, we're playing rook with bridge cards."

No, being a preacher's daughter isn't all it's cracked up to be, but I wouldn't change places with anybody in the world.

## Beyond the Square

By Carol Campbell

"What is your opinion of the international situation?", asked reporters of Louis Armstrong who is currently in London on his jazz tour. "Why I reckon it's all right. The last time I looked at it, it was

Anyhow they're still blowing and they ain't shooting", he answered.

This, of course, was said in jest, but on the other hand, how many of us, if asked the same question, could seriously answer with any degree of intelligence? With the world decreasing daily in size and the constant threat of Soviet Russia, it is suicide to remain ignorant of the events that affect everyone of us.

Let's realize that although we may not guide the country's actions directly, we do determine our nation's future (and therefore our own) in an indirect way by the vote. And to intelligently choose the men who do make the moves, we have to know something of politics and world affairs. This is the inescapable duty of all those who want peace and democracy.

### The World

NATO stands for North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It was set up in 1949 and is composed of fifteen free nations from the U. S. to the Black Sea. It has a headquarters in Rocquencourt, a military planning group in Washington, 150 air bases all over Europe and guides the activities of 6.5 million men in arms. Originally set up as a mutual alliance against the military threat of Russia, there is now a need to revise it's purpose since Russia is decreasing the military and economic means of grabbing satellites.

To meet these new Soviet tactics, Secretary of State Dulles met with NATO last week in Paris to see what appropriate changes the organization can make. So far a committee of three, representing Norway, Italy and Canada has been formed to study the situation and make a later report.

With the signing of a cease-fire truce between Israel and the Arab States to his credit, U. N. Secretary Dag Hammarskjold returned Sunday to New York and expressed moderate optimism about the Middle East. The next day the month

long truce was shattered by another skirmish along the Gaza Strip. Whether an all out war is the only way these two nations will ever settle their disputes is anybody's guess.

Visit—Now that the Russians have returned from England, another visit is in the news. This time it is Tito of Yugoslavia which is the Mediterranean country balanced between East and West. On the first leg of his five day visit to France, Tito called for new laws to improve relations of the world's people.

### The Nation

"I would be honored to accept the nomination of Vice-President again", said Richard Nixon on April 26th. But Nixon is highly unpopular among the Democrats and this week the first Republican to speak against him was Attorney General Javits. He said that although Nixon has done a "remarkable" job as Vice-President, "he has been bitterly partisan in some areas which I think are subject to criticism". The Republicans still feel that Ike is undefeatable.

Integration in the Church was given a boost when at the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church they elected J. Ernest Wilkins, a Negro, as president of the nine man supreme court. Mr. Wilkins, a Chicago attorney, is the first member of his race to assume the highest lay post in the church.

### Entertainment

The 1956 Pulitzer Prizes announced Monday by Columbia University: Novel—Andersonville by Mackinlay Kantor, Play—Diary of Anne Frank, Biography—Benjamin Henry Latrobe by Talbot Hamlin, Poetry—Poems: North and South, A Cold Spring by Elizabeth Bishop, History—Age of Reason by Richard Hofstadter.

Seen off the coast of Peru was Ernest Hemingway who is seeking the star for the movie version of his novelette, The Old Man and The Sea—one huge black marlin.

This summer don't miss The Last Ten Days... A gripping portrayal of the waning hours at Nazi headquarters before Hitler faces the truth of defeat and takes his own life, this is a nightmare of reality.

## The Salemite

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