

The Beauty and The Vote

There are all kinds of organizations around this place. Some are legalized, represented in the handbook, and counted on not to change drastically from year to year. Others are loosely organized social groups, caused to clan together by a common habitat, similar interests, or the same taste in dates, entertainment, et cetera. It takes brains to get into some of these organizations. In several, intellect, or proof of it, is the sole requirement. Membership in others calls for an abundance of integrity, leadership, capability and other equally ambiguous traits. Several organizations are interested in a girl's special talent for writing or acting or drawing cartoons or begging ads. Some ask only for an enthusiastic spirit to inspire the talented and lighten the over-seriousness of the dedicated. Certain campus groups induct you without your ever knowing it. And you are expected to take up the ensuing rights. Girls with particular religious affiliation group themselves together. Others have a great many diverse facets. The May Day Committee has facets galore. And one of these facets is the queen and her thirteen attendants. The unique characteristics of each of these girls is her beauty and her poise. Certainly it is difficult to separate what is known around campus as "inward beauty" from what most of us view objectively in movie stars and women we see across the aisle on the train. But people who come to see the May Day pageant and people who look at newspaper pictures across the state are not aware of the fact that Eloise has the kindest heart imaginable. Or that Margaret has a personality that "snows" every blind date she has. Outsiders see facial features, and measurements, and complexion, and poise. Certainly there are ways to show our approval and appreciation of our friends and what they mean to us. And there are organizations which recognize all kinds of attainment, interest, enthusiasm, and whatever. But the May Court—and the May Queen—are required only to be beautiful and graceful. And there are lots of girls on campus who meet these requirements. Our duty is, for just this once, to be objective in hunting the qualified girls out, nominating them, and voting for them.

—J. S.



From the President

Judy Graham

Were you one of the petition signers this week? Did you make suggestions on your handbook test in regard to more liberal standards of dress? If so, you will find the Student Council's answer to both of these requests listed below. In reply to the student petition concerning events at the Coliseum not being counted as evening engagements, your Student Council felt compelled to deny your request for the following reasons: First of all, you are given every chance possible to take advantage of such events as Civic Music Concerts and Little Theater plays due to that fact that these are not only entertaining but educational. Your learning to appreciate the finer arts is as much a part of your liberal education at Salem as is English 10 or History 103. On the other hand, the Council

felt that the majority of the shows at the Coliseum are comparable to the local movies—entertaining but not educational. Therefore, we decided that the choice should still be left to you. Then, too, the fact that the list of events which do not count is already so lengthy (as well as the fact that you may date on campus any night you choose) seems to indicate that there is a tendency toward scheduling an excess of social activities to the neglect of academic matters. Therefore, the council felt that it should guard against any unnecessary addition to the events already listed. So, for an enjoyable evening you are urged to attend any of the shows at either the Coliseum or the local theaters—if you have the evening engagements.

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Beyond the Square

Carol Campbell

After attending the concert at the Coliseum Wednesday night, I hereby nominate **Rock 'n Roll** as the sorriest excuse for music in America today. I have no explanation for the tremendous following it has gained in our country (and in others) but I feel that if we continue to prefer this raw and monotonous music over something that is mature and beautiful, cultural progress will be drastically delayed. To compose a successful ditty in the Rock 'n Roll style we begin with imaginative lyrics such as "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, You ain't never caught a rabbit, And you ain't a friend of mine. Of course, it's even better to use more suggestive lyrics, but these will do. Next we add 'music' which consists of two booming beats and a limited number of chords that repeat themselves with no variation from beginning to bitter end. Present it in an unbelievably loud series of grunts and groans while you're straddling the bass fiddle or gyrating up and down the stage and thus, "a song is born". I was not only inspired by the talent and method of presentation of this performance, but what I really liked best about it was that it certainly brought out the civilized best in the fans. The Master of Ceremonies must have thought so too, because he kept reminding us that the entire show would be stopped if we didn't keep our seats and refrain from 'movement' in the aisles. And so, like a sickening nightmare, the teenagers writhed in their seats to the rhythm of pure emotion. There was only one 'movement' in the aisle and that was I. I had to leave.

THE WORLD

The British colony of **Hong Kong** is situated at the mouth of the Canton River and is admittedly the free world's last toehold on the Chinese mainland. It is also the place where 2,500,000 refugees have come to hide from the Communist-Nationalist battles and are living in a state of poverty, filth and idleness. With this situation, the reaction to the recent celebration of the **Double Tenth Nationalist Holiday** is not difficult to understand. It started when a Communist tore down a Nationalist flag. The riots which followed began in defiance of the Nationalists soon turned in the direction of all Westerners and at the end of two days, the toll was 44 dead and almost 200 injured. As the Soviet Liner, Vyacheslav Molotov awaited in England to depart for Russia, a woman named **Nina Ponomariva** got on and a man named **Alexis Chwastor** and his daughter got off. Nina is Russia's Olympic disc champion and while on her stay in London she was arrested for shoplifting five hats from a London department store. An even more savory person is Mr. Chwastor, who was returning from the U. S. where he had kidnapped his daughter, Tanya, from his ex-wife and hidden her all the way to England in a stateroom on the Queen Mary. Tanya's mother was able to stop Mr. Chwastor by appealing through the Church World Service and has obtained British aid in getting a trial.

The eyes of the world are focused on the **United Nations** this week. With Britain and France trying to gain a voice in the operation of the Suez Canal in order to regain their influence and transport Middle East oil, the Americans insisting on retaining peace at all costs, the Russians attempt to appear as the patron of the underdeveloped Mid-East countries and with Egyptian refusal to relinquish the Canal, the problem could not be described as easy. Suggestions for a settlement have been endless and all have been rejected. The only progress made so far has been a vague sort of agreement proposing that there would be Egyptian control of the Canal in cooperation with an international supervisory board.

PEOPLE

Believe it or not, **Liberace** has taken England by storm. Huge crowds have cheered him wherever he's gone and tickets to hear him at the Royal Festival Hall were sold out three hours after they were put on sale. The press, however, has been extremely unflattering and have criticized him for his cult of "Momism". Replied Liberace, "Everyone has to expect a certain number of nonbelievers and even enemies. I suppose that's why they shot Abraham Lincoln and crucified Jesus." The modesty of this man is **unbelievable**.

Did you know that **Ernest Hemingway** had a twenty-four year old son? Formerly a big-game hunter, guide and coffee-grower in British East Africa, Gregory Hancock Hemingway arrived last week in Miami to be sworn into the United States Army. When asked if his father knew of his new status, he said, he wasn't sure—"I hear he's in Spain where they're going to dedicate a bull to him or something."

THE NATION

President Eisenhower returned from Sunday services at the National Presbyterian Church to be greeted by 55 members of the Army Band who had assembled on the south lawn to serenade him. Surrounded by his wife, who had planned the surprise, and his four grandchildren, Ike heard "Happy Birthday," "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You," Drigo's "Serenade," "The California Go Rolling Along" and "Army Blue." The next day he began a week of campaigning. Stevenson, of course, took the occasion of the President's birthday to say that the "aging President" was only the fifth President to be in office on his 66th birthday. The Democratic nominee also made headlines when he said that the U. S. is not powerless to halt Atomic tests and that if he were elected, this would be the "first order of business."

The telephone of the future was displayed last week at the annual convention of the U. S. Independent Telephone Association which met at the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago. This weird looking instrument is called the **Ericofon** and features both the receiver and transmitter in one piece. The Ericofon is 'off' while it stands upright on a table, but as soon as it is lifted a button is released and a dial tone begins. Oh, yes, the dial is on the bottom for increased 'convenience'.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Pultitzer Prize winning play, **Diary of Anne Frank** concerns eight Jewish refugees who have hidden from the Gestapo in a cramped garret in Amsterdam. There is little propaganda involved and the action revolves around such things as their techniques of

Rebuttal

The following reprint from **The Carolinian**, **Woman's College of the University of North Carolina**, deals with an anonymous essay in the September 28 issue of the **Salemite**.

—Editor

In the September 28 issue of **The Salemite**, a former resident of this college wrote a feature describing the horrors and terrible sufferings of her one year's stay here. Referring to WC as "State Normal" and to her present academic shelter as "Smaltz", she elaborated on such every day trifles as her aching feet by the time she'd "reached the kitchen," the total "reached of food by the time she'd reached the front of the line, the activity of fifteen lawn mowers on the quadrangle at once and the professor who had to use a loud-speaker to reach a class of fifty.

In reply to these gross, but humorous slams at our beloved school, **The Carolinian** presents the true and unbiased report below: Dear "name withheld" (but we know who you are!)

Well, now that you are accustomed to the sheltered atmosphere of "Smaltz", we ask you to step for a moment from the "lovely, quaint, picturesque" hall which you inhabit and listen to the words of us "normals" you left behind. Listen closely because we're giving freely of this unlimited week-end to enlighten you.

Concerning your concern over the dining conditions here at Normal, firstly, let us say that our beloved mess hall was never referred to as a kitchen, secondly, that the lines still wrap around the dining hall at lunchtime, and lastly, we thought you too had mastered the intricacies of the subveyor.

We have seen dear old "Smaltz", and we realize just how much you have to be proud of. We still walk across miles of campus for classes, we still point the 9 AM rush for mail, we still trudge to mass meeting every Tuesday, and towel closets still fall over in the freshman dorms after lights out.

But, if your memory has not been dimmed, as yet, by the grandeurs of "Smaltz," we ask you to recall several of the aspects of Normal which will keep us here until we grab that diploma. Do you remember the night we chose the emblems for our class jackets, or the first time the juniors break us the Sister Song, or late breakfast in the Soda Shop? Can you remember the glow of Elliott Hall the night of the Freshman Formal, or the steam rising from the hot air holes on cold nights as you trek back from the library.

The elegance of supervised dining, the presence of a bull-dozer in your backyard, the rush of boys from a newly arrived institution—these things probably more than compensate for the lack of the above mentioned trivia.

However, we do not invite you back, we only ask you to remember!

silence during the day, routine of getting food and the vital personality of an adolescent girl. And yet the report from the six German cities where it has appeared is that it has touched the conscience of the public more profoundly than anything else bearing on the subject of Nazi slaughter including the movies actually filmed in concentration camps.

A possible explanation for the spellbound reaction of the German people to this play is that the significance of the master-race plan for mass murder is too big for the mind to comprehend unless it is broken down into something on a smaller scale. In this sensitive story of people involved in a test of character, this need has been fulfilled.

Of the three new plays being offered on Broadway in October, only **The Loud Red Patrick** with Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne has survived the critics' damaging reviews. **Harbor Lights** with Linda Darnell folded after four performances and **Sixth Finger In A Five Finger Glove** lasted for two shows only.

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 St.
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year

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