

A Brief Encounter

A bored ladybug named Millie was wandering around the garden. Suddenly a black ant with a tiny, red-checked pack on his back stumbled through the clods. Millie stopped short. She peered into the bowed face of the ant.

"You're tired," she said, with a flutter of her wings. "My name's Jack," the ant clipped. "And I'm exhausted. Utterly fatigued."

"I'm Millie. And I'm so bored. There's nothing to me. I know that. Don't tell me."

"You're good looking," Jack had removed the red-checked pack and brushed the dust from his black feet. "Look at me. What have I got? Nothing."

Millie smiled serenely. "But you're going somewhere. Doing something." And, with an air only a ladybug can achieve, she glanced, tired-like, at the spots glistening on her well-shaped back.

Then Millie peeled a section of her beautiful shell off quickly and held it out. "Here. You'll be beautiful, if you don't mind my saving so."

Jack took it reverently. "But I'm a cynic," he said. "My motto is: take gifts with a sigh, for most people give to be paid." He sighed and reached for the red-checked pack.

"No. No. Please don't," Millie cried. "I, too, have a motto. This is it. 'All you can hold in your cold, dead hand is what you have given away.'"

Jack laughed and put the pack, unopened, on his back. "It is strange," he said, "that your motto has brought you no more contentment than mine has brought to me."

He strapped the peeling of ladybug shell to his thin back with a blade of dried grass and started on his way, wearily.

-J. S.

Beyond The Square--By Carol Campbell

PEOPLE

Although Sir Winston Churchill celebrated his 82nd birthday with a quiet family gathering last Saturday, mountains of cables and letters filled his Hyde Park Corner home to proclaim the respect and affection of his country and the world. "Sir Winston," a photographer called out to the great man as he retired from a session with the press, "I hope to take your picture on your 100th birthday." Churchill looked the man in the eye for fully thirty seconds and evenly replied, "I see no reason why you shouldn't, young man—you look hale and hearty enough."

From Augusta, Georgia, where he is taking a few weeks in the sun, President Eisenhower announced the appointment of Douglas MacArthur II as ambassador to Japan. Mr. MacArthur is the nephew of the famed general ousted from his Far Eastern command by President Truman and is also a son-in-law of the late Vice-President Alben W. Barkley.

Mr. Stevenson has officially removed himself from the Democratic presidential picture in 1960 by saying Tuesday, "I will not run again for the presidency." Although he intends to resume his private law practice in Chicago, Adlai said he

would go on helping the Democratic Party "whenever I can." In this connection he said, "the greatest service the Democratic Party can now render is a strong, searching and constructive opposition."

"When he faces me, he will have a painful awakening," said Archie Moore two weeks ago. Replied Floyd Patterson, "I haven't even thought of losing." And he was right. Last Friday, twenty-one year old Floyd Patterson knocked out the thirty-nine year old Moore in the fifth round and became the youngest man to ever capture the heavyweight championship of the world.

And from Hollywood, producer-director Mark Robson declares that Ava Gardner is the world's number one glamor girl. After spending two months in Europe filming Ava in her newest picture, "The Little Hut", co-starring David Niven and Stewart Granger, Mr. Robson returned to Hollywood a shaken man and said, "It was the most unnerving experience of my life."

THE WORLD

Defying Russian guards and a fusillade of bullets fired over their heads, more than 30,000 Hungarian women and children marched into Heroes Square in Budapest to lay flowers on the tomb of the unknown soldiers. Rejecting all men from the demonstration, the women jeered, slapped and spat at the Russians and braved both the Russians and the biting wind to commemorate the Soviet onslaught one month ago which crushed the October 23 revolt.

Meanwhile qualified reports have said that the Hungarian resistance is culminating in a 'shadow government' which is undermining the Communist Kadar regime. In retaliation to the opposition Kadar has put forth the following ultimatums: Refugees must return or face ultimate punishment, the workers must return to work or receive no food, Hungarian soldiers must rejoin their units or face desertion charges, and rejection of the request for a workers' press.

In the United States there is increasing impatience with the refusal of the Russians to respond to international protest of the situation and from nearby Austria comes the report that the more than 100,000 Hungarian refugees are straining both the resources of the Austrian government and those of the international welfare agencies. In protest against the Russians' suppression of the Hungarian revolt the United States has suspended its new program of cultural exchanges with the Soviet Union.

As the British and French forces leave Egypt this week, the United Nations continue to study the solutions to two basic problems. First they must get a settlement that will 1) guarantee Israel's safety, 2) restore freedom of passage through the Canal and 3) stop Soviet infiltration of the Middle East. Then comes the problem of repairing Anglo-French relations. Since Britain and France have lost their prestige in the Middle East, the burden will fall on the United States to maintain Western influence in this all important area. Our chief competitor is the Soviet Union.

The United States has recognized that the six major Arab states of the Middle East (Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq) are unified in their common hatred of Israel and Western colonialism and are all intensely nationalistic. A split has occurred over the entrance of Soviet influence in the Middle East, however. Although the offer of Soviet 'volunteers' to help in the Egyptian crisis was favorably received by all the Arab states, several of them are now beginning to fear the consequences of Russian intervention and the arrival of its influence in their progress towards nationalism.

THE NATION

Clinton again. After their children were pelted with eggs and stones by a group of white children, the parents of the small number of Negro children who were

admitted to Clinton High School in September have declared that they will not send their children back to school until the authorities will assure them of safety. The Clinton Board of Education has requested Federal aid in the matter and have stated that they have reached the end of their influence in forcing education.

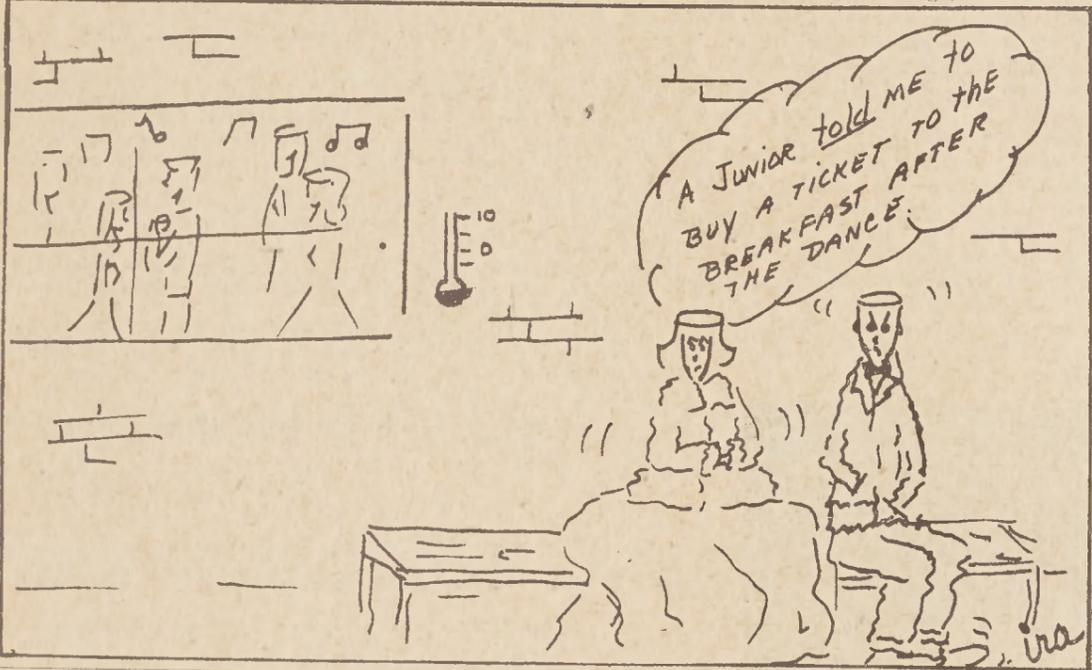
And in New York, an explosion that followed a fire on a Brooklyn pier shook the area for miles around. Twenty-five minutes after the fire occurred on Monday on the pier of Luckenbach Steamship Lines, the area was thrown in turmoil with an estimated damage of \$10,000,000.

ENTERTAINMENT

It was with regret that I read that Steve Allen, of Tonight, will relinquish his role at the end of the month to devote full time to his Sunday night show. Even though the other networks do not schedule programs in the late evening, N. B. C. insists there's a market for a live show at this time and are considering either enlisting Ernie Kovacs to take Steve's place or a panel of three columnists who would present what's new in the entertainment world in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. My vote goes to Ernie.

Much Ado About Me is the tender, wry story of a Boston boy named John Florence Sullivan. You might know him better as Fred Allen. The book tells of the change by which the Sullivan boy became first a juggler, then Fred Allen and then, after Will Rogers, the most intelligent comedian of the stage.

It all began when the Boston Public Library, where fourteen year old Fred worked, decided to give a Christmas show. Fred did a juggling act and after the show a girl in the audience told him he ought to go on the stage. Says Fred, "If she had only kept her mouth shut that night, today I might be the librarian of the Boston Public Library." Oddly enough, Mr. Allen wrote every word of this story and tells a delightful story of his rise from small-time to top book- ing at the Palace amidst those incredible and dedicated people with whom he worked. Don't miss it.



Santa Wears Cotton In Miami

I awoke snuggled up under my one blanket. Then I stepped out onto the cold floor and shivered a little in the cold room. (My parents had never felt that there was sufficient need for a central heating system.)

I joined the family in the living room. They were waiting for me, around a little fire which I knew no one would bother to replenish because the sun would have the house warm in a few hours. Santa hadn't knocked any snow down into the hearth because he drove his sleigh down one of the orchid palm fronds that sprawls above the

house and came straight down the chimney.

Now that my eyes were open wider I could see all of the finishing touches that had been put on the house. On the mantle there was an arrangement of silvered avocado leaves, silvered palmetto fans, and sprigs of tiny red Florida holly berries.

When the presents were opened, we began the mad scramble to get ready for church. My room was warm now (guess Mother and Daddy were right about the heating). I slipped on my gray winter cotton and decided I would not

need a sweater. Mother decided on a linen with a matching sweater—just perfect since the sunshine-fashion season begins with Christmas.

After church we joined the stream of cars moving toward the country club. It was noon and I was beginning to feel warm in my long sleeved dress. The people in the front of us had their convertible top down and were soaking in the sunshine. After we finally found a parking place near the club house, we joined the mob in the open patio.

We took the long way home from the club. I can't remember seeing the lawns any greener. There were red and white poinsettia hedges in full bloom. In the back yards, the glazy green cactus trees were bending under the weight of the crop of yellow and orange fruit.

As we crossed the canal we saw a few boats headed toward the bay for an afternoon on the water. A few cars with out-of-state licenses were headed toward the beach. (No matter how cold it is, tourists always have to uphold the tradition of going swimming on Christmas Day!)

The rest of the day passed quietly. That evening I decided I would need to take a sweater with me when I went out. When bedtime came, I crossed my fingers in hopes that it would be warm enough the next night to have the country club formal outside.

-Martha Jarvis

Christmas At West Point

Christmas Day found me standing on the steps of the Cadet Chapel at West Point. The Corps was marching to church, and I saw the miraculous precision of its approach with fascination. Every knee bent in the same prescribed angle; every back braced in military fashion; every step was perfect alignment.

The regiments moved, as I did, into the immense stone structure that was the Cadet Chapel. I entered the vestibule behind the Corps and immediately a dashing cadet-usher with spotless, white cross belts and gleaming saber, escorted me down the center aisle.

The gray walls of the interior were illuminated by scores of candelabra the light from which cast flickering shadows in and among the arches created by the semi-Gothic architecture.

My heels clicked on the stone floors as we passed beneath the overhanging display of battle flags,

some of which dated back to engagements of the Revolutionary War. These were faded and hung in tatters, presenting a vivid contrast to the newer, blood-stained banners of World War II.

At the far end of the chapel, above the altar, was a stained glass picture of Christ. The sunlight streaming through these jewel-like panes gave life to the figure. The silver service on the high altar reflected the light of softly glowing candles; acolytes clad in rich vestments moved back and forth, making final preparations for the morning service.

A medley of Christmas selections rose in generous swells from one of the largest pipe organs in the world, and, as my escort and I were nearing our destination, the Cadet Choir lifted their voices in song. I slipped into my seat just in time to join in the strains of "Joy to the World."

-Ruth Bennett

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