

Do You Know Yourself?

"Know thyself" may have been the latest idea in Socrates' day, but it is also good advice today.

College is the period of self-realization for many of us. For it is here that we can broaden our outlook on life and at the same time begin to form definite opinions on our mental and spiritual relationship to the world around us.

College gives us many opportunities to achieve this self-realization, but too often that Saturday night date, the latest style outfit, or keeping up with the current gossip hinders us by constantly directing our thought to trivial matters. Maturity can only come when we start thinking on our own without waiting to see which opinion is most popular and then merely agreeing.

Read, listen, discuss, write. Then go for a walk or sit alone and THINK. Our minds needn't stop functioning just because the bell rings and our notebooks are closed.

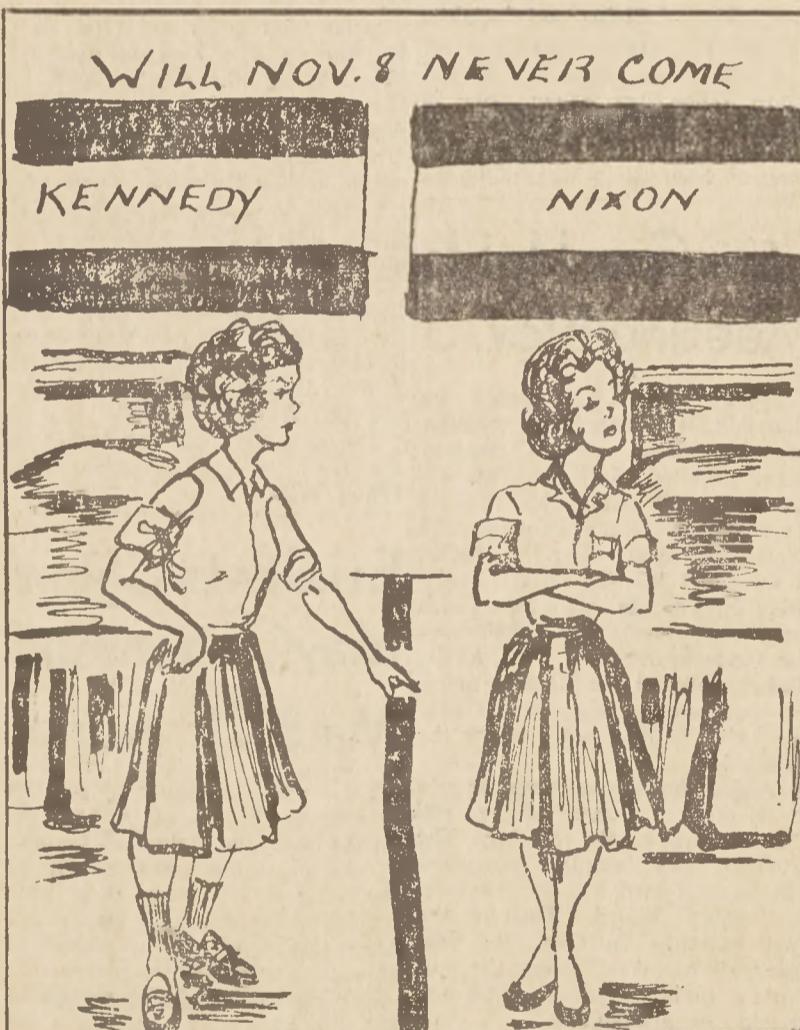
Life is less hectic and more rewarding when we know where we are going. Introspection can prove most satisfying. Why not try it?

A. L. T.

Where Is Our Faculty?

Lost! One complete set of faculty members of various sizes and personalities. The missing professors were last seen entering a small room under Main Hall. They were formerly seen sitting in the Dairy Barn and talking to students on campus. Anyone who can help us find them again will be rewarded by stimulating conversation, warm friendship, and fun.

We realize that the faculty members like their new lounge and that the Dairy Barn cannot compete with a 5c cup of coffee; but we do miss the close relationship that we have had! The informal chats with our professors over a cup of coffee would rank high in a list of the advantages that Salem offers. We met as individuals as well as note-taker and lecturer. We sometimes get tired of seeing only the same students all the time, and perhaps our faculty members feel the same way about one another at times. Therefore, we would like to suggest that our professors still visit the Dairy Barn one of their free periods a day. The coffee is more expensive, but the Cokes are the same and we do miss you!



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All Nations Celebrate UN Day Oct. 24

By Dean Major

There is a new anniversary on calendars today: "the anniversary that all lands and peoples can acclaim" — United Nations Day. Founded on October 24, 1945, the United Nations represents the most respected, most concrete, and most effective effort of the people of the world to solve unitedly the problems facing all peoples and to build together a more lasting peace.

Although its first years have not been easy, these fifteen years have established firmly the very necessity of international cooperation and the worth of the United Nations as an organization. The UN has maintained peace amid the most troubled years of all time, facing such problems as "cold war" distrust, open hostilities, the vast gap between the have and the have-not nations, the establishing of newly independent countries, and the handling of rapid advancement in science.

Yet Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the UN, recently warned the world that the UN is far from its aims, pleading that the world not weaken its united efforts to strengthen the foundations of peace and to overcome the problems of the 1960's. Today the world needs the UN more than ever. It is here that a means is provided for contacts and negotiations between both sides, thus reducing the hazards to peace. Examples of this promotion of negotiations have been demonstrated clearly in the past few weeks: Several countries of Western Europe have asked Russia to "spell out" her position on disarmament; the United States has requested an investigation of US-Cuban problems by UN committee composed of members of the OAS.

Faced with a world-wide desire for more independence and less colonization, the United Nations is at present discussing the possi-

bilities of a training program through which natives of areas still considered colonies could be trained in government and UN affairs, therefore preparing them to lead their countries to freedom.

In the economic field, the UN has not only provided the groundwork on which sound national and regional policies can be based, but has recently produced a declaration of world economic cooperation.

Calling on the world to recognize the "worth and dignity of the human individual," the UN has launched many programs aiding individuals in need: the World Refugee Year, the UNICEF programs, and

others. What does the UN mean to Salemites? Many among us can already testify to results of the work of the UN, results seen in our travels. In its first fifteen years the UN has already become part of the fabric of international life, a life of which we are a part. Who can tell what benefits our own country or city or family may reap from the work of this organization? (References: *NYTimes*, Saturday, Oct. 22; *Charlotte Observer*; Tuesday, October 25; "United Nations Day, 1960", published by the UN publicity committee)

New Books Add Variety And Color To The Browsing Room

Two very different but interesting titles have been added to the Browsing Room collection this week.

In her recent book of short stories, *Patterns of Perfection*, Nancy Hale brings us face to face with simple, everyday situations. She reveals their true significance with a single sentence or incident that acts like a gentle breeze but leaves us stunned.

The plot of these stories ranges over wide patterns of life, but each is centered around a character who is seeking human compassion and understanding and finds none. While they watch an academic procession, an anxious mother hears her little boy, whose face is pinched and white from persistent coughing, ask, "Will I go to college, too?" Another plot is revealed when a lonely and aging spinster overhears her frivolous mother and lazy aunt discussing her constant brooding; they end with the remark, "Goodness knows, she will never be charming. It would be wise to let her think."

With her economy of style and serenity of mood, the author achieves an impact rare today. Her works have been published in the *New Yorker* and other leading magazines. One should read these stories leisurely to savor thoroughly their gentle pathos and compassion.

A long awaited new edition of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, by James Agee and Walker Evans has just been published. Written over twenty years ago, this book has now become a legend in publishing history. In 1936, the authors were given a journalistic assignment to discover and disclose the actual daily life of the Southern sharecropper. What started as a routine magazine job resulted in a poetic and moving book which was too hot for the magazine to handle at that time. Four years later, the material was published in a limited edition with some minor changes and a few photographs deleted. This edition has long been out of print but not out of the minds of some interested persons.

Do Salemites Live For The Weekend?

By Susan Hughes

Trudge, trudge, trudge — Monday morning. The weekend was over, professors peered at rows of dark circles and bleary eyes, thinking, "It must have been homecoming somewhere—Davidson, maybe?" or "I guess that Maryland-Wake Forest ball game was too, too crushing." The bleary eyes disappeared behind closed eyes or sunglasses, and the discourse on the values of whale oil were lost on sleepy Salemites. "How can we compete with all this social activity," thought all the professors. "If only historical facts and relationships were remembered as well as the latest gossip and social relationships. How can Alexander I of Russia compete with Mr. Paine's marriage?"

Tuesday professors were a little better off—they only had to compete with the letters and cards from "the boy I dated this weekend," and the shrieks (at least the girls were awake now) of joy over invitations for the next weekend. A hope glimmered as a student actually answered an academic question correctly. Had she really read her lesson?

Wednesday things began to pick up — "if only it would last—but the weekend always begins on Thursday." It would be nice if Glen really had come all the way from Oxford to see Flicky. Please don't play a joke like that again. Somebody said that Mary Lou Brown, a former member of the class of 1961 is engaged—she transferred to Emory. Wednesdays are all right. The gossip is usually all "straightened out" by then, but these girls persist in card games. The juniors have even made up a new one, the name of which, I'm told, is unprintable . . . The professor's thoughts whirled on, and the sea of wide-eyed Wednesday morning faces looked up—"Please, give us an envelope test," they said.

Somehow, Thursday rolled around and seats were empty some places. "Wouldn't it be nice if professors could cut once in a while? I can't remember exactly when weekends started getting so long. I've decided the girls only come to college for the weekends."

Friday—the faces were really wide awake this morning. Everyone was really alert—but not to the problems caused by the church in Medieval Europe, or to the correct way of

writing essays. "It seems hard to understand why they can't get out of buildings any faster during fire drills—they surely empty Main Hall in a hurry after their last classes on Friday."

Off to Carolina, Duke, or State—home for the weekend, or to Charlottesville to see Wake Forest play U. Va. Books are stashed away on shelves or lie forgotten on a cluttered desk—some few make a feeble gesture by packing a book or two to take along—they only add extra weight though.

Forgotten (for a couple of days) are the worries of getting annual pictures taken, selling ads, making unit plans for education, or writing reports for next week's classes.

Salem has uncovered an old mystery that still has not been solved. Recently Mr. Hill was going through the files in the Treasurer's Office when he found an envelope containing a man's small gold pocket watch. Included with the watch was this note:

"This watch was found by Jeanne Tighe in 214 South the first of December. It was in her bed one morning when she started to make up the bed. She cannot explain its presence nor could she find its owner.
12-5-49"

It seems that working in the treasurer's office has its lighter moments, too!

It's just turned cold and already the students are thinking of Christmas. The Day Students are planning their annual Christmas Tea for Monday, December 12th, from 2-4 p.m. Julia Carr and Edith Lowery are the co-chairmen.

Dr. Africa informed his senior history students of the trials and tribulations which they will face as history teachers. One of his friends asked his students to identify monotheism on a quiz. One student answered, "Monotheism is the belief in having only one wife. It was prevalent in the Fertile Crescent." Dr. Africa chuckled.

Joe Luter has finally been caught. Other years he has tried to date every freshman in Babcock. We congratulate you, Nancy Griswold, on saving this year's freshmen from such fate.

Resolution: Monday we'll start studyin' real hard. Saturdays are nil for work.