

Hayes Decision . . .

Last week Judge Hayes decided that Negro law schools in North Carolina have facilities equal, and in some cases superior to those found in the white law schools in this state. Hayes compared the space, number of law volumes, and teaching staffs of the two schools, and then ruled that the Negro school had more to offer its students per capita than the University. As a result four Negroes, who were attempting to gain admittance to the University of North Carolina were denied the right to enroll in that institution.

Since this decision does concern higher education in this state, the **Salemite** feels that it is of interest to all college students. Therefore, in accordance with our policy of presenting student opinion concerning controversial issues, we are publishing this week a student poll.

Students from each class and members of the faculty have been asked their opinions concerning the recent decision. The results of this poll are presented on this page. If you are interested in this issue and feel that we have overlooked important points in considering the decision, the **Salemite** will be glad to print your opinion.

The Editors

From M. T. . . .

(Ed. Note:

The following is an excerpt from a letter received by Lee Rosenbloom from M. T. Rule. M. T. graduated from Salem last year and was a member of the **Salemite** editorial staff.)

"I've thought of Hermes and his fellow catacomb inhabitants an awful lot lately, especially since school started, and only wish I could be starting two more years at Salem right now. Thought of sending Winkie a telegram for opening chapel, but realized that the people I was thinking of most would realize I was thinking of them, and the rest would wonder who-in-the-hell-is-M. T.

M. T. has had a most uninteresting and unproductive summer—getting people married and going to the trade school for a while for typing and shorthand. Have been knocking myself out getting started in a few civic things—am going to read a script for the welfare board on the radio at 8:15. Then tomorrow I address envelopes for the League of Women Voters, and Tuesday work at the naval hospital as a Grey Lady. There is a whole ward full of Korean wounded, so it seems a little more worth while than some other things.

It's nice to be able to smoke in your room, but I'd trade it for a trip to the basement at 12:30 for a coca-cola and cigarette and the company."

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Lee Polls

By Lee Rosenbloom

Twenty Salem students from each class and from different parts of the United States were asked what they thought about Judge Hayes's decision which denied four Negro students the right to attend U. N. C. Faculty members were also approached. The college seemed divided in its opinion on this issue.

Twelve students thought the decision was unfair, in that they felt that the Negroes do not have facilities equal to those available at the University. However, seven of these same students felt that the Negroes should not be admitted to the University. They felt that segregation should be continued.

Eight members of the student body felt that Hayes' decision was unjust, and that the Negro students should be admitted to the Law School at the University. They expressed the belief that graduate students are mature enough to accept an individual for what he is, and for what he has to contribute.

This same group felt that the admittance of these four students to the University would be a step toward the abolishing of segregation laws, and thus a step forward in the progress of North Carolina.

Two people felt that the decision was a fair one. They maintained that the Negro Law School is equal to the University and to other law schools in this state. From a standpoint of the legality of the decision, they felt justified in saying that the Negroes should have been denied entry to the University. One faculty member interviewed stated that he did not consider the faculty or students able to characterize the court's decision as being just or unjust because they do not have the knowledge to judge the relative standing of the law schools involved.

All of the people consulted said that they thought the decision was an important one, and one in which all college students should take an interest.

Bessie Reviews

By Betty Leppert

Why not, as a change from stereotyped Saturday football games or the Sunday rounds of bridge, slip a copy of Kenneth Grahame's **The Wind in the Willows** under your arm, an apple (or banana) in your hand and no cigarettes in your pocket, and saunter up Church Street to the poplar-lined cemetery? Then plunk yourself down beneath that rugged oak by the stone steps and begin to read—about the water rat and his row-boat and his rustic cottage on the river; the seafaring rat with the wander-lust; and the toad with the red motor-car, goggles, gaiters and gauntleted gloves.

You may feel that such a story was written just for children and therefore hardly worth your time;

but this is not really so; not more than ostensibly, anyway, for we are all still children, whether we wish to believe it or not. We can learn all sorts of things about ourselves and our acquaintances from the wonderfully whimsical animal characters who are so very human—the practical yet romantic water rat, the gregarious otter, the introverted badger, the mercurial toad and the impetuous mole who yearns for diversity in his prosaic life.

The illustrations are like the story—delicately tinted and nether-worldish, yet subtly realistic; quaint, droll and touched with gentle pathos.

This is a wise and understanding book, and its chief appeal lies in its fablelike simplicity and candor, which instead of openly pointing, openly shows a way to live.

Kitty Informs

By Kitty Burrus

East Germans Vote Red Ticket

Moscow-trained German officials will be in control of East Germany for another four years. This was assured when East Germany's Red government announced that 98% of the Soviet zone endorsed the Communist National Front in the "ja" elections of last week. The ballots given the voters carried only one list of names—the approved Communist candidates. There was no place to vote "no" on the ballot, so the casting of a vote at all meant voting for the Red leaders. Most of the candidates were officials who already make up the Berlin Parliament which was set up by the Russians just a year ago without any election. Voting was carried on in open booths under close scrutiny of Russian troops and Communist troops.

This is an election unprecedented since Adolf Hitler's regime.

Peace Problem in Korea

After his discussion of the Korean situation with General MacArthur, President Truman said that there are some complex situations involved in bringing peace to Korea. The main immediate problem is that the U. N. recognizes no government as having legal control in North Korea. This means that there will be no organized government to sign surrender papers and no framework on which to build a peace-time government. The present plan is for South Korea's control to be limited to the area south of the 38th parallel until free, nation-wide elections can be held for the entire country.

This is the first time that a segment of the Communist empire has been removed from Soviet hands, and the procedure followed in North Korea may become a pattern if similar situations arise in

other Soviet controlled countries.

Further Curb on Segregation

Another step toward non-segregation was taken by the Supreme Court on Monday. By a decision of the court, the ban on Negro use of the Miami Springs golf course was set aside. This is a big step toward non-segregation, because the outcome of the Florida case will probably mean Negro admission to other publicly-owned facilities such as swimming pools, ball parks, playgrounds and the like.

Truman's Speech

Wednesday morning President Truman landed in Washington after a conference with General MacArthur on Wake Island.

On his return Truman issued a warning to Russia to stop aggression and offered a full partnership with all Asia for peace. Mr. Truman's message went to all of the peoples of Asia through the State Department sponsored "Voice of America" program. His speech was repeated several times in hopes that all would hear it. He said that Russia was trying to turn the peoples of the Far East into "Colonial slaves of a new imperialism", and he said that the United States would stop nothing short of war to stop Russian aggression.

President Truman delivered this foreign policy address in the Opera House in San Francisco, where the United Nations Charter was written and signed five years ago.

Florida Hurricane

A hurricane hit South Florida on Wednesday and caused damage estimated at \$5,000,000. It left destruction in all of its wake with winds that reached up to 125 miles.

The hardest hit communities were those of Davie, West Hollywood, and West Hallandale. Miami was also hard hit. Estimates of damage there ranged from \$3,000,000 to \$8,000,000.



By Jane Watson

I slid from between the covers and slithered on my stomach across the cold floor. When I bumped my nose on my saddle shoes, I finally decided to get up and face it. Six weeks exams had started, and there was nothing I could do about it. I hung by my toes from the third story window, gulped in fifteen deep breaths and thumbed through Plato's **Republic**.

I got a running start from the window sill to leap into the clothes I had thoughtfully stood up in the corner the night before. As I flew by the dressing table and desks, I memorized five pages of Ec. notes. In fact, I got so interested in the Social Security Acts, I overshot my clothes and landed in a crumpled heap. I straightened to a crouching position and hobbled over to wash my face. I put on my diving mask and submerged my head in the lavatory. While bubbling gaily around, I read my Music Appre. notes which I had transcribed around the bowl with nail polish. The scalding water melted the creases of bitter anxiety and fear. Suddenly I straightened, ripped off the diving mask and sang the **Anvil Chorus** in a vibrant baritone. Yes, I had a new outlook on life. I even talked myself into taking time to walk over to the Post Office. My mood had improved so much that by the time I had reached the Post Office, I had convinced myself that Miss Byrd's lit was a crip. Why, I could bull my way through that with no trouble at all. And as for Dr. Singer—he wouldn't know the difference between Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Dr. Todd would never notice anything so abstract as publication dates or Latin translations. Why, I had absolutely nothing to worry about.

I stood before my P. O. box, chanted the Rubiyat, crossed my forehead with blood and fell in a trance. Then, I leaped up. It had worked! There was a letter in my box! I clawed frantically in the box, trembling so I could hardly grab the corner of MY LETTER.

I read the return address which my mother had cleverly written in sanskrit (She favors Mahayana Buddhism). My eyes misted as I thought of her. I could see her now rocking in her replica of an electric chair (She's a romantic soul at heart), quill in hand, laboriously scrawling out her "pearls of wisdom" by the flickering light of a railroad flare. Enough of this sentimentality—I tore open the seal and began to read:

My darling daughter,
Lo! If'n you were but here! Mi'lord Beowulf and I just got up from a goodly banquet table. "The song was sung, the lay recited, the sound of revelry rose in the hall. Stewards poured wine from wondrous vessels". Methought of you, Melove. Methinks you're toiling a-plenty, Medoes. Why don't you see Mi'lord Montaldo, barter for a new gown and journey to yon Chapel Hill for the fortnight! Certain it is that you could not be working as hard as you say. Have a goodly time.

Your loving mother.
I breathed a tearing sigh and sank to the depths of agony. A new dress, a trip to Chapel Hill and EXAMS. Oh well, I wouldn't let it upset me. I choked both postmen with chuckles of delight, threw hot tar at all the 1950 cars that passed and quietly galloped back to school pulling out, from time to time, small handfuls of my hair.

Breakfast at Salem always being a festive affair, I soon recovered enough to groan plaintively my tale of woe to my friends. My piteous cries aroused no rush of sympathy in those carnivorous reptilia. They left me alone to struggle to Room 8, my fate and Miss Byrd.