

A Student Views Russia

Ten days ago Premier Joseph Stalin, one of the most powerful individuals in the world at this moment, emerged briefly from behind the "iron curtain" of censorship which encloses Russia to make a statement on Soviet foreign policy. As yet there has been little evidence to indicate that Stalin's fairly moderate utterances will mean any profound change in the foreign policy of the U. S. S. R.

Since this written "interview" granted to Alexander Werth of the "London Sunday Times," the Russian delegates to the United Nations' Conference in Paris have continued their demands. They have insisted that Turkey immediately grant Russia a dominant voice in the control of the Dardanelles. This, of course, means the supremacy of Russian military forces in that sector.

They also proposed that the Security Council be given information concerning the location and strength of troops and air and naval bases of all members of the United Nations in all foreign countries except ex-enemies. Obviously the object of this proposal was to gain full reports on the overseas strength of the other United Nations without revealing the size and location of the Russian forces in Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Another proposal backed by Russia which was turned down would have barred Franco Spain from the International Court of Justice.

The essence of Stalin's optimistic statement was that he believes, first, that there is no danger of a "new war." However he considers warmongers a real danger. He thinks that Great Britain and the United States are incapable of forming a "capitalistic encirclement" of the U. S. S. R. even if they wanted to do it, which he "can not affirm." He does not consider the atomic bomb issue as serious a problem as "ertain politicians" think because he believes that it will not remain a monopoly, but nevertheless will be outlawed.

He denied the accusation that the Communist parties in Western Europe are controlled by Russia, and he asserted that "Communism in one country" is quite possible, thus underlining their stated rejection of one of the principal tenets of the Communist party which emphasized world revolution and international Communism. This departure may be indicative of the gradual evolution from the strict theforeign n policy of the U. S. S. R. more practical system and seemingly a more internationally cooperative government.

Stalin's statement theoretically, at least, justifies Wallace's views if not his action in the Wallace-Byrnes incident of recent weeks. If, however, Stalin's words are not soon followed by appropriate action by the Soviet delegates to the peace conference, it seems hardly possible that Russia can be part of one concordant world.

M. L. H.

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No Profanity.....

By Nancy Carlton

A bridge game is suggested by someone.

Taking each important word of the above sentence, we have:

Bridge game. You first find a vacancy on the smokeroom floor. You flop down and adjust yourself to the space you've chosen. This takes a little time as chairs and other people have already overlapped into your territory, but the adjustment can be made. There follows a short, very short, breathing spell, interrupted by the borrowing of a cigarette, the attempts to start a lighter, and the search for an ashtray. Finally all is accomplished. The first puff of smoke escapes your lips and rises until it strikes a powerful blanket of smoke and returns to the level of your nose.

The cards have been thrown around by one of the other three girls, and you have supposedly received your share. Extracting the few cards which swung out of your reach requires new adjustment and squirming, but it is done. Placing all your cards into one hand takes a movement known as a "left to jaw with hand in sling" motion.

A long sigh comes from the realization of your success. You take a leisurely drag from your cigarette, wind one foot around the rung of a chair or the ankle of a passer-by, and relax. After deliberating, you bid, and your partner jump-raises you. Enthusiastically untwining your foot (leaving the passer-by free to move around), you clinch the bidding by deciding on six. (Modestly you allow your opponents a thick gained by the fault of your partner's hand.) The trumps are put down in front of you and life is complete. It is the Perfect Hand.

"Good you don't have a lab this afternoon," casually remarks your opponent.

"Lab!" you scream. "I've been robbed! Well, I enjoyed the game. See you sometime after 5:00."

You get up quickly and before gathering up your books, wonder, "How did I get out in ten seconds what it took me ten minutes to get in?"

Suggested.

Hearing for pleasure: The choral ensemble singing "Land of Hope and Glory." Jo Patterson getting more rhythm from the Clewell piano than a tenacious termite could get wood.

Seeing: Mr. Peterson and Mr. Evett in a really good game of tennis.

Talking: To the new gals. You'd be surprised at the number of them who know the same people you do.

Tasting and Touching: The individual chocolate pies with white goo on 'em that we get every week in the dining room are among the deserved who go unrewarded. True, we eat them, but who wants to go to his glory in a gullet without at least a line of praise. I love them. Do you?

Someone. Who doesn't want a Someone. Wonder what the typical Someone looks like? But who's interested in a typical one! Everybody loves to hear about their own de-luxe in a tux special.

You hear wonder-inspiring tales of how people met their Big Moments. One man was sitting by a phonebooth in a restaurant. He heard a beautiful, low, clear voice of a girl speaking on the phone, and he immediately fell in love with her. When she came out of the booth and he saw her, no doubt remained in his mind. Hurrying around the restaurant, the man finally found a friend of his who knew the girl. He got the friend to arrange a blind date for him for the next night. The moment of the meeting arrived. After a few necessary remarks to the girl, such as "Hello," he asked her to marry him. She refused. The next day she saw the original friend and told him in no beautiful, low voice that she would thank him not to send any more lunatics to see her. He didn't. He went himself and a month later they were married.

Moral: Don't mumble your words.



A Ward To The Wise

Upperclassmen, listen; freshmen, take warning!

Do you sit in class meetings and never make a motion or a nomination because someone might disagree with you? Did you fail to sign up for the Salemite because you "could not write"? Do you avoid Y Watch, Wee Blew Inn, or the home ec. parties because you'd rather play bridge or you "have to study"? When appointed proctor, do you shirk your duty because you're afraid to give a call-down?

Then you're one of the main reasons why Salem's twenty-one student activities are kept alive by the same group of overworked girls.

But perhaps you're one of the few who toil and have to rush around doing everything yourself. Then you might be the other reason. Do you leaders—student and faculty—ask the same girls again and again to do things because those girls have had experience? Or do you just do the work yourself because that's easier than asking someone new? Then try asking the timid people who probably have ability and a secret desire to help. Help them to bring themselves out of obscurity.

College life is wonderful at Salem—it has many latent possibilities. Let's make a place in every phase of it for every Salemite!

P. A.

Clapp Chats

With autumn all thoughts seem to turn "back to work" . . . youngsters from kindergarten to college dust off their notebooks and pencils; singers dust off rusty vocal chords; and orchestras start tuning up for the big winter concert season. For evidence: lend an ear to your radio. The problem used to be . . . "golly, when are they ever gonna' have a decent program?" . . . now it's, "what'll I do? How can I listen to Patrice Munsel and the NBC Symphony at the same time???" . . . just can't do both!

Last Sunday marked the end of daylight saving time for those that were on it . . . and this is the first week of the fall broadcasting season. All of your favorite programs should be back, and a bunch of new ones as well. 'Tis impossible to list them all, but here's a sample of what you can hear these days:

Sunday:

2:00-2:30 p. m.—The RCA-Victor program. Robert Merrill, baritone from the Met, and Frank Black's orchestra.
2:30-3:00 p. m.—James Melton takes over next Sunday in Raymond Massey's place on "The Harvest of Stars" . . . His singing should make good listening!
3:00-4:30—NYC Philharmonic Symphony.
4:30-5:00—The Electric Hour. Phil Spitalny and his all-gal orchestra.
5:00-6:00—The NBC Symphony . . . (Toscanini is scheduled to conduct 16 performances this season!)

Sunday night has its old standbys—Thomas L. Thomas in "Manhattan Mery-go-round," and "American Album of Familiar Music." And look what I left out!

8:30-9:00 p. m.—The TOMMY DORSEY Show!!

Monday night features two more favorite programs:

8:30-9:00 p. m.—The Voice of Firestone, featuring a protege of the late John McCormack—Irish tenor Christopher Lynch.
9:00-9:30—The Telephone Hour, which needs no build-up in anyone's estimation.

As for the rest of the week—the "Sparkle Time" show on Friday night at 7:30 is due to be pure entertainment—Meredith Wilson and orchestra. Saturday is the Philadelphia Orchestra from 5 to 6 p. m. They're doing an all-Tschaikovsky program this week.