

Take Your Choice

The "utterly memorable" history of England entitled *1066 and All That* by Seller and Yeatman, Oxon et al, refers at one point to the "soothing" measures of Parliament in meeting the challenge of the Industrial Revolution by passing the "Tory Acts, Factory Acts, Satisfactory Acts and Unsatisfactory Acts." and urban populations, unprofitable to private enterprise, and so to be undertaken by a super-New Deal government, with consequent loss of civil liberties—a dreary prospect.

4. We can beat Russia to the draw now, before she builds any atomic bombs, but as we attack, her soldiers will occupy Western Europe, whose cities we would also be forced to obliterate. Then we would have to rule a world filled with hatred for Americans. We might not need our vanished moral prestige, however, in the subsequent collapse of our economy and our civil liberties, as we tried to feed and clothe the whole world—an appalling prospect.

5. And we can as people of the United States petition our Congress to call an International Constitutional Convention, similar to that

Unfortunately the chaos engendered by the transition from the Industrial Revolution period to that of the Atomic Revolution, leaves very little in the way of consoling, but very hit or miss measures. Time has run out on things "soothing." Today we must choose quickly and intelligently, one among the several possible "alternatives"—that one which offers at least some guarantee that most of us will be on hand for subsequent choices.

What are the various routes open to us in our day?

1. We can allow ourselves to become Communists.
2. We can drift, hoping to avoid war.
3. We can become a completely mechanized, armed and decentralized economy and nation.
4. We can make "preventative" war on Russia today.
5. We can form a federal world government, with or without Russia.

What are the consequences of each possible path?

1. For the United States to become Communist requires a monstrous stretch of the imagination, involving incidentally a long drawn out bloody civil war, and a loss of our civil liberties—not so good.
2. For the United States to drift, as is the present course, is to build up a supersensitivity to things communist, dividing the world into two armed camps which, in the nature of things, overlap. Finally, we will find ourselves in a strategic position (Greece?) from which we cannot back out without beginning to drop atomic and epidemic bombs—not so good.
3. For the United States to arm to the teeth means decentralization of all major industry which met in 1787, to delegate from every nation that measure of sovereignty which would constitute a body of International Law in the area of war-making and prevention—with jurisdiction over individuals. An international FBI is an intelligent answer to irresponsible war agitation and preparation. To date the only international weapon has been the "sanction", a polite term meaning international anarchy and war.

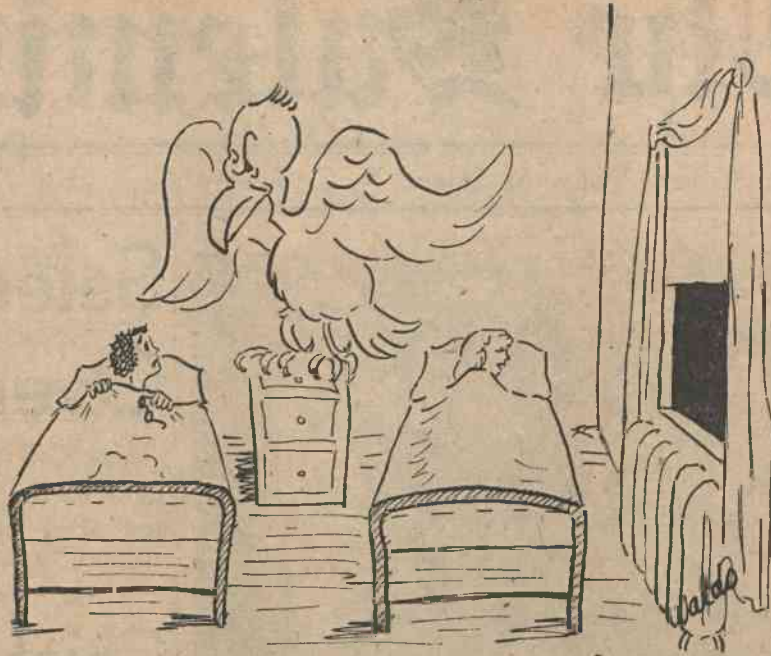
If Russia does not join at least she will be greatly inhibited from initiating war, knowing all the rest of the world is united under one responsible and effective government. And there is every indication that stark political realism governs Soviet policy. Russia and the United States have everything to gain from a common allegiance. France has already written in the idea of international government in her new constitution, and Britain is known to favor the principle.

Our country is the pivotal force in the movement either for or against responsible international government. If we do not choose to internationalize, we will in all probability follow one of the other four roads—all of which lead to inescapable catastrophe, in my opinion.

We are once again in the situation described by the aforementioned Sellar and Yeatman, apropos of World War 1, "Though there were several battles in the War, none were so terrible or costly as the Peace that was signed afterwards . . ."

If one of the Salem faculty may gently suggest a course of action—it is that all of us seriously examine the possible "alternatives", and write our Congressmen our sincere conclusions as to what course we want our government to follow.

Robert J. Leach



"JUST IGNORE HIM AND HE'LL GO AWAY."

Ex Libris

by Booty Crenshaw

Homer's *Odyssey* takes us back thousands of years to that ancient Greek world of gods and goddesses, adventurous supermen and heroic exploits. The *Odyssey* has all the charm of a fairytale mingled with vivid realism and fashioned by a master story-teller. Its appeal is universal.

To the lover of fantasy, what could be more whimsical than the tale of a warrior imprisoned in the cave of a nymph? And as an adventure story, the *Odyssey* is unsurpassed. After the gods demand that Calypso release Odysseus from her cave, he undergoes eighteen days on a stormy sea, and is finally tossed upon a magical island. Here he is discovered by a princess and taken to her father's palace. To the king, Odysseus recounts the events of ten years wandering after the siege of Troy. He tells of his encounters with the Cyclops, the Sirens and Circe. He tells of strange sea monsters and ship-wreck. And we learn what befalls the remainder

of the Achean allies.

Fate plays an important part in this epic. By divine intervention, Odysseus is taken back to his native Ithaca. The soldier's return from the wars is portrayed in such a way that it seems almost contemporary. Here Odysseus meets his young son, Telemachus, whom he left twenty years ago. Together they devise a plan to rid Penelope, faithful wife of Odysseus, of her unwelcome suitors. And, in cohorts with the gods, they are successful. The happy ending of the *Odyssey* is, perhaps, one of its most appealing features.

Through this epic, we get a picture of Agean life two thousand years B. C. We are introduced to the heroes of classical literature. We learn the customs of their home-life and the story of their loves and hates. We see them paying homage to their capricious gods and reminiscing over the feats of their heroes. The *Odyssey* has all those qualities which make it an all time favorite.

Dear Editor:

I really did feel embarrassed last week-end when I attended play-day at W. C. One of the W. C. girls showed me the dormitory of a friend. When I commented on how pretty the grass looked she said that it was a policy for all the girls to keep off the grass.

Their cooperation with this policy is certainly evident. I didn't see

any stray paths across campus, board or wire fences, to prevent short-cuts, or grassless corners. When I stopped to realize how large their campus is compared to ours, I wondered why Salem girls couldn't take a cue from W. C. and refrain from walking on what little grass we have. I suggest this as a worthy project for every Salemite to think about.

Bitsy Green

Tennis

by Susan Knight

The sun in all his glory from the skies
 Fell down upon the crowd, which with its cries
 And shouts did wake the sleepy autumn air;
 Then, with defiance in their walk, the pair
 Of champions took their place upon the court,
 And quiet did prevail—began the sport—
 Her reddish curls shining in the sun,
 The server served—an ace; in truth well done!
 Again she served—the ball took flight, outside!
 And then a second one the redhead tried
 But oh, alas her ball did hurt the wood,
 And fell not many feet from where she stood.
 And so her dark haired enemy took aim
 And whistling through the air the missile came;
 The other, poised and ready, judged it well,
 And with her racket smashed it as it fell;
 So, many kinds of shots the server did send,
 The set continued on and reached its end
 The dark haired player led the score by one
 Another point—then would the game be won;
 The ball soared quickly toward her and she stopped,
 A well-placed stroke, and o'er the net it dropped,
 The other started for it, but all in vain,
 Her dark haired foe had finally won the game.

SEEING THINGS

by Catherine Gregory

"Apres le plaisir, veint la peine,
 Apres la peine la vertu."

"Good morning, world! "Joy whispered as she stood by the window. The fresh air stirred about her, and the birds sang faintly from far away. She leaned out ecstatically, thrilling to the joy of living. "Who could doubt", she thought, "how beautiful life really is?"

"Whuzzat? whuzzat?" her roommate was fighting out of bed, groping for the clock. "Whuzza time?" She opened her eyes. "Oh." She fell back.

Joy turned from the window. "Mabel, do come and look out. Come and see the day being born again. Come and steep your senses in the fresh new world. come—"

"Gluph" said Mabel. She staggered to the basin and plunged her head into the water several times. She poured straight Listerine down her throat. She beat her forehead lightly on the wall.

"It takes a lot to get you waked up," laughed Joy playfully.

Mabel turned and looked around with hot red eyes.

"What an awful day," she said in a flat voice.

"Oh no, its really lovely!" insisted Joy. "Birds singin—"

"Three tests".

"Yes, but don't you feel wonderful! I—"

"Four hours sleep".

"Yes, but don't you have a sense of the joy of living? I—"

"Stomach hurts".

"Honestly!" Joy was indignant. "Well, I think its lovely to be alive even if you don't! But golly," she said as she went out the door, "I hope we don't have fried eggs for breakfast. It'll ruin my whole day!" The door shut behind her.

Mabel stood for a moment. She knew that no fried egg could ruin her day; little could happen to touch her in the depths to which she had sunk. She walked to the window and thought about eggs and tests and funny people. She looked out the window and laughed. "I know what you mean", she said to the world.

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