

Wallace Win?

What About Wallace?

The amanuensis of John Milton, Thomas Ellwood, upon one occasion, penned a poem of his own as follows:

"The winter tree resembles me
Where sap lies in its root
The spring draws nigh
As it, so I, shall bud
I hope, and shoot."

In my opinion here is a singularly apt effusion to apply to the present state of presidential affairs. There is some question, however, as to whether or not the Wallace "shoot" is second timber, or merely of the proverbial Biblical green-bay-tree-growth.

The New York Times book section for 2-22-48 carries a sprightly review of Dwight McDonald's new campaign estimate of Henry Wallace the Man and Myth, over the pen of historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., McDonald, a left-wing anarchist pacifist, pokes fun at "Wallise", the lingo developed by the Wallace supporters in which good people (i.e. those pro-Wallace, are "forward looking", "democratic", and "progressive".

Bad people (Democrats and Republicans) are "reactionaries" and "re-baiters". More serious is McDonald's contention that Henry Wallace has a split personality; each half at war with the other. The mystic idealistic moral visionary is unreconciled to the pragmatic opportunistic factual politicians. This may well be the case, and if so, it is a penetrating explanation of all the instinctive wariness which many of us feel when asked to pin on a blue and white "Wallace in 48" button.

On the other hand Henry Wallace's competitors for the presidency are appallingly deficient in attitudes and abilities for transforming the present war-producing Russian stalemates. Taft is too isolationist. Dewey is too militaristic, advocating the worse type of aggravation in a situation already too much dominated by the military. Stassen is too provincial, advocating England to be for-

ced to abandon her Socialistic experiment as the price for putting the Marshall plan into operation. Vandenberg is too elderly. Truman is too lacking in vision and initiative to be effective—note the Greek situation.

History reveals that England once endured a divided personality (mystic and opportunist) in the rule of Oliver Cromwell, who despite his militaristic dictatorship, proved in the long run to be an infinitely more valuable contribution to England than either his Stuart predecessor or successor. Henry Wallace, though similarly inconsistent, is at least an improvement over Cromwell in the fact of his renunciation of militarism. In the absence of an outstandingly better man, one cannot help wondering if Henry Wallace is not after all, the sturdy presidential timber in its "bud and shoot".

Robert J. Leach

The Question

by Lee Rosenbloom

God made us both.
In this strange age,
He wrote the book,
He turned the page.
God gave him life.
He gave life to me—
A heart to love,
And eyes to see.
But my brother was black,
And I am white.
He withered in shadow,
I bask in light.
Will God punish me
For what I have done?
Who tortured my brother,
Who killed his son!
My heart has scorned
Men should be free.
Has God seen this?
Will He punish me?

SEEING THINGS

by Catherine Gregory

From time to time, if conditions are right, and if you approach the thing with an open and unprejudiced mind, you may observe a strange phenomenon on the campus of Salem. I myself have seen this thing, and I know it to be true. There are those who scoff at it, and many who have seen it and have pretended not to, because they do not understand it. However, it teaches a moral lesson that many need to learn, and so for this reason I am relating it.

Go alone some night, on your way back from the library, and stand at the top of the gym steps or down around the May Dell. Be perfectly calm and cast your eyes to Heaven, saying, "Show me, Oh Wisest One, the sign and the symbol, that I may know the thing that all must learn."

Then as you stand in the darkness, the night will be filled with the sound of rushing wind. Ominous thunder and claps of lightning sound in the distance. A tempest rages about you, and as you feel and cry in terror, an apparition appears—a young girl borne along on a strange object, which flies steadily along. She leans toward you and her face is white. Her lips move soundlessly and she vainly strains forward to be heard. Then she is gone, and the night closes in again. You will be shaken, and will ask, "What can it be that she says? What is the meaning of this strange scene?"

And unless you are patient and persistent, and have taste for old manuscripts, you will not find the answer. I myself know, and it was told me by an old tired woman who had come to Salem in her youth. She had spent her whole life in the search, and had found the answer "too damn late to do me any good," to quote her own words.

It seems that many centuries ago there lived in Persia a wise old man named Shuddup Yurssef. He had spent his whole life in a series of experiments to try to determine the meaning of life and the deep hidden key to life that he felt must exist. He had first experimented with the physical world. He lived wildly for a time; "Carpe diem", he would shout as he drank wine, made women, and hummed a tuneless song. This palled.

So, he gave away his money, went and lived in a wood, breathing fresh air, eating vegetables, and exercising vigorously. This palled.

He then "turned inward" and began to develop his mind. He read everything in the world (which was easy, for this was before the Book of the Month Club, remember). He did math problems. He wrote poetry. He made up a new philosophy. Everything bored him.

He then decided that living for others was the only way, so he returned to the world. He found, to his horror, that people are awfully stupid and that most of them might as well be dead.

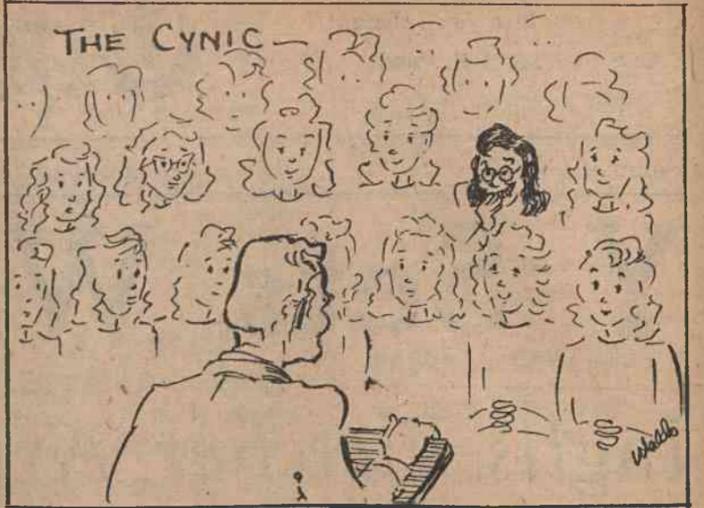
Religion was the last resort. He dabbled in this and that, tried everything from Theosophy to Druidism. It was all pretty silly, and so he just dropped everything.

One day he was in the woods, sitting on an old prayer rug that was left over from his Mohammedan phase, when he had a vision. He dreamed that a thousand years later some creature would go through the same experience he had had. This person would do the same things, and even get the very same prayer rug to use in their Mohammedan phase. He smiled with pleasure. The vision continued: the person would find the one undeniable answer that he had found. Shuddup stiffened at this, for he was jealous. Then the vision revealed that the person would be a girl, and a Salem girl at that!

Shuddup rose in wrath, shook his fist at the sky, and laid a curse on the prayer rug.

"So be it," said he, "as the vision has foretold. But if that distant creature does find the Secret of Life Itself, let her be doomed to eternal life. She will try to tell her truth to others, but not be able to speak", and he dropped dead.

And so one day a Salem girl, who had tried all his expedients, and had had the further disillusionment of



"Hollywood is Improving," Says Salem Dramatic Critic

by Peirano Aiken

"How Green Was My Valley", playing in Old Chapel at 8 o'clock tomorrow night, is the kind of movie the film producers make to answer the question constantly put to them: Why don't you DO something?

Unlike the average story which gets a complete remodeling in the transition between book and cinema, "How Green Was My Valley" bears a remarkable resemblance to Richard Llewellyn's novel by the same name.

The story starts with an I-remember from the man who is now grown and leaving his native valley in the coal deposits of Wales. The camera goes back to the town and house (one of those cottage-on-steep-winding-cobblestone-street affairs) where he was a boy (Roddy McDowell). The boy is growing up as the inevitable forces of modern industrialism are growing up and the pleasant, respectable life of the community is growing down. It is essentially the saga of a family of the nineteenth century. Their pride and independence shattered by starvation wages and strikes, the older sons abandon the collieries and depart for America, while the parents (Donald Crisp and Sara Allgood)

and younger children stay on in the valley.

The romantic element is provided by the daughter, Angharad (Maureen O'Hara), who loves and is loved by the village preacher (Walter Pidgeon). The complication is that the son of the company manager demands her hand. How the triangle resolves (or does it?) we'll let you see for yourself tomorrow night.

What "How Green Was My Valley" lacks in continuity of plot it compensates for in atmosphere and character. The scenery, although romanticized, is very pretty. Color is used almost symbolically, the green verdant hamlet being contrasted with the slag covered shanty town it becomes.

Another distinguishing feature of the setting is the Welsh choir formed by the natives. Aided by the musical Welsh language and the almost poetical prose of Llewellyn, the picture has an audio appeal as strong as the visual.

Also special commendation goes to the director, John Ford, for a splendid job of depicting the nature of a people—their dignity and gentleness-in-strength, their will to work, their salt humor, and above all the love they bear their land.

Gray Attends IRC Meet; Discusses Recovery Plan

by Robert C. Gray

Last week-end I attended the IRC Regional Conference as a delegate from Salem. My assignment was to participate in the seminar on the so-called Marshall Plan. I have been requested to prepare an article on this subject for the Salemite.

The Marshall Plan seminar met three times. Each time a separate question was discussed. The first question concerned the United States and world leadership. The question of how the Marshall Plan will affect European economy was next considered. Our last session consisted of discussion on the effect of the Plan on the economy of the United States.

Most of the first session was spent in differentiating between the definition of imperialism and humanitarianism. Many heated arguments arose; however, most of the delegates felt that if the program went to the point where Europe could help itself, the humanitarian aspect would apply; but if the program went beyond, the United States would be guilty of imperialism—economic or otherwise. It was also decided that the help should come in the form of producer's goods, not money. Some thought that the payment should be made through a restoration of the old trade balances. One delegate remarked that he thought the current Friendship Trains were a definite sign in favor of humanitarianism on the part of most

Americans.

Germany was the big question mark of the second discussion. Most of us felt that Europe could do very little to help itself with Germany divided. All agreed that Europe needed the Ruhr coal and steel, but it was realized that Russia's occupation of Eastern Germany presented a problem of food supply for the miners. All of which boils down to the fact that we would have to feed German workers until such time as Russia permits food shipments from her zone. However, there was a fairly unanimous agreement that the Plan would be an incalculable benefit to European economy.

Most of the delegates were in accord on the effect of the Plan on our economy. It was felt that the United States had nothing to lose by instating the Plan. Some delegates felt that little hope existed for our form of capitalism if the Plan was scrapped. Others felt that the Plan would postpone the coming of a depression in this country. I would like to cite a few interesting statistics presented by one delegate. The cost of prosecuting five days of World War II was about two billion dollars. It was alleged that the cost of forty days of war cover the entire cost of the Marshall Plan. This amounts to about five per cent of the United States production for the year 1947. Most of us felt that this amount would not affect the American economy one way or the other. It was also ascertained that about ten cents of every tax dollar would go to the Plan if adopted. The question of higher taxes was brought to the attention of the group, but no decision was reached on this subject. A few delegates thought that the money could best be spent on
(Continued on Page Seven)

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