

Student Obligation

by Dr. Gregg Singer

The increasing popularization of going to college has had the unfortunate effect of obscuring the real purposes of such an adventure in higher education and the resulting obligations which such an experience imposes upon those who receive a college education. Too often the desire to go to college is the result of the desire to insure one's social status, or to broaden one's social contacts, and quite often the dollar tag is attached to four years in college and young America is solemnly assured of an increased earning capacity in its life ahead. To be sure, these are the by-products of a college education, and this is as it should be. But they are not and cannot be the primary purpose for seeking a college education. The widespread idea that they are the basic purposes of such an experience has done incalculable harm to higher education in the United States in the 20th century.

That going to college is a privilege (like all education) and not an inherent right has been forgotten by too many students and by too many educators and equally forgotten are the resulting obligations which are inseparably connected with such a privilege. It is most unfortunate that these obligations have remained hidden from the view of the average student in the time of world turmoil when grave doubts are in the minds of most thinkers concerning the future of western civilization.

Education to be worthy of that title must introduce the student to the various disciplines of study which are all organically related to absolute Truth. In making this all-important introduction education is fulfilling its primary function and meeting the primary need of every student. If it fails in this important task, then whatever else it undertakes must end in failure. The meeting of other human needs is contingent upon his clear understanding of Truth and of erecting upon it a world and lifeview. Without this the by-products of a college experience are meaningless and can be a positive harm.

If the primary obligation of education is to make such an introduction, the student under its care receives to himself its manifold and eternal advantages and its obligations as well. His college career must have this as its greatest objective. Otherwise he is failing to put to its intended use the subsidy which makes such an experience possible. Under this motivation such problems as class attendance and schedules become matters of secondary importance in his thinking. Today as never before the college graduate is under the tremendous mandate to utilize his world and life view, not only in the achieving of a material living, but in putting it freely to the services of a sorely distracted and frightened western world, which is looking for leaders of intellectual ability and unquestioned moral integrity to lead it out of the present morass. Not all such graduates can be leaders, but the need for followers of the same stature intellectually and morally is as great. This is the great obligation imposed upon every college student who accepts the privilege of a higher education.

Consider Wisely

by Louise Stacy

Several weeks ago in a student body meeting the purpose and functions of the Nominating Committee were explained to you. Since that meeting the Committee has met several times and after careful thought and deliberation has selected girls who, in the judgment of the Committee, are well qualified to run for office. Of course nominations have only been made for the initial election which will take place in Assembly Tuesday morning. Nominating Committee meetings are held throughout the two weeks of elections so that a girl who is defeated for one office may possibly be nominated for another office.

The members of the Nominating Committee have a great responsibility, but the responsibility of those of you who are not on the Committee is equally as great. You know, of course, about your right to petition. When nominations are posted the day before the election, you may, through a petition signed by twenty-five members of the student body, submit recommendations for nominations to

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The Salemite

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Study all the footnotes; learn fine print through and through; Know every introduction, outline the chapters, too. Read between the lines, make lists of all the rest, And you will make A+ on your six weeks' tests!

by Polly Hartle

Gray Sees

by Robert C. Gray

Pinky is a film that I commend to all students of the college, especially those majoring in the field of sociology. It is a grim and realistic portrayal of the so-called race question. It pulls no punches. Do not go to this picture expecting to be entertained.

It is obvious that 20th Century Fox fully employed their vast resources in this picture. The Southern speech is authentic. The sets are extremely realistic. A typical Southern county seat unfolds on the screen. Costumes are good and true to form. The dialogue is arresting and penetrating. Photographic effects are well chosen. Photography in general is sharp and well-defined.

The photoplay centers around a Negro girl. But there is something very special about her. She passed over the "color line". She is white. The name "Pinky" is suggestive in itself. Jeanne Craine shows her ability to handle a mature part in the title role. We usually associate her with much lighter roles.

Pinky is from a nameless Southern town. Her grandmother sent her to Boston for training as a nurse. There she passed as a white person. She is apparently ashamed of her race. The picture opens upon her return to the South.

She finds her old home, a shanty town, repulsive. The town is not

long in discovering her true identity. She is reviled on many occasions. Her resentment mounts. The producers used a vivid special effect to accentuate this feeling. The mournful sound of a train whistle comes and goes several times in the film. Pinky wants to get on that train and flee.

We soon learn that she and a white doctor in Boston have fallen in love. Remember that she had concealed her true identity. She is severely admonished for this duplicity by her grandmother.

Pinky determines to leave the South. Meanwhile, Mrs. Em (Ethel Barrymore), the last of an old aristocratic family, is near death. Pinky hates her for various reasons. Her grandmother tells Pinky how Mrs. Em had nursed her, an old colored woman, when she had been very ill. Apparently the grandmother had served this old family for many years. Pinky is astonished.

However, a complete resume is not necessary. Pinky does become a devoted nurse to Mrs. Em. The latter advises Pinky to "be yourself". Mrs. Em's illness costs her life. She leaves the old home and estate to Pinky. We can well imagine the reaction. The will is contested. Pinky wins her case. Then she sets up a nursing home for Negro children. She refuses to marry the white doctor. She is

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Leppert Reads

by Betty Leppert

We have Henry Fielding, the greatest English novelist of them all to thank for our present-day plots of prodigious complexity. By means of his aphorisms, episodes, incidents, informal commentaries, extensive prefaces, and a veritable myriad of other clever devices. This brilliant author elicits to his breathless readers innumerable tid-bits of info concerning the characters of his characters, and also creates plots of such vastly complicated proportions, that one's mind is kept constantly on the move. 2

But now for a bit of background material: Henry Fielding was born on or around 1700. (This date was chosen as your reviewer is not cognizant of the actual one) the son of a general and an offshoot of the poorest branch of a noble tree. 3 Let us assume that young Henry grew up a normal, healthy lad, participating in all the carefree frolics of childhood—happy, well-adjusted and uninhibited. When he had reached the full blossoming of

manhood, he began to realize his latent literary talents, (probably by writing letters) and determined to bring them to fruition. Well sir, he plodded around in drama for awhile, but got into so much trouble with Colley Cibber, pompous and garrulous manager of the Drury Lane Theater, 4 that he decided that he had had enough of the artistic world and resolved to abandon it for the more stable occupation of law. He traveled with the circuit courts as a magistrate for several years, thus becoming acquainted

1 Actually a gross generalization which is frequently disputed.

2 A good thing! For in this worrisome post war world of ours, we are all prone to let our brains become lax and lazy.

3 Family.

4 The horrid man has rejected one of their plays, causing the hot-blooded young devil to lampoon him in his political pamphlet, "The Champion", as Cibber had become poet laureate.

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Dunn Pleas

by Carolyn Dunn

"Grooming", according to Webster, means "neat, smart, tidy." Grooming, according to Salem standards, means all this and more. Don't we sometimes forget: kerchiefs, bulging with curlers, worn in the dining room; sloppy shirt-tails flowing over a skirt; pajama legs creeping from under a raincoat, do not add up to "good grooming".

Members of the I. R. S. Council will give calldowns for violating

the following social regulations:

1 Wearing kerchiefs in the dining room at any meal except breakfast and at any time except Saturday.

2 Negligence in dress at anytime.

3 Passing out food before the blessing is said.

4 Inexcusable table manners. Don't forget that "grooming" applies not only to personal appearance but also to manners on all occasions. Lets "groom" ourselves and our manners!



by Lee Rosenbloom

I gathered up my stationery box, fountain pen, and cigarettes and wandered down into the deserted smoke-house. Setting myself onto the couch I began to write Bill a note thanking him for the week-end. I had just settled down when the smoke-house door burst open.

"Hi, Sis," I greeted Wylma Pooser, "come have a cigarette," "What are you doing?" She advanced toward me raising her hand in a threatening gesture. I held up my stationery box to protect my face, and evidently this satisfied her, because she collapsed beside me on the sofa. "I just knew you were writing that paper on Wordsworth. Do you realize it is due tomorrow, and we're going to have a six-weeks test on Wednesday?" With these cheerful words, she gathered her books about her and silently stole away to the library.

I put down the stationery box and loudly stomped upstairs to get Plato's dialogues and Wordsworth's Poems. Just as I reached for my books I heard stealthy footsteps creeping up behind me. "You're not doing parallel for U. S. in World Affairs," my roommate breathed down my back. "Nah, I got to do my Wordsworth first." I showed her my books. "Do we have parallel in that course?" "Yeah, 100 pages a week and three books to read and write 1500 word critical essays on."

I waited until her back was turned, and then put down Wordsworth and picked up Cordell Hull. I wandered disconsolately back down to the smoke-house, and settled down on the couch with Cordell Hull.

Winkie Harris, BGOC, kicked open the door and entered—arms piled high with books. Upon seeing me with C. H., she dropped her books on the floor and screamed in despair. "You're doing your book-review for comp." With these words she fell to the floor and began to sob violently. "No, I'm not, I wouldn't do a dirty trick like that Winkie," I said patting her shoulder. She snatched C. H. out of my hand and upon seeing the title smiled through her tears. "Gee, I'm sorry. I should have known better," she said. "I've revised mine three times, but I've still got to copy it over." She picked up her books and left, stepping over me. I was lying on the floor sobbing violently.

Before I could compose myself, the door opened again. "Go away," I said, hiding my face. "I am," Clinky said. I'll just leave these two books here on the floor beside you. Don't forget, Dr. Todd says they've got to be in by Friday if you want a "C" on "Shakespeare." "Et tu, Brutus", I moaned as she slammed the door.

The phone rang. "Hey doll face, it's for you," my roommate yelled. I did the usual Olympic dash and snatched the receiver out of her hand. "Hello" I caroled. "Lee—Dale—come on up to the art Lab and let's look at those slides. Test's tomorrow." "Certainly, Dale, be right up," I said, slamming down the receiver.

I walked down stairs over to Gooch's, and got change for \$1.00 (Poetic liscense, I'm on campus) I came back and dialed Western Union. I sent a wire to Bill which said, "Had a wonderful time. Letter follows next month."

On the way to the Art Lab I met Mary Lib Weaver, who gave me my Salemite assignment. It is certainly a shame that infirmity cuts are not excused. I do hope she gets out before she uses all of hers up.