

United Nations . . .

We at Salem are actively concerned with campus affairs. But we are also aware of international events. This week we have been particularly conscious of the United Nations and its efforts toward achieving world peace.

Some of us were too young to comprehend fully the seriousness of the second World War; now we cannot escape the impact of what is taking place in Korea and, with it, the influence of the United Nations. The prompt action of the U. N. has freed Korea from Communist control. From the success in Korea we can see that the U. N. does possess a certain power; it is in the effective use of this power that we place our hope for the future.

In looking toward the future we must first understand the principles upon which the U. N. is based. In 1945 representatives from forty-seven nations met in San Francisco and drew up the United Nations Charter. They agreed in effect to resist aggression wherever it arose, to guarantee to each country a government of its own choosing, and to promote the economic, scientific and cultural progress of each country. Since that time twelve nations have joined. Today there are representatives of fifty-nine nations seated in the General Assembly at Lake Success.

The Charter provides for six working divisions in the U. N. They are: the General Assembly, made up of delegates from each member nation; the Security Council, consisting of delegates from twelve nations; the Economic and Security Council; the Trusteeship Council; the International Court of Justice and the Secretariat.

Since 1945 the U. N. has been the mediator for several conflicts. An example of this phase of U. N. influence was Dr. Ralph Bunche's success in negotiating armistice agreements between Israel and the Arab states in 1948-49. He achieved these agreements while he was serving as Acting United Nations Mediator in Palestine. His accomplishments were considered of enough importance to the world to merit the Nobel Peace Prize.

The U. N. is today striving for the same success in the solving of the Korean dispute as was brought about in Palestine. The outcome of the Korean situation will affect each of us. It will affect not only our personal lives, but also it will determine the extent to which man can more nearly attain the ideal of a free world—to worship as he chooses, to think as he pleases, to live under a government of his own choosing, and to express himself artistically in his own way.

We like to think that in the generation after ours girls will still attend Salem and enjoy the same privileges that we enjoy. We hope that this continuation of our present way of life will be insured by the success of the U. N.

W. H. and C. B. L.

The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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Lower floor Main Hall

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Haggard Faces, Baggy Eyes,
College Life Is Full Of Trials

By Bessie Leppert

Hermione stumbled courageously up the last flight of stairs—"25, 26, 27"—she rasped in scarcely audible tones—"and the summit at last!" Then down on all fours (animal-like). She dragged her compact obesity down the narrow, dubiously lit corridor, clumsily eschewing scarcely visible encumbrances in her path (a cardboard closet, a track shoe, a girl). Arriving at last at the door of her chamber, she raised herself on her two feet (as God had intended), sucked in great choking gulps of semi-stale air, and entered the room.

"Hi, Geronimo!" she offered with forced cheer.

"Heddo, Herbie," answered her roommate, "Where in H— is Vicks?"

"D'y' know Geron," answered Hermione, straining her eyes in the thick, stagnant air, "You don't look so good." (It was true; Geronimo's usual apple-cheeked and cherry-lipped visage was gradually diminishing into the pallor of a faded yellow rose; her once bright eyes were now glazed and glassy and beneath them, swollen, black pouches puffed, undisguised by cosmetics.)

"You dote look so hot dursef," retorted Geronimo, the words wheezed forth with conscious effort. "Of course you were yellow to begid wid." (It was true; Hermione's skin was of the diluted mud variety, bespeckled here and there with ugly spots of a darker hue, oftentimes known as "freckles", but now, she was definitely the color of bile.)

What could be the matter? Four short weeks ago, these normal, healthy American girls had re-

turned to school, their sturdy legs bearing them swiftly and purposefully to their allotted campus tasks and pleasures, and their hearty, raucous laughter was to be heard echoing through their dormitory far into the night; gradually this glow had ebbed, until now they were but shadows of their former selves (still appealingly corpulent—their appetites had remained indefatigable) but in their faces, their voices, their bearings, the progressive dearth of their wholesome, girlish guffaws—the horrid truth was evident—the altitude was affecting them deleteriously: this tiny, torpid, murky, musty cell (located on the topmost floor of the building they called "home") with its one small, dormer-inclosed window and single flickering ceiling lamp was neither properly ventilated nor lighted; the cobweb-crowded corners bred dust and noxious disease germs; the cracked walls held multifarious specks of grainy black filth; the brown-stained water which sometimes spurted from the spigot was highly inurious to digestion and complexion; (Hence those ugly blemishes!) the waves of steaming heat constantly rising from the radiator caused unfeminine beads of sweat to appear on their sensitive young brows.

The girls were undeniably at the breaking point—wheezy, dropsical and utterly phlegmatic.

"Supthig has got to be dud!" cried Geronimo with sudden passion, as she collapsed upon her sagging cot, exhausted.

"You're right," sighed Hermione, as she too succumbed to her growing lethargy and sank upon her pallet, "Supthig has got to be dud!"

Korea, Books, Plays Included
In Fay's Weekly News Review

By Fay Stickney

The Korean War has caused the U. S. to fight as she has never fought a war before. The bill in dollars will be over \$2,000,000,000; the cost of lives is already over 4,000 dead, 18,000 wounded and another 4,000 missing.

General MacArthur said last Friday that "The war is very definitely coming to an end." He made this statement after he had witnessed the 90 Flying Box Cars and 50 C-47's open their hatches thirty miles north of the capital and drop 4,100 equipped paratroopers, jeeps, mortars, and artillery to the land below.

Now comes the rehabilitation program for a peaceful minded, unified prosperous, and democratic Korea which the United Nations must face. Korea is now a weak country—politically, socially, and economically. Fifty-six per cent of

Seoul is demolished, including her government buildings; the harbor city of Inchon is completely ruined. Bridges, railroad repair shops, car foundries, locomotive plants, and much of the rolling stock has been destroyed. North Korea is just as clogged with destruction: Wonsau's oil refinery is almost leveled, the steel works at Chongjue, Kymipo, and Songjin are practically crippled. Hungnam's and Chinnampo's aluminum plants are beyond repair and the chemical and fertilizer factories at Hungnan are a wreck.

Already the United States Army has given over \$300,000 worth of medical supplies to the freed areas. Last week it sent to the United Nations headquarters its list of estimated requirements for the coming eight months—1,682,000 tons of food, medical supplies and in-

(Continued on page six)



By Lee Rosenbloom

Six years ago when I was a junior in high school, World War II ended. My brother went back to Carolina to finish college. My brother-in-law returned to his dental practice. The newsreels began to show pictures of football games, of U. N. assemblies, of Legionnaires shooting water pistols at pretty girls. Gas, sugar, meat, became plentiful again. Oil for furnaces was available, and for the first time in three years, we could heat our whole house. The constant look of anxiety and grief that I had seen for six years on my parents' faces was almost gone. They had lost a son in World War II, but one had returned safely.

Now I am a senior in college. It has taken six years for our family to be able to live a normal life again. Now that safe and secure and normal feeling I have had is gone. Mother listens to the war news everyday at noon. My brother is talking again about volunteering. The boy across the street has already been drafted. The newsreels are showing Korean atrocity pictures. And all this only six years after World War II.

It was a little easier to avoid thinking about war this summer. I just looked at the ceiling during newsreels, and avoided the front page of the newspaper. I didn't want to think about World War III. I had lost a brother in World War II. That was enough. This was asking too much. I couldn't face it. I didn't want to have my life disrupted again.

Other people felt the same way—that patriotic spirit—the flying flags and battle songs, the confetti and ticker tape were gone. The boys at Chapel Hill and Duke didn't even pretend to be brave. They all felt that they didn't have a chance of coming back from this war. The atom bomb, jet plane—it was all too big, too awful. They'd fight if they had to, but it was evident that they didn't want a World War III. They didn't want to think about it, or talk about it, anymore than I did.

Now, here at Salem, it's not so easy to close my mind to the possibilities of World War III. My classmates, who were planning to be married, are thinking about the next war. It's all very evident in the quiet and very serious way "Sis" says—"If Russell isn't drafted" or Cacky says—"Dan and I are going to get married in December, because—." The girls who got married last summer and returned to Salem this fall—Vickie, Beth, Anne, Jane,—they have faced the possibility of another war.

The other girls, the ones who had planned to go to Europe or to work in Boston or New York—they aren't sure about their future either. It's all very evident in the way Winkie says, "I had planned to study in France next year, but—." It's bad to graduate into a world filled with so many ifs and buts. It's not easy to face the fact that we don't know what we're going to do next.

When I think about World War III, I feel helpless and angry. That's because I know that violence is no answer to any question. And somehow, inside me, I know that everybody must feel the same way. I can't believe that there is going to be a World War III. I have too much faith in mankind to believe it.

The people in Europe were hit so much harder than we were, they still haven't recovered from World War II. It's been so many years since they have been safe and warm. All they want is a chance to live a happy and normal life again. They don't want another war, either.

Last week was United Nations week. Last week marked its fifth year as a world government. I don't know if the U. N. is the answer to our problems. I don't know enough about it to be sure.

It is one way though, one answer. And believe that we will find a way. I don't think we'll have another war. I have to believe that we won't. There is no other hope for the world.