

We See . . .

We see a man walk onto the stage in Memorial Hall and thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose tweed jacket. He urges students to take advantage of the Civic Music Series.

We see the same man standing in a darkened room talking to a large group of students about the value of the creative arts in life today. He is holding a print of Beauchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase". He is using "Ezra Pound" to support his thesis that the arts are worth an exhaustive effort to seize their message. Then he begins to talk of music, and the group is listening intently and wanting to learn from him.

We see the same man joking with his piano students or improvising in a chapel program. We also see the expressions of regret and sadness when this man handed in his resignation as dean of Salem School of Music.

We see this man walking onto the stage in Memorial Hall. The spotlights are glaring. He sits at the piano and plays. As we listen the music dies away and all we can say is, "Thank you, Dr. Vardell."

A Proposal . . .

We walked into the smoker and threw our weary bodies on the sofa. As we were catching our breath, we overheard the conversation at the bridge table. One girl trumped her partner's ace and threw down her cards in disgust, "How can I keep my mind on bridge when I have so much else to do. You'd think they couldn't get along without me the way they always ask me to make a poster, go to some meeting or some rehearsal!"

Another girl took up the refrain to the strains of, "You! How about me? I haven't been to the show all this week because I had to go to see all those girls on my committee."

We nudged each other and decided it was time for us to have our say. We had read all the articles on school spirit and had nodded approval, but we both felt that it went farther than that.

Have you ever thought why you were asked to help in some project around campus? Maybe the job was small and unrewarding, but you were asked because someone had enough faith in your ability to know that you would do a good job, perhaps not as chairman, but without good followers there would be no leaders.

Sure you have a lot to do—a term paper and all—we all do. But if everyone would take the time it takes to play a couple hands of bridge to do her part, the whole job wouldn't fall on one person. It should be flattering and not annoying for a chairman to remember that you have a special talent for sewing a seam or singing a song.

Sally Senter and Kitty Faucette

An Amendment . . .

"Labor is life," says Thomas Carlyle in his essay, Labor, and he adds, "For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work." I believe "there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness" in leisure also.

Sitting under the weeping willow tree watching the pansies in their private garden, meditating in the serenity of the May Dell or wandering along the streets of Old Salem have a place as well as laboring on term papers or collecting properties for stunt night. I feel that it is in leisure such as this that one finds time to ponder over her problems, her finished work and her future plans. It takes time to solve complex problems correctly, and if one loses herself in the rush of daily living, she will consequently neglect her problems.

We read articles in reputable newspapers and magazines which tell us that the human body is capable of enduring only a certain amount, and that today it is being torn down and destroyed faster than it is being rebuilt. I think that this is a result of neglecting to give the body its necessary rest. Hence, one should plan her time. After completing her tasks, she should relax long enough for her body to recuperate.

In addition to leisure being used for relaxing and recuperating, it can also be used for creating. Poets, musicians, and artists are often inspired to create their best works by a suggestive sound or sight that they receive in one of their idle moments.

Leisure and labor—the components which form our daily timetables. It is not labor alone which is life, but it is a combination of leisure and labor. Leisure, finally, is the essential element which soothes our weariness when our labor is finished.

Lu Long Ogburn



CLEWELL WINDOW FACING BITTING FRONT DOOR—11 P.M.

World News

By Kitty Burrus
Moscow Leads U. S. Communist Party

Benjamin Gitlow, top U. S. Communist leader from 1919 to 1929, has testified that the American Communist Party acts directly on instructions from Moscow. He said he knew of "no instance of American Reds disobeying a direction from Moscow." Further, he testified that Soviet Russia has put up \$35,000 to help launch the "Daily Worker" in our country.

Gitlow, former Communist leader who was ousted from the party in 1929 because of an argument with Stalin, is the government's first witness to determine whether or not the Communist Party in the U. S. must register with the Justice Department as an organization controlled from abroad.

Amendment Proposed

Senator Hendrickson has proposed a Constitutional amendment that would allow future presidents to be voted out of the White House by the people.

The proposed amendment provides for a nation-wide vote on recalling a president any time two-thirds of the state legislatures petition such a vote. If the vote were in favor of ousting the president, his office would be filled by the vice-president until the next

election. However, there could be no recall during the first year of a president's term.

This proposal seems to have been churned up because of the Truman-MacArthur controversy.

Reds Begin Offensive

As the Chinese Reds begin their big spring offensive, the Allied forces are being pushed backward. For the fifth time in less than a year the two armies are fighting across the 38th parallel.

A. P. correspondent Robert Eunsen reports that the Allied army is not threatened with annihilation as it had been in the Chinese offensives of November and January. He says the Allies were well prepared to meet the Communist assaults which had been expected for weeks.

Education Grants Announced

The Office of Education has announced grants of \$46,500,000 for 100 school construction projects in "Federally-affected" school districts and on Federal property.

Twenty-five of these grants will go to private schoolhouses for children who actually live on federal reservations. Seventy-five have been set aside for building more schoolrooms in districts where attendance has been tremendously swollen by the setting up of federal projects near-by.

Rain

By Lola Dawson

The smokeroom of the college dormitory was quiet for Saturday afternoon. The rain beat against the windows, and the panes rattled intermittently. Every now and then someone would rush in and brush the rain off her kerchief. Otherwise the smoke house was still.

I picked up Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" and began to read: "Rosemary's face was hard and pitiful" . . .

"Sue," I looked up. "Sue, I'd like for you to meet Mrs. Dee Moseley. Dee, this is Sue Teasdale." I saw Jo Ann standing with a girl whose maternity dress was stretched across her stomach.

"Hi jah, Sue". "Hello Dee. When did you arrive?"

"Oh about five or ten minutes ago."

"Are you spending the week-end here at the college?" "Yes. Joe, my husband, had to go to Raleigh for his army physical, so I thought I would drop by my alma mater. You kids just don't know what you're missing by not being married."

"Maybe not. I like it here—I've only been here one semester."

"That's what Jo Ann tells me. I guess Hallsboro College is passable as far as colleges go—but marriage gives you such a sense of security."

"I'm glad."

"Jo Ann and I are going over to the couch and chat about old times. Come and join us when you

finish reading."

"O.K." . . . So that's Mrs. Dee Moseley. Jo Ann described her perfectly, even to the clump of hair falling in her face—mighty piercing eyes. She looks as if she knows my slip strap is broken and pinned on with a gold safety pin—Wonder what they're saying.

"Dee, are you glad you quit school and got married?"

"Gosh, yes, Jo Ann. H. C. never gave me anything and Joe is a wonderful party boy. I'm a messy housekeeper, and he loves to put his feet on the furniture. Of course our marriage was a little sudden." She straightened up uneasily and smoothed her skirt. "We've been happy for the past two months. Now he's going to Colorado with the army. I'm happy and I love the security of married life. Remember how we used to talk about God, eternity and all that stuff? Well that does not worry me anymore. I believe in myself now."

"Have you forgotten all the Keats and Shelley I used to read aloud to you? Remember 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter?'"

"Melodies, memories, pooh. That was all kid stuff, Jo Ann. You'll find that once you leave school, your last ideal is stripped."

"What about your baby, Dee? Are you going to teach him there is no God?"

"My baby won't believe in God. There will never be a sign in our family life to indicate there is one."

Dee lit her cigarette. Jo Ann (Continued on page five)



By Helen Ridgway and Peggie Johnson

In order to clarify nothing, it is necessary primarily to define this universal term. Nothing is the state of not being anything. Equally important in this dissertation is the distinction between nothing and something. Something is the state which will eventually be referred to as nothing.

To show the distinction, the following practical applications are offered.

What is the typical response to a quite obviously misplaced compliment? The perennial rejoinder is habitually, "Oh, it was nothing, really." Or, as many a facetious character would reply, "A real nothing!" What meant? Are we, as simple puppets of Mother Nature, to believe that life is really nothing?

Quite assuredly, life is virtually a big, portly something.

Also, on a parallel with the preceding paragraph, reflect for a moment on the musings of an idler. What does one muse about while idling? Quite obviously answered, "Nothing." The cause for this astute answer is apparent. For, after all, the idler is occupying himself conspicuously with nothing.

Referring again to practical application, observe a child with his grimy little hands in the jam pot. Unexpectedly, mother arrives and asks the child, "What are you doing darling?" And what is the response from mother's little angel? "Oh, nothing." From the hush of twilight the child can still be heard, pleading his case. However, he has been tried and persecuted, and gained nothing, perhaps, but injury to well-established pride.

Another outstanding example would be the reaction of the sophisticate on her return from a very important and expensive weekend. The obvious question which erupts from her many inquisitive little friends is, "Well, how was it?" The answer from our socialite is, "Oh, it was nothing." While at the very moment of her reply, her escort may be seen washing a stack of dishes to get enough money to go to an evening movie. And, all the time, the feminine side of the situation refers to the weekend as "nothing."

On the opposite pole from our sophisticated is the pseudo-intellectual. Surrounded by her books of knowledge, she has spent the afternoon delving into Einstein's theory of relativity. Suddenly the "stupid one" plunges into her hermitage. "Wha' cha been doin'?" The sarcastic reply from our psyche is, "Oh, nothing."

If the reader has completed this discourse he might be termed as loyal. For the answer from the author or, in this case, author would be, "Oh, it was really nothing."

The Salemite



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

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

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

Table listing staff members and their roles: Editor-in-Chief, Associate Editor, Assistant Editor, Make-up Editor, Copy Editor, Sports Editor, Editorial Staff, Editorial Assistants, Business Manager, Advertising Manager, Circulation Manager, Exchange Editor, Pictorial Editor, Faculty Advisor.