

And Yet . . .

Dear Editor,

An editorial was written in the Salemite on Oct. 24, entitled "Food for Thought." I would like to add another to its list of pertinent "Whys?" Why is there an obvious infraction of the rule concerning the drinking of alcoholic beverages in the metropolitan area of Winston-Salem?

It seems that a restaurant near Salem campus and several drive-ins sell beer. This is not an illegal practice. However, Salem girls are on their honor not to consume beer or any alcoholic beverage in Winston-Salem. And yet—

At the beginning of this year every student signed an honor pledge. This pledge did not state, "I shall not drink in Winston-Salem," but it did state that the signer was on her honor. Honor is active; honor is personal; honor is not a compromise. And yet—

I've heard Winston-Salem citizens say, "I'd know a Salem girl anywhere." So it's logical that Salemites would be recognized at restaurants and drive-ins. Could this have an effect on Winston-Salem's esteem for Salem College?

Once there was a beautiful house supported by strong wooden columns. It stood for many years on the crest of a hill and thousands of people came to admire it. Slowly, gradually one column weakened. Slowly, gradually the house fell. Now the hill is without its house and the people have nothing to admire.

Salem is supported by its honor system. The honor system must be maintained by all Salem students. And yet—

A Student

Our Policy . . .

Our policy, as that of other newspapers, is to cause an active and thoughtful response from our readers.

Above we have printed a response from a student, a letter to the editor. It is an unsolicited letter submitted anonymously by a student interested in rectifying an infraction, she believes to be in existence, of the honor code.

It is not our policy, or that of other newspapers, to publish unsigned letters; however, we risk printing the above because we believe it to be authoritative.

We want your response, not only to this issue, but to any you may feel demanding the attention of Salem.

This column is an open one for you to voice your complaints, praises or thoughts concerning conditions at Salem or elsewhere.

It is the column in the Salemite for Salemites. Our policy is to publish your opinions. We must have them to publish them. May we hear from you?

The Salemite



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Is It Worth It?

By Sue Harrison

When the weather turns cold, the trees change to bright colors, then football fans head for the bleachers. Rain, sleet or snow, there will always be a crowd gathered to see the game.

Any amount of money is spent to build and decorate the grandstands, but the designers failed to put any means of comfort into the rock-hard seats. There are no conveniences of any kind provided—no shelves for bottles, no built-in bottle openers, no cushioned seats upon which to sit during the long, cold hours.

It is an accepted fact that the audience stands up every time one team makes an outstanding play. Therefore the spectator spends half his time jumping up and down in order to get to see what's going on down on the field.

During the game, boys wander freely among the audience selling hot dogs, drinks and peanuts. The people sitting on the end of the rows have to help the boys transact their business, making change and passing food back and forth.

Why not stay at home in a comfortable chair and listen to the game over the radio, where you have peace and quiet?

Modern Greek Tragedy

By Eleanor Johnson

Imagine yourself in ancient Greece, the fifth century before Christ. You are one of thousands seated in the great out door theater beneath a blue Athenian sky. You are about to witness some of the plays of Sophocles, the most popular playwright of the period.

It is spring, the hillsides and olive groves are green. Everyone around you is happy at the prospect of celebrating in honor of Dionysus, the god of fertility.

The spectacle which you are about to witness is sponsored by the state. Music, dancing, poetry, and song will mingle, much like the musical of the twentieth century, A. D.

The presentation that the crowds are most interested in seeing is a tragedy involving the most noble family in the history of Greece. The story is familiar to the audience, but this only adds to the anticipation felt by all. The story is one of horror, fate, and the mingled emotions of tragic figures.

Since the theater is a place of worship, an altar occupying the center of the acting area, the scenes of fighting, murder, suicide and other violence do not take place before the spectator's eyes. Usually a messenger describes, in the most vivid and dramatic terms, the action which has occurred off stage.

The audience of the fifth century notices nothing unusual in the fact that there are never more than three actors before it at any one time. In the classic Greek theater there were only three actors, taking two or more roles when necessary. The use of masks was, of course, helpful when actors played more than one part.

The chorus enters; its role is an important one for it acts as an intermediary between the actors and the audience. The chorus acts as an ideal group of spectators, possessing only a generalized personality, not a real being.

It is sensitive to the unfolding of the plot, exquisitely responsive to the appropriate implications. Since the chorus is identified with the audience by their common role

as interested spectators, the audience too has an important role, in the play. Verse and dance are combined, expressing the main drive of the play.

Percussion instruments provide the sound pattern which was behind the entire play, accompanying dialogue as well as choruses, but often so faintly heard that it would hardly have been noticed except for the occasional silences. Its purpose is to emphasize the rhythms of the performance and to establish the mood of the whole play.

Obviously, the Greek tragedy cannot be presented on the modern stage in its classic form. Modern developments of the dramatic arts make it possible to create effects denied the ancient Greeks.

The modern stage also presents difficulties that seem insurmountable. How can the chorus be placed in the background in certain scenes and given a more prominent position in others? Should settings be as simple as the marble steps and pillars of the classic Greek tradition? Masks? Three actors? Dances? Should only constant day lighting be used or should lighting effects heighten the drama?

The director of a classic Greek tragedy on a modern stage must make many decisions, culminating in: Should the classic tradition be preserved, or should the plays be made to live for modern audiences, using modern devices?

In "Antigone", as it will be presented in the Old Chapel of Salem College, modern staging, acting, lighting, costume, and make-up techniques will be employed to heighten the dramatic story of the tragic Antigone. The chorus will fill its vital role, moving on a stage that extends out into Old Chapel, thereby bringing the audience even closer to the action of the play.

On Tuesday night the Classic Greek Tragedy, "Antigone" will live for a twentieth century Winston-Salem audience as it did for the fifth century Athenians. The power of Sophocles' drama, clothed in more modern dress, has lost none of its appeal in the thousands of years since the festivities of Dionysus.



By Elsie Macon

"Kitchy-Koo" sat in "Mr. Callahan's" class and chewed the end of her pencil. She could hear the strains of a radio creeping through the cracked window. She was warm and sleepy. The week-end had been too much for her—all those "Cigarettes and Whiskey" and wild, wild boys.

Kitchy-Koo began to "Dream". She was so bored. "Mr. Callahan" was beginning a discussion of the latest best seller—"I'm Just A Country Boy". She didn't like country boys anyway. Kitchy-Koo bit her tongue instead of the pencil and decided it was no use. She just couldn't concentrate. "Mr. Callahan" turned his back to write something on the board and Kitchy-Koo sneaked out.

She decided she'd follow the strains of the radio and so she went out the doors of the "Halls of Ivy" and down the street.

She passed by the living room of Clewell where all the freshmen were writing "Love Letters" and sending an "Invitation" for the Gingham Tavern dance. Kitchy-Koo's little face lit up with a smile as she remembered she "Again" would see her "Bill" next week-end.

There was a tremendous sign in front of South which read "Detour, There's A Muddy Road Ahead". "Oh well," thought Kitchy-Koo, "I don't mind wading through mud." Someone yelled, "Hello, you ole 'Slow Poke'."

"Phooey," thought Kitchy-Koo. Where is that music coming from, anyway? Finally, she pulled her way out of the mud and got to Sister's House. The sisters were singing "Brighten The Corner Where You Are" and having a wonderful time. Kitchy-Koo wanted to stop, but she just had to find that radio.

She wandered on down to Clewell and decided to run in to see her roommate. "Ole Smokey" was sitting on the bed puffing away. Smokey was humming—"If I Had The Wings of an Angel." If Smokey could just leave cigarettes alone she might get off restriction by the end of the year.

Poor Smokey! Now she was sobbing . . . "Lying On My Back With Tears In My Eyes Crying Over You." Boy trouble, thought Kitchy-Koo. She reminded Smokey that "Faith Can Move Mountains" and not to worry.

She decided to wander on down to the infirmary. When she got there she decided to give herself a liver shot. She was so worn out. But nothing could dampen her spirits now. Kitchy-Koo looked at the needle and sang happily "I've Got You Under My Skin."

Kitchy-Koo decided to walk on back toward the class. She just couldn't seem to find where the weird music was coming from, anyway. Maybe "Mr. Callahan" hadn't missed her.

Kitchy-Koo skipped up the street past Clewell, Sister's and South and up the steps of "The Halls of Ivy." "Somewhere Along the Way" the music had disappeared.

She pushed open the door and crawled to her seat. "Mr. Callahan" still had his back to the class and Kitchy-Koo began chewing on her pencil again. No one seemed to think it unusual that she had been gone almost the entire hour. Well, "Of All Things."