

Sense And Nonsense...

Salem is a school that is individual. We have characteristics which are only ours,—our traditions of Old Salem, the pansies at morning watch on May Day, signing of the honor book, the brick walks, the clock on the church, the Christmas vespers and the senior caroling.

Now we have discovered another characteristic. Perhaps it happens on other campuses, but it seems to be peculiar to Salem. The fact that our faculty loves both sense and nonsense. It is nice that the same professors who march in the academic procession run the bases on the athletic field in the faculty-student games. That the same professors who cite allegories from ancient dramas dance in chorus lines in the faculty play. That class meetings aren't restricted to classrooms but are found in the catacombs grouped around the table in the Salemite office or in the drugstore grouped in a booth drinking coffee.

This characteristic of our faculty is appreciated. For it is this love of both sense and nonsense which makes all things balanced. To sound very serious, we quote G. K. Chesterton. "The world must not only be tragic, romantic, and religious, it must be nonsensical also."

And we are glad our faculty realizes this. For the realization makes them more personal, more informal, and more ours. It makes real the close friendship between the professor and his students. It makes the relationship become a friendship.

A Reminder...

May we remind you again of the Katharine B. Rondthaler contest. The student body is encouraged to submit any creative work in the fields of art, literature and music. Last year there were only 13 entries, six contestants in art, seven in literature, none in music.

Yet Salem has much creative talent. If you have done a painting or a short story or written a score of music of which you feel proud, why not submit it? Or if you feel as though you would like to write a poem or an essay, that you would like to compose a prelude, this is your opportunity. Entries must be in May 1.

B. B. L.



This cartoon was drawn by a former Salem student.

Letters To The Editor

My dear Miss Editor,
I got a complaint. This comin' Monday is lekchur time again. An' it's not just the first one either. It's th' fourth time this year! Four times! Jus' think about it! Four times (an' I heard there'll be another one, too) that we've been snowed under by smart folks blarin' out about some subject that they know all about. We got no need for so much larned talk. They make us go to classes, don't they? An' we sure do learn all there is there, don't we?

That Lekchur Committee couldn't in any ways know how much all these smart folks mess up our livin'. We don't have time any more to drink coffee or play bridge or knit socks for our boy friends.

Everybody's always tryin' to get us to go to hear these smart folks. These folks that yap all the time couldn't know how much trouble it is to get all collected to go to a lekchur. You got to explain to your roommate where you're goin'; you got to put on a coat (that is, if it's cold or if you got on blue jeans); you got to walk across the street and climb all the way up the steps to Memorial Hall.

Then when you get there there's nothin' but somebody like James Reston. Somebody (maybe it was the Salemite) said he is a reporter for the New York Times. But who reads the New York Times? It doesn't even have funny papers on Sunday.

Next week a Bowen woman is comin'. They got her to lekchur 'cause she wrote a book. What's so great about that? A lot of

people write books. Why, I went up town yesterday an' bought ten books all about movie stars—plenty of pictures, too.

Can't see any use goin' to hear Miss Bowen when I can look at Farley Granger.

I didn't write this letter just to complain, tho'. I got a suggestion as to how to help this awful predicament. If the Lekchur Committee can't possibly cut down on so many speakers, maybe something could be done about those long steps up to Memorial Hall.

Yours Truly and Suggestively,
Alison Britt

Dear Editor:

It recently occurred to me that there is an acute need on the part of the college for a better equipped dining room in Strong Dormitory. I am speaking of the lack of appropriate china and silver available at the present time for use at small social functions here on campus.

An example of such is the case of Miss Elizabeth Bowen's visit next week. The creative writing class wishes to give a luncheon in her honor in the Friendship Rooms of Strong. However, it is impossible to plan such because of the lack of adequate china and silver.

It seems to me that it would be worthwhile for some particular student organization to undertake the project of better-equipping these facilities in Strong. It might even be considered a likely project for the senior class, which will soon be confronted with the problem of what to bequeath the school.

Phoebe Hall

Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

People the globe over have pondered, wondered, guessed at, theorized on, and tried to solve... the Russian enigma. It is first and foremost in the minds of all contemplators of the world situation of the day. Fears about, suspicions of, and measures against Russia's system—Communism—enter into almost every realm of our lives; be it military, political, social, economic, or educational. The free world took action against an aggressive act in Korea, is sending aid to Indochina, plans a European Defense Community, provided an air lift to blockaded Berlin, enacted a Marshall Plan, formed a North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It holds to a United Nations organization as preventive measures against the system taught by Marx, Lenin, and Stalin which, stemming from the Russian Revolution of 1917, threatens destruction of the capitalist system with no deadline or time limit for its final coup d'etat—its achievement of a world revolution.

U. S. News and World Report has two articles in its issue of Feb. 26—one an interview with Britain's ambassador to Moscow (1949-'51), Sir David Kelly—and one from an interview with top experts from the U.S., Britain, and France who

spent a year in studying the new regime in Russia.

All have concluded that the ultimate aim of the Communist system, world domination with the breakdown of the capitalist system stemming from the iron-clad Marxian doctrine, may appear different, from surface tactics, but its goal remains the same. The men ruling Russia are bound to this doctrine by their very belief in it and so could not possibly be swayed by discussion, argument, or personal feelings—proved in the final analysis of the late Berlin conference and the myriads of other talks and parleys with seemingly no progress toward a stable peace. To quote the judgment of the Western experts: "Never, not in our lifetime, will the non-Communist world be able to let down its guard, to relax its unity in the face of Communism. They are out to destroy the capitalist system and replace it with theirs. This we must always remember."

Glancing at the Russian enigma during the past year it was concluded that the shifts in Russia—away from one-man rule (Stalin) to a community rule (Malenkov, Krushchev, and Molotov)—are more dangerous as their moves will be less predictable; there will be a pooling of ideas rather than the

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By Sally Reiland

Rain. I thought it would never stop. At first it was soft and easy—then loud and hard—then harder and louder still, and soon soft again. The hard rain sounded like the beating of kettle drums, and the soft rain sounded like the timbre of a xylophone.

The rain dripped and splashed past the window of my room from the gutter above to the ledge below; from the ledge to the brick sidewalk; from the sidewalk it soaked into the ground around the bricks, beside the bricks, under the bricks.

Yesterday afternoon the rain started. It was a drum rain then. The drops were like tensely-struck beats on the surface of a tightly drawn skin. Some of the beats were absorbed by the skin, some bounced off to dampen other objects, and some found an open recepticle.

The rain came in the window of my room. Later, when I returned to the room from class, his picture in the window sill was spotted and wet and stained from the rain.

Last night the rain sounded like a xylophone. The steady gentle beat seemed to work itself into a musically geometrical pattern on the roof above. The trickle that kept falling past the window was the discord of a modern musical composition, and its strange melody was good for sleeping. I wondered if it would stop by today as I packed and thought of the weekend ahead. And then I slept well to the music of the rain.

But the rain didn't stop by today. I shivered as I dressed in the dampness of the room. And the day was dark and the boughs on the trees outside the window were bleak in the gray drizzle.

Although I wasn't hungry for food, I was empty and I knew that I must eat something before he came. "Before he came." That sounded good as it re-echoed through my mind, for it promised to be more appetizing than the meal which I must eat. I was sorry that he had to drive down in the rain as I started out the door to go to the dining hall.

I didn't know that rain could go up as well as come down until the brick sunk under my foot. Suddenly all the rain that had seeped around the brick, beside the brick and under the brick—the rain that had spent the night slipping through the dirt particles under the brick—was on my shoes, my hose, my new green wool jersey dress with the turtle-neck. I went back to the room without any breakfast to dress again and watch for him. Looking out the window at the rain, I thought about how ridiculous it was for rain to go in two directions.

He came and we both got wet packing the car in the rain. But the rain and the dampness and the bleakness didn't matter then, and I wasn't empty any more. We talked about music and each other and the rain on the way down. We wondered if the rain would stop when we got there, but it didn't. It just kept falling—harder—louder.

We went to the dance in the drum rain tonight and the orchestra's music was good for dancing, but I couldn't follow its rhythm. I kept moving to the rhythm of the rain on the roof, and it wasn't like the rhythm of the orchestra. He didn't mention it, though, because I think he felt the different rhythm and melody too.

The rain is soft and easy again since I came in tonight, and I am sure that it will stop by tomorrow. I lie in bed and listen to the rhythm of the rain again—the tone and rhythm of a xylophone—a glass-barrd xylophone. Every now and then a beat is missed, and the rhythm is ruined by the missing beat, and the beat is gone because someone broke some of the bars.

Now it is light and easy and soft and I am glad because the music of soft rain makes me sleep and forget.

I am glad I told him about the picture. Glad that he knows I'm sorry it got wet, and that I wish it hadn't rained so hard, because things might have been different if it hadn't been for the rain.

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