

They Write . . .

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on last week's editorial! It was a pleasure to see the **Salemite** take a definite stand on something — particularly something that hits as close to home as the breaking of the honor code.

We have all broken rules thinking that perhaps one small violation won't make any difference. Occasionally we need someone to remind us that our personal honor code is Salem's honor code.

However, I feel that your timing with such an editorial was bad. The May Day issue of the paper is seen by more people outside the student body than any other. We send it home to our parents, visiting town's people see it, our dates see it, etc.

Perhaps a less widely circulated issue wouldn't have aired our dirty linen so publicly!

Sincerely yours,
Ann Mixon

We Answer . . .

Saying, in the first place, that the "They Wrote" of the above letter headline was purely wishful thinking in the plural (which we are often inclined toward when it comes to letters to the editor)!

Although we have received many verbal compliments of last week's editorial, we have also been the recipients of much silence. Silence which we regard first to be dangerous, then to be disinterest, and finally, when it continues, to be unspoken agreement with what we have done.

Had it not been for overheard talk on the campus concerning this editorial, we would have believed that everyone was in agreement with us. Through this named collision with whispered sound waves, however, we have suspicions to the contrary.

But where is our proof of this contrary? We know it exists, but where is it? We know that many faculty members have disagreed, but only one has faced us with her reasons. We know that many students have disagreed, but only one has presented us with her reason. Where are the rest? We are asking for them.

Considering the one written opinion and the whispered ones alike, we are glad that some have agreed with us, and glad that some have disagreed with us. In answer to the agreement, we thank those who do. In answer to the disagreement, we can only say that it revolves around one question: Just how far does press freedom go in a small liberal arts college? Many have tried to answer it, but few have succeeded—we for one. If any do succeed, we would like to know about it, and if any think we have overstepped it, we would also like to know.

Last week, we wrote from the eyes of a group of people who thought there was something to be said about our subject, and that it should be said then. We purposely chose for discussion those incidents which were not only past, but were also well known. When we say well known, we do not mean in the sense that the identity of the individuals involved was known or that we wanted it known.

Rather, we mean that the occurrences mentioned were also being discussed on this campus, on other campi across the state, and by the residents of this city. Nor did we intend to direct this toward anyone except those who might feel a pang of guilt (including ourselves) about a past action, and toward those

(Continued On Page Four)



SPIRIT of May

Ed. note: This cartoon is a reprint of one run in the Salemite several years ago.

Here And There

By Freda Siler

The month-and-a-half-old battle at Dien Bien Phu is almost over. The French garrison will not be able to hold out much longer against Red attacks. Food, water, and ammunition were low last week, and could be received only by parachute. The drop zone was so small that many of the supplies and reinforcements drifted into the enemy lines. The French perimeter is now one-third its original size—only 2,000 yards wide. At one point the Communist lines were only 700 yards from the French center.

But these are not all the French difficulties. Last week, there were 12,000 worn-out troops in Dien Bien Phu against 40,000 Communists. About a thousand wounded men could not be evacuated, as the Communists control about one-third of the air strip. The French artillery has lost about half of its guns. The surviving French tanks were bogged down in the mud of the early monsoons. The monsoons brought another complication in that the tactical air troops could do little because of the haze.

There seems but two possibilities of the outcome for the garrison—death or Red captivity. In the face of all this last week, the French government awarded the "Croix de guerre" to every man at Dien Bien Phu.

Last week, Prime Minister Nehru of India announced that American planes could not fly over his country to reach Indo-China. This was in agreement with India's "policy for the past six years not to allow foreign troops to pass through or fly over India."

Last week two Communists sought shelter in the West. In Germany, the announcement came out that MVD Captain Khokhlov asked the aid of a man he was sent to assassinate, and thereby reached Western Germany. His wife and child remained in Moscow. Khokhlov's reason for escaping—he

could not carry out orders that were against his conscience.

The other fugitive from the Russians was Mrs. Ewdokia Petrov, the wife of a Russian spy in Australia. He had already asked for asylum. Not only was she a spy's wife, but also an expert code clerk that knew too many Russian secrets. The Russians tried to get her out of Australia, but failed. They immediately broke diplomatic relations with Australia as a result.

In the U. S. last week, President Eisenhower went on a whirlwind tour of speech-making to campaign for his party for the 1954 elections. In New York, a chorus from West Point serenaded him with "Once in Love with 'Amy'" (changed to "Mamie"). In Hodgenville, Kentucky, the local Woman's club served him lunch. He liked a cheese pudding so much that he was given the recipe.

Ike also had some serious business to attend to in Washington. He sent General James Van Fleet to the Far East to find ways of strengthening anti-Communist resistance there. He also welcomed 50 governors at a White House dinner and addressed the annual convention of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Also very much in the news was the report of strange pock-marks appearing on car windshields across the nation. There were several wild theories expounded. One said that the marks were caused by radioactive particles from the hydrogen bomb blast. A second said they came from the hatching of sand-flea eggs that were made into the glass with sand. Still another, from little people from outer space with sonic weapons.

More serious explanations of the incidents said the marks were caused either by meteoric showers that are common in April, or by droplets of resin in the air in industrial areas. By the way, the first report came from Bellingham, Washington, where the first flying saucer was seen!



By Louise Barron

"How time flies!" An old expression—but quite true!

This year for example—whether it be the freshmen, sophomore, junior, or senior—has seemed the shortest of our lives. Now it's almost over, and when we look back we wonder—how did we spend our time? How many things did we leave undone? How much did we accomplish?

A freshman might feel this way on looking back: "This year at Salem has certainly been the fullest of my life. I'd say I spent first semester getting acquainted — not only with people, but with studying, regulations, the idea of being away from home and the busy Salem campus. Second semester was better because I at last found time to participate in extra-curricular activities and got around a little more.

'I suppose I've let a lot of things go undone, but I really don't know when I could have done much more. I've already planned some things for next year.

'It's hard to put down my accomplishments. I learned a lot of facts, and have begun to realize how much it means to be a part of Salem life. The thing I'm most proud of is intangible. I suppose I could say I "adjusted."

A sophomore would probably have to say that this year was the busiest of her life too. "I certainly would. I feel as if I spent the entire year trying to maintain a balance between studying, extra-curricular activities and playing.

'I had always heard that during your sophomore year you would inevitably fall into the sophomore slump. About the end of the semester I fell hard! The 'slump' was characterized by a 'don't care attitude.'

'Because of this, I never did catch up with what was going on in the world and it was a temptation to 'finesse' the lectures and concerts.

'I don't feel as if I've accomplished all I should have. My comprehensive results showed me that I have a lot to learn. The most important thing is that I began to think. I haven't come to many conclusions, but I suppose time will take care of that."

A junior might feel this way if you asked her about this year: "I've never had so much to do! I really believe my class had a part in every function on campus. Besides the Christmas and Junior-Senior banquets, each of us seemed to be participating in all the extra-curricular activities available.

'I feel as if I have accomplished very little. I have at last gotten into the heart of my major subject—and I did write for the Salemite, get ads for the Sights and Insights, and have a part in a play. I've done a lot more reading and thinking than ever before, but there was so much more than I had planned to do! Oh well, maybe next year—"

Now the senior—how does she feel about her last year at Salem? "It's hard for me to put in words how it feels when I look back over my senior year. There was so little time and so much to do—practice teaching, heading an organization, going to concerts and lectures, studying for comprehensives, and so many other things!

'I realize I've left a lot of things undone but I've come to the conclusion that will all ways be the case.

'I feel as if my accomplishments are many—not acquired from this year alone, but from the four years I've spent at Salem. I feel as if I at last know myself and what I want from life. I also realize that I will always be learning and, believe it or not, I'm glad!

And so, in a few weeks we'll close this year at Salem. No matter how we feel about what we've done, we can be sure of one thing—next year will seem shorter and we will have more to do!

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'Novel Of The South'

By Ann Mixon

The Alexandrians, Charles Mills' "novel of the South," is a book which seeks for truth in a group of typical people who believe only that which they find convenient at the moment.

Briefly, the plot is concerned with the first hundred years (1839-1939) of life in a small southern town. The action is woven through the life of Anna Anderson Redding, daughter of one of the town's founding fathers.

The early settlers of this community lived by three ideals—belief in the Bible, strict adherence to Calvinism, and practice of the ideals in the Declaration of Independence (but only to those in the same social sphere as themselves). These three ideas moulded together pro-

duced an ostrich-like acceptance of life; that is, by ignoring the truth, they lived in a world of their own creation.

The falseness of this attitude toward truth is illustrated through all of the characters except Anna and her grandson, John, both of whom display strength, truth and simplicity. In these characters is thus revealed a point counter point variation of the two themes in which Mr. Mills is interested in most of his works.

Most readers will enjoy the book because it contains a message of strength. However, I believe the book to be too long for consumption without satisfaction.

The Alexandrians. Van Rees Press, \$4.00