

I Know . . .

. . . that taking a multitude of notes in all classes hasn't broadened the horizon as much as I expected.

. . . that if I listen carefully, notes are a waste of time.

. . . that class is more fun and productive if I take part in the discussion.

. . . that the old trite saying 'you get out what you put in' may not be so trite after all.

. . . that no one thinks I am ridiculous just because I admit my lack of knowledge by asking a question.

. . . that professors don't ask me to learn for their sake.

. . . that I am more admired if I don't always conform to the mob attitude.

. . . that being too much of an individual will give me a radical outlook.

. . . that every crisis I meet will prepare me better to accept the next one.

. . . that attending a concert relaxes me much more than a bridge game.

. . . that I am needed in some organization.

I See . . .

. . . Christmas in the air when the sophomores conclude plans for the banquet.

. . . Christmas in the air when the IRS charms me with a poem that invites me to the ball.

. . . Christmas in the air when the Student Council has fewer and fewer meetings.

. . . Christmas in the air when the seniors ask girls to page for them at Senior vespers.

. . . Christmas in the air when the 'Y' starts asking us for gifts for the orphans.

. . . Christmas in the air when Santa acquires an awesome atmosphere.

. . . Christmas in the air when Moravian stars begin to appear in doorways.

. . . Christmas in the air when the Choral Ensemble practices Bach's Cantata.

. . . Christmas in the air when the nativity scene at the putz is wrapped in peace.

. . . Christmas in the air when plans are finished for the "Messiah".

. . . Christmas in the air when mailing lists begin to circulate.

. . . Christmas in the air when the merry spirit pervades everything.

'It Is A Grievous Fault'

By Sandy Whitlock

(With apologies to "Bill" Shakespeare") Students, Professors, Salemites, lend me your ears I write to support extra-curricular activities, not to abolish them. The evil that these activities do is questionable; The good is found in their products. So let it be here at Salem. Noble Abolitionists Have told you extra-curricular activities take too much time: If it be so, it is a grievous fault; Here, under leave of the Abolitionists— For they are wise and understanding people— Come I to speak on behalf of extra-curricular activities. They are a part of my work, constructive and beneficial to me: But Abolitionists say they are too time-consuming; And the Abolitionists are clever people. Extra-curricular activities are producing here, such things As the Salemite, athletic competition and dramatic plays: Are these things not worth the time? The students learn drama in the Pierrettes, justice in student government, and sportsmanship in athletic games. But time spent in these things should be spent in study: So say the Abolitionists, And Abolitionists are intelligent people. You all read the Salemite and Sights and Insights; They are created by long hours of industry and patience. Is the time they require not worth the final product? Yet the Abolitionists say it is not. And, surely, they are wise people. I speak not to disprove what the abolitionists say, But here shall I speak what I know: If extra-curricular activities do take too much time, It is because professors are not allowing for time to be spent on such activities; Or because only a few students are spending too much time in too many activities. If these conditions so exist and are not remedied, Then I say, "Yes, abolish extra-curricular activities. For neither the professors, nor the students recognize their value. Then the Abolitionists, who are sagacious, will accomplish their aims. There will be no dances, no annual, no newspaper. Students will learn how to read and memorize more facts. But no products will they create with these facts— And the wise Abolitionists will be glad, for they know it is right. When the time comes that the noble Abolitionists Rid Salem of extra-curricular activities because they take too much time. I will leave, not in defiance of the Abolitionists, But because I do have the time to learn— To learn to revise copy for publication, to organize group activity, or to block movement in a dramatic scene— And Salem will no longer hold this advantage to teach for me.



By Mary Anne Raines

"Write an article on Education for the paper this week. You may take any aspect That is what was typed on the yellow strip of paper that I extracted from my mailbox. I groaned inwardly at the colossal task which I saw confronting me. In six hundred words I was to give my views on a term about which hundreds of books have been written. Where should I begin?

"Education" is a word which has been bandied around by almost everyone who is educated enough to pronounce it. It is a word of praise uttered by its devoted servants, the teachers; it is a word of cynicism tossed lightly off the tongues of skeptics; it is a word of awe pronounced with reverence by the masses.

It has been dissected, inspected, and reflected upon by hundreds and hundreds of people. It has been torn into pieces, chewed up, and spat out into the faces of the public in the forms of books, pamphlets and lengthy discourses.

Just what is "Education"? It is something for which all of us here at Salem are paying generously and few of us are acquiring.

To many people an education is a grade handed in at the end of the semester, a notebook crammed full of the hastily scribbled utterances of a professor, or a diploma which is framed, hung on the wall, and rarely noticed again.

We walk across the stage in Memorial Hall, we have our hand shaken, and we receive a diploma which we clasp to our breasts as if it is a precious treasure which some thief in the night will try to steal from us. Then smugly we sit back in our seats and say, "Now I am educated."

"Ah, what fools we mortals be." Someone once said that we are never really educated until we've read enough to realize how much there is to learn and how little we really know.

As a layman and not a devoted servant of the honorable teaching profession, I am able to freely express my views on "Education" without fear of retribution from a critic teacher whose opinions differ from mine.

One of the amusements of my college days is to walk into class a few minutes late and see thirty heads bent over thirty notebooks in which thirty hands, holding thirty pencils are busily scribbling.

I often wonder what thoughts wander through the minds of professors as they bestow their profound thoughts on the tops of heads. It is no wonder that it takes professors a long time to learn the names of students. The professors never see faces, just hair!

There is no more plaintive cry than this from a student. "I've lost my notes! How can I pass that test tomorrow without my notes?"

It upsets me when I think of all the "Educated" college graduates who are cast out into the cold, cruel world, with nothing to depend upon except a pencil and a notebook. How disillusioning it must be for them to apply for a job and then be informed that they must be able to think! What panic they must experience at this unfair discrimination!

Perhaps I am being unfair in my accusations against those industrious notetakers. I realize that notetaking is a necessary evil if one is to pass a course.

Ah, now we have it! The almighty grade! The be-all and end-all of a student's existence! How many tears have been shed because of you!

What puzzles me is, when did the "A" cease to be a letter in the alphabet and become a tyrant driving people to sit up until four o'clock in the morning to cram for a test? At what point did it cross the dividing line between a symbol in language and pass into the position of an idol?

But it is to no avail to puzzle over the why of grading. Grades are firmly established in their exalted position as the rulers of "Education."

Why worry about not being able to think? We will always have our diplomas to prove that we are educated. Let the professors lecture on, believing that they are teaching the scribbling students. Let us buy boxes of

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Here And There

By Freda Siler

UN: Perhaps the biggest news last week was that of Andrei Vishinsky's death. The Russian representative in the United Nations, who merely said what his superiors told him, died of a heart attack at the Russian delegation on the same morning that Premier Mendes-France addressed the Assembly.

The Russians withheld the announcement of Vishinsky's death for two hours so that Mendes-France could make his speech.

There was other news from the UN last week, too. The United States followed up its talk of "Atoms For Peace" with action. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge announced that the U. S. has allocated 100 kilograms (220 lbs.) of fissionable material to be distributed to atomic 'have not' nations.

None of it is weapon-grade; that is, concentrated enough for bombs, nor will there be enough to build a bomb when it is divided up. But it will be sufficient for 30 or 40 research reactors in that many countries.

The next day Britain followed suit and offered 20 kilograms (44 lbs.) of fissionable material for the same purpose.

INDO-CHINA: Not long ago I reported that President Eisenhower had appointed Gen. J. Lawton Collins to go to Indo-China to help save the now free south from Communism.

Last week Collins made a good start, "I have come out to Indo-China," he told a press conference, "to take measures to save this region from Communism. I have come to bring every possible aid to the government of Ngo Dinh Diem and to his government only."

This was a direct warning to

the army officers who wanted to take over the government—a warning which they heeded.

In northern Indo-China, however, things were not going so well. It has been confirmed that the Communists there are disregarding the Geneva agreement. The Viet Minh has equipped two new armoured divisions, despite the pledge by both sides at Geneva not to reinforce their armies in Indo-China.

KOREA: Everyone knows by now that Syngman Rhee, the South Korean President, is a hard man to deal with. He has proved it again. He has been insisting that the U. S. buy its Korean currency at the "official" rate of 180-hwan-to-\$1 while the free market rate was 500-to-\$1.

The U. S. refused and in order to get its demands put a ban on U. S. petroleum supplies to Korea. Only after buses were halted, fishing boats held in port, rice piled up on farms for lack of trucks, and 25,000 factory workers in town were put out of work did Mr. Rhee give in. He accepted a 310-to-\$1 rate of exchange.

GERMANY: A public opinion poll was taken on the popularity of soldiers. Here are some of the findings: 1) 76% of the people think German soldiers best 2) 3% think Russian soldiers best 3) 2% think Americans the best soldiers.

However, 57% of the Germans think that relations with U. S. troops are better than last year and 71% want them to stay and help defend their country.

Why? Because 1) "they're friendly" 2) "they don't call us German swine, any more" 3) "they're polite on streets" 4) "they're not really soldiers at all—in the German sense of the word."

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