

'That time of the year'

The ideas and the ideals of love have not changed . . . read the Greek lyric poets. The modes and intrigues of courtship seem not to have changed . . . read restoration drama, especially the comedy of manners. The important questions of life have not changed . . . read Plato then Bergson, then if you are ambitious try some modern theology.

Styles of dress do change, but note how they come back in twenty years. Hair styles do change . . . but not so drastically that it will not grow back before winter. Salem students do change . . . with the season . . . with moods of depression . . . on to gold lined clouds of happiness upon the invitation by the opposite sex to participate with him in so unimportant a thing as a cup of coffee.

This it seems is our world . . . a world of little changes . . . but the **BIG**, the **GREAT**, and the **IMPORTANT** things do not change. We think of this perhaps because of the buds on the bushes in front of Bitting . . . for some of us this is our fourth Spring . . . We are reminded of it by the "for-ever-will-be" plans of June weddings. For some of us the reminder comes in the form of numerous "Letters to the Editor".

Yes, reminded because it is "that time of the year". The time of the year for "I forgot", tests, term papers, and the out burst of rule breaking. The time of the year when the word honor has been over used and mis-used.

It is "that time of the year", but things have not changed . . . Read the **Salemite** . . . the year 1926 . . . the month of March . . . The day number thirteen .

The first article of note . . . "There has been a good deal of discussion about the Salem spirit recently, and some of it has set us wondering."

The second article of note . . . "When the word honor is mentioned most college girls immediately think of examinations as the test of honor . . . but there are other things which concern it as nearly as cheating; upholding the Student Self Government Association and helping the school to have a real self-government is one of the most outstanding."

This is an article with a shakingly familiar sound . . . but it reminds us of this time of year . . . the March of Salem 1926 or the March of Salem 1955.

Maggi Blakeney

The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College
Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Editor-in-Chief	Betty Lynn Wilson
News Editor	Jo Smitherman
Assistant News Editor	Nancy Cockfield
Feature Editor	Bebe Boyd
Assistant Feature Editor	Louise Barron
Copy Editor	Mary Benton Royster
Heads Editor	Anne Knight
Make-up Editor	Nancy Gilchrist
Pictorial Editor	Jean Currin
Music Editors	Ella Ann Lee, Martha Thornburg
Editorial staff:	Betsy Liles, Bobbi Kuss, Sally Reiland, Freda Siler, Francine Pitts, Maggi Blakeney, Mary Anne Raines, Judy Williams, Beth Paul, Phyllis Stinnett, Beverly Brown, Judy Graham, Sarah Vance, Kay Williams, Celia Smith, Pat Ward, Ellen Summerell, Sherry Rich, Ann Mixon, Kay Cunningham, Rachel Ray, Annette Price, Patsy Hill, Ann Coley, Ann Knight, Sue Jette Davidson, Marianne Boyd, Sandy Whitlock, Mary Mac Rogers, Sissy Allen, Emily Heard, Sudie Mae Spain, Eleanor Smith, Pat Green, Emma McCotter, Anne E. Edwards.
Business Manager	Marguerite Blanton
Advertising Managers	Diantha Carter, Emily McClure
Circulation Manager	Ann Crenshaw
Business staff:	Diane Crane, Sally McKenzie, Nancy Warren, Emily Cathcart, Bunny Gregg, Melinda Wabberson, Marian Myers, Peggy Ingram, Kay Hannon, Anne Hale.
Faculty Advisor	Miss Jess Byrd

COSMORAMA

By Sally Reiland

Along the same currents of thought as last week—in the musical stream of consciousness — we find:

In Memorial Hall, Pat Moore putting final perfections on her piano interpretations of works by Bach-Vivaldi, Beethoven, Franck, and Liszt for her recital—the first of the graduating series—slated for March 14.

While, on the international scene, Bartlett and Robertson, famed duo-piano couple, have recently returned from a recital tour of Europe, where they celebrated the 25th anniversary of their debut . . . And while the February issue of **Musical Courier** carried a feature on Whitmore and Lowe — calling them "American ambassadors of the keyboard", saying that what they have done and are doing to promote the art of duo-pianoism can scarcely be over-rated; that they have "added a new dimension to the pianistic concert stage."

In the meantime . . . A new slant on pop records: The Record Hunter in New York has been advertising "Hits from Russia; Colos-

seum scoops from behind the Iron Curtain." According to propaganda, they are played primarily by the Pops Band of Moscow and the Armenian Jazz Orchestra of Erevan; including such truly White and Tan tunes as "St. Louis Blues", "Tico-Tico" and the "Tahiti Trot"—the latter as arranged by Shostakovitch!

Speaking in the Russian stream, one of the biggest events of the new year (according to **Musical America**), thus far, was the East Coast premiere of Igor Stravinsky's "In Memoriam of Dylan Thomas" — which consists essentially of a setting, for string quartet and tenor voice, preceded and followed by "dirge canons" for a quartet of trombones. The simple and unpretentious work was composed by Stravinsky in memory of the late Welsh poet, who died in a New York hospital last year on his way to conferences with the composer concerning an opera they had planned together.

While Harold Schonberg, noted American music critic, admits that Bach's "The Art of the Fugue" (Continued on Page Four)



By Anne Miles

Hullo. My name is Rabbut. I'm yellow (in color only!), have long black lashes, pink ears, and a rather grimy coat at the moment.

You don't know me, but I know you, 'cause I've been scouting around, or whatever a red-blood American rabbit could do, and I've heard and seen so many things that I just must tell somebody—

First, let me tell you to be sure **not** to call me a r-a-b-b-i-t, 'cause I'm not a r-a-b-b-i-t. I'm a r-a-b-b-u-t. It's a sorta' special kind of hare. Right now, I'm in Davy Jones, but while nosing around Salem tonight I climbed in the bathroom window (you know the one that's always open!). After I got in the window I was sneaking down the hall of first floor Clewell toward the basement when I heard several things through the half-closed transoms.

Know what I heard? Not a sound by that Greene person's room—but down the hall I heard "thump thump" — and a beseeching "OW! It hurts!" and an explanatory voice saying, "But you've got to do these exercises, or you will have a hard time having children. We learned this in modern dance."

Then I heard, "Oh, corrode! I can't do this English. It's more like African!" Ah, well—don't we all go through those English spasms? 'Course Rabbut English is different, but they're the same when you get right down to it. It's all language!

Next, I heard "Shhh, my roommate's asleep" and a peeved reply, "Well, if she's already asleep, we can't possibly be bothering her, can we?" Immediately, there was a thump on the wall which I presumed to be the answer from the "sound asleep" roommate.

All of a sudden, when first floor got momentarily quiet, I heard a moving, grating, and scraping sound from second floor. Probably just the people upstairs changing their room around. After all, it was just 1:15 a.m. Why not? Such inspirations shouldn't be squelched simply because of the time of day, or night, or morning, or—well, you know what I mean!

I listened for a minute and the interesting noises seemed to subside to a dull roar, so I loped downstairs into Cozy. A few stragglers—not many—but I had to stoop down to see those few. The smoke had filled the room three-fourths of the way from the ceiling. Coulda' sworn it looked like "jolly old England at morn'!"

No one in Davy either. The TV set was off and there was not one bit of "litter in front of the TV—including under the chairs and benches" — including "coke bottles." Everyone had, evidently, cleaned up the "litter" and hit the sack!

Now here I am by myself in Davy and this is no place for me without people. Besides it's drafty and smells like stale cigarette "ducks" (or Rab-butts)—so I may as well shuffle on over to the window, lower it, and climb out. No one can see me in the dark. If I just don't bump into anything between Clewell and Sisters.

OOOPSY-daisy. I tripped over the grate in that trench "they" dug the other day. Skinned my left foot (bad luck ahead!) and knocked out some of my eyelashes. Curses! Up we go. Easy now.

So far I haven't been discovered. Be more careful, clumsy! OW! What in the name of school is this? Panic! They've started chaining these girls on campus!

No. Just the grass, I see. What a place to put a chain! Right where you want to cut the corner short. Humph!

At last I am on the street and headed back toward my little abode — the Coffee Pot. What a night!

Letters To The Editor:

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Why doesn't our social Honor System work? It has been brought to the attention of a great number of the student body that something is lacking. And conversation in the dorms have become quite heated on the subject. We feel that it is time to take a serious, objective look on our Honor System. Let's stand off, unprejudiced, and view it.

Do we want an Honor System 100% dependent on Honor or a Police System, which is how our present system could easily be described. It seems extremely underhanded for people to become self-appointed snoopers looking for something to report others for. Secondly, when a girl has broken a rule, don't you honestly feel that she should go to the offender before going to the Student Council? The offender should be given a chance to turn herself in. The Student Council should encourage this policy. It seems the only fair way to operate an Honor System.

If a girl is going to turn in another girl, she should have enough strength of character to go to that girl first. A mature treatment of a broken regulation will help the girl to profit more than a juvenile treatment of tattling and running.

Thirdly, if a girl feels honor bound, should she not turn in her closest friends as well as others? Nothing is airtight. Things will leak out. There have been and still are cases at Salem where a girl will turn in someone to whom she is indifferent and let her closer friends go scot-free. Is that an Honor System?

We feel that a girl who reports

another girl directly to the Council or a girl who will turn in another girl and spare her friends from the same offense is a coward. To us, she is weaker than the person who commits the offense.

We ourselves know if we are guilty. If so, it is not too late to change our tactics, thereby making the Student Council a respected one—and one we can be proud of and work with more cooperatively.

By: Lane Harvey, Barbara Durham, Nina Skinner, Bren Bunch, Nancy Gilchrist, Anne Crenshaw, Matilda Parker, Martha Dunlap, Joan Reich, and Ann Knight.

Dear Editor:

This is not necessarily an attack on anything. It is merely a painful, but honest, observation. It could possibly be entitled: "A Conscientious Freshman's Schedule During a Week in March."

7:15—Get up. 7:30-8:00—Breakfast. 8:10-8:30—Attend Little Chapel service and/or make bed. 8:30-9:20—Biology ("pop"). 9:20-10:15—Latin. 10:15-11:20—English. 11:20-12:10—Chapel.

1:00-2:00—Lunch and recreation (?). 2:00-4:00—History term paper. 4:00-6:00—English term paper. 6:00-7:00 — Dinner and recreation (?). 7:00-8:00 — Practice. 8:00-10:00—Prepare French assignment. 10:00-12:00 — Prepare history assignment. 12:00-1:00—Read Phys. Ed. parallel. 1:00-2:00 — Prepare for bed (no bath!). 2:00-7:15—Dead to the world!

A little calculation reveals: Five hours of sleep plus sixteen hours of work plus three hours of relaxation equal one dead Salemite to greet mother and father on Parent's Day!

Sue Gregory

Here And There

By Freda Siler

Thailand. Bangkok, the capitol city, was having a clean-up campaign last week in preparation for a conference of eight non-Communist nations. An estimated \$2,000,000 was spent on new sidewalks, pre-fab houses set up for conference hangers-on, new paint for the Trocadero Hotel where the big men of the conference will stay, and gallons of Flit to kill the flies in the same hotel.

All of this to-do was in preparation for the SAETO (a Southeast Asia collective Defense Treaty) conference and in hopes that this organization would make Bangkok its permanent headquarters. The eight nations that make up SEATO are the U. S., Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, the Philippines, and Pakistan.

At this meeting these eight nations hoped to: 1) Set up a mutual defense organization.

2) Discuss means of combating internal Communist subversion.

3) Keep an eye on Cambodia,

Laos, and South Viet Nam, which are not treaty members but whose independence is declared to be a specific objective of SEATO.

4) Organize economic aid for Southeast Asia.

Switzerland. One night last week four masked men quietly climbed the fence of the Rumanian legation in Bern, rang the bell at the big house, bound Madame Setu, wife of the chauffeur, when she opened the door, and proceeded to take over the legation. Charge d'Affairs Stoffel escaped through the window to the neighbors. Stoffel's two attaches also escaped. The masked men did not harm any of the women or children in the legation, but they wounded Setu, presumably the chauffeur but actually the secret police boss of the Communist legation. Setu later died in a hospital. The four men finally surrendered to Swiss officials. In spite of Rumanian demands, the Swiss refused to turn the four over to the Communists.

(Continued on Page Three)