

The School Militant . . .

A battle is being waged right in front of our eyes. It is a friendly battle, for there is no real enemy. This campaign is being carried on merely to win other people to our side . . . people with means. We need these people to support our cause. Our cause is Salem.

Since 1772 Salem has meant different things to different people. To its founders it was the realization of a dream; to faculty members it has meant academic freedom. To many parents it has meant insuring for their daughters the best that education has to offer. To its students it has been a shipyard, preparing them for a life-long sail on this ocean of a world . . . and very few ships have been sunk.

Whatever else its meaning has been, it has been worthwhile. It is a meaning we want to continue to exist . . . one we want to enlarge. To do this we must progress. To progress we need people on our side who are able to help us in this advancement. Thus . . . the campaign, with Dr. Gramley as our general.

In every war there are those who take part in the actual battle . . . there are those who sit at home . . . then, there are those who lend moral support. For instance, in the last war there were the Red Cross workers . . . girls who of course could not enter into combat but wanted to do something to help us win. Among many things, they issued coffee and doughnuts to the soldiers on the front lines. This showed the men we were backing them up. It made the other side wonder if the "Yanks" didn't have something after all . . . women who believed in them.

Most of us can't take part in the actual battle, for we don't have the necessary ammunition. On the other hand, there are no "sit-at-homes" at Salem. Somehow I feel that all of us Salemites will want to play the part of a Red Cross worker. A dollar here and a dollar there won't build a new dormitory or add another distinguished name to our faculty list, but they will be doughnuts for our soldiers on the front lines. And, most important of all, such a contribution will make the other side wonder.

Firm is thy faith, oh Salem,

Thy future service sure,

The beauty of thy heritage

Forever shall endure.

. . . and increase. With your help, Salemites, the school militant can become the school triumphant.

A Sad Tale . . .

Once upon a time there was a school.

At this school there was a girl known as the May Day Chairman. All year long she worked herself to death.

She wrote until her hands became paralyzed and would no longer function. She thought of so many new ideas that soon there was not a single creative wrinkle left on her brain.

She ran to and from the May Dell and the gym so many times that both of her legs gave way and she had to be carried on a stretcher.

Finally, her voice, weakened from giving directions, dwindled down to a feeble croak. She was easily mistaken for the "Wreck of the Hesperus".

But this girl was happy. She and her assistants had done all this so that the students of the school could enjoy all the splendor of a beautiful May Day pageant and all the glamour and excitement of a May Day Dance.

The sad thing about this story is that all the work was in vain. Not a soul showed up at the pageant or the dance. They had all gone to dances at other schools planned by other chairmen.

The May Day Chairman could not stand up under the strain; she now lies buried in this school's May Dell.

The happy thing about it is that it could never happen at Salem. We respect the labors of our May Day Chairman . . . we will go to the pageant and the dance.

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 Emily McClure
Associate Editor Mary Benton Royster
Assistant Editor Bebe Boyd
Managing Editor Jo Smitherman
News Editor Ann Knight
Assistant News Editor Sherry Rich
Feature Editor Judy Graham
Assistant Feature Editor Martha Ann Kennedy

COSMORAMA

By Jo Smitherman

A Salem girl's exposures to "the universal language": Earl Bostic at Carolina, Ray Anthony at Davidson, seniors and sophomores in Memorial Hall, Civic Music personalities at Reynolds Auditorium, dormitory record collections, Dorothy Collins on the "Hit Parade," "rhythm with a touch of the blues" on "Boo's Record Corner."

Occasionally the degree of exposure excites, in the non-music-major a curiosity—resulting in an hour of isolation in the listening room or a glance through the reading room copy of "Musical America."

The literary-minded Salemite, after searching out the Nutcracker Suite and anything by Gershwin or Romberg, happens upon "Robert Frost Reading His Own Poetry" and "Leaves of Grass". Here she spends her hour.

The same girl — peering into "Musical America"—discovers that all the contemporary controversy is not confined to her history class and bridge table. Musicians are currently aghast at a book published last month. (Simon and Schuster; \$3.00; 180 pp.)

Henry Pleasants has lost his prestige in the music world. His masterpiece of radical opinions about modern music is called, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, a haphazard collection of "contradictions, half-truths, and distortions." His book is "unauthenticated, general, and sprawling," among other things.

The growing mind thrives on controversy. So, to the unbiased *New York Times*.

Here Mr. Pleasants is valiantly defending himself. And his conclusion in the controversial *The Agony of Modern Music*: "Jazz is modern music — and nothing else is!"

"Contemporary serious music is unimportant because it has lost contact with the public—jazz has a public . . ." Mr. Pleasants brands the contemporary composer "a pathetic figure seeking to shape the music of his generation while all around him the music of his generation is spontaneously and irresistibly taking place."

One of these "pathetic figures," Aaron Copland, jumps into Mr. Pleasants from the opposite page of the *Times* article. Indignantly he screams, "Is so-called classical music bankrupt in our age?"

And with a vague logic argues that classical music is not composed to appeal to the masses. "No

publisher of an author-philosopher like Whitehead would expect him to reach the enormous public of a novelist like Hemingway!" he analogizes.

Such a division of the music public was meant for vicious Pleasants. "The habit of criticizing audiences instead of music has made the contemporary composer what he is today—a pathetic figure . . ."

It is the will of society, says Pleasants, that the abrupt shift in music be from serious to popular, from theme and harmony to melody and rhythm.

He defines jazz on the grounds that it has taken music away from the composers and given it back to musicians and their public. The 20th-century god of creative genius, spontaneity, and technical freedom—reigning over contemporary art and literature — has usurped the modern audience-kingdom.

Divide the audience, dares Pleasants, and in the minority will be the fogies. The contemporary composer has committed the grievous sin of ignoring himself and society in order that he might adhere completely to "a tradition esthetically and technically exhausted."

"Contemptuous of the music that exhausted it," Pleasants continues, "the contemporary composer produces a music of technical excoitation in which the listener finds neither pleasure nor the reflection of anything of the least concern to him."

Copland says, so what! "Keep listening to it!" Difficult and abstract modern music has "power and tension and expressiveness typically 20th-century in quality."

And on and on they go. The musical world, too, is concerned about the trend of culture—about the tastes of modern society.

And Henry Pleasants—whether a deliberate protagonist, a reliable music critic, or a sincere observer of society — has drawn a timely question into the foreground.

Can composers of "serious" modern music defend themselves adequately from a radical's upsetting accusations? They are trying.

If we students prefer Satchmo's singing and Errol Garner's improvising to "An American in Paris" and "Rhapsody in Blue," can we begin to call ourselves music-lovers?

Pleasants says we may rightly do that. Next month will we be "cultured" for jumping to "Flip, Flop, and Fly" and "Dance with Me, Henry"?

Here And There

By Emma McCotter

Austria: After ten long years and nearly 400 negotiating sessions where the Russians have taken every action to block the Western attempt to remove all occupation troops from Austria, the Russian government has finally agreed to the idea of a "free Austria."

The big concession that Russia has made is that all occupation troops will be withdrawn immediately after the state treaty is signed and in any case not later than December 31, 1955.

In many ways, the most seriously affected country will be the United States. It will have to abandon its big base at Salzburg and withdraw its 15,000 troops. However, for the first time since Hitler marched in in 1938, Austria is in sight of the time when there will not be a foreign soldier on her soil.

Asia: The Bandung Conference nations, mostly newly formed sovereign countries, have come together with the loose binding of a few things in common. There are differences in economics, resources, enemies, and religion—to mention only a few.

Even the conference's five sponsors were not agreed on what the conference should try to achieve. These five hosts have been trying to decide on an agenda for many months. They have gathered, not to confirm a common purpose, but to find one.

The latest report is, however, that Prime Minister Chou En-lai of Red China has announced that he and the country he represents

are ready to negotiate on the question of Formosa.

Great Britain: Queen Elizabeth will dissolve the present Parliament on May 6. But before this is done, the Chancellor will present Britain's budget for 1955; and the House of Commons will press through the necessary legislation to enable the government to carry on until the new Parliament meets on June 7.

France: Last month, shortly after Britain announced that it would build H-bombs, Premier Edgar Faure announced almost casually that France would do likewise. However, after long consideration, the French cabinet has decided that such a task would be too expensive.

France will continue to use atomic power for peaceful purposes; and, as the Premier stated, "France expects to keep its place as a great power."

East Germany: The number of refugees who have flowed into the West has grown quite large. This seems to show unrest in that section of Germany. They tell stories of a serious farm crisis in East Germany.

Besides the farmers, there are also young men and teachers coming into the West. The former have left because they are alarmed at reports that the People's Police will soon be doubled in size to counter with the Rearmament of West Germany; the latter have left because they were asked to plug "youth dedications"—a Communist substitute for church confirmations. According to one teacher, the

(Continued On Page Three)



By Ellen Summerell

The lowest point in the life of any Salemite is Sunday night. I've been here all weekend; I've done my economics and my French, and I'm sick and tired of playing three-handed bridge.

It all started with supper. Chicken salad and peaches aren't very filling. (Somehow, no one ever has any money on Sunday night.) I surely would like to have a hamburger—but I won't think about that; it just makes me feel worse.

I've been trying to read a history parallel, but every few paragraphs I'm distracted by distracting noises—male voices outside. Then I forget what I've just read.

I don't want to go to bed. I slept nine hours last night. Anyway, I want to hear all about the weekend at State and Davidson; it's almost ten o'clock, so somebody ought to be coming back before long.

Here comes my roommate now. She's dragging her suitcase and carrying her shoes, and she has enormous bags under her eyes. She must have had a fabulous time! I settle back on the sofa and hear her exclaim rapturously over her date, the orchestra, the party at the fraternity house, and her state of exhaustion. With much effort, she picks up her suitcase and wearily plods up the stairs.

Here come the others. There's such a deafening roar that I can't tell what anyone is saying, but I have a feeling that they all had a pretty good time. I pick out snatches of their so-called conversation:

"Best blind date I ever hope to have!"

"You should see my new niece."

"Coffee at four o'clock in the morning."

"Only a blast—that's all!"

They all come over and bum a cigarette from me and sit down to tell of their respective weekends in a more sane way, one at a time. I hate to appear deaf and dumb, so I venture a question.

"Oh, yes, I saw him—he was dating a real queen. I think he pinned her last night."

That really makes me feel great. I had hoped he might come up to Salem some weekend soon. Next time I'll keep my mouth shut.

Everybody is yawning now, and they're beginning to get up and leave the living room. Guess there's no alternative but to go to bed.

I climb the stairs, open the door to my room, and see that my roommate's already asleep. I stumble over her suitcase and crinolines, brush my teeth in the dark, set the alarm, and crawl into bed.

I'm really not very sleepy. I think about what a dull weekend it's been. I'll be almost glad to go to class tomorrow.

Yes, I will be glad when tomorrow comes—because then it will be only three more days until Friday, and I'm going to Chapel Hill. Next Sunday night I can come in dead tired, with aching feet and no classes prepared for, with my laundry still to get together, and thinking only of getting to bed—and feeling absolutely wonderful!

Copy Editor Miriam Quarles
Heads Editor Toni Gill
Make-up Editor Sue Jette Davidson
Pictorial Editor Peggy Horton
Music Editors Ella Ann Lee, Beth Paul
Editorial staff: Betsy Liles, Bobbi Kuss, Sally Reiland, Freda Siler, Francine Pitts, Maggi Blakeney, Mary Anne Raines, Judy Williams, Phyllis Stinnett, Beverly Brown, Sarah Vance, Kay Williams, Celia Smith, Pat Ward, Ellen Summerell, Ann Mixson, Kay Cunningham, Rachel Ray, Annette Price, Patsy Hill, Ann Coley, Marianne Boyd, Mary Mac Rogers, Sissy Allen, Emily Heard, Sudie Mae Spain, Eleanor Smith, Pat Greene, Emma McCotter, Anne Edwards.

Business Manager Ann Williams
Advertising Manager Mariani Myers
Circulation Manager Ann Darden Webb
Faculty Advisor Miss Jess Byrd

Business staff: Diane Drake, Marilyn Stacy, Paulette Nelson, Sally McKenzie, Nancy Warren, Carol Cooke, Bunnie Gregg, Melinda Wabberson, Mary Brown, Dottie Allen.