

To The Class of 1958 . . .

Much has been said about sophomoreism. Here the term has been used loosely, with a touch of humor, and furthermore—always when speaking of someone else. Naturally. We don't have sophomore sophomores at Salem. Or do we?

To decide that we'll have to decide first just exactly what sophomore means to us. Webster gives us this definition—"Of, pertaining to, resembling, or characteristic of a sophomore —." Now that doesn't sound so bad. Sophomores are rather lovable creatures, dressed in black, scowling, and militaristically grinding Freshman noses into the bricks on Salem Square. But he adds "—hence, immature; shallow; bombastic; superficial." That doesn't sound so good.

Let's take the first one—"immature." The physical sense of the word is not important. King Lear (whom you will soon take up in Sophomore Lit.), an old man, was being very immature in hastily misjudging the worth of his daughters. A student who makes snap judgments of the worth of college regulations is also being immature. Lear had his day of reckoning, and so will such a student.

Then there is the business of being "shallow" or "superficial." A student who is shallow is one who has skimmed the surface of her assignments and has cared little for the deeper meaning. She gets the overall idea which sometimes leads to a red-penciled "too general" comment on a corrected paper, but which doesn't bother her too much, because, after all, she passed, didn't she? But, beware—"A little learning is a dang'rous thing; drink deep, or taste not—" said Pope.

The danger that follows in the wake of shallowness is that of being "bombastic." Who's bombastic? The student who is seen eloquently expounding on the theory of evolution the first mention of which she had heard in class only that day. It may sound wonderfully authoritative, but she is likely to be embarrassed if some more well-informed soul ventures to tell her that Darwin didn't mean men came from monkeys, as such.

Well, what do you think? Do we have any such creatures at Salem? In any case, I'll never tell. But—a word to the wise—

For those who read this,
And for those who don't
Be Sophomores, and we'll love you;
Be Sophomoric—we won't.

E. M. M.

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Tuesday was a day of tragedies. The New York Yankees lost the pennant to the Brooklyn Dodgers. Down in the basement of Strong all sorts of jobs were being done—jobs that needed to be done between noon and two o'clock and jobs that didn't involve the glaring TV set.

When the Brooks finally "shut out them Yanks" a roar went up from the kitchen and echoed across the campus. Dr. Africa, confined in an American history class, had a hard time keeping his mind on the Spanish exploration of the new world. He had his fingers crossed that the new world champs would be the Bums from Brooklyn. Oh, well.

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There was a foreboding of the second Tuesday tragedy in chapel. The vicious glares of the sophomores (as the sweet freshmen marched around to sign the honor book) hinted that Rat Week was less than an hour away. Despite what the freshmen may think, the class of 1958 ought to be recommended for a well-organized initiation that sparkled with originality and what looked like real fun.

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The songs that are dominating the late night request shows these days ("Love and Marriage," "The Impatient Years," and "Our Town") were written by Sammy Cahn for the television of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." Frank Sinatra did the singing on TV and capitalized on the soaring record sales.

Thornton Wilder endeared himself to our campus more firmly, though, when the Pierrettes' chose *The Skin of Our Teeth* for their fall production. Wilder's weirdness was given an airing on NBC television last month; Mary Martin starred. Those who know the play wait on edge to see who will be Sabina.

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The first faculty recital (Heidemann-Jacobowsky) drew a prize crowd. Most of them commented favorably on the performance, the shiny new marshall dresses, and the purple-tinted programs. The program innovation (the print and tinted edge were the color of pokeberry juice) matched the glow that Susie Glaser's purplish dress added to the black-and-white performance.

* * *

Speaking of music, Mrs. Brown in Memorial Hall says her son Tommy (whom most of us know from last year) is in the army now and would like to hear some Salem news "straight from the horses' mouths", (my expression, not Tommy's). His address: Pvt. Thomas G. Brown, US53255928, Co. A, 502nd Abn. Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.

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Anne Miles was reminiscing today the time she answered one of Dr. Lewis' questions. He roared, "Dignity! Dignity! Does anybody care about the origin of the word? Does anybody know the origin?" Anne (once she contemplated a Latin major) chirped, "Dignus, —a, —um. To be worthy of." Today she could only mimic his reaction.

Here And There

By Emma McCotter

United States: The biggest thing in the news is that concerning the condition of President Eisenhower. The American people have been optimistic that he would run again next year. His recent heart attack has swung the balance toward the strong probability that he would not.

Right now there is no man in either U. S. party who approaches him in stature. He has given the Republican Party what it has lacked for twenty years—a way of expressing its principles in terms that appeal to the people.

The anti-Eisenhower Republicans will no doubt ride again; but it is hard, in the face of the objective record of the last three years, to believe they will be going anywhere.

In view of the fact that Eisenhower is unable to be the Republican's candidate, the following men have been suggested as possible nominees; Vice-President Richard Nixon, Chief Justice Earl Warren. Only time will tell just what the outcome will be.

New York: Here the U. N. has convened for its tenth session. Everywhere the 500 delegates from 60 countries talked up "the Geneva spirit" that appeared to be abating tensions.

They have also elected their new assembly president. He is Jose Maza of Chile who has been a U. N. parliamentarian of ten years' standing.

The main item on the agenda, which grew out of the meeting at the summit, is Eisenhower's proposal for a U. N. center for joint development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

Russia: Looking forward to the Geneva Conference in October, the Kremlin has been working on the job of setting a scene of the Communist world as one beaming with good will, disbanding armies, releasing prisoners, withdrawing from foreign bases, sending cultural missions abroad and beckoning businessmen to its markets.

Since this was such a hard job for Khrushchev and Bulganin they have both gone on a vacation. The

Party boss went to Yalta and the Premier to Sochi in Caucasus.

Germany: Even though all Germany rejoiced at the news of the Russian release of German war prisoners after ten years, Adenauer had his problems. He knows that the Russian move was done in order to get him to recognize and deal with the East German satellite.

However, the Chancellor has stated that any nation that recognizes the so-called East German Republic would be considered unfriendly. He has urged his three Western allies to take steps against the violation of Allied transit rights under the agreement which ended the Berlin blockade.

Also, Adenauer has sent his Foreign Minister to Washington with the urgent appeal that the Western powers stick to their insistence on German reunification.

Great Britain: In answer to the request, Great Britain has accepted Malta as an integral part of the United Kingdom. The British, after careful consideration, decided that it was the least a mother country could do.

Israel: Finally, after many years of hopeful drilling, Israel has struck oil. This means that Israel will save at least \$50 million in oil imports a year, weaken the Arab states' blockade and diminish the country's dependence on the West. This is a means to economic independence.

However, it also means that it is going to be no easier for U. S. Secretary of State Dulles to persuade Israel to cede some of the desert to the Arabs in return for a peace treaty.

Argentina: An unknown has become President of this recently rebellious country. He is Major General Eduardo Lonardi, 59, a career officer. He is reportedly a middle-road conservative without party affiliation, nationalistic in the Argentine army tradition, but not rabidly so.

Most of his problems will be political ones. His toughest task is likely to be dealing with the sullen labor-confederation members who won substantial gains under Peron and hated to see him go.



By Louise Barron

Vienna—The famous opera house was covered with scaffolds and men working. Our hotel was in the Russian section of the city, but not a soldier was to be seen anywhere. Our room was a corner one overlooking the half-finished installation of a trolley line. Night came, and we ventured forth to find the excitement we knew we should feel.

We took a taxi—a luxury we allowed ourselves occasionally, and pointed out our destination, an advertisement in our "all the information a tourist needs" book. Much to our dismay, our driver told us—in sign language and Austrian—that the restaurant of the man who wrote the "Third Man Theme" was closed on Sunday nights. We were visualizing a meal in the hotel dining room when the driver finally made us understand that he would take us to just the place. Thus began a long drive to the suburbs of the city during which we smoked two cigarettes and squirmed considerably in the back seat of that ancient limousine. We need not have worried. Our destination was a street of small wine gardens, well stocked with tourists. We had heard of such places—students and young people went there to drink Viennese wine, to sing Viennese music, and to fall in love in the Viennese way. Determined to find some of this atmosphere, we chose the most out of the way place we could find.

Regardless of our anticipations, we entered a small empty room—occupied for the greater part by vacant wooden benches lined up beside bare wooden tables. The musicians were there — an accordion player and a violinist talking at one table; the Viennese people were there—a man of about fifty, a young girl, the proprietress and her son; there were no tourists; but no "atmosphere" descended upon us. Disappointed, we stayed because we were embarrassed to walk out. And we were hungry, too.

We had not said two English words before we were invited to the table of the man and the young girl. Glancing at each other with that "we're in Europe and this is a once in a lifetime experience" look, we accepted. From then on the "old Viennese boy" as he insisted upon calling himself took over.

He had learned English in America, (he entered the country illegally after finding Mexico impossible to enter because of a revolution.) He put his knowledge of our language to the best possible use.

We learned about his Vienna. The musicians played for us at his request. They sang in Austrian and he sang in English to show us the Viennese feeling — that happiness is more important than money, that Viennese love and kindness come from the heart — from "within", that a Viennese kiss is like Viennese wine. He went on and on talking, singing, and drinking to our happiness and good fortune until we were saturated with "atmosphere". The girl, his second wife, spoke no English but joined in the singing. The proprietress and her son sat down and "the old Viennese boy" acted as an interpreter.

We soon found out that he was a taxi driver. Needless to say, that's how we got back to our hotel. Enroute, many buildings and places of interest were pointed out and explained — including detailed historical background. When we arrived our heads were reeling with facts.

Our friend made much of telling us goodbye—kissed our hands and bowed, and required reassurance that he had made us happy, and that we "felt" Vienna. We did, and the "feeling" didn't wear off for days. We felt we had done something different.

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

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