

### Transcendent Politician

(This week's guest editor is Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Editor.)

Recent newspaper reports about my views on civil rights cause me to say, first of all, that I am surprised that anything I could say on that subject would still be news.

My attitude has not changed since I first had a part in integrating Negroes in the naval service 15 years ago and my views have been reflected in my subsequent public record.

I believe deeply that it is the first obligation of every citizen of this republic to work for the full realization of the goals stated in our original charter—freedom and equality for all Americans.

Freedom, as I understand it, means that a man may advance to the limit of his natural endowment without hindrance because of his race or religion.

Equality, as I understand it, means that each citizen shall be judged on his own merits. And particularly it means that every citizen shall be guaranteed equal treatment under law.

In the course of more than 150 years the letter and spirit of these objectives have been spelled out by the Supreme Court.

Steadily the legal base of our civil liberties has been broadened until today the court requires full equality of treatment in virtually every public activity supported by public funds.

The latest interpretation applied directly to the public schools.

The question then is not what we are trying to accomplish but how we should go about it.

The Supreme Court itself has clearly recognized that we cannot by the stroke of a pen reverse customs and traditions that are older than the republic.

Instead of establishing a fixed time limit for compliance with its decrees it has established the test of good faith as the measurement of progress in the cases before the district courts.

We have already seen heartening results in the short time since the court's decision.

In more than half the 17 states which required or permitted segregation, the process of integrating the public schools has been completed or well begun.

In the others, as the court has recognized, the transition will require more time.

True integration requires more than the mere presence of children of two races in the same classroom; it requires a change in the hearts and minds of men. No child can be properly educated in a hostile atmosphere.

In the five or six states where public opinion does not yet sustain the court's decision we are faced with one of the ultimate tests of democracy and of our federal system.

There we are attempting to secure and protect the declared rights of local minorities in the face of the adverse views of controlling local majorities.

This condition imposes special burdens on all of us and even harder burdens on public officials.

I can think of no greater dis-service to our country than to exploit for political ends the tensions that have followed in the wake of the Supreme Court decision.

Our purpose must be to attain unity, harmony and civilized relations, not to set section against section or race against race.

And as a practical matter we must recognize that punitive action by the Federal Government may actually delay the process of integration in education.

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## Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

The big news, of course, is President Eisenhower's decision to throw his crutch in the political circle. Several Salem voters (those privileged upper-classmen who have come of age) have told me that they won't vote for Ike if his running mate is Richard Nixon. Strangely enough, Nixon's good looking face has become less a drawing card and more a marked card to our young women voters.

Already declaiming his platform from the middle of the political spotlight, Adlai Stevenson, candidate for the Democratic nomination, has taken a definite stand for integration. (See this week's editorial.) Stevenson's outspokenness on this terribly touchy issue baffles the average voter as much as what many people call his over-the-people's-head speeches.

Lots of people mistrust Stevenson's play on words — especially puns like this famous one: "Eggs-heads of the world unite; all you have to lose is your yolks!"

Dr. Samuel Johnson (circa. 1750) felt somewhat the same way. "A man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." A recent Winston-Salem paper told about a farm journal that offered an annual writing award. Their recognition is called "The Pullet's Surprise".

The most popular awards among movie-goers and television-sitters are, of course, the annual Oscars given by the Academy of Arts and Sciences. Jerry Lewis will emcee a live-television presentation on March 21 from Hollywood's Pantages Theater. Salemites will have been subjected to only part of the competing movies.

Involved in several different brackets are *Picnic*, *The Rose Tattoo*, *Interrupted Melody*, *Unchained, Marty*, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, and *The Man With the Golden Arm*, all of which have yet to play in a downtown theater here.

It is already rumored that the race for best actress is between Anna Magnani (*Rose Tattoo*) and Susan Hayward (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*). The "best actor" battle is shaping up into a duel between Ernest Borgnine (*Marty*) and James Dean (*East of Eden*), the only actor ever to be nominated, or in the running, after his death.

Other contenders: Katherine Hepburn (*Summertime*), Jennifer Jones (*A Many-Splendored Thing*), Eleanor Parker (*Interrupted Melody*), James Cagney (*Love Me Or Leave Me*), Frank Sinatra (*The Man With the Golden Arm*), and

## Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

**Russia:** In Moscow last week the world's No. 1 Communist gave world Communism its new line: co-exist capitalism to death. Khrushchev, the First Party Secretary, stated that the first task of the Communist Parties is "To pursue steadfastly the Leninist policy of peaceful co-existence between different states, irrespective of their social systems."

Thus, at one stroke, Khrushchev cut through a century of Marxist dogma which holds that the transition to socialism can only be accomplished by active revolution. Actually, Khrushchev's words were a pretended shift away from violence, designed to appeal to the neutralist Asian nations and the uncommitted Arab states as much as to the Western socialists.

Confident, cocky Khrushchev caught the world's headlines. But beneath the repeated assertions that the rest of the world was going to fall peacefully to them was a recognition that the Russian Communists were managing their own affairs badly, and their own "objective" textbooks and "scientific" prophecies about the rest of the world were proving false.

**Great Britain:** Only on rare occasions do members of the House of Commons get to vote freely on matters of personal conviction, instead of on instruction of party whips.

Last week was such an occasion, and the question was one that weighed heavily on many a member's conscience: capital punishment. By a vote of 293 to 262,

Spencer Tracy (*Bad Day At Black Rock*).

Most young people will remember James Dean's young friend, Sol Mineo, in *Rebel Without A Cause*; he is contending for "best supporting actor."

The five nominations for best movie-song are: "I'll Never Stop Loving You" (*Love Me Or Leave Me*), "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing", "Something's Gotta Give" (*Daddy Long-Legs*), (*Love Is The Tender Trap*, and *Unchained Melody*.

Too bad Elvis Presley didn't sing "Heartbreak Hotel" in a movie. We hear that his guitar-picking, wailing, Johnny-Ray, hair-in-eyes recordings are replacing the savage, unintelligible singing of Bo Diddley and Big Joe Turner on the younger set's record players. When he was in Winston-Salem a couple of weeks ago, Elvis drove a pink Cadillac with a yellow interior.

It was almost miraculous the way the rain ruined the electricity for the exact length of the final game of Saturday's sportsday. The glare from the gym windows was just enough light to make a blue-and-red-pennied players look like a hazy-black-and-white mass.

Fortunately for Salem, Martha McClure watched the basket instead of the players long enough to gain a hawk-eye perspective and hit seven out of nine field goals. The opponent Salem was running into in the dark was a powerful, high-scoring Wake Forest team which never seemed able to adjust to the shadows as well as McClure.

As soon as the final whistle blew, the lights came on and Dhu Jennette, Salem manager, received the blue ribbons for the champion team. Then the losers went home and the sun came out.

Dr. White's class in Victorian literature was assigned Browning's "Love Among the Ruins." The genial English teacher read the title over again, looked out the window trying to conceal his amusement, and remarked for those on the front row to hear: "A Week-end At Salem." Yeah, well.

Dr. Africa apologized in American history class for having so little firsthand information about the South. He got his information from books—one of which characterized the South as a place with huge plantations and beautiful girls. With a blush which only Dr. Africa can handle, he grinned, "The latter is the one thing about the South I can verify from experience."

the House voted to abolish the death penalty for murder; thus, doing away with an old Anglo-Saxon custom which has existed since the 13th century. There were cheers in the House as the vote was announced.

Sir Anthony Eden, looking glumly shaken by the defeat, promised to "give full weight at once" to the House's decision.

**South Africa:** From all over the Union, white women, most of them middle-aged housewives, all wearing over-the-shoulder black sashes, converged on Cape Town last week and paraded silently down Cape Town's main street. Then they took stations at five-yard intervals in front of Parliament and began a 48-hour vigil of silent protest, ignoring rotten vegetables hurled by young hoodlums.

As Prime Minister Johannes Strydom convened Parliament in joint session in the final act of his long campaign to write white supremacy into the constitution of his tragically divided land, the silent ladies, lined up in mute and mourning protest, seemed to be the only opponents he could not shout down.

His bill proclaiming the supremacy of a Parliament not answerable even to the courts, and striking the last 50,000 Negro voters from the common roll, rode through first and second readings and was ready for final enactment as a constitutional amendment this week. The last constitutional safe-guards enacted in South Africa's founding charter of 1909 to protect the rights of non-whites would thus be repealed.



By Sue Kuss

Who am I? I am a book, and I am about to portray to all you Salemites one day out of the whole unhappy life I lead.

The day I am about to tell you about was on a Monday after a wonderful two days resting period, the time you call a week-end. I was awakened that Monday morning by a loud banging of the desk drawer. I soon found out it was only my owner opening the drawer, and I had the treacherous fate of being in it.

Two ruthless hands reached in and grabbed me and flung me across the room into her bed along with my other pals. I don't know what time it was, but I do know it was fairly early in the morning, because the sun was just coming up, and my owner was in a bad mood.

I suppose the only reason I was taken to class that morning was because my pages were needed to take notes on. I can remember the agony of that hard pencil point bearing down on my tender membrane. I guess my owner had run out of paper. Anyway, that class seemed to drag by, and the pain was unbearable.

Finally, I heard that familiar bell ring, and my pages were slammed shut, and I was piled on top of another book and gathered into the arms of my owner.

I don't remember all the places I was carried that day, but I did have the privilege of going to Tom's. While I was there I had a cigarette propped on me, which eventually burned a nice hole in my cover, and a coke was spilled on me. At least my sweet little owner had enough sense to wipe the "sticky stuff" off of me.

I lay there on the table listening to the silly giggles of the girls and frivolous talk which centered mainly around boys. One thing I did hear that day, which hurt my feelings tremendously, was my owner saying how much she hated my subject, and that, as soon as this year was over, she intended to burn me. I panicked when I heard that, but I guess there is nothing I can do about it, except hope she forgets to carry her plans out.

We soon left Tom's and were off to chapel. I was thrown on the shelves under the steps along with my other co-workers (!). There was a big sigh of relief among all of us, because we knew we would have an hour of rest.

But, before I knew it, Chapel was over and I was gathered up carelessly and carried to the dormitory. Next thing I knew I was shoved onto another shelf so fast that I thought I had lost all my pages. My owner had gone to eat (not generous enough to feed me). I suffered more on that shelf than I ever had, because it was so crowded and stuffy. I thought I must suffocate.

When I was just about "on my last legs", I heard my owner's boisterous voice coming in my direction.

"It's time for lab," she shouted.

So off to lab I was carried. I managed to live through that afternoon and was soon carried back to my room. Next thing I felt was being slammed on the desk so hard that I heard my binding rip. I was knocked dizzy for a while and all I can remember was being picked up a few hours later . . . read and scribbled on and stuck back into my nice quiet and cozy drawer. Good, I thought, now I have 48 hours of glorious peace.

It passed quickly, and I heard the same slamming and banging. Oh! Oh! there comes my owner again! Call the cops, do anything, but don't let her touch me. Oh, how I am longing for the "good old summertime!"

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