

Pride and Prejudice . . . Inseparable, Undesirable

"I am an American, not a . . ."
What did you think of when Dr. Mead asked us to fill in that blank? And why did you choose to think what you did? Is it because of your pride in being an American or your prejudice against something else that you did choose to put . . . ?

There is very little pride without prejudice and seldom prejudice without pride. If you're proud of being an American, you must certainly think that's a little better than anything else, and that's prejudice; that is, in its general application, a "preconceived judgment or opinion . . ." And if you are prejudiced against something, you are proud you are not a part of that something.

It is not the harmless pride in being an American that is undesirable. That is desirable as long as you are aware of what that pride is based on, for one must have a little pride in something to honestly take a stand for it. As long as that pride is healthy and not blind, able to see its own weaknesses and another's superiorities, it is essential.

However, prejudice and the bigoted pride that goes along with it are the evidences of narrow minds. There are many narrow minds in the world. There have been and always will be. It is our duty to fight against becoming one of those stagnant minds.

If we honestly believe there is room for improvement, we must look for it and face it when it comes—not fall back in our easy chair and say, "I like things the way they are."

Many things come up in the course of history which allow the people of a nation to show their ability to think clearly and act justly or not to think at all, to show their refusal to look beyond themselves, to show their prejudice. The problem in our time is not so much that of America vs. other nationalities, though there is always a tendency to self-satisfaction there, but rather one within the borders of America itself. That is, integration or segregation, or what it really amounts to, black vs. white.

In the matter of segregation, the North is not without prejudice toward the South. They must seek to understand us before a workable solution can be found.

William Faulkner, in "A Letter to the North", (Life, March 5, 1956), writes

"to all the organizations and groups which would force integration on the South by legal process: 'Stop now for a moment. You have shown the Southerner what you can do and what you will do if necessary; give him a space in which to get his breath and assimilate that knowledge; to look about and see that

- (1) Nobody is going to force integration on him from the outside;
- (2) That he himself faces an obsolescence in his own land which only he can cure; a moral condition which not only must be cured but a physical condition which has got to be cured if he, the white Southerner, is to have any peace, is not to be faced with another legal process or maneuver every year, year after year, for the rest of his life."

We must proceed cautiously, but justly, and, in the end, we must be sensible. President Milan Davis of Okolona College in Mississippi made this statement: "If you hate me because I am ignorant, I'll educate myself. If you hate me because I am dirty, I'll clean myself. If you hate me because I am a pagan, I will follow the Christian faith. But if you hate me because I am black, I can only refer you to God who made me black."

E. M. M.

Around The Square

By Jo Smitherman

Madison Square Garden must have jinxed the State College Wolfpack Monday night the way it always has. In actual playing time, the game lasted a game and a half; there were four five-minute overtime periods before the Carolinians succumbed to their fate.

And after all that time, we still were not able to decide what Ray Reeves was saying when he pronounced the name of the winning team. What we thought was "pernicious," or "tenacious," or "Kenishus" was spelled out in the morning paper: Canisius.

It's never quite so bad when a favorite team loses to such a well-known, highly-rated opponent.

William S. White, Senator Fulbright's "replacement," spoke with the rambling precision of the journalist he is. But he could not have been more like Gary Cooper, in looks and mannerisms and speech, if he had practiced and practiced.

Mr. White (who prompted the I. R. S. request which led to the emptiness of the dining hall at supper) is a cohort of the husband-to-be of Margaret Truman. He said his wife gave a dinner party for the two a couple of weeks ago.

"You know," Mr. White said, "I'm a prophet. I said to my wife then that I thought Margaret and E. C. were getting pretty serious." He was right.

When Barbara Bell came flying into the Sandresky-Medlin recital Monday night, the gleam in her eye was not entirely aroused by and did not move from the window until Mr. Medlin had taken his third curtain call.

Then, in Tuesday's Y auction, auction, Mr. Britt had hardly raised that long arm of his to start the bidding when Barbara opened with five dollars for one dinner-date with the ex-Sweetheart-of-Salem. She got it.

Mary Mac Rogers and the Y. W. C. A. Council are happy, and deeply grateful to the students

and faculty of Salem, for the nearly \$400.00 contributed to World University Fund via the auctions of the last two weeks.

Because the donation has a deadline to meet, Mary Mac and her committee have decided against having a fourth auction one night in the Day Students' Center. The donations for auction (from both students and faculty) which were not auctioned off will be cancelled—and the Y says a double thank-you to those donors.

The applause following the opening of the curtain Wednesday night was for the sets which Judy Golden designed for *The House of Bernarda Alba*. A blue madonna and a red vase were exactly enough color to heighten the contrived monotony of white "stucco" walls, black and white costumes, and make-up-less girls.

Patsy McAuley's bright green dress symbolized perfectly her contrast with the resigned, hardened older sisters. Amory Merritt deserves credit for designing the costumes.

The whole behind-the-scenes crew had as much to do with seeing that the intense, frustrated tone of the play was maintained as the performers themselves.

They all—in working together—left little to be desired—except, when the final curtain came down, a breath of cool air and a normal, simple conversation.

In the midst of the flurry of seeing new officers congratulated on all sides and interviewed from any side, three school leaders from the class of 1954 paid an alma mater visit to the campus. Alison Britt (editor of the *Salemite*), Alice McNeely (president of Student Government), and Jean Edwards (president of the Y.W.C.A.) can probably tell some tales of their European experiences that would equal the excitement of election week.

Beyond the Square

By Emma McCotter

The Allies: The decline of empires held the headlines last week. The West's two great empires—Britain and France—put in a damaging week.

France granted Morocco its independence. Fighting the unthinkable, France watched in anguish and anger as its leaders fumbled and Algeria slipped away, and with it France's dwindling claim to world power.

Britain is also having trouble in the Middle East, especially with Jordan. The troubles here were not, by any means, all of Russia's making, though the Russians are ready to profit from the divisions and hatred.

Britain, France and the U. S. have some getting together to do. The U. S. has been fathering the impression that, all in all, things are going pretty well all over; Britain, specifically affected by the turn of events, was stunned by the latest blows to its prestige; weary France saw no easy way out of its colonial problems. An old order was crumbling, and a new coherence was still to be found.

Italy: Khrushchev's new python policy—embrace, constrict and devour—was such a change in Communist tactics that it forced the rest of the world to find new responses. But if it thus posed difficulty for everybody else, it also raised a few heartburns among the Communists themselves.

The trouble was most apparent in Italy, which has the largest Communist Party outside Communist territory. Last week a group of these rose up in protest about the leadership in Rome.

Disavowing the idea of forming

a breakaway group, the dissidents said their immediate aim was to force the party to convoke an all Italy congress at which the leader's leadership would be tested by vote. The old militants were naive indeed if they thought Communist policy could change from the bottom, not the top.

South Africa: The Soviet Union's two South African consulates—in Pretoria and Cape Town—closed their doors last week on orders from South Africa's Nationalist government. Said External Affairs Minister Eric Louw: "The Russian consul general has cultivated and maintained contact with subversive elements in South Africa and has formed channels of communication between them and Moscow."

Consul General N. V. Ivanov denied any subversive activity, but freely admitted another charge leveled by the Union government: that Negroes, who cannot buy or be given liquor in South Africa, had been served vodka at Russian consular parties.

Venezuela: Here there have been reports of a rather violent student rebellion. As the story goes, it all began in Caracas when a group of high school students rebelled against the sudden switch of examinations from the usual period in July to February. High-spiritedly the teen-agers marched off toward the Ministry of Education.

Almost any mild measure presumably would have stopped them, but the police-minded government of the President sent well-armed cops. This student uprising later spread to protests to the regime itself, involving students, teachers, and parents.



By Mary Jo Wynne

Soap—towel—robe; yep, got it all. Walking to the door I pause and think . . . Up-ss, shower cap! Padding barefooted across the floor, I run back, grab my cap (somebody's trying to beat me to the good shower) and run.

"Well, I'll be . . . and she knew I wanted that shower, too," I mutter under my breath. "Hey! How long you gonna' be in there?"

"Just started." (As if she doesn't know I didn't know . . . ?)

"Okedok!" (It's 11:15, by now, so I must resort to a drastic measure).

Walking to the left hand shower in the bathroom on second floor Clewell, I brace myself, mumbling little words of comfort and cheer (and if this fate ever befalls you, ask me to teach you my most self-sympathizing words).

Bravely and boldly, I open the door to "Old Faithless" and shed my equipment. I am now meek and reconciled to the fact that I must face this excuse for a shower.

With my eyelids tightly pressed together, I slowly turn the lever that reads "hot", and the shatter of ice water is heard (at this point I have firmly established in my mind that the plumber was literally confused at the time of installation). When most of the water comes down, there is little left in the pipes, so a slight dribble can be seen.

Holding out my hand, I was profoundly shocked when I realized that the water had gotten a "tad" warm. Shrieking (I wasn't entirely speechless) with astonishment (and pain), I receive a sh-h-h from the proctor who is bathing next door.

Turning on the "cold" lever, I finally make the little dribble a steady drip and proceed to step into the (for lack of a better name) shower. After chasing this steady drip around, I eventually get enough water on me to get up a pretty good lather, so I happily begin to wash away the dirt of the day.

Innocently I trust ol' "Faithless" and to my amazement the water begins to come out with more of a spray. I should have suspected something, but, being naive, I only stood there with a pleasant feeling of warmth and wetness.

Standing on one foot (while I washed the other), I had the very sneaky feeling that my blood had turned to ice water, but that wasn't the case. With a loud wail, I dived from the shower and by chance landed on all fours.

Louder and more precise came another emphatic sh-h-h again from the proctor. Picking myself up and turning off the "hot" lever, I hesitantly decided to re-enter the field of action.

I am now seething with anger and carrying on a heated conversation with my conscience. As I step under the thin spray, it suddenly becomes a heavy blob of scalding water, and as it rolls down my blue back, I feel a savage grin spreading across my face.

Hysterically I utter a shrill cry and rear back. Perhaps the proctor got the idea I was singing in the shower, for this time she asked for identification of the source of the noise.

In a muffled voice, I tell her, "It were only me in shower No. 2." In a whisper she recites paragraph B, section 1 (p. 45) of the handbook.

As my eyes are covered with soap suds, I would like to finish what I began (to take a shower, that is), so I frantically search for just one lil' drip. Ah! there she be, just as wet as ever was water.

With sheer exhaustion, I wipe away suds and turn off the two spigots, I drag myself from behind the shower curtain and dry off my weary bones, feeling as raw as a freshly peeled potato.

I step out patriotically (and dazed) in brilliant colors of red, white and blue with ice crystals in the shape of stars hanging from the tip of my nose. Shakily opening the door leading to the hall, I slide to my room and laugh it all off with some sympathizers. Welcome to the club, the veterans say.

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