

The Greatest Of These

Apathy, conformity, complacency — these three, but the greatest of these is . . . ? From the New England Renaissance on these over-used words have been thrust at Americans. But the behavior of people being what it is, the words have been used to no avail.

We, at Salem, will not be such conformists as to take Arthur Schlesinger's lecture to mind, and try to shake off our complacency with Salem's isolation. No, we are not conformists at Salem. We wear our shirttails out even though the IRS repeatedly asks us to dress neatly. We sign nomination petitions with a complete knowledge of the proposed candidate's qualifications and past record.

We are not complacent here at Salem. Each day we look for new ideas in and out of our classes, in our discussions in the dorms. We constantly question the decisions of the Student Government and the administration, and sometimes even the faculty. Nothing goes unnoticed past our half-lidded eyes.

We are not apathetic at Salem. We take a fervent interest in everything going on in the college, in the city, and the nation. We attend all lectures and look forward especially to chapel speakers. Sunbathing can wait. We discuss; we argue; we think; if classes are dull, we inject spirit to the lecture by pointed questions, rather than spend the time doodling or writing letters.

Apathy, complacency, conformity . . . but the greatest of these at Salem is conformity—intellectual conformity.

There exists on our campus the feeling that having brains is unnatural, and that those who pursue intellectual achievement to its fullest are trying too hard. We must always be careful to say "I know I flunked that test." or "I'm failing, but I'm having fun!" when actually we know we made C or better on the test, and have no indication of failing. Why is it undignified to be confident of what we can accomplish academically and to realize what we set out to accomplish?

The atmosphere of intellectual conformity is, for the most part, the result of our own complacency. If we are not being stimulated, fine; it gives us more time to spend on social life. So we sign up for minor courses that are simple, not difficult; and take up time that could be spent to better advantage in major departments. We sign up for Senior cooking—it will be practically impossible to learn to cook and plan meals after graduation. We ignore mathematics; but we register for Personal Finance because we want to know how to manage our affairs, regardless of whether we have learned the discipline and logic that mathematics offers. All that we need is a formula to follow in filling out income tax forms. We take novel courses because we do not have the time to read significant and popular books on our own; books we should have read long ago.

Let's bring scholarship back in style. Brains are more attractive when they are being challenged and appreciated.

Tendrils: On Chapel

After nibbling on a meal of greased bacon and thin strips of cheese in the dining hall, I fluted myself over to Memorial Hall and waited for my usual intellectual stimulation—Chapel. While waiting, I picked up an Uncle Remus third grade reader. (Ah, the educational department is advancing their reading level, I sighed.)

While I thumbed through the book, a series of girls dressed in ribbons, bluejeans, short dresses, and Arabian pants made their way back stage. "Ummm!" I thought. "Seems that the girls have chapel today." I threw down my book, and using the organ's B flat key as a springboard, leaped into one of the cracks in the ceiling. "This," I thought, "will have to be good"—I had heard that the girls were not only imaginative, but also original.

"Now where shall I run out." I heard a girl shout.

"Oh, any place!" the director answered. "Why not with the screaming group. They make their appearance in the fifteenth scene!"

"What's this! Fifteenth scene? I thought. "Could be Shakespeare. But I've never seen any "screaming groups" run out in Shakespeare's plays."

The clock banged a loud one-forty and sauntering into Memorial Hall was a procession of indifferent, gum-chewing girls. I watched the group as they slumped in their seats, their arms thrown over the backs of others. After a few announcements and a song, the program was under way. A girl danced in a skirt pinned up to her knees, with pom-poms in her hands. "This is the annual "freshnoir-junomore" program, written and directed by the clever pens of the students of Salem College"—and "brought to you by . . ." (Then this girl began jumping up and down.) "Sano-flush, Sano-flush, brush your teeth with Sano-flush. It flushes the dirt down the drain, and also flushes—" she paused, "YOUR TEETH!" The audience let out a gale of laughter. I sat there in my crack and began chewing on a chunk of plaster for my dessert.

A group of screaming girls ran across from the right side of the stage to the left side. Bewildered, I tried to figure out for what purpose they were in the show. But then my figuring was distracted as I watched someone stroll down the aisle, leap across the front of the stage and read a letter. "Dear daughter," the letter began. I began to listen. I liked letters. However, while this girl was trying to read her letter, a group of girls ranging from Charleston dancers, baby-carriage pushers, Bobby soxers, hoods, and one Elvis Pressley annoyed me by making noise on the stage behind her.

Then, as he disappeared off the stage, on jumped what appeared to be an infirmiry, some Russians, actors from the 'talkies,' and a New York night club! Now I was more confused than ever! And then, pushing these people aside, was a wandering group of sub-way people yelling and dashing on and off the stage.

I jumped from my crack to one of the side windows. I strained my eyes at a sign. No. I wasn't mistaken. This was Salem. Not Central Grammar School. And cozily lying in the blond curls of the organist, I began reading my Uncle Remus book while the program continued. At least my book required more thought.

—Tendrils

Campus Conflicts Reviewed by Mayhew

Dale Robertson, famed T.V. cowboy—graced our fair square this week. College girls were seen hovering around Wachovia Museum's entrance — autograph books in hand. Reports declare him "even more adorable off screen than on." He must have been fairly handsome to get such a rise out of my otherwise composed roommate whom I found dangling over the balcony of Mr. Snavely's "hock shop" screaming "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Robertson, — Yoo-ooo-oooo!" Immediately I reminded her that she represented Salem — and the clamor ceased.

Anyone know the approximate cost for a 30' by 3' walk way? Our Dean of Students is in dire need! Why, only last night I saw Mrs. Heibredner braving her way to her auto—knee deep in mud. I'm afraid if we don't soon pave a little strip of land we'll find our Dean with those ailments common to Miss

Byrd during icy weather. Another suggestion: could we by any chance be given the right to declare war on the cats "around the square?" I'd hate to see them outnumber us—and from the looks —they're about to!

The girls in South are mighty lonely. For months now we've had regular serenades — from 10:00 to 2:00 NIGHTLY, compliments of Mr. Mueller and his best friend—that organ. His music was conducive to study, sleep, accompaniment to serenades given by the Kappa Sigs (Mr. Mueller — your melodic strains almost drowned the vocal group out)—and provided us with good background music for any mood.

My but we're a gregarious bunch. It's unfortunate, though, that in many cases we're selective in our grouping — to the exclusion of others and their feelings. I hate to see "room drawing" turn into the usual "rat race"—"dog eat dog" hustle for your own little closed clans—but it looks like this is the case in 1958. Attitudes of this nature could be understood if we

lived on a huge campus where a visit to your chums meant a long hike. But as our school is arranged, you can stand on back campus and be in yelling distance of just about anyone. Let's see if we can instill a little of that old-fashioned brotherly love and concern for others—instead of the more evident "Let me see how far I can get at the expense of others and their feelings" attitude. We're a good group—and we ought to act like it!

Hide your dimes everyone. The never-say-die juniors are still after your money. We have a considerable sum to raise and we're out to get it by way of cake raffles, steak dinners, refreshing cold tea, doughnuts, and tepid coffee.

A brief review of the flicks finds "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Marjorie Morningstar" the likely contenders for most of the Salem-ites. "The Brothers Karamazov" is based on the Russian novel by Dostoevsky. With this author's power of characterization — Yul Brynner takes the lead role and reproduces the same colorful and high-strung Ivan whose existence is an almost too melodramatic struggle. Albert Salmi portrays Smerdyakov—the savage and pathetic epileptic—and must be commended for his successful performance. Maria Schell plays Grushenka—a savage and lusty young woman who is loved by both Ivan and his father. Around the rather uncomplicated plot of a father-son conflict—an entertaining movie is produced.

"Marjorie Morningstar" is taken from Herman Wouk's book depicting the teenage days of this Jewish girl. Natalie Wood plays the most convincing (but never convincing enough) role she's ever played as she gets her lip quivering down to a minimum and proves to be a fairly decent actress. Gene Kelly supports her in his role as the roguish small-time hero, Noel Airman. This is also suggested as a good flick—and one about which you may squabble — the idealists versus the realists—concerning the plays ending.

A balcony of mixed expressions was seen last Thursday night as Arthur Schlesinger "pelted" us with his perceptive analysis of innumerable topics ranging from educational methods to Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and his "positive thinking." Particularly amusing to me was Jane Carroll's reaction as Mr. Schlesinger proceeded with assault on the Eisenhower administration. There was a grumble of disagreement, but Nancy vehemently came to the lecturer's rescue as she announced — "Even if he's wrong — This campus needs more people like him—who are willing to express and voice what they think." Congratulations, Nancy, that's our problem in a nut shell.

Mr. Schlesinger's expressions were thought provoking. "The bland leading the bland" (a fitting play on words—to say the least) and "a sticky togetherness" (in reference to conformity.) His views on educational policies—the offering of a child of superior intelligence at the altar of social development, and the Republican party's "Muddles mess" (widened by the recession, inadequate foreign policies, integration and its repercussions) were perhaps met with the greatest amount of opposition—but his reasoning was well defined and his arguments were justifiable.

Only once could one have questioned his reasoning (whether in agreement or not). He presented his ideas on non-conformity in a vague manner—leaving many with the idea that he advocated conformity for conformity's sake. I will say "amen!" to Emerson's oft quoted "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds"—and "To be great is to be misunderstood" — but never could I accept non-conformity for its own sake. With this, our discussion will cease. The Lecture Series Committee can only be proud of their selection.

—Mary Jane Mayhew

Academic Freedom: Your Responsibility

Student Government has a primary responsibility in the promotion of a free atmosphere among the students on campus. The general atmosphere of the campus should be one that allows minority opinion, the eccentric idea, the unpopular speaker, and the militant

opinion. Freedom is dependent upon each individual's attitude towards his fellow citizens. If students are guilty of bringing social sanctions against a fellow student for his unpopular ideas, they are on poor ground to argue before administrators, trustees, or state legislatures in opposition to restricting campus freedom. A student government which fails to insist upon standards commensurate with freedom in all student activities cannot justify its usurpation of time from the classroom on the basis that student government is a laboratory for democracy.

Letter To Editor

Dear Editor:
Mr. Schlesinger's lecture on April 17 was attended by a large number of students. Regardless of the fact that many of them attended because they were required to, very few Salemites went to sleep during the lecture—most of them reacted strongly in one way or another.

There were those who interpreted Mr. Schlesinger's remarks about complacency and lack of leadership solely as criticism of the Republican administration. This I think was a mistake. For the most part Mr. Schlesinger talked to us about these problems as ones that our generation was going to have to face. Therefore, I think that each Salemite should have come away from the lecture with a new sense of her responsibility to take advantage of her academic opportunities here at Salem—to equip herself with the tools with which to do the thinking Mr. Schlesinger was talking about. The lecture should have stimulated each student to want to form the habit of keeping up with current affairs. Salemites should have understood more clearly than ever that the ring on the finger and the wedding invitations already ordered are no excuse, since the minimum amount of responsibility one can expect to have will be the proper use of a vote.

Nancy Jane Carroll

—U. S. N. S. A.

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