

The Case Is Closed

In a recent case before the student government, two Salem girls pleaded their case and were given a penalty. The penalty went into effect the next morning with both girls fully cooperating. But there were repercussions from the administration and students about the leniency of the penalty in view of the facts of the case. On the first day of their restriction, the girls were informed that the case was being reopened because of these repercussions. A second hearing was held, and a severer penalty was given, to which both girls again fully cooperated.

This seems to me to be a violation of individual rights. If Salem is to have an effective Student Government, then that body must have a clearly defined policy regarding the basis for decisions of penalties. It is not just, fair, nor right for a person to be penalized for the same offense twice. Just as no person may be tried for the same crime twice, no member of the Salem student body should be subjected to a reopening of her case unless she requests it.

That the council made a hasty decision is evident; but the reopening of the case implies that control of the Council's activities does not lie in their hands. If the comments from the administration were strong enough to recommend a reopening of the case (it was left up to the Council) then the faculty advisory committee should have been called in for consultation. In any event, the fault lies in the Council's hasty decision; but the administration is satisfied, the students are satisfied. The rights of two people have been treaded upon lightly, almost imperceptibly, and they are resigned.

The case is closed. Unless the Council desires to reopen it.

—J. S.

Beyond The Square

A must for all European-bound Salemites this summer: the Brussels World's Fair! This fair, the first since the 939 affair in New York, should prove a spectacle long to be remembered. After seven years of planning, sixteen months of construction, and frantic last minute crisis, the Fair had its official opening last week and runs through October 19. On opening day Belgium's young King Baudouin proclaimed: "The aim of this World's Fair is to create an atmosphere of understanding and peace."

Let us take a tour through the U. S. pavilion. As we enter, we suddenly find ourselves in the middle of a crowd eagerly eyeing the continuous fashion parade of everything from inexpensive chemises to \$8000 mink coats. When we finally tear ourselves away from this glamor, we are attracted by the remarkable IBM 305 Ramac, which has memorized historical facts of every year from 4 B. C. to 1958 A. D. and gives us a card with the answer to any of our questions in little more than three seconds—and in ten different languages! Oh, to be able to sit next to a Ramac in Dr. Africa's history class! After watching the fascination of foreigners as they view U. S. voting machines, we leave the main pavilion and enter the smaller circular Circarama, which projects a fifteen-minute glimpse of American life on a spectacular 360-degree screen. The producer? Who else but Walt Disney! As the panorama of America unfolds, we wade through Kansas wheat, endure a bumpy ride over the Ford testing grounds, swarm over UCLA campus, and sail into New York Harbor, where we are greeted by the gracious Lady of Liberty. After this spectacle that made us homesick for America the Beautiful, we end up at the "corner drug store" and consider whether our pocketbooks can stand "le demi poulet printemps barbecue a la mode do Dixie", or whether we should just stick to "le hamburger". On the newsstand we pick up a paperback book, "Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?" and know we have found a true slice of America in the middle of Belgium.

—Nan Williams

The Salemite



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Editor-in-chief Jean Smitherman
Associate Editor..... Mary Jo Wynne
News Editor..... Nancy Jane Carroll
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Letters To The Editor

Transferring

Dear Editor:

I do not believe that Anne Howes' article about transferring is completely valid. First, she states that some girls transfer because they wish an easier school. This would be hard to back up, and I have found (from talking to transfers at a university) that they find the work at least as hard or harder at the larger school. Second, she suggests that the teacher-student relationship is a cause of dissatisfaction. Here at Salem, we have an excellent relationship with the faculty, and any transfer to a university must realize that she will be one among many and will probably not receive as much personal attention from the faculty. Third, she suggests that if you wish a university atmosphere, you shouldn't have come to Salem at all. With this I cannot agree. A small college is a much smaller leap for a student from high school.

With all the reasons listed for transferring, she omitted one of the major considerations for many girls: greater independence, both academic and social, that is enjoyed at a university.

And I do not believe that, as was implied, the girls who transfer have no love for Salem.

—Susan M. McCotter

Democrats

Dear Editor,

There seems to be a current misunderstanding about the purpose of the newly organized Young Democratic Club on our campus. I am writing this letter to help clear up this misunderstanding.

The constitution of this organization states, "The purpose of this club shall be: (a) To stimulate in Salem's students an active interest in governmental affairs, (b) To foster and perpetuate the ideals and principles of the Democratic Party, (c) To better prepare Salem's students for the responsibility and privilege to exercise their right to vote, (d) And to provide for the students, through its administration, the highest degree of justice, social, welfare, and happiness."

The majority of us will be of age to vote in the coming presidential election. Are we prepared to choose a candidate intellectually? Do we have any substantial principles on which to base our selection? Are we informed on the policies of our two parties? Are we aware of the tremendous responsibility which rests on our shoulders, the responsibility of selecting a man and a party to lead our country through the crisis

which will inevitably arise in the future? Are we satisfied to go to the polls and vote without a thorough knowledge of who and what they are voting for? I think not!

I believe that all of us want to do the right thing when the security of our future is in question. I believe that we want a secure government and country in which to live and in which to raise our children. We have been satisfied in the past to leave this responsibility to our parents, but now the responsibilities of our parents are our responsibilities. This is our generation and this is now, more than ever, our government. We are the future leaders of this country. The progress, achievements, and advancements of our country depend on us.

We believe in democracy. The founders of this, our country, provided and fought for freedom, freedom of choice and selection. We have the freedom to select the candidate and party which we think will best lead us. Shouldn't we take advantage of this freedom?

The Y. D. C. has been organized to better prepare us for the privilege and responsibility to vote. It is here to help us to learn together the ideals and principles of the Democratic Party. It is here so that when the time comes for us to select a leader of our country we will know what we are voting for.

We welcome anyone to our meetings. You don't have to be a Democrat to join our club. If you aren't familiar with the policy of the Democratic Party, come and hear our speakers and join in our discussions. We do not ask you to commit yourselves to the Democratic Party. We welcome your questions, arguments, and problems. In the very near future we must select a party. We want to help you select the party in which you will find the ideals and principle that will best suit you. If you are a Democrat come and find out why you are. If you are not a Democrat, come and find out why you are not.

None of us are well enough informed politically. Here is the opportunity for us to learn together. I urge you to take advantage of this opportunity. Come to the meetings. Ask any questions you wish. If we cannot give you an answer, we can find that answer together.

I hope that this has helped you to better understand the purpose of Y. D. C. and I sincerely hope that you will stop and realize the responsibility we have, the future leadership of our country. Are we prepared?

—Nyra Boyd

Around The Square

As a direct repercussion of the subversive activities carried on by an anonymous group of "spring fever struck college boys", South dormitory has now been supplied with a new door bell and a sign to attach below the bell which reads: "RING—WALK IN—HAVE A SEAT." This sign is hoped to deter all rowdy boys and stray roosters.

Speaking of roosters—Mrs. Lovett gets the award for being one of the most accomplished rooster catchers we've ever seen. She had the opportunity to display her prowess when our unexpected "feathered friend" squawked his way past Mrs. Lovett's room to the front hall of South. "A word to the wise is sufficient"—all roosters had better steer clear of South Hall—if they don't want to get caught.

I had to chuckle the other afternoon as I sat in Salem College's volleyball powerhouse's room—Miss Hila Moore—and watched her anxiously prepare for the tea party the senior cooking class gave for the faculty. I had a vivid picture of Hila decked out in her feminine baby blue dress serving little dainties and conversing in the usual tea party manner.

Salem's campus had the ultra-military atmosphere as VPI invaded—uniforms and all, to present its band concert. Reports have it that their marches were particularly good. The spotlight of their trip, however, took place around 12:00 that night—as they lulled us to sleep to the tune of taps.

Speaking of military schools—two safaris left for Annapolis and West Point and, per usual, there are several star-struck young women proclaiming the advantages of such institutions. I refer you to Ann Snyder, Gertie Barnes, Anthea Taylor, and yours truly.

More fraternity pins are decorating the blouses of our cohorts. Anna Yelverton is sporting a glittering Phi Gam pin, as Jenny Elder displays the PKA pin presented to her as "Dream Girl."

This week's emphasis on academic freedom came to a significant ending as Dr. Gramley reviewed his conception and Salem College's conception of academic freedom. It was interesting to note the fine line he drew between intellectual freedom and the freedom of speech, press, etc. It was made clear that we, as college students, have this academic freedom and it is our responsibility to use it accordingly.

Concerning a freedom of another sort—I am of the mind that Salemites should look a little deeper into the governmental freedom—and the governmental system on this campus. I have now become a member of the "mystical group"—the nomination committee—and am no less than amazed at the lack of real purpose we have. Are we, as a committee, responsible for simply serving as a screening committee for nominations handed to us from various groups—or is it our duty to set up a slate of officers at our own discretion taking only a passing consideration of the nominations brought to us? Would the students care to make this a little clearer?

"Peanuts—pop corn—cracker jacks—pink lemonade!" The juniors are back for their final plug. They'll be peddling their ware Saturday afternoon in the May Dell. Support them or they'll haunt you forever.

To Dr. Welch, Miss White, and all the bedraggled education majors goes a loud applause. It's mighty nice when you can reap the fruits of your own labors—and you have.

This was the big week for faculty children when all the administration's children are invited to gather their innocent little faces and stare wide-eyed and amused at the stories told by industrious primary education MAJORS (OOps—I mean minors). If any college students are interested in attending, I know you'd be more than welcome. Come and see why your "education minor" friends have nervous breakdowns.

Nollner Morrisset has joined our ranks again. Nollner has generously consented to give instructions on how to attend classes two days a week and graduate. We're mighty happy to have you back from your extended, extended, extended, home visit. There's no place like home . . .