

Playhouse 90 Awakens Jazz Age II

Coming in from the play last Thursday night, with all good intentions of doing a term paper or two, we were called into the living room to watch a T. V. program. This is always a major temptation to us. Somehow we have faith that the "Great Corrupter" of America once and awhile produces something which will expand our knowledge of the human race. This was the night of such a miracle.

We watched, with at times only the courage to listen, a factionalized account of the Nuremberg Trials on Playhouse 90. As the American prosecutor and the German defense lawyer battled over the question of whether the high German judges had merely done their judicial duty or whether they had committed a crime against humanity in carrying out the Nazi laws against the Jews and other political prisoners, we found it a feat of the mind to decide whether these men were really guilty of any crime. We were enjoying a Perry Mason case which had actually taken place in history. We were enjoying and analyzing until . . .

Buchenwald was shown. A furnace door opens and there is the rib cage of a human being. A man such as we. Other sights which must become commonplace to the soldier, but our minds try to reject. We are numb. The living room is silent. We cannot even cry out meaningless adjectives.

The judge on trial pleads (for all men have excuses), he pleads Fear. And doubting, like all confident Americans, we wonder how fear can force a nation to reject their humanity. How a nation can perform these "experiments" in the interest of science, using its many great minds?

And then we wonder, of what are we afraid? To admit that men can do such unforgivable things? Do not we college-age Americans wallow in our firm conviction that there cannot be another war, there must not be? Do we not pour over ourselves the traditional American faith in the creation of heaven on earth in the near future? And licking this deeply comforting salve, are we not making it easier for another part of mankind to begin again this horrible rejection of their humanity?

We believe in peace. And yet, in planning our courses for next year, in squabbling over roommates and rooms, in bypassing the Cancer containers, we ourselves reject our own humanity. We cannot prevent the repetition of such crimes against man's divine nature by trusting vaguely to the goodness of God.

We must be prepared to fight. We must contemplate the actuality of war, of voluntarily killing. Only having experienced the numbness of revulsion, can we really become determined to fight actively against war. If we do not discover how to fight within the next six months, we may never have the chance.

Playhouse 90 has done America's college students a great service of awakening them from the retreating refusal to believe that evil can exist.

S. L. F.

What Are We Looking For?

By Nanci Neese

Searchin'
I been searchin'
Searchin' ev'ry which a way
Yeah, Yeah.

The Coasters are searchin' for that mysterious "She" again. The Coasters will find her; they vow to be "Sam Spade" and "Bulldog Drummond," and they'll "bring her in some day."

What brash self-confidence: (Can you imagine?) It's embarrassing in an age such as ours. Oh, you know—we're anxiety-ridden hollow men and all that jazz. I believe it; that's what T. S. Eliot says, and I believe it. Doesn't everybody: Well, everybody except the Coasters, and how can they be sure "she" is worth the search? What stupid faith: It's ridiculous to think any being can be worth the trouble of a determined search.

Oh, we might search through a party to find our date's fabulous fraternity brother. That's always my biggest search. He's usually not worth it. But it's fun, and after all—why are we in college?

Searchin'
I been searchin'
You know, that's still my favorite song. I can't decide why.

Beanies, Organization Make New Rat Week

The freshman plans for Rat Week impressed us as a well-thought-out combination of the new proposal for a Field Day presented in Assembly recently and the traditional type of introduction of the freshmen to the sophomores.

Nina Ann Stokes and her committee have come up with a plan which will give Salem Rat Week an entirely new atmosphere. The change is so completely different that some people have suggested that the name of Rat Week be changed too. This would be a very real recognition of the constructive efforts of the freshman class. However, as we all know, tradition is hard to break at Salem.

Actually the necessary internal changes have already been drawn up by the freshman class. By doing away with the sour sisters, they have changed the total approach of Rat Week from one of individual contact to a plan which stresses cooperation and fun. The individual contact of past Rat Weeks has often resulted in unpleasant situations. It has also been difficult for the freshmen and sophomores to get to know each other.

We are still reminded of Rat Week 1956 by one green-spotted pillowcase. It was beside us as we spent all afternoon on the second floor back hall of Sisters' dorm painting our sour sister's old wooden chest. While we may have created a beautiful piece of furniture for her room, we did not meet any sophomores. In fact, we saw none all afternoon. She, of course, thought we were much more fortunate than the rats air-raiding outside. We got nothing from Rat Week but green paint on a pillowcase. From the new plan, next year's freshmen will at least have to congregate and cooperate among themselves.

The "organized rapping" will have them working together: polishing library windows, scrubbing the Gramley's porch, or serenading Dr. Welch—in a group. The freshmen have pledged that there will be no solitary rapping, for they feel anything reeking of hazing would defeat Rat Week at Salem forever.

The freshmen will know their classes and the sophomores and other participants of Field Day will know them too by the end of the week. But long before this week, the rest of the campus will know the freshmen by name. This is the main purpose in equipping them with beanies and nametags.

As for the freshman reaction to the beanies, they will soon speak for themselves. The beanies should be a badge of pride, setting them off as a special group whom the whole campus is trying to recognize. They might even feel a kinship to the other college freshmen, such as Davidson boys, who wear beanies during first semester. The pleasure of being called by name by students and faculty alike means a lot to freshmen, and as they become upperclassmen, the beanies will become cherished mementos of their first days at Salem.

S. L. F.



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Salamanders, Rain And Cars Send Salemites To Beach

By Susan Hughes

Mr. Campbell and Beverly Wolter may be the most famous (notorious?) couple on campus, but there are some other people who are mighty happy. Emily Jennings is now the proud possessor of Maurice Horne's Lambda Chi Alpha (Wake Forest) pin, and Lynn Robertson also acquired a pin over the week-end. Among the campus beauties are Mary Ann Townsend, who was a member of the Sigma Chi Sweetheart's Court, and Lou Scales, who will be representing the KA's of this district at the selection of the National KA Rose in September. A former Salemite, "Sister" Maddox announced her engagement last Sunday. She plans to be married on May twenty-ninth . . . Have you ever tried to dry a newly-washed car in the pouring rain? Just ask the sophomores about the weather last Saturday. Old man Sol just wouldn't oblige, so the class car-wash had to be cut short . . . Another "car catastrophe" occurred when the Tuesday afternoon advanced golf class (Nan Higdon, May Terry, Nancy Gwaltney, Carolyn Ray, and Sally Townsend) and the old faithful station-wagon ran out of gas. There just didn't seem to be any fuel around, so it was Mr. Grubbs to the rescue . . . About twelve o'clock Saturday night we had a fair rendering of guitar melodies. Somebody really livened up the reception room of Clewell . . . Speaking of Clewell, it's full of salamanders, frogs, and tadpoles. Sue Randak brought back quite a collection from her week-end camping trip. (Hey! What's that in my bed!) . . . Does anybody know for sure what happened to the cat's kittens? . . . Lots of gals will be heading for Spring Frolics today and tomorrow, and excitement over Joe College and May Day and fraternity beach parties is already at a high peak. Seems like a lot of Salemites have decided that the beach is THE place. In fact, so many have migrated for the past few week-ends that we just don't have space for the names. We'll close with a sports note—Meribeth Bunch and Dot Smith will be traveling to Chapel Hill Saturday to represent Salem in a tennis match. Good luck, girls!

Herter Faces Huge Task As John Foster Dulles' Successor

By Sandi Shaver

Christian A. Herter has what is probably the least courted job in the United States today. Within the next month Herter has two major international conferences to attend in preparation for the impending Summit conference. Not only is the business of the conference a major job to tackle, but that of filling Dulles' shoes is a task in itself.

Herter lacks the prestige which Dulles had, which took years to build up. In employing the U. S. Foreign Policy during the past 6 years, the fact that he was John Foster Dulles has been a determining factor in the successful implementation of our policy.

Because Herter does not have this personal prestige, he will probably rely heavily on the policy making board which was created by Dulles, but was seldom used by him in making major decisions. Though the board has not been used extensively, it is comprised of men who have a great knowledge of the field of foreign policy and it has potential for very effective use by the new Secretary.

In his new role, Herter will likely not try to be a carbon copy of Dulles, but will use the advice and counsel which is available to him. The decisions made will have had careful consideration by some of the most capable men in the country, and there is no reason for U. S. prestige abroad to suffer by the loss of one individual.

Letter To The Editor

Student wants milk

Dear Editor:

It is disturbing, to say the least, that the issue of taking milk from the refectory has grown to such proportions that the administration is now involved. I single out "milk" because it is the one item that I can see no reason for prohibiting from being taken from the refectory.

As far as milk cartons being seen littering the campus is concerned, the only place I have seen them is outside the door of the refectory where someone has left them for the campus cat. This seeming thoughtfulness is unsightly, I'll admit.

As for reasons why milk should be taken from the refectory, I think the following are legitimate.

1. So students with early classes can eat their breakfast in their rooms and not have to lose sleep by getting up at 7:0.
2. So students who have no classes in the morning will not have to get up and rush for the refectory's early closing hours.
3. So students who miss breakfast and are served ice tea for lunch can get the required three pints of milk a day.
4. Since students have paid for the food, there is no reason why they cannot use what belongs to them.

Sincerely,
Catherine Cline