

# Our Speakers Shouldn't Insult Our Intelligence!

The speaker in chapel on Tuesday was one of a breed that we get all too often at Salem. No matter what political party a student supports, the speech on Tuesday should have been an insult to her intelligence.

Although Mr. Carlyle is normally an excellent speaker, he either did not consider his audience or he did not think very highly of our ability. Mr. Carlyle is not alone in this—in the last four years everyone from a Senator to a Sunday School teacher has done the same thing.

Therefore we would like to suggest that any speaker invited to speak to a Salem audience be tactfully reminded of the following things before they come.

1) We do not like to hear a speaker stand up and read a prepared speech telling us how beautiful we are. When a speaker begins on a note of in-

sincerity and flattery, we are sometimes suspicious of the sincerity of the rest of his remarks.

2) As college students we are not necessarily brilliant or completely informed on every issue; but we are fairly intelligent, and we do have a wide background of studies to enable us to understand a serious discussion. We are not children and we don't like to be talked down to.

3) Salem is a girls' school, but this does not mean that the speakers have to appeal to our emotions only. Certainly we can listen to a discussion of the candidates on some level other than the color of eyes they have. We do not have to be approached only through anecdotes that have no relation to the topic involved.

We would rather have a speaker challenge us to expand our ideas than to have one simplify everything to mush and anecdotes.

## Beyond The Square

By Janet Yarborough

Usually some explanation can be found for an "average" man's actions; but the actions of the head of the Communist World are practically beyond reason. He demands a summit conference after having just wrecked one; he speaks for "peaceful coexistence" while trying to cripple the United Nations; he pounds his fists at McMillan one day and talks civilly with him the next. Why these inconsistent actions?

If it is possible to be objective about Khrushchev, let's attempt to understand him. The Russian Premier, as head of the Communist Party, is expected to be a good Communist—meaning that he adheres to the Communist ideology. In a sense, Khrushchev is "a prisoner of the Party" because he has to act as "all right-thinking Communists expect him to act" or he will lose their respect.

Communists believe that all nations outside their camp are their enemies and will eventually be defeated by war because Communism is inevitable. But the top members of the Party know that a nuclear war could be detrimental. Hence, Khrushchev's object is to get the fruits of war without an actual war.

As a result, when Khrushchev carries on diplomatic negotiations he has to get "something for nothing". The usual "give and take" diplomacy where each diplomat respects the existence of the other cannot work; for the Communists, it is all "take".

Khrushchev's peculiar situation is referred to by G. F. Hudson as the Premier's "dilemma . . . between a bellicosity which involves the risk of a real war and a really peaceful diplomacy which falls short of a Communist Leader". He must aggravate tension but at the same time explain the impossibility of war, "with the result that his threats lose their force . . . When the intimidation thus fails and his demands are not conceded, he flies into a rage", pounding his fists and screaming—much like a spoiled child.

Unlike the Russian leaders, Mr. Hudson maintains that the dictators of Red China do not have to make excuses for their failure to use nuclear weapons "since they do not as yet possess them". Consequently, the Chinese can be consistent in their anti-Americanism and in their orthodox Communism. From: Hudson, G. F., "Russia and China: The Dilemmas of Power". Foreign Affairs, XXXIX (October, 1960), 1-10.

# Where Is Our School Spirit To Keep Salem From Becoming Anonymous Blob?

What is school spirit? Not just noise and outward enthusiasm. Not just how many people sell ads or go to the Christmas dance — it's much deeper than that.

School spirit consists of pride in your school and a desire and willingness to make others respect your school. School spirit involves representing your school so that others will believe that the standards and ideals of the school are not given just lip-service.

Participation is also a major part of school spirit. Should we come to college just to TAKE, never learning the art

of giving? Cooperation and giving are two attitudes which stay with us, once learned. They ARE attitudes!

We complain and gripe, but do we ever once volunteer to help correct the deficiencies we see around us: How many times do we think "Let somebody else do it"?

The lack of school spirit at Salem seems, in one sense, to be caused by the feeling that school spirit is "Mickey Mouse". We blase college women seem to think that any loyalty and work for a girls' school is wasted time. We must pour all our energies into supporting male institutions; and

of course anything that is happening away from campus is much more important than what's going on at Salem.

Salem offers so much — the chance to work together to make our school live up to its ideals and traditions. After all, we ARE Salem! What the student body becomes, so Salem will be.

Are we going to let Salem become an anonymous blob among the many small schools or are we going to help her continue in her position of prestige? It's up to us to keep the spirit of Salem alive as a vital force in the lives of all who are associated with her.

# Alexander Pope Around the Square

By Ann Moore and Betsy Hicks

First, robed in white, the Nymph intent adores, With head uncovered, the Cosmetic powers.

This is the way Alexander Pope describes the "sharp" girl of the early 18th Century. Sharp girls around Salem, however, seem to use very different means to the same end. There may be one in your room right now. She'll be sitting cross-legged in the middle of her bed, robed in wild plaid and intently adoring newly curled eyelashes in the magnified side of her hand mirror. She worships, head covered by a Lady Sunbeam Hooded Hair Dryer, at the alters of Revlon, Merle Norman, and Charlie of the Ritz. Twelve hair dryers from twelve rooms mix their hums in the hall; but the usual sounds prevail—showers are gushing and johns are flushing. Another weekend.

Last weekend Ricki Eikendal, unaided by Lady Sunbeam, plaited her famous pig-tail and took off for a visit with Becky Chappel in the mountains. Ricki enthusiastically described the vivid colors she saw everywhere; but she was disappointed to find that an Indian chief she met at Cherokee didn't really have a "red skin".

Our political authority of the week: Linda Laird. Linda enjoyed Lodge's comparison of the U. S.-Russian situation with the World Series when he spoke here; but she wasn't so sure about the 6-0 lead he gave the U. S. after watching the Great Debate that night. Linda observes that most college students seem to be for Kennedy. "His sex appeal probably has something to do with that . . . but after all, we ARE the intelligentsia!" she laughed. Girls, you should've taken notes at the Johnson rally—YOU could be our next political authority!

Mr. Yarborough now zooms through the archway in a new blue Lancer while Barbara Edwards chugs by in a very special old car. Bash declares she has to jump to reach the seats, they're so high.

Girls in Strong can vouch for the goodness of chocolate cake and steaming coffee served by their downstairs neighbor. Beth Bobbitt and even some of those who don't wear pins say, "I'd even stay home Saturday nights for a piece of Mrs. Heidbreder's cake!" Sophomores, remember this at room drawing this spring.

News in brief: A table of sophomores who found chewing gum in their shrimp salad were seen "carrying the evidence" to Mrs. Calhoun . . . We offer our condolences to Lynn Hall who received word that her cat had died as result of being shut up in the family refrigerator . . . Other condolences go to Katie Kochtitsky who traveled all the way to Chattanooga only to find that her boyfriend was in bed with flu . . . A Davidson gentleman left that all-important mark of distinction—his tall Bud can—on the ping-pong table in Babcock. We'd love to know how Mrs. Chatham explained its presence to a group of parents she was taking through . . . Louisa Freeman was explaining to Dr. Lewis why her theater course should be re-named Slave Labor 201 when Miss Battle dashed past holding her nose with one hand and a large metal bucket in the other. Cleaning out the catacombs can be interesting!

A few warm days are left and Sara, Bell, Gay, and Cook still can be heard every night after supper all over campus. Randak already insists upon wearing her racoon-collared coat to meals.

Have you noticed the unusual backdrop to Mr. Shewmake's art exhibit in Main Hall? It's a real parachute (it only cost \$.50). When they were getting ready to put up the exhibit last Friday one of the students was helping Mr. Shew-

make. She had diligently cut all the cords to the parachute and then she asked him what to do with them. Mr. Shewmake answered that he wanted to save them "because of the Scotch in me." This student replied very seriously "You know, I just can't drink Scotch! I've tried but I just can't stand the stuff!"

It was a bad week for all the students it seems. One of the seniors heard her alarm clock go off on Sunday and got a bit confused. It seems that she thought it was a fire drill—she went running out in the hall in her pajamas. When she ran back into the room for her towel, her suitemates caught her. After all, it couldn't have been a fire drill because she didn't have her cup of water!

As you lay down your Salemite the girl on the bed across from you carefully removes the hood of her dryer and asks you if you're SURE that her blind date for the weekend is really sharp. Late Sunday night excited voices will discuss Hattie's, the House they dated in, and who was dating who at the Polo. Pope had something to say about this sort of thing too:

One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At every word a reputation dies.



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