

## Could YOU Overcome Enthusiasm With Wisdom?

This Plot, which failed for want of common sense,  
Had set a deep and dangerous consequence:  
For, as when raging fevers boil the blood,  
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,  
And every hostile humor, which before  
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;  
—“Absolom and Achitophel”  
John Dryden

The recent crisis at the University of Mississippi over the admission of Negro James Meredith makes 18th century John Dryden's words ring with truth as did the conflict over the legal successor to Charles II of England. Indeed the Mississippi crisis may show “a deep and dangerous consequence” as Meredith attempts to blend into the academic life at “Ole Miss.” The people aroused over the incident may continue their objection past the point of reason. The line between the leader who believes in his argument and the followers who only feel the passion of the moment must be drawn; one must be admired and the other feared and extinguished.

Gov. Ross Barnett and other officials of Mississippi can only be admired; to risk national condemnation and censure for one's personal beliefs is an honorable thing. To support a cause which many believe to be a lost memory of the Old South takes determination. When one sees his ideal die or at best be put to death, it must, in dying, take part of the man. Although the governor may have waited too long to acquiesce, one must respect his final decision to uphold the law. As President Kennedy explained, one can object to laws as a part of his rights as a citizen but he cannot flagrantly disobey those laws. Such action endangers the governmental structure which gives him the freedom to object.

The admiration one feels for Gov. Barnett, however, cannot be extended to include the mobs of Mississippians who followed him. There is too much likelihood that their enthusiasm was centered around hate and violence. Certainly the groups of people who left Jackson after Barnett's announcement to go to Oxford were acting more under the passion of the moment than under an individual objection to Meredith's admission. Perhaps the mobs were only reluctant to end a psychologically invigorating experience without a climax; giving them the benefit of the doubt, they were defending their cause—but with violence.

The defense by violence is the keyword. When men revert to physical violence, it indicates that emotion has over-ruled reason. And certainly reason must guide men. Otherwise they behave as animals; nothing offers a better example of such behavior than a mob aroused over Negroes attending public schools in Little Rock or McCarthy Communists in the State Department. The voices of men of judgment must speak; someone with courage must show the group the point at which their reason escaped them.

The intoxication of a mob can present itself anywhere. Obviously a likely spot is a college campus. As a campus, Salem must be aware of the power of a mob. Remember last year when the change in the drinking rule had people ready “to blast” those who opposed them. Such crises have been weathered here because, in our academic atmosphere, the power of reason is emphasized. This emphasis is inner; the Salem girl shows it. Thusly she establishes a pattern of behavior in which enthusiasm will not overcome wisdom. This she may learn here—perhaps the best lesson Salem can offer.

## Tish, Martha Enjoy Summer In Oslo

By Tish Johnston  
Oslo Scholar

For Martha Still and me, the six weeks we spent in Oslo at the International Summer School were packed full of activities. It would be impossible to tell you everything, so we would like to tell you a little about the University itself, our classes, and some of the people we met; for we went as Salem students and in a sense were representing all of you.

The Summer School was founded in 1948 as Norway's means of thanking the U. S. for aid under the Marshall Plan after World War II. At first only Americans were accepted, but the enrollment was made international several years ago. Martha took a course in Norwegian language, which required work in a language lab with “hjelpaerers,” student helpers, who were ready to give assistance when needed. I took Norwegian literature, history, and international relations. All the courses were extremely interesting, mainly because the professors were Norwegians and were regular university professors. This, of course, gave them a first-hand knowledge and intense interest in their field—my history professor, for example, had escaped from the Nazis by skis during the German Occupation of Norway in World War II. The classes were extremely informal, and often a whole period was given completely to questions and discussion. All lectures were in English, luckily!

We also had “International Evenings,” where the students from one group of nations would speak and then answer questions from the others. These usually ended up in heated arguments, especially when students like the Arabs and Israelis or Americans and Communists clashed. These discussions were entirely voluntarily but were real eye-openers—it was as if we were sitting in on a miniature session of the United Nations.

We lived in the dormitories of the University of Oslo—modern yellow buildings with flowers all over the grounds. Our meals in the university cafeteria included Norwegian delicacies like reindeer steak and whale meat. The classes, the buildings, the food... all these were important, but the most lasting impressions were made by the people we met and grew to know as our friends: Maureen Lee, who escaped the Chinese Communists with her family and now lives on Formosa; Mukerjee, the brilliant and debonair Indian; Jan and Tor,



One of the most colorful sights in Europe, according to the two Oslo scholars, was the unusual horse-drawn beer wagon. This wagon is used to deliver beer to Amsterdam restaurants.

the fun-loving Norwegian boys; Adina, who had worked on a communal farm in Palestine.

The Norwegian people themselves are extremely friendly, fun-loving people, so eager to help us and so interested in all they could find out about America. Perhaps because their lives have been hard, for this is their first real time of peace and prosperity in many years; perhaps because they went through so much

horror during the occupation of Norway by the Germans; whatever the reason, they love life and are the happiest people I have ever seen.

A line from their favorite song, and a line which will always serve to remind Martha and me of their way of life, typifies their philosophy—“Bedre og bedre dag for dag,” meaning, “Things get better and better day by day.”

## Two Sketches

By Diane Fuller

Man at the bar  
White shirt  
Red eyes sad  
Over grey frames  
Inflated, porous cheeks  
Pinched nose  
And heavy, heavy low hung mouth  
A girl at the other end  
Of the bar  
Tailored shirt, tailored skirt  
Tailored backbone, tailored breast  
Tailored speech, tailored hands  
Straight seamed, air filled  
Empty, flapping head

Two people at a bar: One is the prototype of the All-American college girl going through life with the least concern of a rag doll—starched by custom and society into the form with which she plays her role. By her dress, she is immediately identified by her peers. They rush at once to praise their egos with words of flattery; she will respond with favor to him who flatters her most. The words are inane, the faces the same perhaps—just different names.

Is this the image we give—before, during, and after college? Are we to know only that false security which the restricted knowledge of our home, brick walls, and a quick, easy husband gives us? Is this all that we are to know, all we are good for? I should think not; yet, why is it that this is our image? Because we are of college age and at college, perhaps this is the place at which we should begin to examine the image. It begins, I think, with the basic reason for our coming to college—for an education, or for a husband. If for an education, we would not have the “air-filled, empty, flapping head.” It would be full of thoughts, ideas, and a desire to see some of those ideas realized. Our “book-learning” would not end with the diploma but continue with the never-ending process of education. We would not draw the area lines of our lives with the boundaries of our home—immediate, sectional, or even national.

There is something beyond this material world. There is something more to life than having children, going to P.T.A., reading the newspaper, and fixing three meals a day. Just because our college education is finished, this does not put an end to all education. Marriage is not an end, a settling down, a losing of one's freedom, but a beginning. And so much is dependent upon the woman. Surely she deserves to give her new self, her completed self, more.

And the man? Joe College in middle age? No longer the sharp fraternity man with clear, sparkling eyes and trim ivy cut. His eyes are red from too much bourbon, too much smoke, too much eye work over the budget, and too little sleep. His waist has increased and his face is pudgy. Bored, disappointed, and sad—life has very little meaning for him now. Is that his wife at the other end of the bar? An avoidable tragedy.

## Campus Enjoys Study And Fun

By Pam Truette

Students have been finding crowded conditions in the library—sitting room is scarce—the card catalogue has never been used so much. Is this due to the two additions behind the check-out desk? Could be!

The Air Force Academy vs. Penn State football game attracted Landis Miller this weekend to see her “pinmate” from the Academy. This is the last time she'll see him 'til Christmas.

Wookie Workman, Tish Johnston, Ginny Kaye Fortson, Jane Kelly and Nancy Kizer, migrated down to the Davidson vs. Wofford game. This was the first of many weekends to come at Davidson.

Congratulations go out to Lynn Hall and Martha Ann Williams. Lynn is pinned to a KA from Wake Forest. Martha Ann is pinned to a Lambda Chi at Wake Forest.

Best wishes to Susan Humphreys, who is engaged to a med student. Anne Griffiths spent quite an unusual weekend camping in the mountains with her “pinmate” and his parents.

Many girls on campus enjoyed mixing with law students and med students. Those going to the Phi Delta Phi law fraternity were Marguerite Harris, Mary Alice Teague,

Proof-readers—Anne Gore, Joan Lukens,  
Jo Phifer, Jenny Fields, Dottie Davis,  
Marty Richmond, Frances Bailey, G. G.  
Sapp, Robbin Causey  
Asst. Advertising Mgr.—Sara Thomasson  
Asst. Business Mgr.—Mary Jane Harrell  
Circulation Manager—Sue Humphreys  
Cartoonists—Jo Phifer, Betty Black  
Re-writers—Jerry Johnson, Betsy Hatton  
Managing Staff—Anne Benson,  
Writers—Dean Major, Marty Richmond,  
Mary Jane Crowell, Lucy Lane, Frances  
Bailey, Nancy Umberger, Betty Lou  
Creech, Heather Peebles, Julie Johns,  
Linda Wall, Betsy Hatton, Elizabeth  
Sikes, Betty Bullard, Winnie Davidson,  
Irene Rose, Billie Peele.  
Faculty Advisor—Miss Jess Byrd  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company  
Subscription Price \$3.50 a year



## The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

OFFICES: Basement of Lehman Hall  
414 Bank St., S.W.

Editor-in-chief—Becky Boswell  
Business Manager—Alice Reid  
Associate Editor—Anne Romig  
Executive Editor—Ginger Ward  
News Editor—Patty Nash  
Feature Editor—Bonnie Hauch  
Copy Editor—Betty Lou Creech  
Assistant Copy Editor—Connie Rucker  
Photography Editor—Mary Alice Teague  
Advertising Manager—Sarah Wills  
Headline Writers—Tish Johnston,  
Irene Rose, Betsy Patterson  
Typists—Nancy Griffin, Susie Johnson,  
Jane Raynor, Trudi Schmidt.