

Why Don't Students Use Campus Opportunities?

Although the number of events sponsored by a school such as Salem seem overwhelming, one should remember that after the college years these activities are almost totally inaccessible. To feel unity within one's home, a person must be a contributing member of her family. Does this not apply to life at Salem? To feel any real satisfaction of the time spent in college, a student should be willing to share wholeheartedly in its projects both as a spectator and as a participant.

After college one has the remainder of her life to sit and wonder what the rest of the world is doing, but it does seem inappropriate to begin that stagnating occupation while a member of an active, vibrating community. The opportunities afforded at Salem are interesting and diversified. One can take advantage of hearing and seeing things that will never again be offered to her. For example, evening chapel and Sunday Vespers enable students to share and express their ideas; the lecture series offers a chance to hear fascinating, entertaining and sophisticated people; recitals and plays allow the student to enjoy and admire her friends' talents as well as enrich her own cultural life. Chapel, organizations, plays, recitals, lectures . . . is there nothing to stimulate your interests and active cooperation?

A. R.

Letters To The Editor Discuss Annual FITS Day, Bulletin Boards

Dear Editor:

Thursday night—the culmination of all the events of Founders' Day: a "new song" from the sophomores, the winning song by the seniors, and the traditional "We Love You, We Do" song by the juniors to their "little sisters." To the upperclassmen the songs, the cheers, and the laughter were familiar and represented the spirit of "FITS" Day. During the week, upperclassmen had told freshmen about "FITS" Day and had described the events like old hands.

"Gimme That Old Salem Spirit" echoed throughout the gym Thursday afternoon. School spirit appeared prevalent as cans rattled, stomping persisted, screams and whistles resounded. The eyes of the upperclassmen watched the freshmen carefully to see how they would react to a Salem perhaps they did not realize existed. Had the spirit of Salem reached them? Little did we know that the freshmen were filled with a spirit of Salem that many of us have never known during our one, two, or three years here at Salem. Perhaps there are some girls here who have known it but have never found a real way to express it. It has taken a class which has been here less than a month to show us a tangible way of expressing something that is seldom really expressed, because it is so very intangible. This expression, as they have proven, does not have to take the form of competitive yells in the gym.

The freshman skit Thursday

night deserves as many laurels as can possibly be given. Aside from its colorfulness, its liveliness, and its humor, there lay, underneath the surface, real meaning for each and every one of us at Salem. Sentimentality can be so very trite, yet I am sure many students did not feel it trite Thursday night at the close of the skit when upperclassmen realized that some one hundred girls who have known each other for such a short time and who have been exposed to Salem atmosphere for a much shorter time than ourselves, had grasped something in college life for which we are all seeking—perhaps it is purpose; perhaps it is a certain closeness to our college classmates.

Who would win the skit competition? I doubt if anyone contested the decision of the judges. Surely the freshmen were excited about winning the blue ribbon, but I wonder if they realized that the blue ribbon was a very small prize in comparison to the high prize of respect they won from the upperclassmen.

I, for one, will never forget the freshman presentation on "FITS" Day, October, 1962. A week ago a question was asked of Salemites in discussion groups: "What would you lose if you left Salem tomorrow?" I think the freshmen have showed us and will continue to show us as they become one of the best classes ever to come to the "Never-Never Land" of Salem College.

Marty Richmond
Junior.

Dear Editor:

These are the regulations concerning student and organization use of the bulletin boards. We would appreciate students abiding by them.

There will be places provided for certain announcements of organizations:

1. Refectory bulletin board
2. Bulletin board in front of Day Student Center

The notices cannot be over 7" by 9" and may be posted two days before the meeting but must be removed immediately afterward in order to avoid a messy board.

Any other announcements such as plays, programs, dances, etc., may be posted on the mirror or bookcases as you enter the Refectory.

For foreign correspondence the lower left hand side of the board in front of the Day Student Center has been provided. There letters and such may remain up for one week, then should be removed.

Individuals who wish to post anything—whether they want a ride to Carolina, or they lost a pen—will please do so in the upper left hand corner of this same board.

It is now up to you to see that our bulletin boards operate efficiently.

Thank you,
Ann Dudley,
Chairman of Bulletin Board Committee.

Lederer Warns American Citizens

By Kay Kearns

"The television screens may be bright, and our comfortable homes may be warm; but outside it is beginning to grow dark and cold." William J. Lederer gives this warning in his book, *A Nation of Sheep*. This warning, however, is not a general one made to the typical good citizen. It is made personally to everyone—even to the Salem student, warning her to look beyond the square.

Lederer and Professor Burdick received more than eight thousand letters in response to their book *The Ugly American*. These letters were mainly from the average citizen asking what the ordinary person could do about the position of the United States in foreign affairs and how the man in the street could help prevent the blunders that have caused areas of the world, where our influence used to be of major importance, to turn against the United States.

In *A Nation of Sheep*, Lederer tries to answer these questions. The chief factor, as he sees it, is ignorance—national ignorance of the facts about the rest of the world. The answer: become informed. Lederer gives deeper meaning to his answer by giving reasons for our ignorance.

In our United States, land of the free with freedom of speech and freedom of the press, the truth is largely unavailable for various reasons. One: nobody takes the time to find out what the facts really are. Government officials warned of a crisis and American newspapers splashed across their front pages news of invasion and war in Laos. Because of this invasion, "excessive cash grants up in the millions of dollars" were rushed to Laos. There was not, however, one American observer in the so-called combat area. Eventually, a United Nations team reported "no invasion and precious little war." The Laotian govern-

ment however had gotten what it wanted—American funds.

A second reason is that the cult of government secrecy is growing. Information that should be open to the public is stamped "top secret" for security reasons. Even senators' expense accounts are marked "secret." Adam Clayton Powell's recent trip with his two lady friends shows how this secrecy is dangerous. Thirdly, the press and informed persons are so convinced that the American people don't want the hard facts of foreign affairs that they make only a routine effort to relay them to the public. A speaker from Thailand explained why he had soft-soaped and actually lied to an American group to which he had spoken by saying, "I am a Buddhist. I don't like to hurt the feelings of strangers. I told your friends what they wanted to hear—everything is beautiful. Now, at least they are happy. Is that not the Buddhist way to heaven?"

There are other reasons for our ignorance, but these are more than enough to consider now. Why do we not demand that our leaders become and remain well-informed? Why do we allow information that should be public to be marked "top secret"? Why do we really not want to know the truth? No longer is the excuse valid that one person's effort doesn't matter. So many people are complacent and make no effort to keep informed that the few persons who do act are making the decisions. Several years ago Paul Hoffman was in line for an appointment as a government official. A senator told Hoffman his appointment was denied because six letters were written opposing it. Lederer begs each of us to "reach for your writing materials, for your newspaper, for the telephone—and take the first step of personal action. The results will come and they will be visible. I suggest that you hurry."

reach a higher place in society. He doesn't enjoy his peer group for he wants to be better than they. He feels uncomfortable in the group socially above him. Of his own choosing, he thus sets himself apart from everyone.

The major portion of *The Status Seekers* is devoted to the trivial means by which we classify people. A person's choice of words, the car he drives, the house in which he lives, the friends with whom he associates, and even aspects of his sex life all determine his social status. Occupation plays a very important part in one's acceptance by a particular group. The bank teller makes less money than the factory worker, yet the teller is more esteemed. Why? Because he wears a white collar to work and the fac-

tory worker wears a blue collar. Mr. Packard has developed his book around purely factual material. Three main ideas seem to dominate his work: (1) the need of man to have social structure; (2) the need of the individual to identify with a group; and (3) the pettiness with which we, as a society, determine the worth of a person. Many of the facts brought out in the book are common knowledge. Most of us are aware of the habits and possessions of the upper, middle, and lower classes. *The Status Seekers* merely organizes these peculiarities and points to the ridiculous extremes to which certain individuals go in order to establish their position in the class structure of American Society.

Soliloquy

By Diane Fuller

I am a young boy of nineteen. All my life I have lived in this village with my family. I have always had the freedom to do as I wished—as long as I did what was expected of me. And my father expected much from me, as from all of his children, in the ways of good works and errands. His was not a concern for the arts, music, or poetry, but a life of comfort and plenty. Our table was never empty—always we had more than we could eat. Our bodies were always covered and we all had shoes for our feet. I was a good son, and my father loved me very much. My father loved people. He was perfect in my eyes and could do no wrong. Then one day I went away to school. There I was no longer known as my father's son. I was known as myself. I learned of the arts and grew to love them. I learned of other villages and other lands. I could move freely and visit the cafes and talk to people of other things besides my home and my family. Sometimes I would stay there all night and drink and talk. I found a freedom that I had never known before—and there was a feeling of strength that went with it, and a great longing for this thing called Truth. And there were so many things to know. Everyday there was something new to know about, and I found I knew so little. My father had not told me of these things—and I slowly began to realize that he did not know. I thought often of my family and could not wait to tell them of these things I had learned, and that there were other villages to see and other

lands to see and that I wanted to travel the road to truth and knowledge.

After I returned from school, I told my father of these things—but he did not understand. He said, "No, my son, you must stay here with me. This is your home and these are your people." And I told him about the road and he said I would soon outgrow my longing to wander and would be glad to stay home with him. But I was unhappy at home and my longing to travel the road did not cease but grew. No, I was not the same after I came back, and my father did not seem perfect at all now. And in my heart I secretly began to hate him and all that was around me. Why would he not let me go? Always before I had had my freedom. Why could I not have it now? And why must I always be his son and not myself? But I could not hurt him, and was afraid that I would if I stayed with him as I had done before. So I grew away from him and have found my way to the side of the road. Still, he will not let me out of his sight and I can go no farther. I feel helpless to do anything. And so I sit by the road and wait. And my father waits for me to come back to him and he continues doing for me as he has always done, and because he thinks he has not done enough, he tries to do more. And he blames himself for my unhappiness. He cannot understand that he has done enough for me and now it is time for me to do for myself. I must leave, but I do not know how.



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