



The Salemite

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JFK Murdered In South; Editor Asks: Why Here?

Everyone has said that the tragic incident of three weeks ago could have happened anywhere in the United States—in the West or in the North. However, John F. Kennedy was assassinated in the South, and, regardless of the fact that this event could have happened elsewhere, it is the South's problem. It is the problem of the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society, and the do-nothings who lend silent consent to the extremists. It is a problem of the spread of these extremist groups which lead to the climate which implemented Kennedy's death.

This climate was developed in an area that worships a war fought a hundred years ago, but rarely remembers the two world wars fought in this century. It is a climate where most school children spend so much time studying the Civil War, that there is no time for contemporary history. It is a climate which will leave the South academically barren.

Is it not time to think about the effect of our emotional and intellectual stagnation? What good does it do to say that Kennedy's death could have happened in another area? It happened here.

Students Express Thanks For Faculty Cooperation

We express appreciation to the administration for the memorial service held in honor of our late President, John F. Kennedy. The Reverend Walser H. Allen is to be especially commended for his eulogy. We also wish to thank the academic advisors for the suspension of classes during the time of the funeral Monday, November 25.

Editor Notes Successes, Failures Of Assemblies

We wish to congratulate the assembly committee for the excellent programs it has brought to us this year. Every speaker up to now has been interesting and worth hearing.

However, many complaints have arisen due to a misunderstanding about the changed assembly procedure. In previous years, students have resented the necessity of going to chapel when a speaker cancelled at the last minute and a replacement was found. The substitutes were often of little value.

Because of the difficulty of obtaining two good speakers a week, Salem's Student Government petitioned to have a speaker on Thursdays and student programs on Tuesdays when requested. The reason the change was made was to improve the quality of assembly programs—not to diminish the quantity. We feel that the change is successful.

The cut allotment for assemblies was reduced because of the probability that some Tuesdays would be free. However, since September there has been only one Tuesday when a program has not been scheduled. If we continue to have programs every Tuesday and Thursday, students are free to petition for five assembly cuts. Since the Tuesday assemblies have been programs which must be held in the fall (i.e., Y program and May Day elections), it would be prudent to wait until the end of the year before petitioning. Perhaps there will be fewer assemblies next semester and the number of cuts will be satisfactory.

Refectory Serves Steaks!

Three cheers for the refectory! Real, tender, juicy steak has come our way twice in the last two weeks—that is the kind of innovations we like to see around here. Keep up the good work!

Feeling Of Shock, Unreality Fills Salemites On Friday, November 22

WHAT GREATER HONOR
By Barbara Johnson

I was returning from the bookstore when I noticed a group of girls gathered outside of South dormitory intently listening to something. Each stood motionless with her hands clasped to her mouth. It was Friday, November twenty-second. Their faces had a look of horror. I rushed over to find out what had happened. I learned the President of the United States had been shot. The news shocked me. My first reaction was, "It can't be true." What was going to happen to all of us now? What would we do? I felt weak and frightened in that moment of unreality. It was as though we had been hit by a bomb, and I didn't know where to turn or run for help. I felt alone and afraid.

After the initial shock, I turned and ran to the dorm, telling everyone the horrifying news. Many people hadn't heard. Telling each

person seemed to relieve me somewhat and establish a bond between us. I didn't feel so alone anymore.

Downstairs people were gathered around the television set in silence, each one staring at the screen in disbelief. News reports were coming every few minutes. Within an hour we heard the final report that confirmed what all of us had been dreading to hear. The President was dead. My heart seemed almost to stop beating as I heard the words repeated. It just couldn't be true, it couldn't be!

I began to think about all the things I had witnessed in my lifetime and thought, now this. I thought of my future children and how they would ask me, just how it was on November 22, 1963? How would I answer? How would I explain the terror and grief the world was experiencing? I knew I could not put into words the ache that filled my heart.

Everyone in the dorm began voicing her opinion on the horror of

the tragedy. Suddenly I was very much to be home with family. I called them but no answer. Although I knew there was nothing they could do to soothe my feelings, I wanted to hear their voices and to share the tragedy with them. They were with me that night.

Since the assassination, every time I hear President Kennedy referred to as "our late President" the shock and disbelief comes to me. It is still like a bad dream. I keep waiting for someone to tell me it really isn't true. But it is true and now we must look to the future and pray for strength and guidance for our new President.

November twenty-second, started off like most days, ordinary and uneventful. But ended in a disaster. Why did it happen? Was it an act of providence? The words of the newscast come back to me and seem to lodge in my throat. "What greater honor can any man have than to die for his country?"

Vespers, Gifts Keep Girls Busy; Salem Christmas Holds Memories

Christmas at Salem is... the Candle Tea and smell of hot coffee.
 ... Moravian stars hanging on porches along South Main Street.
 ... Carols and tree decorating with the veterans.
 ... Jangling bells on the basement door of the bookstore.
 ... Happy children at the Industrial School singing "We wish you a Merry Christmas" to departing buses.

... Lighted candles and "Morning Star" at Senior Vespers.
 ... Red and green posters on the refectory board.
 ... Christmas music coming from Old Chapel before supper.
 ... Ice on the sidewalk across the Square in early morning.
 ... Green and silver trees with varied colored balls in dorm reception rooms.
 ... Scraps of Christmas paper and bright ribbon thrown carelessly in wastebaskets after gift wrapping.

... Stockings awaiting "Peace" on dormitory doors.
 ... Secret theme and Santa Claus at the banquet.
 ... Homemade cookies and Christmas atmosphere at the Day Student Tea.
 ... Cocktail dresses and low heels at the Christmas Dance.
 ... Cabs stopping at Clewell with happy girls and many packages.
 ... More quizzes, less studying, no real regrets at present.
 ... The last one for the season.

Letter Directs Student Action For Civil Rights

Dear Editor:

We are becoming increasingly concerned over the intolerance that has been allowed to exist in America. Without our realizing it, this intolerance has crystallized to form a hate that obscures reason and that makes sane judgment impossible.

To the average citizen, the civil rights issue is a battle between black and white, rather than a struggle for the American ideal—freedom. This hate is not one-sided, but is present among members of both races. Both races must work together in mutual understanding to dissolve this hate.

What can we as college students and future voters do to encourage the initial step? From reliable sources we have discovered that students are needed to tutor Negro elementary and secondary school pupils, to instruct in a Reading Clinic, and to register Negro and white voters.

The time has long passed when we could afford to evade the issue. The time has come for action. As our late President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy said, "A great change is at hand. Those who do nothing invite shame as well as violence. Those who act boldly are recognizing right as well as reality."

Very sincerely yours,
 Flora Melvin
 Carrie Newman
 Jaya Gokhale
 Ann Rothfuss

Christmas Looks Bright For Berlin: East Offers Day Passes For Season

By Dottie Girling

A note of hope for the happiest Christmas in three years. Berlin and all Germany was struck with a recent conciliatory move by the East German Government. In a message to West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt, the East Germans offered "to tribute day passes that would enable West Berliners to enter East Berlin at the Christmas season."

Such an offer has long been desired by the West Berliners who are the only group of persons prevented from crossing the border. The situation has existed ever since the Communist building of the Berlin wall in August of 1961. Since that time, West Germany has attempted negotiations for:

1. "Easing of conditions for political prisoners in East Germany."
2. An end to the order that East German border guards shoot to kill.
3. "Permanent day passes for West Berliners."
4. "Gradual easing of travel restrictions for East Germans wishing to visit relatives in the West."

West Germany's offers in these negotiations have been considerable and are "understood to include large credits for industrial equipment and machinery in the framework of a trade agreement between the two Germanys."

The unabating tension in West Berlin is noted strongly in *The Atlantic's* December supplement on "Berlin: The Border City." Written too early to witness West Berlin's affirmation of faith in the West of their John F. Kennedy, the supplement does contain an informative article by Michael Mara. Mara writes, as a former East German border guard who defected to the West on Christmas Eve, 1961: "The urge toward freedom cannot be suppressed, and this fact gives us something to hope for."

Sources: *New York Times*, Dec. 7, 1963.
 Michael Mara, "Why the Border Guards Defected," *The Atlantic*, December, 1963.