



The Salemite

Published every Thursday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College.

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

Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price \$4.50 a year

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Ivy Walls Protect Salem; Isolation Now Insulation

The lights in the study rooms stay on late and, at times, all night. Tests and grades occupy the minds and minutes of every girl, and the world beyond the square has moved farther away momentarily. It's mid-semester, one of the two times before February that Salem's walls could take on an isolating function more than at any other time during the semester.

Yet, last Sunday the lights in the Day Student Center indicated that insulation has taken the place of isolation at Salem C. A group of girls and professors met to talk about the "why" and "how" of our policy in Viet Nam. Salemites, like college students from Berkeley to Chicago, are realizing that the "ivy covered walls" and "ivory towers" are not isolated refuges but rather information centers and discussions tables.

Not all of us agree with the demonstrating students across the country, or that we're going to riot tomorrow—but we are like those students in that our apathy has turned into concern. We are realizing the unquestionable necessity for this switch. In our rising concern, we are taking advantage of our "insulation."

"Strong are thy walls, Oh Salem . . ."—strong and insulating but not isolating.

J N

Wendt Reviews 'The Secular City'; Raises Controversial Questions

By Robert L. Wendt

THE SECULAR CITY by Harvey Cox, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1965, 268 pp., paperback, \$1.45.

Your boy friend won't like it if you read some sections of this book to him, for the author, Harvey Cox, suggests that the reading of PLAYBOY by American men is only a natural continuation of his reading of comic books.

Harvey Cox has taken a shotgun and sprayed the whole of American culture and its social system with some soul searching criticism. He feels that we have moved through stages of history to a point where our old ways of doing things will not get the job done. Furthermore, Cox suggests that our old way of explaining things will not suffice for the questions raised by a Secular Society.

By no means would Cox, an assistant professor of Theology and Culture at Andover Newton, turn back the clock. He wants the church and the university to move ahead of the crowd and give the leadership they are called upon to give . . . or forever forfeit their right to speak to any point in this present generation.

If you are an existentialist, you will not like this book. If you are one of those who believe that we must get back to our "old way" of doing things, you will not read much of this book. If you think that Christianity has no answer to the needs of the day, you will not care for his suggestion that real Christianity speaks right to the heart of the current questions and problems. If I read Cox right, he goes so far to suggest, that even as weak as Christianity has been, it has been one of the causes of the modern revolution and it rightfully deserves a shot to continue as a leader of the revolution, Marx, beatniks and comedians to the contrary.

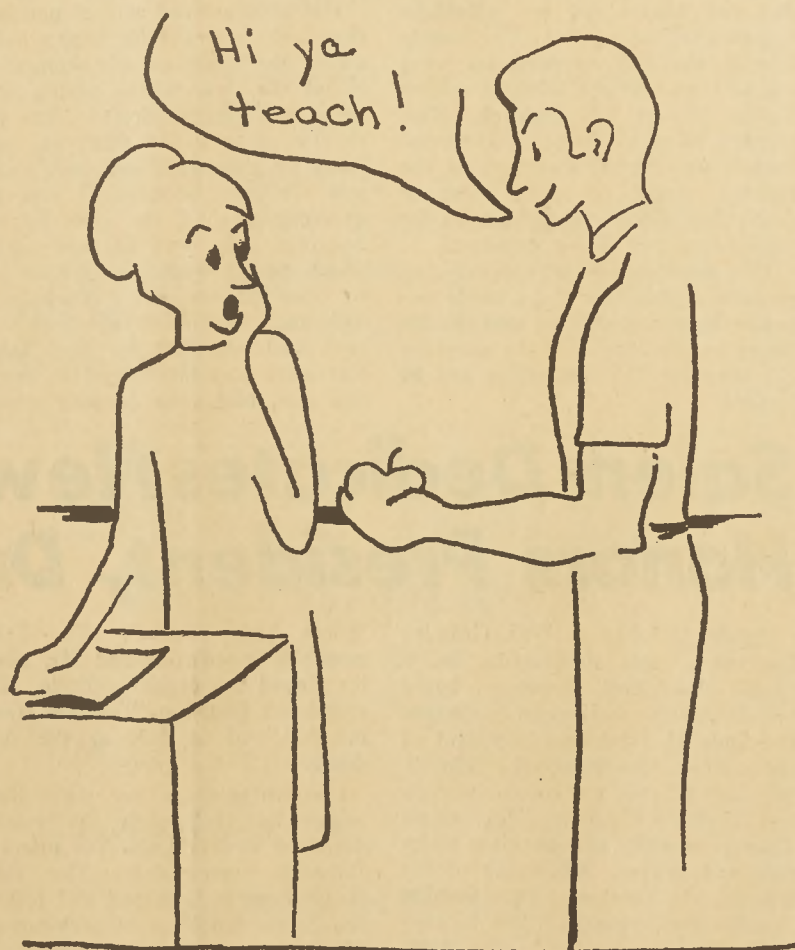
The first half of the book is stiff reading unless you have had a good course in urban and rural sociology, with a smattering of philosophy, theology and church history. If that scares you away, that's all right, because this is loaded reading. The author assumes that you have some educational reference points.

For those who endure through Part One, will find Part Two much easier going. By the time you get

to Part Three and find chapter nine, entitled "Sex and Secularization", you'll be running up and down the hall knocking on doors.

His analysis, to me, seems valid. His solutions are almost as empty as those he ridicules in parts of his book. But, he would start you thinking, it's worth the time and money you spent on the book. You might ask me, "where does a college student get time to read such

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Joy's of Practice Teaching

High Point is becoming the nucleus of night entertainment for seniors who roller skate and a singing freshman named Peggy Hart. The folk group which includes Peggy, two boys from Wake Forest and a boy from State, sang competitively in High Point last weekend and was rewarded by the offer of a contract for an upcoming T. V. appearance.

The reward of roller skating was more limited to the thrill of being blocked by a young local skatesman and unavoidably crashing floorward with him. For the seniors, who characterize themselves as a dull group who indulge primarily in bridge games, jigsaw puzzles, and picnics at Tanglewood, this may be ample entertainment. The fact that four girls alternately shared one date this past weekend does testify to a shortage of boys at Bitting. It may be that the colossal rat who inhabits a hole under the Bitting steps just scares away callers before they reach the door.

Upperclassmen know that it's always the freshmen who receive tangibles, like the one dozen no-reason roses which came to Suzy Moser from West Virginia.

First floor Clewell experienced a six inch deluge on Friday night; Mrs. Martin and Miss Roberts both helped mop up the water. After this, Mrs. Martin gave a demonstration of the 11:30 p.m.-6:00 a.m. dorm walker: clomp, clomp, clomp.

The most recent victims of physical disasters include freshmen and sophomores, three of whom have

had considerable difficulty staying astride their horses. Linda Holland broke a foot; Carol de Jongh falls off periodically and throws her hip out of joint; and Lisa Mabley's arm has evidenced varied bloody hues, straight from the horse's hoof.

Game playing in the gym caused another disaster in which Harriet Browning and Sara Hunt contrived to run into each other and exchange black eyes. Harriet may have felt left out after her roommate, Helen Jones, collided with Mr. Yarborough at Founder's Day and initiated The Black Eye Set.

"Long distance" phone calls from the Farmer's Dairy are infrequent, especially when it's Isabel Patterson and Diane Fries calling Olive Jenkins on Sunday afternoon to say they've been snowed in at Mt. Mitchell. Olive was rightfully surprised when they returned ten minutes later.

Clare Given has begun to wonder if she was really in High Point last Easter. After losing her pocket-book at a Wake Forest fraternity party last spring, she didn't see it again until this weekend. It was returned by a boy from Virginia, whom Clare doesn't know, with a note that it had been in his apartment since last Easter. He doesn't understand how he got it; Clare doesn't understand; and Clare's mother understands least of all!

ATTENTION

Dr. Bahnson urges all students to get their flu shots at the infirmary. The cost is 75¢.

Court Holds Second Trial; Pronounces Rinaldi Acquitted

By Mary Ellen Lane

On Thursday, October 21, Frank Rinaldi was acquitted of the degree murder by the Orange County Superior Court. This decision was the result of a case marked by much circumstantial evidence and testimony unlawfully admitted at the original trial.

On Christmas Eve of 1963, Mrs. Lucille Begg Rinaldi was found dead in the Chapel Hill apartment which she shared with her husband Frank, an instructor in the UNC English department. She was found bludgeoned and tied to a chair. Her husband and his friend, John Sipp, an insurance agent, covered Mrs. Rinaldi's body when they returned from a shopping trip in Durham. The two men called the police, who investigated and soon afterward indicted Rinaldi for murder.

Rinaldi was first tried in the next session of Superior Court in Hillsboro. All of the evidence against him was circumstantial, but significant enough to prove him guilty and sentence him to life in prison. Many facts pointed to Rinaldi's guilt. He had recently bought an insurance policy from his company, Mr. Sipp. It covered either him or his wife for a large sum of money in the event of one's death. Also, he and Mrs. Rinaldi had been separated all fall; she had left Chapel Hill to return to Waterbury, Conn. She had just recently come back to Chapel Hill at the time of her death.

The pathologist's report on her condition was a real turning point of the case. When police and doctors arrived upon the scene, they discovered that the heat in the apartment was turned on extremely high. This kept the body warm and confused the determining of the time of death. Rinaldi's alibi protected him to a certain extent, but because of the heat, Mrs. Rinaldi possibly could have been killed before Rinaldi and Sipp left Durham.

The most important testimony given in the trial was that of Al Foushee, a Negro who claimed Rinaldi begged him to rape his wife—"Rape her, do anything, just kill her." Foushee repeatedly refused, and said that on the day of the murder Rinaldi said, "Al, I did it."

Although the jury found Rinaldi guilty, illegalities in the trial forced a retrial due to mistrial. A retrial was held, and Rinaldi was acquitted for lack of evidence.

The consensus in Chapel Hill is that justice had now been done. "He couldn't have done it—he's not that kind of person," said a fellow graduate assistant with Rinaldi. "He didn't do it in him," said a former student of his. Rinaldi's many friends stood by him during his months in jail awaiting new trial. He is now helping him become reinstated on the staff of the UNC English Department—"Without all those wonderful people might still be in jail," said the grateful Rinaldi. "It's wonderful to have my good name back in place of the number 436 identified me for those 436 days."

By Nancy Thomas

Alumnae Offers Creative Award

Outstanding creative achievement by Salem College students will be recognized again next spring in the Katharine B. Rondthaler Awards competition for 1966. Deadline for entries is April 15. Faculty members in the English department, art department and School of Music will provide information regarding the categories under which entries may be made and the form in which entries should be submitted. All students are eligible.

The awards have been sponsored by the Alumnae Association of the college since 1951. Silver trays will be awarded to winners in the field of music, art, and creative writing. Separate awards will be given for prose and poetry in the latter category.

Any work may be submitted which has not previously been entered in this competition. Entries will be judged by a panel of judges in each section.