

## From France . . .

Editor's Note: This letter was received from Catherine Birckel, a foreign student last year.

It is so very strange.

I have been back in my country for three weeks almost now. When people talk to me, I still answer in English first—and they look at me puzzled!

It is very late in the night, and I think of Salem. I can almost hear the stifled laughter in the rooms of Clewell, the races down the halls abruptly interrupted by the vigilant proctors. It's the hour when I used to get my call downs. It will soon be the time when we used to whisper the last words in the dark after lights were out. The campus is getting still, and in my imagination, Mr. Gorsuch is making his rounds—though they tell me he is not night watchman anymore.

It is about the time when we used to go down in the basement for a last cigarette. Sometimes it was a moody night and Mac and I would go sit down at the end of the bench in a remote, deserted corner to meditate—sometimes we were gay, and Ruthie would stretch her long legs, wrapped in her pale blue pajamas, and tell us all about her last loves—sometimes it was then that we would go into our deep philosophical discussions with Peggy and Sammie . . .

But no—all is very dark and quiet around me—I am in the mountains in the East of France—thousands and thousands of miles from Salem. I have to think hard to realize that.

Of course the traveling was wonderful, like all trips on those huge steamships. Then we got to Cherbourg, and I was standing in front of the customs office. I turned to the French officer—back where I had started last year—but not the same myself.

Nothing has changed here, but they think I have changed a little. If I am blue, it's because I miss you all very much. I miss my life among you. I have been trying to tell them here about everything, about this whole last year—you think you can explain and you find you can't. They haven't seen the big weeping willow; they haven't been to the drug store in the morning. They haven't known Mac, Ruthie, Alice, Lee, Sybil, Jane, Lola and all the others. They don't know about Old Chapel and the graveyard. They don't know anything about all that has been so real to me during this last year.

Then I try to re-create the moods. I go around yelling such songs as "T'was A Dark Stormy Night". I keep chewing my last pieces of gum and smoking my last Camels under Mother's disapproving eye. I walk around in blue jeans and the peasants look at me puzzled. But it's very hard to re-create a mood all by yourself. I used to think that only this life here could be home, but now I know that it is ridiculous. I feel that I don't have any home, unless it is the whole world and my friends. I was glad to be home, yes, in a way, but sad, very sad also because of all those I had had to leave.

I got to Paris in the afternoon. It was a bright sunny afternoon and Paris appeared to me more beautiful than it ever had. It was so strange to feel that I knew everything around me. I hardly had to look around—I knew where everything was; it was almost part of me. So strange, after this year when everything had always been new!

Now I am in the mountains, in a small house that we have up there, on top of the mountain, where all the winds meet or play hide and seek through our windows.

There are tiny, dirty, pretty farms that almost look like human beings with so much life, so much personality expressed by their walls, roofs and windows. They are scattered all over the hills, colorful spots among the fields and meadows, with their little gardens and their flowers, with their yards crowded with poultry, pigs and barking dogs, with their fountains always running. The peasants, men and women, are working in the fields all around, and calling to one another from one field to the other.

Sometimes the whole place is still. You can only hear the buzzing of the insects in the sun, the sound of old branches cracking in the woods behind our house, and the regular stroke of the peasants' hoes biting the ground.

Our house is an old farm that we have fixed very nicely for ourselves. We cook on an old big wood stove; we have a low ceiling,

(Continued On Page Four)

## The Salemite

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Jane Watson  
Associate Editor . . . . . Jean Patton  
Managing Editor . . . . . Eleanor MacGregor  
Headline Editor . . . . . Marion Watson

## Lovelorn Ladies

By Betsy Liles

Whew! Six more steps and I've reached third floor. I race along the hall in pure bliss clutching my hometown paper tightly. For to curl up in Clewell in my Hollywood bed with the Thursday edition with the backpage love-lorn and worry columns is dearer to me than even a letter from The One.

Many a tear has slipped down my cheek for a poor mother whose five children were unruly, whose husband "worked late at the office" and whose mother-in-law was a black witch with bifocals and a sweet smile.

Of all back page characters, there is, of course, the poor girl who is desperately in love with two boyfriends. Her counselor's advice: "From your letter I can tell that you have led a terribly abnormal childhood. Your mother probably locked you in a closet while she tripped out to play bridge. You must brush away these abnormalities, plant a cherry smile upon your countenance, and start anew."

I have become a devoted slave to these columns. After carefully reading the writer's problem, I contemplate and meditate and then form my solution to his or her problem.

I'm usually wrong. If I think it is an "unfortunate childhood" case, it's always a "mother's apron string" case.

How would you have solved this one?

Dear Columnist,

I have a drastic problem. Even though nature has lavishly equipped me with fascinating features, and men think me charming, my

mother steals all my boyfriends from me. Tell me what I should do before I end it all.

Pantingly awaiting your answer,

Desperate One

To me, Desperate One overates nature's lavishness; she should have her face lifted, a Dickie Hudson put in and then plant a cheery smile upon her countenance and start life anew.

However, this is the columnist's answer:

Dear Desperate One,

Your problem is indeed desperate. Send 10 cents for my bulletin "Ten Ways to Make Money", digest its contents carefully, plant a cheery smile upon your countenance and start life anew.

Helpfully,

Your counselor

And then there was the letter from the Army Brat which read:

Dear Revealing Counselor,

I am fifteen years old. I have blue eyes and am completely charming, but I still have a problem.

My father is a General in the Army. Therefore I have a burning desire to be patriotic. Whenever I see the colors red, white and blue, something within me makes me sing the "Star Spangled Banner". My dates who have blue eyes and wear a red tie and white shirt move me to sing to them all night. At times this proves embarrassing. Please help me.

Patriotically yours,

Blue Eyes

The answer was:

Dear Blue Eyes,

You do have a problem. I suggest that you influence your father

(Continued On Page Five)

## Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

We sure did have a big honor given us Monday. Citizen Truman came to spade some dirt so that Wake Forest College could start being built. Some of my friends who saw him close said he sure did have a big grin.

Old England takes a long time to get good and mad, and those Egyptians are really putting them to a test. Ole John Bull doesn't like this Suez Canal business at all. Egypt has declared that the British must get out, and the British say they won't. What's going to happen next?

I heard that by 1953 or 1954 our troops in Europe might come home if those folks over there keep on building defenses like they've been doing. I think that's a fine idea, don't you Papa? I don't like having our army spread all over Korea and Western Europe too.

TIME magazine gets pretty mean with our President sometimes.

## Hines Captivates

By Peggy Cheers

"My first encore will be "Old Man River", Jerome Hines jokingly began his concert—the first of the regular Civic Music series at Reynolds Auditorium.

The tall brunette basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company won the approval of his audience with his friendly manner and stage presence immediately after his entrance. He seemed to enjoy the whole show himself and acted as if he thought it a pleasure to sing for his many Winston-Salem listeners.

To give a more personal and less formal touch, Hines introduced and explained each selection. He even dedicated one song, "The Green Eyed Dragon," to the front row.

Following the opening Negro folk song, Hines sang an aria, "Mentre ti lascio," by Mozart and a varied group. The artist said, "Just in case you don't recognize it, the second group is in English."

In the third part of his program the 30 year old basso sang "The Lord's Prayer", a traditional Jewish hymn and two French ones. As an encore he sang another Negro spiritual, "Thundering and Wandering".

The highlight of the concert was the artist's interpretation of Mephistopheles from the opera by Anigo Boito. Effectively using his hands, facial expression and an ear deafening whistle, the basso successfully portrayed the devil. Hines was compelled to give another encore translated to mean "Do Not Forget Me—"during intermission", he quickly and tactfully added.

Although the regular accompanist was not present, Freeman Sherman capably substituted. After intermission, Sherman played two preludes by Gershwin, "The Ritual Fire Dance" and "Clair de Lune," as his solo numbers.

Hines returned to the stage to sing a group of French songs with two more encores, the most outstanding one being "Danse Macabre".

The audience applauded after the last selection until they were rewarded with three more encores "The Flea", "Some Enchanted Evening" and a final number dedicated to his listeners, "My Friend".

After an entertaining program with eight encores by Hines and two by his accompanist Sherman, the audience reluctantly filed out of the auditorium feeling that they had made a new friend, Jerome Hines.



By Jean Calhoun

Katy Kombs was pooped. Katy Kombs had had enough. Katy Kombs made a new October resolution—she was going to live a quiet life. Every week, nine months of every year, she rushed, cussed and fussed only to find herself being laughed at or pitied by Salem girls every Friday afternoon. "Of all things," she muttered to herself, "Of all people, it has to be me—or I—each week."

She sat down and began to recall all of her previous experiences that had been made public in **The Salemite**. Suddenly there rushed to her memory the misery she had experienced when the story came out about her first big date. She had just received from her aunt a bottle of Lip-Stay, a colorless liquid that keeps one's lipstick from smearing on objects. While riding with this new, special, first big date toward a new special parking place, the conversation sagged and she broke—actually dynamited—the ice by telling of the wonders of this new miracle juice that would not rub off at all, under any circumstances. Big date had taken the news, uttered ever so innocently, as any normal big date would, and the results were remarkable. Katy blushed lilac champagne as she thought.

When she first came to Salem, when she was working so hard for that first good lasting impression, she had "faux-pas-ed." Others had misused, others had made mistakes, but others were not Katy Kombs—others did not have a publicity agent. Others did not have their actions so publically so religiously enumerated. Her roommate, Ever Vessent, was a very active girl, full of wit, packed with fun and stacked with it too. She remembered one afternoon when it was about an hour before supper — quitting time for studying, commencing time for playing. Her roommate had begun the rough-housing, Katy remembered, by pouring water on her while she was taking her late-in-the-afternoon-tub. As soon as Katy had recovered sufficiently, she had slopped back to her room and sputtered wet threats of murder, roommateicide, and/or to burn Clewell to get rid of her pest of a roommate. She had gathered Ever's new black suede shoes, a glass of hot water and raised the window. By turning the glass upside down she found that the water ran out and wet Ever's shoes to a desirable point of saturability. By turning the glass upside down she was surprised to find that the water not only rolled gracefully from Ever's shoes, but also rolled even more gracefully upon the person of her Home Ec. teacher. It could have been a hush-hush matter; things could have worked out so that Katy could have remained a Home Ec. major rather than changing to the Greek department—but, came Friday. Also came **The Salemite**!

She remembered what Mrs. Moran had said after reading in the paper that Katy had never played any position in hockey but goalie, and about all the parallel reading she had done while the other hockey players were knocking their brains out at the other end of the field. Katy blamed **The Salemite** for that fact that the first time Mrs. Moran took her from the gilded cage and put her in the game, she ran the length of the field and made a goal—for the other team. "Of all things," Mrs. Moran had said, and Salem College girls echoed as they read of Katy's experience. She thought of the time she had left the faucet of her lavatory on with the stopper in while she had dashed out to church for a few minutes. She thought about how high the water mark was on her dresser, about the vivid description of her "high tide" room that had appeared in the paper. She cringed as she remembered the "Pull Out The Stopper And Save A Life" campaign.

"No more of this," she said aloud—and she meant it. She decided to isolate herself. "**The Salemite** can darn well do without an article," she thought. "I refuse to be another column."

After this, she spoke not a word, but went straight to her work, Locked the door and transom and turned with a jerk. Turned on the radio ever so low, Lay on her bed and, do you know— It exploded. And from all o'er the dorm Gals came to see if Katy had done any harm. From inside the room they heard whistles and rings And Katy screaming, "Well, of all things!"