

## The Quiet Man . . .

He came once each year. And the isolated village waited for him. News would reach the community about one week in advance of his arrival, and the townsfolk would remind one another, "he's coming, next week".

I don't remember ever seeing much publicity about his coming. Usually, just a notice here and there. No fanfare, no bands playing; he came quietly. Just like he fitted into the pattern of things, just like he was an everyday occurrence.

Those who had heard him in previous years urged others to go to his talks. "It's worth your time, and besides, it's just a few minutes."

A small group made plans for his accommodations. Nothing pretentious, he stayed at the little inn that had so few guests. The Smiths, Joneses, Stones, and Franks wanted to have him for dinner. Some of the families had had him for a meal the year before.

He liked to speak in informal gatherings, so the committee made arrangements for him to speak in the little country store. I can see him now. One foot propped on the iron lion-head foot of the black stove, leaning on the upraised knee, and talking very softly to those gathered about him.

Those listening sat still. Some of the men smoked while their wives knitted. The women would leave around supper time, but would be back after they had washed the supper dishes.

If he stayed over the weekend, he would speak to the whole community on Sunday mornings. Everyone gathered in the white church to hear him. He never kept the group very long. Just a short, friendly talk. A talk that sounded as if he was speaking to each person present individually.

If the villagers didn't have too much work to do, he would have a large crowd at his informal talks. When that happened, the group moved from the little country store to the school house.

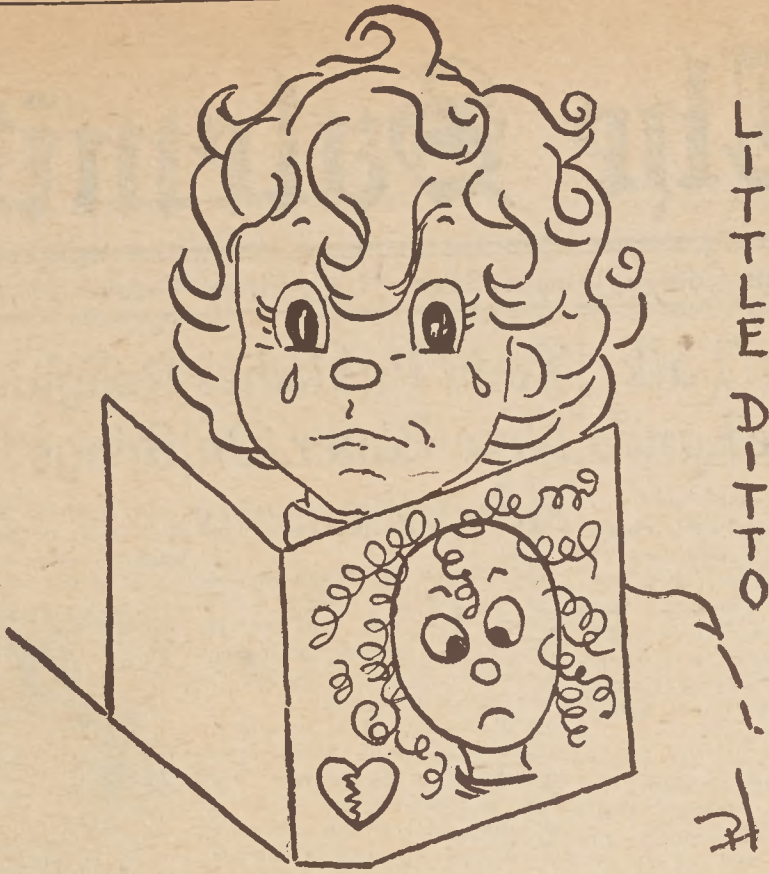
The listeners did not have to move to the school house very often, though. Usually, he came at harvest time when all were trying to store their crops for the winter freeze. Corn was put in cribs, apples piled in cool bins, grain cut and placed in barns, and pumpkins plucked, quartered, and canned.

There was harvesting in every field. Families were preparing for that time when there would not be a fresh supply of foods. They remembered to save for every occasion.

He never stayed too long. Just long enough to talk with everyone if they wanted him to. He left very quietly, not announcing his departure. Going on to the next village with that same unpretentious manner.

The villagers would realize something was missing after his leaving. "He's gone," some would say. "But I didn't get to hear him," another would reply.

Many of the villagers remembered him from time to time during the year. They waited for him to come again. The others remembered him the following year when they heard he was coming at harvest time.



This cartoon is a reprint of one used several years ago.



By Donald Caldwell

It's here. Yes, that time when everything seems to get going and everyone has several hundred places to be at the same time. None of those places are some quiet corner for study.

No time to study. The Pierrettes have begun work on the fall production. All the characters are rushing to a practice somewhere every night. The costumers are busily planning who should wear what, the set is already under construction, the lights are being planned, and fifty other people are doing the thousand other jobs that have to be done before the performance.

No time to study. Annual pictures must be taken—this involves hair washing, facials, and other beauty preparations. Copy, the vital words that tie the pictures together, was due last week and somehow it isn't written yet.

No time for study. May Day tryouts must be held. This involves many more beauty preparations. After the lovelies have been chosen work must begin on the May Day pageant. More costumes, sets, and characters. Plus hours of planning.

No time for study. Each week-end brings with it homecoming at another school. What to wear on the big week-end takes many long hours of planning. After the planning comes that period of excitement when nothing can be done.

No time for study. The hockey season is here and each class wants to do the best possible. Practice lunging, driving, rushing. Practice, practice every day.

No time for study. "Y" programs to be planned. Vesper speakers to be found. Retreats to be planned. Morning chapels to be planned.

No time for study. Student Council meetings. Rules discussed, pondered, changed, accepted or rejected. Call downs and restrictions to be given.

No time for study. Picnics to go on. Church dinners to go to. This also involves dressing; then changing again before pulling out the books and blowing the dust off.

No time for study. Lectures, recitals, concerts, plays. All to be attended to-night. Book review or not.

No time for study. Articles to write, copy to proof and type, ads to get, people to see, type to set. Then as soon as one paper is put to press, next week's blank pages are staring you in the face. Six pages or four pages? Will there be enough ads to pay for the pictures?

No time for study. No time for all the books that must be read by last week. No time for the paper that is due this morning. No time for yesterday's homework. No time. No time! And six weeks tests are here.

Plays, annual, newspaper and hockey game. With all this to do, My grades won't be the same. No time for work, no time for play, Extra activities all through the day.

## A Letter From Helen

One of Salem's foreign students of last year, Helen Fung from Singapore, is now a student at Colorado State College of Engineering in Greeley, Colorado. Helen, in a letter to Jane Shiftlet, reminisces about her year at Salem and tells of her college life in Colorado.

"The Salemite you sent me is just tattered now. After devouring it like a hungry lion, every word of it, mind you, I just couldn't help pretending myself to be at Tom's again. The Freshmen pictured are just darling. Right now, you old Sophomores are probably giving them a tough enough time! Remember us Flappers and Rat Court—how I dreaded Sandy then."

"I just think it would be great fun to tease Salem Freshmen; instead, I'm yelling "Button, Frosh" and these lowly underclassmen stick their thumbs on their purple beanies and fervently answer, "Beat Mines", or whoever we happen to be playing."

"By the way, Homecoming's

next week-end and we play Montana. Gee, it's different to be in a co-ed school. Dates are plentiful and there's something going on just about every night. Sorta competition between good old Physics and good old guys!"

"I'm so in love with life these days. Mrs. Blackmore, our house-mother, took us up to Estes Park and the Rocky Mountain National Park—snow-capped mountains and delicate golden aspens—just beautiful scenery. Dorm life is so much like Clewell; for example, I was short-sheeted Saturday night and we have the most efficient buzzer system."

"We sing in the dining hall, dress for dinner and Sunday dinner, and have boys on Friday nights. You must remember we're on the Quarter System and Friday night is just as big as Saturday."

"Give my love to the sophomores and tell them I have so much of them to remind me of Salem '53-'54. "Hi" to the girls and faculty. Personal regards to the girls from Chile, Philippines and Sweden."

## Here And There

By Freda Siler

**France.** Last week as the delegates returned home from the London conference, all eyes turned to France. The French Assembly was going to vote on the Act of London. Since they had killed EDC (European Defense Community), it was doubtful that they would pass this new plan for German rearmament.

The French Assembly haggled about it, but their decision was not as important as it once was. As their own Premier Mendes-France said, "German rearmament has already been decided upon. The only question is whether it will be with us or in spite of us."

**Germany.** There was an interesting development in Germany when Konrad Adenaur reported on the London Conference to the Bundestag—German parliament. There were some Germans who opposed the rearmament of West Germany because it would halt any hope of reunification with East Germany. Before the Bundestag voted on the Act of London, Molotov flew to Berlin with a Russian proposal for talks on the reunification of Germany. Most of the members of the Bundestag recognized this as a favorite Communist trick and passed the Act of London.

**United Nations.** The same day that Molotov flung out his proposal for Big Four talks on Germany, Vengalil Krishnan Krishna Menon, trusted advisor of Prime Minister Nehru of India, spoke in the U. N. He said, "A German peace is necessary for world peace, and a German peace means the unification of Germany in whatever way it is brought about."

India is an anti-West "neutral,"

but the speech could not have been timed better for the Communists if it had been sent straight from the Kremlin. Later Menon told reporters, however, "Our suggestion was unrelated to anything that might be happening at the time."

**Trieste.** Last week I reported on the new agreement on the Italian Yugoslavian partition of Trieste. By this agreement Italy got the city of Trieste. This week I want to report on the celebration of the city's inhabitants when news of the agreement was announced. A great crowd packed the square of Trieste to hear the announcement. There followed much flag-waving, shouting of "Italia! Italia!", and singing of **Brothers of Italy** and **Hymn of the Piave**.

**Indo-China.** Indo China was once again in the news last week. This time it was on account of the French evacuation of Hanoi, Indo-China's capital. According to the agreement reached in Geneva last spring, the French had to turn over to the Communists all of Indo-China north of the 17th parallel. For this reason the French moved out of Hanoi and the Reds marched in. Those who could had already fled to the south. In fact, some 40,000, a tenth of Hanoi's population, had left in the last six weeks.

When the French retreated from Hanoi they went over the Red River to the port of Haiphong, 60 miles southeast of Hanoi. Under the Geneva agreement they must evacuate Haiphong also by May. This will leave all of Indo-China north of the 17th parallel, sometimes called the rice bowl, in Red hands.

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