

The Scythe and The Diaper . . .

The picture of the old bearded man in white handing a scythe to the cherub in diapers was seen often around the first of the year. The Salemite is feeling a little old and bearded now; having published some eleven papers this school year entitles us to a degree of age. There is still some of the cherub in us, though; we haven't gotten to the stage where we don't need a change and much reprimanding.

Perhaps it is a little late to talk about a new year, or to comment on the old one, but the Salemite is having its celebration today.

We didn't get to sing Auld Lang Syne or kiss anything last night, but we managed to get another nine thousand words into print.

We drank a coke while Mr. Cashion had his fourth cup of coffee; saying hello to the new year with champagne was not written into the Salemite budget.

Nineteen fifty-four saw several changes in this publication. The staff was juggled considerably, and if you are observant you will find a few changes even this week.

For the first time in several years, the Salemite's Christmas issue was only six pages. Finances wouldn't allow the eight pages that usually appears the last issue before the Christmas holidays.

Around campus, there were more changes than there were misspelled words in the Salemite, and that is admitting quite a few.

The biggest faux pas the Salemite pulled appeared in the November 19 issue. From an extremely reliable source, we heard that Alicia Alonso was to appear with the ballet that was coming to the city on the Civic Music Series. Endeavoring to publicize the event, the ballerina's picture was placed brazenly on the front page. This was very neighborly of this newspaper, but Miss Alonso was not traveling with the Ballet Theatre that came to Winston-Salem.

The incident that created the most excitement and brought the saddest news to Salem was the announcement of Dr. Todd's resignation. Like the administration, we are sorry that he is leaving; but we are flattered that Harvard called one of our professors. And in a few years, when his fame has spread to even greater circles, we shall be able to say, "I knew him when . . ."

For nineteen fifty-five there is much in store. Prophecy is not our intention, but we dare to predict a few happenings in and around Salem.

We will undoubtedly crane our necks to see the addition to the English department, secretly hoping that he is handsome and doesn't believe in term papers.

Exams are just six days away. Though we have all sworn to begin studying early, ninety percent of us will probably begin on Reading Day.

There will be some surprises when the votes are counted this spring at election time, the Salemite will give the elections due notice, and there will probably be misspelled words in the write-ups.

May Day tryouts will be held in February, and with four months of practice, the pageant should be the most perfected in many years. And with its unusual setting, how could it miss being the best pageant Salem has ever produced?

If the Juniors are allowed to go to Chapel Hill with the 'Follies', we predict that they will create a 'Salemation' at the Playmakers.

We could be drastically wrong about these predictions; who can say what the new year will hold? Who dares foretell the future of nineteen hundred fifty-five?



BUT MARGE - I HAD A "D" AVERAGE WHEN I TOOK THE EXAM. I DON'T UNDERSTAND -
(Ed. note: This cartoon is a reprint of one run several years ago in the Salemite.)

"Whispering Pines"

By Maggi Blakeney

Quite often we are reminded of the contributions of the Moravians in the field of music, but seldom do we think of their literary accomplishments. Recently attention has been turned on this field as a Moravian media. This is due perhaps to a collection of poetry by John Henry Bonner known as *Whispering Pines*. *Whispering Pines* was first published by Brentano Brothers in 1883. This volume established Bonner as one of the leading southern poets, but these books are now collectors items.

It is through the efforts of John F. Blair, former teacher at Salem, that this complete new edition of *Whispering Pines* has made its appearance. It is a gratifying little book, complete in containing all the poems of the first volume and in presenting a poet ready to try any type of verse.

Bonner ranges in topic from memories of his childhood, and times of drought, to moonlight, camp-meetings, and visions. His attempt to urge one to make most of this day is very closely kin to the poem of Herrick, "Gather ye Rose Buds While ye May." Bonner uses leaves and grasses rather than rose buds, but the effect is the same.

"Gather leaves and grasses
Love, today,
For the autumn passes
Soon away . . ."

He walks among the whispering pines, floats down the Yadkin in an old canoe, spends Christmas in the country, and in the true romantic spirit calls on a moon beam to soothe his soul.

Bonner writes with the enthusiasm of a child in his poetry about the Negro, the naivete of youth in love, the reminiscence of middle age and the questioning of age at death. Yes, he attempted all types, but one cannot call him a Shakespeare, Milton or even a Wordsworth.

Mr. Eller in his introduction best states Bonner's position as he writes, "Not a first poet of the world, Bonner was nevertheless the first poet of his own assigned part of the world; and some of his poems rank high when placed against those of greater writers."

It is worth noting that this is the first and very pleasing attempt of the Blair Publishing Company, and it may be of interest to some that Mrs. Warren Spencer designed the attractive green cover. Mr. Ernest Eller deserves great credit, for his introduction is in itself a short history of Salem as well as an insight to one of Salem's most sensitive men.

Here and There

By Freda Siler

France. The French National Assembly has finally ratified West German rearmament within NATO. The vote, with a narrow margin of 27, was a victory for the West and a defeat for Russia.

It was also a defeat for France, for in accepting the Paris accords, France surrendered its last legal veto over Allied policy towards Germany. If the National Assembly had ratified boldly France might have retained the influence over policies which the U. S. and Great Britain instinctively accord to those whom they most respect.

By waiting and arguing the French have lost that influence thereby making the Western Big Three into the Western Big Two.

Indonesia. In the resort town of Bogor last week the Prime Minister of the Colombo powers—India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Indonesia—met to plan history's first political conference of the nations of Africa and Asia.

First the Prime Ministers agreed on the time and place of the meeting—Indonesia in April. Then they took up the kind of discussion to be held. They unanimously condemned atomic and hydrogen experiments; they endorsed Indonesia's attempt to grab Dutch New Guinea; they endorsed the independent movement of Tunisia's and Morocco's nationalists; and they pointedly emphasized that the conference will concentrate on "problems affecting national sovereignty, and racialism and colonialism"—all subjects loaded with feelings of animosity toward the West.

The last subject that the Prime Ministers discussed was in a way the most important and certainly the most ticklish. It was the matter of invitations—who should be asked and who should be left out? The final list contained thirty countries. Some of the decisions were: North and South Viet Nam, Japan, and Red China were invited, North and South Korea, Formosa, Israel, and South Africa were not.

Italy. It seems that for a good while many Red mayors in Italy have been receiving kick-back on taxes—part of which they keep and part of which is donated to the Italian Communist party.

But it looks like the Commies hey-day is over. The government has begun a drive against this corruption in Tuscany (80% of towns Red-governed). Last week 56 mayors and administrators had been jailed. Now it seems that Premier Mario Scelba's administration is getting somewhere.

Red China. News has come from here saying that the new road from Red China to Lhasa, Tibet, has been completed. This provides the first main road contact with the outside world for Tibet and Tibet's undeveloped mineral resources for Red China.

The Sikang-Tibet highway runs 1,410 miles across 14 mountain ranges and 100 rivers. The Chinese preferred to stress, however, the human cost of the road—about 50,000 out of 500,000 road workers dead from injuries, exhaustion, and freezing.



By Mary Benton Royster

From one egg to two dill pickles . . .

A Salem College girl does many things while at college—she learns, she reads, she discusses, she has fun, and she eats. In fact her eating is one of her main interests and activities.

This activity starts every morning with a large breakfast—one egg, two biscuits with butter and jelly, coffee, and juice. This holds her for a while—until eleven o'clock anyway.

Then she begins to feel that she should get something to stop that growling stomach of hers. A candy bar gobbled down between classes "does the trick".

Lunch comes just in time. The candy bar hadn't stopped the growling after all; she'll have to get two the next time.

Her lunch of two stuffed peppers, a serving of peas and asparagus, two peanut-butter crackers, a cup of tea, a glass of milk, and two pieces of caramel cake satisfies her. She even wonders whether she would ever want to eat again.

There is no doubt in her mind as to the answer of this when she smells the odor of freshly made dough-nuts as she goes to the post office at three o'clock. She buys two doughnuts and stops in the basement for a coke on the way back up to her room. Now she can last until supper.

Or so she thought. At five-thirty she is "starved to death" and can't possibly wait until six. She gets two cookies from the girls across the hall, though warned that they will spoil her supper.

But they don't. For supper she has two pork chops, a serving of rice and squash (a small one), a roll, coffee, and one and a-half pieces of cherry pie. Now she is quite uncomfortable and resolves to cut down on her eating from now on.

Later watching T.V. and completely absorbed in a mystery program, she does cut down some by getting only a coke—not the usual coke and crackers.

Her resolve forgotten at ten-thirty when someone mentions a party, she runs and is the first one there. After all, a piece of cake, a handful of peanuts, and two dill pickles can really finish the day nicely.

At midnight her eating is over for the day, but her interest is still aroused. As she turns over sleepily she wonders whether she can possibly last until morning.

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