

The World Around Us..

Around The Square

Salem Autumn...

What do you know about world affairs? Not just a course you took in history last year, but things that have been happening since you handed in the little blue book in May and dropped your subscription to Time and the daily newspaper.

This old ball still spins on its axis even though Mr. Snavelly doesn't get any more of your movie money for outline maps and note cards.

Why should you know anything about world affairs? You aren't graded on it any more and you don't have to know the price of anything anywhere. But—it might be awfully embarrassing to a college girl if someone found out she didn't know the difference between Adenauer and a nose operation or thought Mau Mau was just a variation on the old cow theme.

It's your world, the only one you'll ever have—don't turn your back on it.

Where can you learn about world affairs? It's a good idea to keep up with the newspapers, but don't stop there. It has been said that the truth cannot be found by taking a thing out of context. We do not take it out, for we do not write the newspaper article. But we can put it back in by looking beyond the freshly dried printer's ink.

Red China with its bamboo curtain has until recently been a subject of mystery. Our only source of information was Peiping, which is no less biased than the Voice of America, and the superficial glimpses allowed a few carefully guarded Western observers.

James Cameron, one of the first persons to travel freely—as freely as having your every move noted may be—behind the curtain since 1949, has published his report in the form of a book. In Mandarin Red, this correspondent for the London News Chronicle presents objectively and side-by-side what the Communist broken record was ever eager to tell him and what he actually saw.

It is easy to read between the lines of Mr. Cameron's witty tongue-in-cheek style and decide for ourselves that Peiping hasn't been piping too accurately. If there is no time to read the entire book, excerpts may be found in the September and October Atlantic, one of which, "Women In Red China", may be of particular interest to you.

From the other side of the world comes Mr. John Gunther's treatise on a large and widely-differing continent, Inside Africa. The scope of the book is as broad as the huge mass of land itself, ranging from Algiers to Johannesburg. You will find that there is more to Africa than what you saw in King Solomon's Mines—that there are parts just as modern as others are wild. You will and you should be horrified by the real story of the Mau Mau terror.

If this problem still seems too unreal and far-away, read Something of Value by Robert Ruark, a native North Carolinian. In this novel based on fact, you will experience with a typical British Kenya family the unforgettable horrors of the Kikuyu raids, and when you put the book down (you will be unable to until you have finished it) you cannot help but feel the need for a solution in Africa.

These are but a few examples of where an interesting and revealing account of the affairs of this world can be found. Don't hesitate to look for more. There will never come a time when you can truthfully say, in this sense, that "the world is too much with us." E.-M. M.

By Jo Smitherman

There is a different feeling on campus when a person of Carl Holty's variegated intellect is around. Even to see him smoking out in front of the Day Students' Center or sipping coffee in Tom's did not erase the air of awe with which he was regarded by students. And, perhaps in naivete but in all honesty, we were breathless when he picked up chalk and illustrated an answer on a dusty blackboard.

One valid outcome of such a visit, in addition to varying degrees of thought-stimuli and isolated bits of information, is an awakened appreciation of a powerful and elevated personality.

Another outcome, valid in a different way, was the exposure of Salem girls to a handsome panel of intellect-type gentlemen. They were nice to hear and just to watch while Mr. Holty elaborated on questions from the audience. One question he evaded beautifully was that of Mr. Donald McCorkle. Our wide-awake musicologist has a rare way of putting things to the point. His coverage of Salem concerts for the Winston-Salem Journal is some of the most efficient and valuable literature that emanates from our campus.

Whether the reason is legitimate or not, Bill Haley's Comets probably stole some of Mr. Jacobowsky's audience Monday night. Ann Crenshaw said when she came home from the three-hour show she felt as if she had "fought three battles." After most Salemites were in bed the program finally brought on the stars and the Comets were soaring for a half-filled coliseum past midnight. Here is a cheery word to those who

stayed at school to study. A higher-brow program is scheduled for Dec. 1: Count Basie and the George Shearing Quintet, among others.

Those who saw it during the summer are advising a box of Kleenex for the romantics who go to see "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing." The true story, the background music of which supposedly out-does any sounds the Four Aces can make, begins in Cinemascope at one of the two uptown theaters Sunday.

Ed Sullivan (you can tell he's my idol) is pre-viewing the new Broadway smash "No Time For Sergeants" on his Sunday night (7:00 p.m.) variety show. Carolina's Andy Griffith is one of the biggest stars, of course. Strong dorm has issued Dr. Welch a special TV invitation.

Ann Knight still bears that initial glow that comes when an ordinary girl becomes "a girl with a KA pin." On her first anniversary, exactly to the hour one week after she was pinned, South gave her a party and hummed through the unfamiliar parts of "KA Rose." Her fellow's fraternity brothers sent her a dozen red roses, now on display in the living room of the dorm.

Ann's little sister, freshman Sally Badgett, accidentally knocked the hockey ball in the wrong cage Wednesday afternoon and gave the Seniors their winning goal. It is noteworthy that a certain Junior end (who also happens to be president of the class) played an entire 30-minute game against the Seniors on Monday without passing completely out on the field.

Here And There

By Emma McCotter

Middle East: The desire of these countries to form a collective security system has finally become a reality. Last week Iran signed an agreement which Turkey, Iraq, Cyprus, and Pakistan have recently signed. Therefore, the "Northern Tier" has joined together to fight off any Communist aggression.

This is one of the important realities of international politics. However, this does not mean that the Middle East is free from the Communists; because just last week in Cairo, Egypt, a shipment of Communist arms arrived from Czechoslovakia. Israel has made a plea to the U. S. for arms to ward off this aggression. It is thought that any U. S. security guarantee for Israel would very probably create outright struggle.

Tension has been so high in this part of the world that the U. S. and Great Britain have felt it necessary to solemnly warn against any thought of preventive war. Right now this is the "hotbed" of Communist aggression in the world, but maybe the pact of the five Middle Eastern countries will counteract anything the Communists attempt to do.

Great Britain: Here the question is whether there will be any announcement in the near future concerning the marriage of Princess Margaret to Peter Townsend. This week Queen Elizabeth returns to London from Scotland. Her first official business and that of her Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, may be the formal consideration of Margaret's problem.

In all likelihood, the Cabinet will then prepare a statement of abdication on Margaret's behalf to lay before Parliament after it reconvenes this week. With the Princess agreeing to renounce all rights of succession to the throne, Parliament will then either amend or repeal the archaic Royal Marriage Act, which is now the only legal barrier standing in her way.

The Princess will be free at last to marry her Commoner.

France: The National Assembly has been working constantly over the Premier Faure's policy for Algeria. The Premier has proposed a program of land reforms, stepped-up investments, and increased political liberties, including "free, democratic elections." The Assembly has been in hot debate over these proposals. If the Assembly refuses to accept the Premier's plan and overthrows him, would it not be a tacit confession that France was incapable of devising any policy at all for Algeria?

Japan: Japan's Socialists, split into left and right wings by the peace treaty with the Western allies, patched things up last week. The two factions joined to become Japan's second largest political party, with 155 seats in the Diet versus 185 for Premier Ichiro Hato-yama's conservative Democrats.

Although this reunion upset the balance in the Diet, it is likely to provoke a similar reunion between the conservative Democrats and the Liberals. This would give conservatives a 147-seat majority and Japan the near equivalent of a two-party system.

By Pat Flynt

I chose this spot because it is warm and somewhat sheltered. I am secure with my back propped against the sturdy white music hall door and my right shoulder propped against its old brick wall that juts out. Morning sunlight fills my lap and warms me almost through to the cold stone steps.

The familiar red brick font of Home Church rises before me and sends back the sounds of piano, violin, and organ that fill the hall behind me with echoes. There is a momentary quiet in which the leaves rustle a faint repetition of the music.

Now a car passes blotting out all sound for a second, then fades away. The sounds, rich and shallow, singing and mellow, minor and major, rapid and slow, combine in one great harmony.

There is something peaceful in the old and familiar, in the continual flow of sounds, in warm red brick, in sunlight.

But there is something exciting too. I hear it in the click of heels along these old brick paths, the sudden roar of a passing car, in good morning voices. They are the new invading this old and secure spot that I have chosen. I am disturbed by their intrusion. Yet they belong here too.

The loud bell clashes with the soft musical background and urges me to move. It goes with the heels, voices, and cars. But it is all here.

Like the sounds that are separate but blend in the distance, the new blends with the old. There is harmony in this discord.

By Sissie Allen

I am sitting at the base of the largest tree on the square. It is a beautiful day, clear, and cool enough to keep me awake after a sleepless night. It is what is commonly known as a "perfect day for a football game."

I wave to girls strolling to and from the post office. Those going seem to walk more quickly. The ones returning wander by reading a letter, opening a package, or explaining why they had no mail.

Here comes a woman walking across the square with her dog on a leash. It reminds me of home. All dogs remind me of home.

On Main Street the cars come and go. Once in a while I hear brakes screech and scream as the driver has to stop suddenly for the light. In front of Brothers' House is a crowd of junior high school students. They are lined up in twos watching us here in the square while the teacher is probably explaining the history of Brothers' House. They seem much more interested in watching us, or perhaps they are watching the workers on the porch of Main Hall.

Two things attract attention on Church Street. First is the repair work being done on the columns of Main Hall. They are finishing putting the plaster on the second column. One is already done. From here it looks smooth and strong—as though it will last forever.

The two unfinished ones are ugly now—colored reddish brown in a way that doesn't match the brick of the buildings. But I don't mind, for I know they will soon be completed. By then, Dr. Gramley will have found something else to be repaired.

The other thing I notice is the trees in front of Sisters'. From here all I can see is a big blob of yellow-gold against the rose brick. When the wind blows, I can see the leaves falling to the brick sidewalk below.

Here in the square the leaves are still green. Only the tops of the trees, where the sun has shone down, are beginning to show signs of the gold, brown, and russet they soon will be.

On the grass that needs mowing and under some of the trees, others in the class are busily writing. Someone just passed and asked what we were doing writing here. Judy hollered back that we were "being inspired by the beauties of nature."

Maybe we are, I don't know. I only know I have been writing. I don't know what I have written, but I feel more alive and eager than when I went into class almost an hour ago.

Maybe an hour of calm and just writing what I see and not thinking of the many things I have to do is what I needed this morning. Next time I'm depressed and discouraged I'll try it again.

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student Body of Salem College

Subscription Price—\$3.50 a year

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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