



The Salemite



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Merry Christmas--Salemities!

Braibanti, Duke Professor, Lectures On Asian Studies

Dr. Ralph J. D. Braibanti, Associate Professor of political science at Duke University will speak on the Salem campus on Friday night, January 9. Professor Briabanti is the last of four speakers to be sent to Winston-Salem by the Asian Society. These men have made suggestions to the Winston-Salem colleges as to ways in which these schools could add to their curriculum courses on Asian affairs.

While the three previous speakers in Winston-Salem have been versed more on the affairs of China and India, Dr. Briabanti is an expert on Pakistan. In 1957-1958 he received the grant from the Social Science Research Council for study of the Pakistani Civil Service and has become a consultant of Asian affairs by virtue of his studies of and visits to Pakistan.

Professor Briabanti's visit to Salem is sponsored by the International Relations Club which will be host for this speaking engagement in Strong Friendship rooms

at 6:45 P.M. A coffee hour will follow the meeting.

All students who are interested in taking courses in Asian affairs are urged to attend this meeting which is opened to students and faculty.

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Contributors Show Variation In Style

The four girls whose informal themes appear in this issue of the Salemite enjoy writing, but also plan careers in other fields.

Millie Fary, whose "Christmas in Manila" was written for Miss

Byrd's advanced composition class, wants to teach high school English.

A junior transfer from St. Mary's, Millie says that the work she has done in composition class is her first attempt at creative writing.

Millie is an American citizen, but spent three of her high school years in Manila, where her father is with Manila Electric Company. She came to the United States in the fall of 1955 to take her last year of high school at St. Mary's.

Ann Harris, a freshman day student, plans to major in religion and hopes to do some work in piano later on. Her theme about her home town written for Miss Battle's English 10 class, was obviously written from experience, as she has just moved from Danville, Virginia to Winston-Salem.

Ann Sellars, theme on men drivers was also written for Miss Battle's

freshman English class. Ann plans to major in English but doesn't have any definite ideas about a career. She is from Greensboro and had some experience in writing before coming to Salem. Her senior English class wrote a theme a week as her English class this fall has done.

Mary Jane Mayhew, a senior from Charlotte, transferred to Salem after her freshman year at Woman's College. She has a double major in religion and sociology. She wrote "My Snurd Tails" for advanced composition, which she is taking for pleasure.

Mary Jane wants to get a Master's degree in religion at Union Theological Seminary in New York and do social work afterwards. She doesn't want to drop writing, however, but hopes to take as many English courses and do as much writing as she has time for.

Hot Sun, Tropical Breezes Make "Christmas In Manila"

By Millie Fary

As I sat leaning on one arm of the lawn chair, I looked at the blue-green water in the swimming pool. It was motionless except for an occasional ripple caused by the slight tropical breeze. I sat up and swung my legs around until my feet touched the cement. With a mild oath I jerked my knees up to my chest and fell back against the chair. The sun didn't seem to be that hot. Reaching down, I pulled the green and yellow towel up over my tanned legs. Might as well be comfortable as long as I was stranded for awhile — at least until the sun went behind the mango tree. I picked up *Gone With the Wind* which I had been trying to plow through during the Christmas vacation, but the glare was too bright. I squinted and let the book slip from my hand to the ground.

What a strange experience to spend Christmas in Manila, I thought. I looked up at the tall mango tree with the branches sagging against the side of the house. I smiled to think how strange it would look with snow covering the clusters of oval yellow fruit. The last Christmas we had spent in the States was cold, and there was snow on the ground. When my uncle Gege brought our cedar tree to us on Christmas Eve, my sister, brother, and I hid behind the back door steps and showered snowballs on him as he came around the corner of the house. It didn't take Gene long to drop the tree and roll the three of us in the snow. With frozen hands and dripping noses, we brushed the snowflakes off our hats and coats and emptied our pockets before hurrying back

into the warm house. Mother was waiting at the door with our slippers and hot chocolate. Probably I'd be too old to play in the snow my next winter in the States.

Shading my eyes, I looked across the pool to the terrace. Mother and three of her friends were laughing—probably one of them had made a comment about the hat that Mrs. Leach had worn to the Panhellenic tea. Mother called out to me to tell the maid that they were ready for coffee and cake. I had just opened my mouth to yell back that the cement was too hot to walk on when she got up from the bridge table and said "Never mind, I'll do it myself." At that moment Soledad, our stout, dark-skinned, croon-eyed, maid, came out of the door as if she had been anticipating Mother's movement. But it was probably from habit because this ritual went on every Thursday when the foursome met at our house to play bridge and exchange gossip—mostly to exchange gossip.

At the far end of the back yard I saw my sister Diane and three of her friends walking out to the tennis court swinging their raquets. From the expression on their faces I guessed that they must have been talking about their dates the night before. I wanted to join them, but they were playing double, and Diane would only say that I was tagging along and being a nuisance. When the two of us were alone, Diane and I got along fine, but as soon as one of her friends came over, I was just her baby sister. Sometimes she and her friends would let me chase the tennis balls, or bring them glasses of water, and occasionally they let me keep score.

Once they even let me play because one of the girls had to go to the dressmaker. Diane thought that I would be better than nobody at all. I was becoming used to being left out and had reconciled myself to the fact that Diane and her crowd were going through a stage, or at least that is what I had heard Mother tell Daddy. I wondered if I would ever try to be sophisticated enough to balance a full glass in one hand while fumbling for a cigarette with the other, as they did.

My brother Frank and his best friend were in the playroom which opened onto the terrace. I could see them through the window and guessed that they must be trading stamps or examining the ant ranch. The ants lived in a shallow wooden box on a thick padding of cotton. The glass over the top could be removed easily for feeding them. Frank was on his third ranch in six months. Somehow the ants always seemed to get knocked off the ping pong table by some careless passers-by, and the room would be infested with the stinging pests for days. Once the creatures even ate a bloom off Mother's orchid plant. After the second ranch we had had a vote to see whether or not we could go through the ordeal a third time. Daddy was on the defensive with "It's better for the children to have interests at home instead of being out on the streets." Mother suggested goldfish or something with permanent living quarters. Fish were ruled out, and, despite the protests of half the family, we were on our third ant ranch. I thought about going into the playroom to watch the ants, but every

time I stood over the case Frank would yell "Stand back! If you get too close you'll upset them, and they won't lay eggs." I had learned not to bother anything that belonged to Frank. One time I dropped his stamp book on the floor and five pages fell out. I said I was sorry and that it was an accident, but he wouldn't let me touch the book long enough to pick it up. Since then I hadn't asked to see his collection.

I wanted to call Sylvia to ask her to come over, but she was being punished for going to the movies without permission. Sylvia and I were inseparable, and a day never went by without our seeing each other unless we were being punished. The last time that we had been forbidden to see each other was the time that we wrecked her father's car. We had persuaded the chauffeur to let us drive, assuring him that we knew exactly what to do. Sylvia was in charge of the wheel and accelerator, while my job was shifting gears. After yanking on the gears several times and lurching uncontrollably forward, we traveled in a straight line for almost two blocks. Then Sylvia yelled "Shift!" and I didn't, and I yelled "Stop!" and she didn't. The thing that stopped us was the banana tree at the entrance to the Manila Golf Club. The next day a notice appeared on the club bulletin board reading, "Will the party responsible for the destruction of the banana tree on the left of the front entrance to the club please see the manager for arrangements for replacing the tree?" Sylvia was punished for a week, the chauffeur was fired, and I was not allowed to go near Sylvia's house

until her restriction was over. Maybe I would call her later to ask if she had been invited to Grant's swimming party. I knew she had, but it would be a reason to call.

I hadn't asked, but Daddy was no doubt at the golf club. He spent most of his free time there. Mother enjoyed teasing him about having an investment in the club and wanting to get his money's worth. But I thought that he deserved the rest after having worked hard on opening the new unit at the power plant. Daddy and I used to go to the polo games on Tuesdays until he read somewhere that men over forty should play golf for relaxation. One thing nice about this Christmas was that I was going to get my own golf clubs. If Daddy would take the time to teach me how to play, we could once again spend Tuesday afternoons together. Diane knew how to play golf, but she was always too busy to teach me how to do anything. Once I had learned to play, Daddy would enjoy having me for a companion because I never asked questions or argued with him.

The sun had been shaded long enough so that the cement was only a little warm. Maybe if I took one giant step I could reach the side of the pool. If I went swimming I could waste a little time washing my hair and taking a shower. After dinner I could watch Diane get dressed for the party at the Polo Club . . . maybe next year I would be old enough to go. I would ask Frank to let me watch his ants if I promised not to stand too close. And then, thank goodness, Christmas Eve would be over.