

Suggestion Letters

Music Hour has never drawn the interest of the entire student body as it should. It is a weekly program of music designed primarily to accustom music majors to playing before an audience.

But Music Hour should fill a much more useful and instructive purpose. It could stimulate an interest in music among students who are not performers themselves.

One suggestion for making the program more interesting to the student body as a whole pertains to the arrangement of the numbers. If once a month, at least, a program was devoted to the music of one composer, there would be perhaps more members in the audience who came to hear the music rather than because attendance is required. The faculty member in charge of the week's program could give biographical facts about the composer and point out some of the characteristics of his music preceding the performance of the music by the students.

If this method of planning programs were instituted, Music Hour would be more than merely an hour a week that music students are required to attend and other members of the student body know nothing about.

Call To Action

Raymond Swing is a man with messages. For the unfortunate un-enlightened who missed his lecture Tuesday night here is one of his stirring challenges: the attainment of a world government effected through the initiative of the people of the United States must be desired and expressed by those people.

To American citizens, students and adult-voters, his message means BELIEVE then ACT. Believe that our country is the pivotal force in effecting a world law in this world of anarchy, then act by sending the pledge below to your Congressman.

I, a citizen of North Carolina, supporting the United Nations, but recognizing its limitations, believe that the United Nations must be strengthened now to insure the prevention of World War III. THEREFORE, I join in urging:
Immediate Sponsorship By The United States Of Fundamental Amendments To The Charter Of The United Nations, Changing It Into Federal World Government, With Limited But Adequate Powers To Make Laws To Prevent War, And To Enforce These Laws Upon Individuals.

Signature _____
 Name _____
 School _____ City _____

The Salemite

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Nancy McColl, class of '48 (a junior at Salem last year), is "wintering" in Switzerland. She sailed from New York on September 13 and went to Zurich via London and Paris. With a group of about 30 other Americans, including Jane Lewis, a Salem Academy alumna, Nancy is studying at the University of Zurich.

She is living at a Pension, according to information relayed from her mother, Mrs. Katharine McColl of Southern Pines, and says that the weather isn't any cooler than here usually, that they have plenty of heat and food, and can get anything they need. She and Jane take train trips every week-end and plan to spend the Christmas holidays in Florence and Rome.

Below is an account of her first skiing trip, taken from a recent letter from her. Her address is Merkurstrasse 39, Zurich 32, Switzerland, and she'll get an air mail letter or Christmas card in four days.

"We went up to Flums to ski Saturday with a group sponsored by Och, a sport-department store. Some of our group are members of the American Ski Club and told us about it. They fitted our skis to our boots the day before, rented us the skis and poles, took us there on the train, took us up the mountains in taxis, paid our bill at the/ski-lodge and sent along an instructor. All for thirty francs (about \$6.90)! There were three girls, three boys, two married couples in our group; and four American boys who are independent graduate students were also there. Also about twenty Swiss.

We left at 1:30 on the Express-train, first one we've been on and it just flies along. New cars and a diner. Had the first sandwich I've seen here, good food. We went along the edge of the Wallensee, which was a light aquamarine blue in spite of cold weather. It is completely hedged in by enormous mountains.

You should have seen our compartment, ceiling with skis. In our innocence we took along a suitcase with a dress, wore our ski pants, stadium bots and coats. Next time we'll know to wear all our ski clothes, take no baggage except pajamas. If we want to be really chic we'll get a rucksack, too.

When we arrived we were disconcerted to see no snow at all. Got in the taxis and hairpinned up for a half hour or more, got to patches of snow and finally the ground was completely covered. We passed about six ski-lodges owned by various clubs, nothing else up there. Ours was a big square house, not luxurious but comfortable. Lined with beautiful blond wood, and the living room had an enormous green tile stove. There was good plumbing, adequate heat. Some rooms had bunks, some beds. You never stay in your room anyway and the big room was always warm.

The food was plentiful and good,

and skiing is the only thing I've ever done that is just the way it looks. Only harder, if possible. The skis are very cumbersome and it takes more than one week-end to get used to maneuvering them. It all requires an incredible amount of energy, herring-boning up the hill, straining every nerve to turn without slipping backwards, struggling to get your skis parallel before you start gravitating. Then WHOOSH, and you're at the bottom again. You can keep your speed down, to a certain extent, by what they call stemming, going down pigeon-toed. That's quite a feat too. But once you start going you can't stop without changing your direction.

When I master the quick turn I'm going to relax and enjoy myself, forget the fine points. Falling at our slow speed and on that soft snow was not painful, and I hope eventually to stay upright. All the others had skied before, but Don and I were raw beginners and so continually flat in the snow that we won't get daredevil in ten years. The ones who could slaloam round a row of flags admitted that they had begun when they were eight years old.

We stayed out till really dark, about half-past five, and supper was wonderful. We danced afterwards. Then we played a wild kind of gambling game with a deck of French cards—the suits are balls, shields, flowers and acorns and the numbers just go up to six. It is a rudimentary kind of Poker that has been nurtured in the Alps for years, entirely dependent on chance. The ante was a rappen (2cents) and I won about two francs. We also played musical chairs, danced some more, ended up singing. The Swiss sang some of their bouncy songs and we reciprocated with "Clementine" and "Rolling Home."

In spite of the cold (we had feather puffs) and the thrashing Czech (Cont. on page five)

More Letters

And here's another interesting correspondence. Wesley Snyder wrote the first letter to Bennett Cerf after Mr. Cerf's comments on Salem in his "Tradewinds" column in the **Saturday Review**. (Incidentally, his column this week includes an exchange of the "lowest form of wit" with Carl Goerch of Raleigh—and it's a howl.) Cerf's answer proves his challenge "Try and Stop Me" an utter impossibility.

Dear Mr. Cerf:
 While thumbing through the 1 November issue of **The Saturday Review Literature**, several of the men who are students here at Salem College came across the interesting and entertaining account of your recent visit to our school. Interesting though the article was, it mentioned the men here as "fifty or so rather sheepish ex-G. I.'s". It is the word "sheepish" that puzzles us. We wonder if there is a connotation which has eluded us.

Our dictionary gives synonyms for "sheepish" the words "meek," "stupid," "timid," "foolish," and "silly". If the word is divided, the parts are just as bad; the "sheep" part seems to mean either "any of various timid, cud-chewing animals (genus Ovis) related to the goats" or "a foolish, bashful, awkward fellow", and the "ish" part seems to mean "of the nature of; like; especially having the undesirable traits of".

As for meekness, timidity, and bashfulness, most of our men were in some branch of the armed forces during the war and those qualities hardly describe them. Our grades—at least most of our grades—tend to refute the charge of stupidity. And, though the part about being foolish, silly, and awkward is harder to disprove, we just can't admit it. Whom did you meet among us to leave you with such an opinion?

Yes, Mr. Cerf, something has happened to us since your article was published. We are sure that if our families could see us as we wander about the campus greeting each other with a "ba-a-a-h", they would agree that we are something—but not necessarily sheepish.

The men of Salem College

CERF ANSWERS

Dear Mr. Snyder:
 I got a great laugh out of your extremely clever letter of November 18. I only hope that the "Men of Salem College" weren't really angry at me for my having called them "rather sheepish ex-GI's". It struck me that a valiant little band of males so completely surrounded by unbelievably pretty females was bound to be sheepish, in the daytime anyhow, and probably wolfish after dark.
 Good hunting!

Cordially yours,
 Bennett A. Cerf

SEEING THANGS
 by Catherine Gregory



"Good Grief," cried the people in the smoke house, gathering around. "What in the world is it?"

The mound stirred and from it emerged a small hand which lifted the top layers of material. A little face appeared. "It's me", said Little Mumbly.

BMOC came into the room. "That's her New Look coat," she explained. "It's a little big. When she pulls the hood up, it covers her whole face. Keeps the rain off her glasses, though", she added.

BMOC and Little Mumbly made their way to the door, then BMOC turned and announced dramatically, "We're going Christmas shopping. Pray for us. You may never see us again." And then they were gone.

An excited murmur broke out among the girls. They knew what an ordeal it was. "BMOC's too horsey to get hurt, but Mumbly'll never make it," they sadly agreed.

Uptown was frantic with the rush and hustle of Christmas crowds. BMOC and Little Mumbly were hurried off the bus and swept along the streets by the mad-eyed people. They very nearly got separated by a little man who was rolling a toy lawnmower determinedly down the street. They deftly avoided him, locked arms and plunged on. Suddenly Little Mumbly was snatched away, and BMOC fought back through the crowds to discover her hanging by the neck from a too-low string of Christmas lights. BMOC got her down.

"Honestly, Mumbly, why don't you look where you're goi—" The sentence died away with a shriek, and BMOC disappeared into the sidewalk. Little Mumbly stood rigid with horror—"The Devil has finally got her," she whispered, staring into the cavern. Then BMOC reappeared, rising to sidewalk level seated on some orange crates. Never one to let a situation get the upper hand, she stepped calmly to the street, announced "They ought to warn people about these street elevators", and continued serenely on her way. Little Mumbly looked at her with mute admiration. Jove on Olympus was dust in her eyes compared to her absolutely invincible room-mate, and little incidents like this only furthered the impression.

After hours of struggle and much dodging of fat rushing women, harried little men, and obstreperous children, they pushed in through the doors of a department store.

"Thank the Lord," breathed BMOC. "Now, what do you have to get?"

Little Mumbly said words to the effect that she had to get presents for "Mambla, Papla, Grandmambla, and Uncle Mumble, Aunt Mumble, Cousin Mumble, and Mumble Mumble".

BMOC, who could sometimes understand what she was saying, steered her adroitly to the Everything For Man's Best Friend department. (Mumble Mumble, it seems, was Little Mumbly's cocker spaniel). The clerk was very helpful, and they were about to purchase a darling imitation-Greek dog dish, when a large group of women shouting "On the Needle Point Counter" bore down on them. They were swept along and finally came to rest by the Bath Needs counter.

"Help you girls?" inquired a large blond lady. "I have here some bath powder that—no? Well, here's something you really need! These exquisite little bath ovals—you just throw them into the tub—they have 32 different odors: gardenia, rose, tiger lily; pine, maple, oak; new-mown hay, old hay; fresh spring breezes, carbon dioxide; . . ." and Little Mumbly shortly found herself clutching 10 boxes of Fromage de France Bath Ovals.

"Well, anyway, it solves your problem," said BMOC, ever the optomist. They wearily returned home.



Publication of the **Salemite** will be suspended during Christmas holidays. The next issue will appear on January 16, 1948.