

Erika Has Difficulties With Subway

By Erika Huber

America is widely known in Europe as the country with all "unlimited possibilities," and, as a matter of fact, I have to admit that I experienced these "unlimited possibilities" even on the New York subway. Without wanting to get there, they will take you to all parts of the town, underground of course, from Brooklyn, the Battery and Chinatown up to the Bronx and Harlem. And the New York subway is very accurate about that. If you are intelligent and smart enough, they won't make you visit these places more than once, involuntarily. I, for my part, seemed to have quite a weakness or a subconscious attraction for Harlem: Whenever I tried to find the 7th Ave.-Broadway I got on the 7th Ave.-Bronx. Very nice sightseeing tours if it hadn't been the subway, unfortunately.

Now the very first time I went downtown, a lady told me everything about the subway, as she thought, every little detail, so probably nothing would go wrong—as she thought. Armed with a numerable variety of maps, gay, colorful and informative (I mean the maps), I went down exactly three blocks, and what a surprise, I did find the sub-station. "Now, that I am there, nothing can go wrong, just put your dime in the little slot, it's just as easy as pie—" that's what I thought. "As easy as—", I pushed the barrier, it wouldn't move, I rattled, pushed—it wouldn't move. With the pitiful help of some nice people—they seemed to look rather *ironical*—I realized at last that I had put my dime into the wrong slot. Then I stood downstairs looking into that black hole at my left side where some lights were coming nearer, growing every second. I wished I had made up my last will before, and silently I summarized all my good and bad deeds I could remember. Some people assured me that this was really the train to Times Square. I certainly believed them, but this insecure feeling—jumping up at every stop: "What street-number? Oh, not yet there" again and again, is quite an exhausting thing.

New York is a fast town. By the time I really arrived at Times Square, I was so tired already; then the doors closed—they do it automatically—before I even realized what was happening. Somewhere back, way back in my mind I remembered "Julius Caesar": "Mischief, thou art afoot", (or better: "on the New York subway.") I felt like a wet little puppy must feel when it has lost its mother. All the people seemed to stare at me, and I did not know where to put my hands; they seemed to grow all the time. Off at the next stop, on the very first train into the opposite direction, off at the first stop and—what a big surprise—it was not Times Square. "Ask an officer, that is the only thing", there was one right over there, peeping out of the train door. I started to say something, he said, "Eh?"—I started all over again, he said, "Eh?" and the train left. "Mischief, thou—" I swore to myself the holy oath never, never to go by subway again. There was a man standing right beside me, Pat, the Canadian girl, would say "A certain character," who smiled at me and offered me his help. "And, please, do remember, there will be very many bad men, who try to mislead a young woman," I heard the whole family with all aunts, cousins, mother and father with raised fingers—Stammering some-



Erika Worries About Football Players; Likes History, College, And Drama

By Kitty Burrus

Erika Huber can usually be found curled up in her big easy chair in 226 Clewell helping struggling Salem students with their German homework or reading plays for her theater assignment. Reading plays is Erika's favorite occupation, because drama is one of her main interests. She studied dramatics for two years in Germany, before coming to America, and now she's continuing her work at Salem by taking an active part in the theater class and working with the Pierrettes. When asked if she planned to be a professional actress, Erika laughed at the idea. "The field is much too crowded," she replied, "I like drama just to give pleasure to myself".

International affairs also claim a large share of her attention. She's an ardent newspaper reader, and finds Dr. Singer's U. S. in World Affairs one of her most interesting courses.

Upon being asked what sports she liked, Erika lost no time in answering. "None of them; I am just no good at these". However, she enjoys being a spectator at sports

events. She saw her first football game last week, and was very excited as she intently watched the players scrambling after the ball. She made little comment about the game that night, but the next morning she complained, "I could not sleep last night for remembering the football game. It worried me to think about all those players running up and down the field bumping each other's stomachs with their heads". Erika is very enthusiastic about college life in America. European universities provide no dormitories, and she says it's wonderful to be able to live with other students her own age and exchange ideas with them. When she finishes her years of undergraduate study she plans to become a teacher of the English language in Germany. She considers her visit to Salem an important factor in helping her become prepared for her career.

thing vague, like "No, no, no", I jumped on the very first train that was coming in. Again a big surprise, this happened to be the right train. I did not feel like getting off at Times Square any more and going on sightseeing tours, at least not on that special day. Squeezed in the crowd like a pickled fish I stood, treading now and then on people's feet, and getting off at 116 Street, exactly where the tragedy had begun. So, go upstairs, and get through the barrier. Now, think, you can't move it without putting in a dime—" so another little silver piece clattered in the slot, and I hurried through the barrier escaping out of Hades.

In spite of my oath I learned how to ride the subway after two weeks. It is true what they say in Europe—America is a country of "unlimited possibilities." (Ed. note: this is a freshman composition by Erika, written for Miss Nicholson. Erika is interviewed in this issue of the *Salemite* by Kitty Burrus.)

GOOCH'S GRILL AND SODA SHOP
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Y Holds Panel

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this grammar school group goes to middle school for six years to receive an advanced knowledge of subjects.

Katherine followed Erika's discussion with a brief outline of the curriculum included in the universities of France.

Recreational Activity in Austria was the title of Inge's address. She told the group about Austrian sports, music, theaters, dancing, and hobbies.

The speakers were introduced by Mrs. Heibredner, and W. S. S. F. pledges were passed out after the program.

The W. S. S. F. drive has been filled with a week of posters and songs. Money has been collected twice since Monday and will be collected for the last time Sunday night. The week officially ends Saturday, but all funds must be in to the Chairman by Monday, October 30.

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Singer Speaks

(Continued from page one)

regards it as a cure-all. However, it has withstood a number of shocks, and general feeling gives great hope for survival of the U. N. According to Dr. Singer there are two views in regard to the U. N. First, it has achieved success; there is decided hope for the future, proved by what happened in the Korean situation. The U. N. has met with outstanding success in its relief work, social work and educational activities, and it will continue to be successful.

The second view is a contrasting one, filled with questions. Dr. Singer said, as a word of background, that at one time there were eleven major powers. Now there are but two. There is a constant conflict between Russia and the United States. Russia has used her veto power forty times. What did Korea prove? What did Russia learn from her defeat?

Dr. Singer remarked that wars do not prove what is right and wrong; and that ideas cannot be destroyed by bullets. He pointed out that the United States committed an immoral act in dropping the atomic bomb on Japan, and the predominating fear, for that reason, is that the U. N. will be derived of moral force.

At the close of Dr. Singer's discussion, Reverend Sawyer led in silent prayer, and then in an appeal to God for guidance, for protection, for insight, and for strength.

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