

From Germany . . .

Editor's Note: The following letter was received from Erika Huber, a foreign student last year from Germany.

It is wonderful — even though it almost seems like a dream—to be able now and then to think back to “y’all, I haven’t unlearned my North Carolina accent!”

There passes no day that I do not think or talk of you at Salem—going to church on Sundays, eating Southern fried chicken and corn on the cob, Bright in the laundry room ironing any number of blouses, the swimming pool and Jane Schoolfield’s elegant winning of the contest, the weeping willow tree, daily excursions to the P. O. and book store. I think of Dr. Lewis talking about Oklahoma in his French course. I think of many other things which may seem only superficial to you, only touching the outer aspects of life at Salem College, but behind it there is so much for me which is kind of hard to depict.

As to my return—glorious hero returning from peregrinations through the wild continent of America, the continent of cowboys, gangsters, movie stars and CARE packages. My two little sisters are enthusiastic about the Clementine song and blue jeans. It was good to come home and be able to prove from my own person that America is not only plaid shirts, dinner jackets, Babitts or Orphan Annies.

After all kinds of applications, I have been admitted to the University of Marburg near Frankfurt. The university was founded in 1527 and has kept more or less its original character. Thus, we are sitting in almost medieval dungeons with high gothic windows, cold, etc. Everything is disorganized, which seems to be a special attribute of German professors. There is no such thing as a real schedule. Everyone of them hangs out a little sheet of paper on which he scribbles what courses he is going to read—when and where often missing.

I wish I could include a picture of the town with the old castle overtopping the whole town, a labyrinth of little streets, winding staircases, cobblestones, frame work houses—it would be romantic if it weren’t for my feet.

I have found something in Marburg which is absolutely ideal. It is called Collegium, founded in 1949 by students without money but with ideals in the upper story of the Marburg Barracks that were somewhat damaged during the war. On army cots, without any financial background they worked out something like a constitution in which they state that anybody can live with them who is willing to sacrifice to acknowledge their ideals of understanding between the different nationalities, their ideal about absolute under equality between races, denominations and nations, their ideals about personal responsibility, etc. You see, these things are easy to proclaim and follow if you live a life of comfort, but it becomes worthwhile only with a hungry stomach.

All my love to you from high up on the Marburg mountains. I am not yet yodeling, nor do I drink beer and eat sauerkraut.



THE DAY AFTER THE VACATION BEFORE

Dear Papa . . .

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

Poor Mr. Lamar Caudle is really putting himself and North Carolina in the spotlight these days. So far he’s been accused of everything from helping Italy when he wasn’t supposed to, to evading taxes and getting illegal mink coats. He should have known better than to try so many shady deals just before election time. That’s one season that people will check up on you.

Today the boys in Korea are fighting again but yesterday they were ordered to quit and nobody knows who issued the order. Citizen Truman said he didn’t, the Defense Department said they didn’t, the Eighth Army said it didn’t, and the Associated Press Correspondent Milo Farneti said he didn’t. I didn’t either, Papa, but it sounded like a good idea while it lasted.

Besides firing Caudle from his assistant attorney general position, Citizen Truman has also fired James G. Smyth, San Francisco’s tax collector. Maybe if all this

firing keeps up there won’t be anybody left to collect taxes. Now wouldn’t that be a shame?

Mister Taft might never get to be President, but he’ll prove one thing. He’ll find out whether the early bird gets the worm or the early worm gets the bird. He’s really going all out in his campaigning. Why the other day in Durham he even went so far as to say that he wouldn’t talk personal about his competitors. For Mister Taft that’s something. He has cussed out most of the Democrats and has taken lots of pot shots at some Republicans.

Our President, Mr. Truman, has been down in Key West getting a nice sun tan lately, but he hurried back to Washington to make a speech at a Woman’s National Democratic Club banquet. He said to reporters, “Mrs. Truman made this engagement for the two of us and when I have a date with my wife, I usually keep it.” Now isn’t that sweet, Papa? Our President is really an ideal husband.

Your ever lov’ed daughter,
Anne

Campus Shots

Becky Powers grinning over her pin . . . bouncing curls of Betty Lou as she plays the organ . . . Dot Smother’s bubble bath perfuming all of second floor Clewell . . . tales of the Alabama train wreck from Euber, Lu Fike and Betty McGlaughon . . . clicking of needles as Christmas argyles are being knitted . . . Jane Schoolfield working all night and studying all day . . . Monie still moaning over her hair cut . . . memories of Thanksgiving partying . . . Mar-

rie Ferrell running to the telephone every night, just to hear more about Graylyn . . . Jane Alexander’s new snaggle-tooth smile . . . the sketches of flappers on the walls in Davy . . . Jane Smith declaring that Ahsokie is a pretty nice town . . . the freshmen groans over stiff joints from body mechanics . . . Jean Davenport’s falling asleep studying Chaucer . . . the big plans being made for the Christmas dance . . . the “diet table” in the dining room.

Lola Reviews “Cyrano”

By Lola Dawson

The movie of Edmund Rostand’s play “Cyrano De Bergerac” is exciting, imaginative and quite unbelievable. The movie is this first because Rostand has written a play in which pathos and comedy alternate as do the violently theatrical and the delicately poetic. Secondly, the movie is alive and creative because of Ferrer’s own brilliance as an actor subordinated by the excellent transition and the photography of the production.

Jose Ferrer has given us a realistic characterization of Cyrano enriched by the power of Ferrer’s own imagination. He has successfully portrayed unselfishness at love in variance with egotism as a warrior. Unselfishness in love is shown as Cyrano offers to write Christian’s letters of love to Rostane. Cyrano says: “Take the soul within this leathern jack of mine and breathe it into you. So—there’s my heart under your velvet now.” This contradicts Cyrano the egotist as he says: “The Spanish muff I wear around my throat is like a ring of enemies; hard, proud, each point another pride, another thorn—So that I hold myself erect perforce.”

Ferrer has portrayed a man whose beauty of soul was at variance with his grotesqueness of

feature, a man who would not “make a line he had not heard in his own heart”, but whose nose “marches on before me by a quarter of an hour.”

Ferrer did a brilliant job of projecting the intermixture of comedy and pathos, particularly in his speech to Valvert concerning Cyrano’s nose. Ferrer’s imaginative use of his hands was prevalent throughout the whole play, but especially as he crooked his fingers in the air and said: “Ah, do you love the little birds so much that when they come and sing to you you give them something to perch on?”

Judging the movie aside from the acting, transitions were good, especially the transition from the home of Rostane to the battlefield of Arras. A man carrying a torch walked by the home of Rostane. The torch faded into the fire and smoke of the battlefield of Arras.

Some of the photography was also quite exciting. It was fitting that the walkway in front of the convent should be in the shape of a cross as Cyrano died, with Rostane by his side.

It is small wonder that the movie has gotten such enthusiastic response and that Jose Ferrer won the Academy Award for his performance.

The Salemite



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

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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By Emma Sue Larkins

Something horrible almost happened to all of us at Salem during the Thanksgiving holidays. Only now can the true story be told. Katy Kombs, who for years has been “Miss Salem, Inc.,” became dissatisfied with Salem. Not only dissatisfied but discouraged, disgusted, defeated, downhearted and fed-up. All this plus—she actually considered transferring! Not only considered it but pondered it, talked about it, asked about it and (she really did get desperate!) thought about it.

Naturally Katy began wondering about the advisability of continuing at a girl’s school when she ran into four of her old Salem friends who had transferred to some boy and girl school (as they had taught Katy to call co-ed schools at Salem.) Katy felt her A. A. Council pin dwindle and then diminish under the brilliant glares from the fraternity and sorority pins sported by her friends. Katy no longer saw any glory in her title of “Feature Girl” compared to her friends titles of “Miss Wolf Pack”, “Miss Carolina Cadillac”, “Kentucky’s Kozy Kitten” and “Miss Annapolis Annie”.

However, Katy didn’t really become skeptical of Salem until she received her mid-term report. She was severely reprimanded by her parents for having a deficiency in every subject, and the F in physical education was just too much. Katy realized that she had taken up too much time with her little sister, had been baby-sitting with Lucy Spencer too much and had gone before the student council too much in her spare time. (She really shouldn’t have practiced hockey in the halls during quiet hours.)

Katy also realized that she could have refrained from knitting those last five pairs of socks, she wasn’t required to serve at Junior breakfast every Sunday, she didn’t have to attend all of the rehearsals for “The Innocents” in order to write the play up for the Salemite and she could have played on the hockey team without 25 practices. But Katy had only wanted to help Salem—she had only wanted to do for Salem what Justice had done for Carolina—all she could. Katy couldn’t understand how Salem could repay her in such an ignoble manner (the ignoble manner being five D’s and a F).

So, for the first time Katy had an emotion for Salem akin to hate. For the first time Katy spent her Thanksgiving giving thanks for everything but Salem. She didn’t wear her Salem jacket once, never once hummed “Strong Are Thy Walls” and she didn’t send a single Thanksgiving card to any of her professors. Katy was bitter!

However, Katy refused to be hurt by Salem’s attitude. Without even consulting Dr. Welch on the effects it would have on her personality, Katy decided that she would leave Salem. She would go to a school where she would be appreciated for herself—not for the amount of history dates she knew (just because she had misunderstood and said Columbus discovered America in 1942). And Miss Reigner—she hadn’t shown any regard for her—turning in that D just because she hadn’t memorized her speeches in speech class. “How could I,” Katy reminisced, “I was too busy memorizing ‘The Innocents’”.

So Katy got out her old pre-Salem catalogues and began her search for the school which she would adopt—the school to which she would give all her glorious plans, her unequalled antics, her un-dying love, her never-ending labors.

What, you ask, could dissuade our heroine once she set her mind to leave Salem—to abdicate—to secede? Is it possible that Salem realized its mistake in time and returned Katy’s cuts, over-nights, night-outs and light-cuts? Or is it possible that Katy became sentimental—that Katy couldn’t find a school that had a Corrin Refectory, a Sister’s house, a Davy Jones, a willow tree, a Dr. Welch, a Lu Long, a “Rat Week”, a Miss Essie, a Christmas putz, a Stevie Gramly and a Bowman Gray?

Yes, it was all this plus the fact that C. W. didn’t have a Lucy, Carolina didn’t have the football team Reynolds did, they didn’t knit socks at Davidson and they didn’t have a Junior Breakfast at Wake Forest. But the main reason that Katy came back to Salem was because she knew she couldn’t do without the Salemite.