

From Vienna . . .

Editors Note: The following letter was received from Inge Sigmund, a foreign student last year from Vienna.

If somebody should still remember me, would you, please give them my very best regards and let them know that I did not fall into the little pond between the continents, but, on the contrary, arrived at home very well after a pleasant journey.

We were quite a group of German and Austrian students on S. S. Washington, and we had such a good time that we should have liked to stay on board for more than just a week. We could use all the decks, play with rubber rings or ping-pong, or dance or sing or just lean at the bannister and stare into the everchanging waves, talking (in a most awful mixture of English and German!) about our experiences and impressions.

We were all curious to see what Europe would look like after one year in America. To say it right now: there was the great disappointment that everything works so complicated and slow in this part of the world and people go with so little cheerfulness through their everyday life. But, if you accept things as they are, you can find a way to go through everything more or less the way you want to.

The first sight of Europe was not too pleasant: first the Irish coast in rain and then the French coast in a mist and rain too. On the way from Le Havre to Paris the weather became clearer.

I was in Paris for five days, running around and seeing the sights and walking along animated boulevards and very quiet squares and courtyards.

By good luck I went to see an opera the first day I was on the continent: I got tickets for the opera at Paris—and I almost did not notice I was in Paris, for all the people around where we were sitting were speaking English! There certainly were lots of Americans in this city.

We had to go home by ourselves, and—a year is much—I had to think twice in order to know which street to take, oh shame! A year does much to your language too. Some people asked me whether I was Austrian because my German sounded so funny, spoken with a Northern instead of Southern accent! (I had talked too much to Erika, probably!) By now I got rid of that again, I think.

The first weeks I spent unpacking, walking and bicycling through the city to take a good look at Vienna again, and then I started working on the material that is required for becoming a member of the English-American Seminar. Oh dear me, that Beowulf text! I'll have a lot to do this semester, for I have to take quite a number of courses, for I also want to prepare myself for the Academic Interpreters examination.

Before diving into all this, however, I went to the mountains for a weekend. It's already cold here, and, of course, it was still colder up there. No snow yet, though as to "cold": my family knew that I always was cold when there was the least excuse for it, now I have a new reason for being cold all the time! I explain that I got so used to the N. C. climate that I just cannot get readjusted to the weather here and they better put some more coke (not coca cola!) in the stove. I did not complain when I was in the mountains, however, for I like walking in the fresh wind up there.

We were about 12 students, and in the evening in the hut; we sang almost as many English songs as Austrian-German ones, for most of the people had been together with English or American students this or last year, guiding them on their tours in the Alps and in Vienna.



Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

Citizen Truman delivered his State of the Union message Wednesday. Some folks like Mr. Barkley said, "I thought it was a superb message." Another gentleman, who I gathered wuz not planning to vote for Mr. Truman said, "The President's speech could be characterized as follows: spend more, waste more, socialize more, give more away, control more, talk more, and blame the other fellow for the ills of the United States and the world."

The President also dropped a little hint that taxes might be higher. He said the other day that Russia was trying "to tax our patience." I thought Harry would get around to that sooner or later. He's taxed everything else, and now he gets a new idea from Russia.

Guns now have priority over butter and Congress is very unhappy about it. Me too, Papa. I don't think toast, jelly and guns will lead to anything but indigestion.

Your ever loven daughter,  
Anne

Campus Shots

Everyone frantic about approaching exams . . . Jane Alexander's new gold "D" . . . Jean Patton's and Jean Moye's new haircuts . . . Granny Bridgers keeping the girls quiet so she can hear her records . . . Girls sporting new furs, pajamas and bathrobes . . . Ringed girls becoming left-handed . . . Clewell's alarm clocks set for eight o'clock Tuesday night . . . Strong's

"Heidy-bird" from Florida . . . Marion Lewis and Nell Phillips smoking one cigarette . . . Dec Allen back . . . Ann Sprinkle and Betty Parks sporting fire-engine red finger-nails . . . Bebe Skinner still not talking . . . Jane Schoolfield's new appreciation of Alabama . . . Joann White making witches' brew . . . Chris Crutchfield's lab technique . . .

Meet Your Mate

By Jean Patton

Eve had it good. There was no other woman for Adam to consider as a mate.

Time has wrought its havoc, and the population has increased. There are millions of stray women in this world, and you've got to get your man.

Elmer U. Gross, LL.B. in his book "Meet Your Mate The Modern Way" has simplified the entire problem for the practical, simple-minded, unromantic female. All one has to do is abstain from cigarettes and alcoholic beverages, cook like his mother, and be very skeptical about believing everything one reads.

There are 7,000,000 bachelors in the world today who do not smoke or drink. In the merry chase of girl after man, a girl who smokes and/or drinks does not have a chance to capture one of these eligible males, says Gross.

He quotes one of these gentlemen as saying, after he had dated a girl who indulged in these vices, "Kiss her good night—ye Gods!—I would just as soon have kissed an old alley cat as kiss her that night." Which all goes to show that seven out of 10 men do not object to alley cats!

Not only must a girl not smoke or drink, she must be able to cook, for Gross says, "It is a well-known fact that many marriages fail because the wife can't cook." He compares a man to an automobile, saying that if a man is fed he will

run like a car that uses good gasoline. He must be thoroughly stuffed or he will "sputter like a car using watered gas."

As a slam on the gullibility of the American public, he says he believes the population could be led to believe and carry out the following advertisement:

Expectant mothers at childbirth should drink plenty of liquor, because a baby well pickled in alcohol is bound to be strong and healthy—due to the fact that alcohol is a disinfectant. Also, they should not spare the cigarettes at this time, because a baby well smoked at birth is well cured and will have a better chance of living.

As the core of his book, Gross suggests the "present archaic method of mating be supplemented by the establishment of a modern Governmental Introduction Service." He says that girls waste from five to ten years of the best years of their lives trying to ensnare a male.

If the government sets up such a service, a girl would write out the qualifications she wishes in a husband and send the blank to the organized service nearest her home. The employees there go through their files and send the girl the names of several men whom she may contact. This, says Gross, is the modern way to meet your mate.

Undoubtedly it is, if the excitement and whirl of romance is to be mechanized as are so many other things of our present world.



By Jean Calhoun

Honey pulled her pedal pushers and old sport shirt out of the drawer. She knew she would be busy all afternoon. Mother had told her in no uncertain terms, "Honey, this afternoon you will have to clean out this old junk you've been collecting in your drawers all year."

Honey realized this was 1952 and time to throw away reminders of a past year. She put the drawers on her bed and crawled up beside them, rolled up her sleeves, got out a fresh pack of cigarettes, her new Christmas lighter and started to work.

An argyle sock. It was a perfectly good sock despite the messy looking heel. She had knitted it herself; it was her first one. Nothing was good enough to give Bill for his birthday last January except something she had made herself. However, her room-mate had confused the directions, and Honey had reinforced the heel by knitting and slipping off the needle instead of slipping onto the other one. There was a mass of holes, and she had postponed doing the other one for a while.

A sealed envelope from Salem College Office. Honey remembered this. She had gotten it in her pigeon hole the week before she had left school for the summer. Fearing it was bad news, she had talked herself out of opening it just then. Curiosity conquered, and she opened it now. "Please see me immediately", it read and was signed Mrs. Amy Heibredner.

A huge plastic apron. "My chemistry apron," she thought. A corner of it looked as if it had been torn, and Honey remembered how she had tried to burn it up the afternoon after her last lab—the afternoon she had handed Mr. French a steaming test tube, hot end first.

Another letter. This was from Mother. Honey remembered the day she had gotten it. It was a week after she had decided that six months of college was enough for her. The letter began, "Honey, your father and I think it would be best for you to finish this year of college. We will talk to you more about it during the Spring holidays."

A newspaper clipping. Honey smiled as she read: "Miss North Carolina second runner-up in Miss America contest."

A bank statement. Honey read through the cancelled checks: cash, Salem Book Store, A. A. for blazer, Salem Book Store, C. O. D. for sweater, Salem Book Store, cash and Salem Book Store. "That's where my money went," she muttered.

A cork from a champagne bottle. (No explanation.)

A baby bottle. Honey remembered Rat Week, "Beautiful Wilson", the sex life of a golf ball and tried to remember how it was the Sophomores had taught her to "flub the dub".

A guest's check from the Toddle House together with two pages of mathematical deduction. Honey thought how long she had figured the cost of 12 cheeseburgers, three chocolate milks, five pieces of pecan pie and the taxi fare.

A sign up sheet for Salem-Davidson Day. She wondered how she happened to have that, and as she read it she noticed something strange. Euber Robert's height was listed as five feet six inches, Joan Shope as five feet seven inches and Alison Britt as five feet and eight inches.

A spoon from the dining hall with the words Salem Academy on it. Strange!!

Another letter. This one began: "I just got a letter from Salem saying that we will be roommates come September. I have so many plans for our room; I hear they are all so roomy and so easy to decorate." Honey thought of her third floor Clewell room.

A Moravian candle. Honey remembered the Christmas vespers, the white dress and huge red goose bumps she had worn that night.

A typewritten sheet. It was last year's Resolutions. Had she written them? The things were impossible to keep. She got down off the bed and walked over to her desk, "I'll revise them," she thought, "cut them down to a smaller size and use them for '52."

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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