

### Giving and Receiving. . .

For the past three years and again this year we at Salem have been fortunate—fortunate in having students from other countries living and studying here with us.

From these girls we have gained and are gaining new and wider outlooks. They become our friends and we absorb from them a part of themselves and their countries.

They give to us and we give to them. Each of them takes home to her country a part of us and America.

In a letter received recently from Hadwig Stolwitzer of Austria, she writes: "I very often think of all the things I have learned at Salem College—It seems a very short time ago—I find I miss America in some ways—Life is altogether on a smaller scope again. American customs which seem quite normal in America seem crazy here. Sitting on the floor or carpet is one of these—There are no more drug stores; cokes are unhealthy and blue jeans just are not for sale anywhere—"

Hadwig writes to us and we listen. Marianne, Helle and Helen talk to us and we listen and are glad.

### Complain or Compliment

Each of us is a part of Salem. We make Salem what it is. Therefore, it is a logical conclusion that we should be able to express our ideas about her.

Letters to the editor give that opportunity for expression. They are important whether they are complaints or congratulations; radical or conservative.

How do you feel about the cuts system, Saturday classes, the building of a new dormitory, social regulations and all other phases of Salem campus life?

We are all willing to listen.

### What Will You Be Doing?

"What will you be doing next week?"

If this question were asked, we'd probably answer, "Oh the usual. Monday will be 'blue', as always, and I'll forget to throw my laundry down to the basement and will have to carry it over myself. The sun will be too hot on the hockey field and my post office box will be empty and dusty.

"The rest of the week will probably be the same, too. I'll write home about the week-end and dodge the loose bricks if it rains. I'll promise myself to start on one of my term-papers and sing 'Happy Birthday' in the dining hall."

Yes, next week can be the usual, or it can be very different from any other week in this whole school year.

Next week is Religious Emphasis Week. Rev. Kenneth Goodson will spend the week here at Salem. He will talk in Chapel and at after-dinner vespers. He will be here to express his ideas and listen to our ideas; to answer our questions and listen to our problems.

Next week can change our way of thinking or enforce the beliefs which we have already formulated. We can gain new views and reconstruct old ones. It is our opportunity.

"What will you be doing next week?"

## The Salemite



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## Views From Other Lands

By Bobbi Kuss

A hand drawn and crayoned map of France tacked up on her door—hmm—must be artistic—and in the north central part, a big black dot. I'll bet that's where she lives. You see, I'm sitting in Marianne Lederer's room in South waiting to interview our "jeune fille" from France. I'm pondering over what to ask her. There's so much that our three foreign friends have to offer us.

Steps in the hall—must be the subject of my thoughts—it is. I'll start like this: Marianne do you .....? How do .....? Is there .....? This is a little of what I learned from the girl who lives in Sceaux, France; about twenty minutes from Paris by subway.

Marianne likes traveling best; speaks German and English; is studying Spanish; spent one year at the Sorbonne after high school; and loves to read our English novels: quote:—Especially Wilde, Shaw, and Twain—unquote. These are only a few of her interests and accomplishments that have landed the oldest of seven children right in the middle of our southern campus.

She told me she loves Salem's pretty campus, it's library, the friendly girls, her courses, and then stopped listing to say "if I go on, I like everything!" She explained to me that she doesn't like pineapple with mayonnaise or cranberry sauce with turkey. "That would be like heresy in France—to mix the sweet with the soup! The big breakfasts are so good; we have just coffee and toast."

#### Customs Are Different

It seems we American girls have dating and clothes near the top of our "big interests", so I proceeded to ask Marianne about these two typical American "customs". Marianne and her friends in Sceaux would never wear hats to church. Nor would they wear socks; nor so much jewelry—especially earrings. She said she'd never seen so many pearl necklaces. "It seems everyone has them."

"We don't have a word for dating. We just say..... I'm going out. We don't have 'boyfriends'... We call them 'comrades' (in simple English 'companions') Boys are looked on more as working partners. We don't have fraternity pins of course—no fraternities! We never wear rings on the third finger of our left hand 'till we are engaged or married—Here in America every girl would be engaged! The French are well known for kissing in the streets, but it means you really love someone. We don't kiss half as easily as you do."

Marianne likes a tropical climate and loves living in this warm climate here at Salem. I hope she means both the weather and us, for we surely are glad she's here. I left Marianne and walked over to Clewell.

Once again I'm sitting and waiting—this time for a dark-haired, gracious girl with a friendliness that fits so well in this very friendly southern atmosphere. You've all seen the typically Chinese collared blouses and colorful embroidered dresses she wears. I'm waiting for Helen Fung Li Ann who hails from a British island off the southern part of Malaya called Singapore.

#### Helen Has Flag

While I waited I took a quick glance around the room—how patriotic—an American flag! A picture of some bambooish-looking huts caught my eye. I learned later from Helen that the huts in the picture were made of rice stalk pressed flat and mounted on a piece of black silk by deaf and dumb girls at a school in Malaya.

Helen came in and we started talking. She is nineteen and has a seventeen year old sister. She attended a British school equivalent to our high schools and took graduation exams sent to the school by Cambridge University. She laughingly told me what she'd heard from one of her friends in a letter this morning. It seemed that an English professor on the arts fac-

ulty at the University of Malaya called the roll the first day of classes and asked if anyone knew anything about Helen Fung Li Ann. Her friend stood up to inform him—"She's in North Carolina!"

Helen had many things to say about our food. She's never been used to such a variety. Thier basic food is rice and a typical meal would include soup, a vegetable, and meat. Helen's always eaten with chopsticks too, except for her meals at boarding school! She talked of her first meal with an American family at which she tried so hard to "do right", but ended up taking only a very little bit of mashed potatoes which she mistook for butter!

#### Likes Informality

Helen likes the friendly faculty-student relations. She likes the lack of stiffness and deep discussions at our teas. Seeing the faculty stand with students in line for supper on Saturday night truly amazed her.

"Girl-boy relations are so different. There's not half as much emphasis placed on it in Malaya. We are never so friendly." Helen said in her country the library would be more filled on dates than it is here!

I liked one observation she made—we aren't the typical college girls she'd pictured. Our conversation borders more on week-ends, dates, and the game of "do you know?" than our studies. You know it's probably because going to college here is not half as much of a privilege as it is in Malaya and other countries. Helen likes us and our American ways—and we certainly like the girl whose latest chore is writing "I love you", in Chinese, for us Salemites!

My next stop is the infirmary. Helle Falk, like so many of us Salemites, has a cold! So, I didn't get to see her room 'till after our talk, but when I did it was like walking into a travel bureau—a travel bureau for exclusive trips to Denmark—so many pretty posters!

The second largest city in Denmark, Aarhus, is where Helle lives with her family—two brothers and two sisters. A proficiency in languages—English, German, and Swedish; a love of literature; and a yen for traveling are a few of the things that have brought light-haired, smiling Helle to our campus.

#### Fond of Sports

She's fond of all sports and now is trying "something quite new—tennis! Helle loves the beautiful atmosphere here at Salem; the weeping willow she can see from her room; the 'courtyard' between South, her dorm, and the Alumnae House; and "the way the girls live together."

At one of her first American meals she thought her appetizer was dessert and was sure she would go hungry that meal! "My mother would think I'd forgotten all the manners I ever knew if she saw me using my knife and fork in your way. We use both to eat at home—fork in left hand, knife in right." She'd never had sweet potatoes, squash, peppers, or green asparagus, but unlike Helen—much of our food is similar.

A date in Aarhus centers around the home or a long bicycle ride in the country on a romantic Danish afternoon. Her graduation night from high school was a lot like ones we can all remember. "We danced all night and had breakfast afterwards."

As Marianne, Helle and her friends don't wear hats half as much as we do. She goes skiing in Norway on Easter vacations. Drug stores are new to Helle as are Howard Johnson's twenty-eight flavors of ice cream. Helle is new to us and we love her lasting newness.

My brief sojourn into a French, a Malayan, and a Danish life is ended now, but through its very brevity I want to learn to know Marianne, Helen, and Helle so much better.



By Connie Murray

To be read in a monotone.

Dum, de dum-dum; dum, de dum-dum; dakhhh (hold for a count of six seconds, then fade it out.) My name is Conrad Friday (Joe's my brother). I'm attached to the head investigator. (?) I work out of Salem Squad, 205, the city of Winston-Salem, county of Forsyth, state of North Carolina. My right-hand man is Lefty.

It was Monday morning, 9:40 a.m.—an ordinary Monday morning except for the hurricane raging through Salem Square. I was at my desk, as usual, in Terry's bistro, putting the finishing touches on an ordinary cup of coffee. I raised my head to make it easier to get the last swallow down. As I did, I saw her standing in the door. She was a young blonde, willowy, sinewy, in fact, "whew-ey!" She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, and folded the letter into her purse. I knew she wanted a handkerchief, so I offered her mine. She reached into my coat pocket and withdrew it. That was unusual, because she was standing four booths away at the time.

In a few minutes she sat down beside me. I felt her hand. It was cold. Then I saw she was carrying a piece of dry ice. She began to tell her story. Her lover, Doreus Peabody, had written he could not come for the week-end. His excuse: he had to meet a dental appointment in New York with a Dr. Loreili Jones. Her complaint: "It's all a lie, he's running out on me. I'll kill him!" My job: find him!

I sent Lefty out for coffee. Then I went to Chapel Hill, since the letter was post-marked "Beer Village." It was now 11:05 a.m. (I drive an M. G., and when I drive, I drive!) I saw the red neon sign blinking "Combernath's." I nerved myself and walked in. I just wanted to get the facts: that's all I wanted—just the facts! The man behind the counter quickly came forward. "Vat do yah vant?," he asked.

I explained that I was looking for a boy with bad teeth, a Doreus Peabody, and had he seen him. He did not answer. His eyes were cold and relentless, and I realized he was stalin at me. He refused to answer, pointing at the fifth amendment pasted on the wall, saying he would not incriminate himself.

I walked out into the street. 8:43 p.m. Then I knew Mr. Combernath had stared for a long time. I had to find Doreus before the blonde did. I walked past the Carolina Out and smelled the food cooking. On a hunch I went in—that's all I did—I just played a hunch.

Sure enough, there was food on the counter. I ate a few mouthfuls of broccoli (yes, I was in Chapel Hill), and then stood up—it goes down easier that way. While I was standing, I saw the photograph on the floor. I picked it up. It was a beautiful brunette reclining on a diving board. I saw the inscription: "To my only love, D. P., from Loreili." On the back was an address: Room 12, Tappa No. Keg Fraternity House.

I finished my broccoli (couldn't leave it and started for the TNK house. I walked up the stairs to Room 12, and knocked on the door. I heard a tap-tap-tap from inside. No one came to the door. I knocked again. Still no answer. I knew then I had to do it. I held my breath and slid under the door.

What I saw was terrifying. I knew no human could do it. But there was Doreus—I had seen the ID bracelet on his arm. Yes, it was Doreus, and he was tapping on his front teeth with a hammer.

"All right, come along," I said to him. He turned and faced me. "Ya' can't take me. I ain't done nothin'." I told him I was holding him on article 139—delayed payment act. I told him about the letter, and the photograph, and the ID bracelet. I picked up the hammer—the evidence—and pushed him out the door.

9:39 p.m. I placed a call to Lefty. He said he'd gotten the coffee, and I told him I'd gotten my man. I told him I was headed for Winston then and would bring Doreus in.

Doreus' case came up before the Superior Judge of Forsyth County on October 14, 1953. In the state of North Carolina, breaking

(Continued on page four)