

From Austria. . .

Dear Salemites,
This is one of you, speaking to you. A Salemite, even though I still speak English with my dreadful German accent. I am the Austrain foreign student of 1952-53. Moreover, I still haven't learned to cut short my long compound German sentences.

Since I have left you, I had to give up a lot of good, American customs. You would hardly recognize me any more. I no longer walk around in white bobby socks, but I always wear hose now when I go to my classes. The time is past when I strolled around campus carrying my books, notebooks and pens under my arm, losing something at every corner. I now have to have a briefcase to stow my things away while I walk through town to the university. There aren't even any more cokes to drink in corner drug stores. Just the "Mensa" where students can get cheap food or otherwise there are the cafes where you can gulp down an "espresso", a diminutive cup of black coffee. But being a girl you don't especially care to go to those cafes alone.

No more chapel for me, no more student skits. Of course there are some clubs at our university in Innsbruck. There are two groups of them. Firstly, the rough and ready camping and outdoor type where you climb another mountain every Sunday, which is a little strenuous, I think. Then secondly the sophisticated, witty kind with an arrogant atmosphere where it is rather formal and not always amusing. Now which should I join? I am used to informal gatherings like the I. R. C.

When I meet somebody at the university nowadays I never say "hi." I say "Guten Tag, Herr Kollege (Frau Kollegin)", which means "good day Mister colleague (Miss colleague)". This is because there are so many students at our university that you never know people's names, but only their faces, so here is a way out of the dilemma.

Yet, even though you find me so changed, I am still a Salemite. How shall I explain this mystery? Why, it is like that story which you all must have heard at school at some time or another; a person changes so much in seven years, that no part of the person's body is the same as seven years ago. Still the person's ego is the same. Now I think that Salem becomes so much a part of every Salemite's ego, that it is with a Salemite forever after. Therefore I shall never forget my happy memories of Salem and in spite of time and space I shall always be a Salemite.

Heidi
(Hadwig Stolwitzer)

Reminder

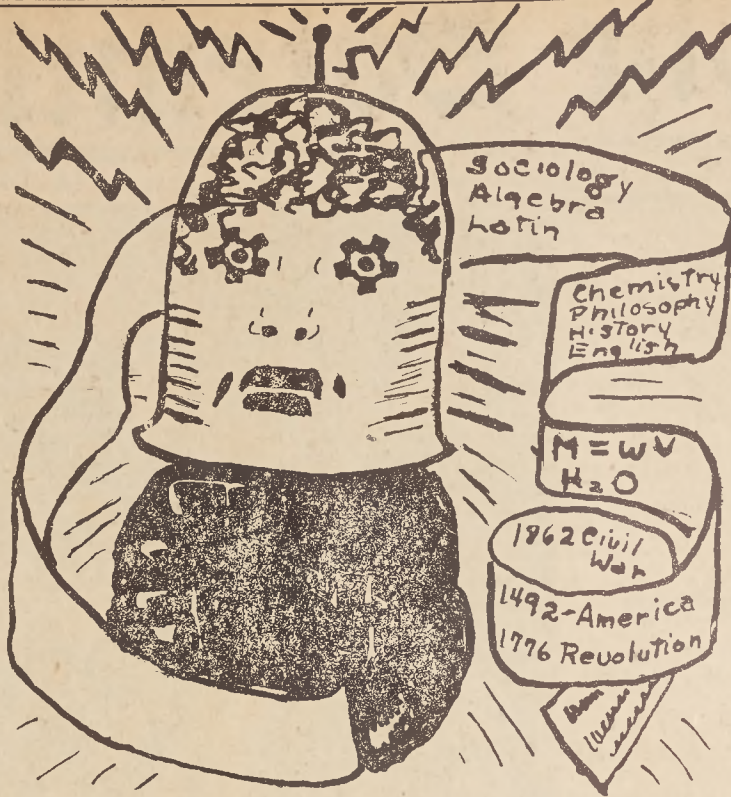
Alice McNeely, president of Student Government, has asked that Salemites be reminded of Reading Day social regulations. The handbook states: "... Student are plodged not to leave the campus limits or to have dates on this day. Out of town friends who come to the college unexpectedly that day may be received in the living room of Clewell for one-half hour with the permission of the Dean of Students. Lights are out for undergrads at 11:30."

The Salemite



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That old examination feeling. by Sue Harrison

Globe Trotters

By Bobbi Kuss

I imagine the traditional New Year's baby, now two weeks old, is quite bewildered about the status of things in his new global cradle. But then, who isn't?!

Most bewildering are Russia's soft words and gentle deeds. Russian propagandists even claim Russia "is sick and tired of the cold war and wants to end it". Malenkov sent wishes to the U. S. people for happiness and a peaceful life with a postscript evidencing a belief that there are no obstacles to improving relations!

I would say . . . why not have faith in such evidence of moves toward "peace on earth, good will toward men" . . . but the inherent practices of Communism indicate a new regime with a new strategy for an old policy and disprove her Christmas spirit.

Moscow via Molotov has agreed to a Big Four meeting on January 25, in Berlin . . . a meeting on the date Moscow wants, in the place it wants, and with the topics for discussion it wants. This will be the first Big Four meeting since Paris,

1949 . . . definitely a change in strategy!

The West does not expect the meeting to produce any dramatic settlement, or even produce a peace treaty for Austria and Germany. So, western strategy will probably evolve around exposure to the world of Russia's adversity to any sort of settlement at the cost of losing East Russia; and then, adjournment of the conference with hopes that western Europe will see the necessity of strong union.

There are predictions too on Eastern strategy. Molotov's work will probably center on splitting the West and unifying the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, France, and if possible, Britain against Germany. Dissension in the West is already evident.

Churchill still does not consider the meeting a good substitute for a private conference with Malenkov in Moscow. Britain still wants a seat for Red China in the U.N. France, shaky in leadership, is riding the fence with eyes toward appeasement as another "friend" in S. E. Asia, India.

New York Diary

By Bebe Boyd

Had Aeneas kept strict details of his journies, they would have been in close competition with the DIARY OF A NEW YORK TRIP. This account is composed and directed by Miss Margaret Simpson and Miss Elizabeth Welch. Put your mind at ease—imagine a Friday morning and December 25 . . . You were there.

FRI. DEC. 25: We boarded the 8:45 p.m. pullman, and marveled at the compactness of the double bedroom—still haven't figured out how the porter maneuvered the upper berth into place.

SAT. DEC. 26: Arrived Penn Station two minutes early; checked into hotel.

Made the rounds of theater box-offices and gleefully secured tickets to four shows. (We already had tickets to eight.) Joined other standees, who turned out to be "sites", to see Roz Russell in "Wonderful Town." After short rest and dinner, saw Mary Martin and Charles Boyer in "Kind Sir".

SUN. DEC. 27: Went to church at 5th Ave. Presbyterian Church: after 20-block bus ride and 6-block walk, directed by a passing female "character", we found the theater for "Madam, Will You Walk," which we found delightful.

Afterwards joined the subway strap-hangers with destination Times Square, a spaghetti supper, and English movie "The Man Between."

MON. DEC. 28: By crosstown bus to the United Nations and guided tour through the magnificent buildings led by attractive

Austrian girl. Back to 5th Ave. and lunch at Schrafft's. 12 blocks of window-shopping—bargain-hunting.

Made afternoon showing of English film "The Captain's Paradise", where we bumped into friends from Winston-Salem. Dinner with Doris Spangenburg, former Salem faculty member, followed by the play "Seven-Year Itch" with Eddie Albert.

TUES. DEC. 29: Went down in hotel elevator with three matrons in identical black Persian lamb coats. Stood in 4 block long line for Music Hall long enough to see Perry Como and his baby-blue Cadillac inch by in traffic jam and then went shopping.

Dinner with friends at Sardi's and to theater for Maurice Evans' enjoyable "Dial M. for Murder."

WED. DEC. 30: More shopping and enjoying window displays now filled with cruise and resort clothes. Delighted with matinee performance of Margaret Sullivan and Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina Fair".

Dinner at seafood restaurant and then enjoyed lavishness of "Kismet" despite overpowering volume of orchestra and audible conversation of ushers standing nearby.

THURS. DEC. 31: Were first in line, braving an icy wind, for standing room for "Can-Can". Shopped in a couple of stores and it was time to head for our balcony seats for the deservedly prize-winning "Picnic". An early dinner so we could wangle good standing room space for "Can-Can", which was worth all our efforts.

(Continued On Page Three)



By Connie Murray

It was back last January 1, I believe. I remember walking down the narrow little alley to the third and last door on the right. The metal sign swung back and forth in the breeze, beckoning to strangers: "Madam Forey All, Reader of Minds and Chaucer." I clutched my little beat billfold in one hand and my head in the other—afraid someone would take my billfold and wishing someone would take my head. Like I say, it was back last January 1.

I turned the doorknob and opened the door into the dark, dusty room. It smelled of cobwebs and smoke and stale tomato soup. As the advertisement in the newspaper had instructed, I paced the floor for three minutes, then screamed. (Seems I've done this before.) I saw her—shades of Salem Square, it was Madam Forey All!

She was dressed in kelly green satin and black, to match her complexion and hair, I supposed. Her eyes were small and beady and crossed, and she looked quickly from side to side like it was March 15. But like I say, it was back last January 1. Her long stringy hair was tangled in a mass of Woolworth silver beads and the Mae West jacket she wore, in case of a flood. Her dress dragged the floor, like those of Scarlett O'Hara. In fact she reminded me of something from the Civil War. What was it? Oh, yes, Sherman's March to the Sea.

This was the moment. "I want you to predict my future for the next year."

She lighted up like the neon sign above "Oley's Big Orange," and explained that she had had only Chaucer customers lately.

"Trouble, trouble, boil and . . . oh, I never could remember that thing. Well, let's get on with January. I see nothing for the first part of the month, but towards the latter . . ."

She hesitated. She did. And as she narrowed her eyes, she told me I would have trouble with two doctors: one who dealt with language and one who dealt with eyes. It all added up; just as I feared: too much reading for English exam.

"But," she added, "February will find you with an abundance of old manuscripts." By this I knew she meant mucho mail in the P. O.

"In March, you will be dispossessed of a small fortune." That meant another Book Store bill.

"April will find you exploring fantastic and unknown realms." I had promised to clean the attic during Easter vacation.

"In May, you will have a new treasure." I would be out of the attic by that time with a bunch of my old love letters.

"Come June, you will be entangled with legalities." The only document I could think of was the Sheepskin I hoped to possess by then.

"During July and August, you will travel." Yeh, to the weddings of my friends.

"September will bring a new man into your life." Yes, I've heard about the window washer in the Cement Factory, where I'll be working.

"In October, you will find the key to happiness." Oh, please let it be the key to my trunk, the one I lost last fall after I had carefully packed away all my summer clothes.

"And November—you'll have a highly elating experience." Do you reckon Charles Laughton will be sufficiently recuperated by then to lecture—I'll get to hear him yet.

"And December, the month of mistletoe and snow, the time when dreams come true. And your dream will come true." Oh, that meant I would at last get my week-end at Carolina.

The old woman staggered to her feet, and I knew by the expression on her face that she had suffered many years, suffered from ingrown toe nails. She smiled kindly at me. "My child, you know your future for the next twelve months, and I don't even know where it is that I'm a-going."

I gave her the specified fee, enough to buy a new translation of the Squire's Tale, and started out the door. I did. And till this day, I can't remember how it was that I got back home. But I do remember it was back last January 1.