

Malin Writes From Sweden

Malin Ehinger of Halmstad, Sweden, was a student at Salem during the 1955-56 school year. She wrote the following letter to Dr. Hixson. Malin refers to the collision of the Stockholm and the Andrea Doria. She was a passenger on the Stockholm.

—Editor

Halmstad, Sept. 2nd, 1956

Dear Dr. Hixson,

Thank you very much for your kind letter and the enclosed papers from the Swedish American Line. I am very fortunate not having to use them, except for the fact that I am naturally going to answer the questions made about my whereabouts at the time of the collision.

I am glad, I had not gone to bed yet, but was sitting in the lounge, so when I got up after having slid along the floor, I could follow all the happenings quite well. But so many things, and much nicer one, indeed, happened to me this summer.

Right after school, I went with Sue Gregory to Rocky Mount and we spent some wonderful, restful days in her home before leaving together for Washington. There again I stayed with "my American parents", the Shulls. That meant sightseeing in the beautiful city, taking all the unsuccessful pictures from Christmas over again, dinner parties with among others the national dairy queen, and above all enjoying life in a home with a family.

After two weeks Mr. Shull was going on business to New York and so I got a ride with him up there, where I stayed during the following week. I made the city like a real tourist and was thoroughly impressed although I definitely decided I would not like to live in such a place. Salem was so much more of the right size for me.

One of the high-lights of this stay was Martha's and Sissie's coming to town and we went to see Andy Griffith in *No Time for Ser-*

geants together before I saw them off on the "Bergensfjord".

Then came my long bus-ride to Brownsville, Texas, and I must say I was rather worn out, arriving there after three days and three nights.

But it sure was worth it! I was placed in a pioneer Unit and lived out in the sheer wilderness of Texas for a month. We slept with only mosquito-nets between us and the sky, we did most of our cooking out-of-doors, and we went hiking on the Gulf of Mexico. I learned to recognize a rattlesnake and scorpions but also learned about the beauty of the night-blooming cactus and the campfires by the lake.

Unfortunately, I could not get my passport in order for a trip to Mexico—my visa was only valid for one entrance into the United States but there were so many other things.

I left camp with just enough time to go to New York again to catch the boat home this time. That all worked fine and when I finally was on the boat, I really thought nothing could give me any troubles any more before possibly the customs in Gothenburg. But that assumption was not quite true. It was really sort of embarrassing to get back to the harbour after all the good-byes and all the trouble people had had seeing me off.

Here I have spent part of the time in Halmstad and part in our summer home on Gotland, resting and telling endless stories about the States. During the last week I have also had the favour of seeing the two Oslo scholars from Salem in my home and showing them some sights in the south of Sweden.

We also spent a lot of time talking about dear old Salem, and decided we were making history, since it was the first time girls from the school visited a former foreign student in her home.

In the middle of next week I

shall set out for the university to start my studies of the English language on a theoretical basis.

Soon all the Salem girls and faculty will meet too and I wish you all the best of luck for the coming year, many times wishing I was with you again. I can never enough express my thankfulness for what my year at Salem gave me and I only wish and trust there will be another year just as wonderful for everybody.

Yours truly,
Malin

Focus On Freshmen

She told me that her senior play had been *Little Women* and I knew she had been Jo. There wasn't any doubt about it. Tall, quiet, with an easy-going manner, and deep brown eyes that seemed to speak without words.

I knew, too, that this was Nan Williams, newly elected chairman of the freshman class, and that her

home is in Farmville, North Carolina.

She told me that her father is a doctor, and that her mother has been a laboratory technician. Nan's majoring in science, medical technology.

I didn't know that this is her first experience as a "real" freshman, for I thought everyone was introduced to this phase of life in high school. Not this girl, though, she missed the first two months of the ninth grade with a broken leg. A motor boat ran over her. As she was waiting, half-submerged in the water, to get up on the skis, another boat crossed the tow rope and the motor struck her leg.

She misses high school, the band, and her best friend, Lou, whose in nursing school at Duke. I like the way Nan put it, "I always find that when you leave one thing, life offers something better . . . so it is with Salem."

I hadn't realized either that she likes reading, Carolina blue, French, spaghetti, and politics, or that she was head majorette of her high school band for three years, captain of the girls' basketball team, and one of the two North Carolina delegates to Girls' Nation in the summer of 1955.

Tres femme saillant, non? I think so!

Mary Archer Blount



The Winston-Salem Symphony conducted by John Iuele will open its tenth anniversary season at 8:15 p.m. on Tuesday, October 31, in Reynolds Auditorium. Clemens Sandresky, Dean of the Salem College School of Music will be piano soloist.

Mr. Sandresky will play a piano concerto by Edvard Greig. Included in the program will be the "Euyanthe Overture" by Weber, "Walk Through Paradise Gardens" by Delius, and "Capriccio Espagnole" by Rimsky Korsakov.

The sixty-five members of the symphony will present their next concert in Elkin, N. C.

"The symphony sounds better than ever this year," said Mr. Sandresky.

Knees

I think that I shall never see
A joint as funny as a knee;
A knee whose little face is prest
Against the ground or floor with
zest;

A knee that from Bermudas peeks
And more than likely causes
shrieks.

A knee that may in winter wear
A high wool sock beneath it there—
Upon whose face we kneel in prayer
And rise to find the kneecap bare!
Poems are made by fools like me—
But only you can skin your knee!
Anne Miles

"I've tried 'em all. It's Camels for me. They taste just right and they're real easy to get along with, pack after pack."

Herman Kitcher

DOCUMENTARY
FILM
CAMERAMAN



HAVE A REAL CIGARETTE... have a Camel!

Discover the difference between "just smoking" and Camels!

You'll find Camels taste richer, fuller, more deeply satisfying. The exclusive Camel blend of quality tobaccos brings you smooth smoking. You're sure to enjoy Camels, the most popular cigarette today. They've really got it!