



"Shotput" is pictured here describing her theory concerning the murder that occurred in the play "Nine Girls" presented by the Pierrette Players in Old Chapel Wednesday and Thursday nights. The girls above are, left to right, Marion Gaither, Peggy Sue Taylor, Boots Lambeth, Ann Carothers, and Jane Pointer.

Anderson Revisited

CAT GREGORY

As I look at Anderson objectively now, with my perception sharpened by absence and a new point of view, I see it as the rather small county seat of a farming section in upper South Carolina. I can see the industries that made it an economically well-balanced town. I can see the historical past that gives the present a comfortable solidity. I can also see the intricate social network that makes it a paradox of castebound democracy. It is, then, a typical small town.

There is, however, another Anderson, the Anderson of my childhood. It was a sort of one-dimensional world suspended in time. This Anderson has become my never-never land, for it ceased to be when I grew up.

My grandmother was the center of this world. She lived with the ease of a person whose life is already over. She had silvery white hair, and she was very beautiful. The calm surface of her life was never ruffled by my brash behavior. Rather, it engulfed me and I became tranquil

too, moving in a half-world of subdued emotions.

Her big old house was quietly falling into disrepair. The children had all grown up and gone away, taking with them all their personal belongings. Piece by piece they were taking away the furniture too. The piano, a teister bed, and several books, tables and chairs were our part of the pillage. The emptied house echoed voices and footsteps, but the pieces that remained had an air of permanency. No one had taken Rip van Winkle. He stood on the newel post of the stairway and was as much a part of the house as my grandfather. In fact, the two were synonymous in my mind when I was very small. And I always connected my grandmother with the bust of Spring over the mantelpiece. Spring was portrayed as a draped young lady with a sweet face.

All the people in my Anderson were like my grandparents. They

lived in beautiful old houses that needed painting. They led a quiet, orderly existence and lived almost completely in the past. My grandmother and her friends had a club. It was called the Heart's Delight and met at irregular intervals, usually every month or so. The meetings were written up in the paper with the names of the eight old ladies who comprised it. There had once been many other members, but they had died. It seems strange that people didn't laugh at this organization, but somehow it seemed almost sacred. One of the members was Old Miss Minnie Willhite. She came in her little electric ear, chugging along at twelve miles an hour. She lived all alone and went only to the Heart's Delight and the Baptist Church. Gracious Mrs. Sullivan came from her colonial home in a big car. All her children were artistic, and she lived the most refined life imaginable. These and others like them came to the meetings. It was purely a social club and the only activity it did was to send flowers to a member's funeral. When I think of it now, the Heart's Delight seems to have been the last breath of a dying generation.

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The First Christmas Story

And there were in the same country
Shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their flock by
night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came
upon them,

And the glory of the Lord shone
round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them,
Fear not; for, behold, I bring you
good tidings

Of great joy, which shall be to all
people.

For unto you is born this day
In the city of David a Savior, which
is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you;
Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes,

Lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the
angel

A multitude of the Heavenly host
praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth

Peace, good will toward men.



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