

# Sights And Insights Announces New Editors For Coming Year

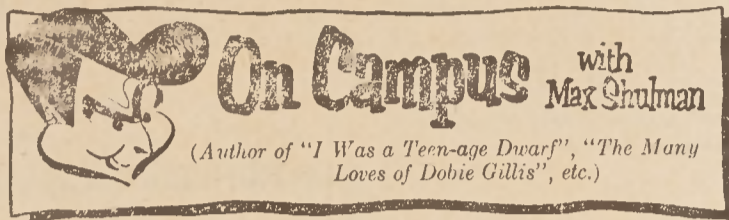
The 1963-1964 **Sights and Insights** editorial and business staffs have been selected. On the editorial staff, Mary Lawrence Pond from Suffolk, Virginia, will be associate editor and Linda Hodges of Fairmont, is assistant editor. Copy editor is Lynne McClemment from Spartanburg, South Carolina, and the assistant copy editors are Olivia Cole Sowers from Winston-Salem and Elinor Trexler from Durham. Jackie Lamond from Alexandria, Virginia, is photography editor; assistant photography editors are Ferne Houser from Pittsboro and Pat Wilson from Durham.

Class editors are Jo Dunbar, senior class, from High Point; Canny Crowell, junior class, from Lincolnton; and Janice Glenn, sophomore, from Greenville, South Carolina. Freshman class editor will be appointed next year. Nan Berry, from Orangeburg, South Carolina is club editor; Jenny Fields from Rocky Mount is head typist. Head proofreader is Dottie Davis from Belmont, and Chri Gray from St. Simons Island, Georgia is assistant proofreader.

On the business staff, Peggy Perkins from Marion is business manager; Zim Zimmerman from Pitts-

burg, Pennsylvania is associate business manager, and Daphne Duke from Panama City, Florida is assistant business manager. Advertising manager is Linda Wilson from Pittman, New Jersey, and assistant advertising manager is Marianna McLean from Lumberton.

Senior class advertising manager is Landis Miller from Albemarle; Linda Earle Gunn from Yanceyville is junior class advertising manager. Betty McMillan from Lexington is sophomore class advertising manager. Freshman class advertising manager will be appointed next year.



## AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cousin, Mandolin Glebe, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, has just started college. Today I got a letter from him which I will reprint here because I know Mandolin's problems are so much like your own. Mandolin writes:

Dear Mandolin (he thinks my name is Mandolin too), I see by the college paper that you are writing a column for Marlboro Cigarettes. I think Marlboros are jim-dandy cigarettes with real nice tobacco and a ginger-peachy filter, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, swinging my paper valise and singing traditional airs like *Blue Tail Fly* and *Death and Transfiguration*, when all of a sudden I ran into this here collegiate-looking fellow with a monogram on his breast pocket. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to be a BMOG and the envy of all the in crowd. I said yes. He said the only way to make these keen things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card with him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.



*She carried me to a chic French restaurant*

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week to collect the dues, which are \$100, plus a \$10 fine for missing the weekly meeting, plus a \$5 assessment to buy a headstone for Spot, the late, beloved beagle who was the fraternity mascot.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity, because it is my dearest wish to be a BMOG and the envy of all the in crowd, but you can see that it is not cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the frat house, but you must agree that I can't sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have rented a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but it is not at all the kind of room I was looking for. I wanted someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, and San Francisco and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger which is dingy, expensive, and uncomfortable—and I don't even get to use the bed till 7 a.m. when my landlord goes out to mong his costers.

Well anyhow, I got settled and the next thing I did, naturally, was to look for a girl. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a beautiful creature standing just under seven feet high and weighing 385 pounds. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a brawny arm, *seized my nape, and carried me to a chic French restaurant* called *Le Clippjoint* where she consumed, according to my calculations, her own weight in chateaubriand.

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with a fork, I pinched her great pendulous jowls, I rubbed the legs of my corduroy pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I slang her over my shoulder and carried her to the girls dorm, slipping several discs in the process.

Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college infirmary. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthesia, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, catgut, linen, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not lack of enthusiasm, that is keeping me from Marlboro Cigarettes—dear, good Marlboros with their fine blend of choice tobaccos and their pure white Selectrate filter and their soft pack and their flip top box.

Well, I must close now. My pencil is wore out and I can't afford another. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. cousin Mandolin Glebe

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*The hearts of the makers of Marlboro go out to poor Mandolin—and to poor anyone else who is missing out on our fine cigarettes—available in all 50 of these United States.*

# Ensemble Presents Music

Salem's choral ensemble will perform at the First Baptist Church of Love, and "Oh God, Our Faithful God." April 28, at 7:30 p.m. The program will consist of sacred music.

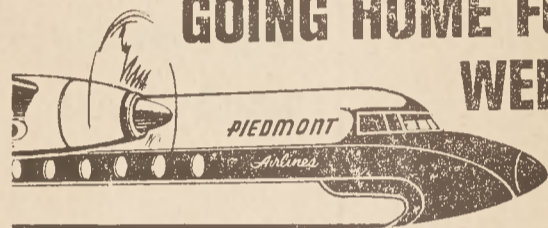
Selections include, "Come Holy Spirit," "Wereilem," "Vere Lan-goures," "Thee, Lord, Most Holy," Soloists will be Anne Cleino, cello; Frances Speas, flute; and Nancy Hutchins and Paul Peterson, vocalists.

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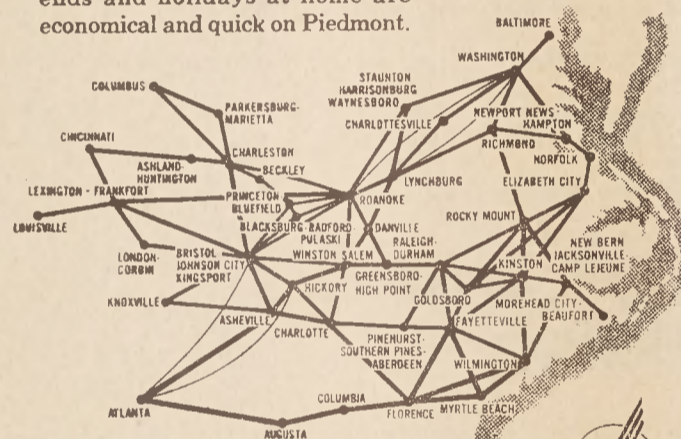
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## Salemites Paint; Mirage Emerges

On Wednesday night, April 17, Salemites gathered in the Day Student Center to pain the mirage. Originally it was a red board with a tree painted on it. However, in just a few hours it was transformed into a true "work of art." The students crowded around the board and painted fraternity symbols and names of all the colleges and universities imaginable. Some even managed to slip in the names of the boys they go with.

This mural adds much to our Student Center and will be here for years to come. Who knows? Maybe this will become another one of Salem's traditions.

## Fordham Gives Senior Recital

Beth Fordham will give her senior voice recital on Monday, April 29. Included in her program are "Art Thou Troubled" (Handel), "O Bellissimi Capelli" (Falconieri), "Lord, I Sing Thy Praise" (Bach), "German Lieders" (Brahms and Schumann), "Lullaby" from *The Consul* (Minotti), and "Here in This Spot with You" (Duke).

Beth has studied two and one-half years under Mrs. Jacobowsky and next year will complete the requirements necessary for her degree. After graduation she plans to combine choir direction with Christian education work. At present she is choir director of both the adult and children's choirs at Oak Grove Moravian Church.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The senior class will be the guests of the Winston-Salem Alumnae Association at a picnic given May 1. Each year the alumnae entertain the seniors, and this year the alumnae chose a picnic.

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