

Archway Dedicates Issue First Time To Jess Byrd

The Spring 1967 edition of the **Archway** was dedicated to Miss Jess Byrd "on her retirement with deep affection and with appreciation for the interest and encouragement she have given to the **Archway**."

The presentation of the first copy of the new **Archway** was made to her at an informal tea held by various friends in her honor in Strong Friendship Room Tuesday afternoon, May 16. She was also presented a bermuda shorts and blouse set for playing golf which she enjoys in her spare time.

This is the first time that the

Salem Student Wins Contest

By Jane Horton

The game of winning—anything from chicken feathers to diamond chips — has enlivened the Salem spirit this spring. However, Reed and Barton Silversmiths of Taunton, Massachusetts, added a new sparkle to the contest spree by naming Christine Mathews, Salemite of the Class of 1970, as a national winner in the silver firm's 1967 Silver Opinion Competition. The dates for entering this competition were February and March, with Carol Carson representing Reed and Barton Silversmiths at Salem. Some 31,000 university women entered the contest; Christine is one of the one hundred "starter set" winners. Her prize is valued at approximately fifty dollars in sterling, fine china, and crystal. What did Christine do to be awarded in this manner? She selected the following patterns: Reed and Barton's "Spanish Baroque" sterling silver; Royal Dalton's "Sovereign" china; and Stuart's "Ashford" crystal.

Good taste and personal preference were important contributing factors in Chris' selections. Perhaps this freshman, a tentative Latin major from Easton, Maryland, was influenced somewhat by her fifteen-year residence in England. Chris remarked that her choice was traditional. What will she do with this grand prize? Naturally, as any girl, she wishes to accumulate more pieces in her patterns for use at a future date.



Jess Byrd received the first **Archway** dedication presented.

Archway has ever been dedicated to anyone.

Miss Byrd has been at Salem since her freshman year here, with the exception of the time it took her to earn a M.A. degree at the University of North Carolina. She is an Emma Lehman Professor of English and will still hold conferences with student writers at her apartment in Old Salem.

She has always encouraged student writers in her English and composition classes and has thus been a great help in the work that has gone into the makeup of the **Archway**.

Exam Crams

- Monday May 22— 3 p.m.
Salemite
- Tuesday May 23— 3 p.m.
IRS — YWCA
- Thursday May 25—10 a.m.
Sophomore Class — NSA
- Friday May 26— 3 p.m.
Freshman Class
- Saturday May 27—10 a.m.
Junior Class — **Archway**
- Monday May 29—10 a.m.
Sights and Insights
- Tuesday May 30— 3 p.m.
Student Government

(Continued from Page 3)

Elizabeth knelt down beside her mother and closed her eyes. But she didn't pray. All she could think of was how close she was to the dead face. Now she wanted to look at it. Still kneeling, she opened her eyes and looked directly at her grandmother's face.

It's rough, she thought. It used to be wrinkled, but soft. Now it looks hard and rough. It looks like it's got chalk smeared all over it . . .

That night, Elizabeth lay in her bed. She stared at the painting of the clown on the wall across from her. The clown's face is rough, too, she thought, rough and white. Eerie white—almost glowing with the light from her bedside lamp shining on it. It had never looked that white before—deathly white.

Elizabeth had painted the clown with her grandmother's help two years before, when she was eight. It was a spring afternoon and Grandmother had her easel set up beside the fish pond in the garden in her back yard. She had sketched in a border of pansies and buttercups and was painting Jimmy, in the distance, flying a yellow kite against the blue sky. But Elizabeth wanted to paint a clown. She had dabbled in oils before, but had never done a painting. Grandmother stopped and helped her paint in a green background. In the following weeks, she had helped her sketch in and paint the clown in a red suit, with yellow, wiry hair, a faint smile, and a white face.

The clown looked dead. Its rough, yet shiny face stared blankly at Elizabeth.

What happens when you die? You stop breathing and get buried in the ground inside a coffin. You lie

there like Grandmother with your head on a satin pillow and they close you up inside of it and put you in the ground.

Elizabeth shivered and pulled her covers up to her chin. She looked at the ceiling and the shape the lamp made on it—a big circle with rings around it, white and grey, light and shadow.

Elizabeth's mouth and throat were dry. She tried to think about roller skating or playing tag. When she sat up in bed, the white faced clown seemed to leer at her. She lay back down.

She began to pray. She hadn't been able to pray this afternoon. "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." It was a familiar prayer—one she had said almost every night she could remember. "If I should die before I wake . . ."

If I should die? "God, please don't let me die. I'm afraid to leave Mama and Daddy. I don't want to be buried with dirt over me. Please don't, God . . ." Her hands were wet and her feet cold, clammy. She gripped the sheet as her neck stiffened, holding her head firmly on the pillow.

She sat up slowly. The clown still glared at her. She stared back, but instead of seeing a clown, she saw the image of her grandmother: the yellow hair wasn't yellow and ragged at all, but grey and neat; its suit was green, not red. Only its face remained the way it was—white, pasty, lumpy, and yet, at the same time, shiny and white.

Elizabeth got out of bed and walked over to the clown. She pulled her chair over to it and climbed up and looked the clown in the eye. She touched the face . . . the lumpy oil paint, dry yet soft. It's dead, she thought, with its eyes open and smiling.

She grabbed the picture by the frame, took it off the wall, and walked over to her closet, opening the door wide to let in the light. Inside, she looked on the side shelves near the floor for a box. It had to be just the right size. She found one, sat on the floor, opened it, and straightened the tissue paper inside. Elizabeth picked up the painting and carefully laid it in the box, folded the white tissue paper over the face, and replaced the lid.

She pushed the box aside and grabbed at the things on the bottom shelf—pulling them on the floor—dolls, doll clothes, games, a cowgirl hat. Having cleared the shelf, Elizabeth picked up the box, gently laid it into place at the back corner of the shelf, and replaced the toys and doll clothes. Pulling herself up to the doorknob, she closed the closet door and returned to her bed.

The sheets were cold now, but wrinkled. Putting her arms behind her head to prop herself up, Elizabeth gazed at the spot on the wall where the clown had hung—a lighter blue than the rest of the wall—like the blue sky in the picture Grandmother painted. Then she reached over and turned on the light, wiggled down into the covers, and closed her eyes.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Ann Cleveland will present her senior piano recital this evening at 8:15 p.m. in Shirley Recital Hall. Her selections include: *Partita in B flat* by Bach; *Au lac de Wallenstadt* by Listz; three Debussy preludes: *General Lavine—eccentric*, *Bruyeres*, and *Feux d'artifice*; and *Concerto No. 2 in B flat* by Beethoven.

MORRIS SERVICE

Next To Carolina Theater

Sandwiches — Salads

Sodas

"The Place Where

Salemities Meet"

STEVE'S ITALIA RISTORANTE

Italian Food

Spaghetti—Pizza, etc.

Also Complete American Menu

Open Daily 11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M.

CLOSED SUNDAYS

112 OAKWOOD DRIVE

DUNCAN MUSIC COMPANY, Inc.

"Music of All Kinds"

"Music of all kinds . . . for the serious student of music or the hobby musician. Piano, vocal, organ, and guitar.

965 Burke St. Near Sears
Phone 723-9906

Knit next winter's sweaters now!

The VILLAGE YARN SHOP

upstairs in the community store

We're Always Glad To Help You

ALL SALEMITES CAN WALK TO THE

PETER PAN

Where The Food Is The Best and Prices Reasonable

OPEN 7 A.M.-8 P.M. — CLOSED SUNDAYS

GIRLS!

Mr. Snavely says:

See You and Your Money In September

Visit Our Second Floor Everything for vacation needs

SWIMSUITS BY:

Cole — Darlene — Dundee

SPORTSWEAR BY:

White Stag — Lady Manhattan — and others

DRESSES BY:

Miss Adventure — A & R Jrs. — Jonathan Logan



DOWNTOWNER MOTOR INN

Cherry and Second Sts.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C. 27102

Present this advertisement for a complimentary breakfast for two of your guests while they are registered at the Downtowner Motor Inn, Cherry and Second Sts.