

Roommates

by Anne Moseley

"But, Mother, it'll just be my luck to get a short, spoiled roommate without a smidgen of personality." I wailed as I flung a dirty saddle shoe into the trunk. Mother went on sewing the bright red name tapes on my socks as she answered, "This time tomorrow you'll know her, and if you do just your part you can get along with anybody." I decided to let both the subject and the lid to the trunk drop. I fell on my bed, exhausted, and was asleep before Mother could cut off the light.

If I had been quiet and tired the night before, I was certainly exuberant as I stood in front of room No. 4 Sister's House. I had brightened considerably the minute I entered it, the oldest dormitory on Salem campus. It was such an ugly, decrepit old building that I felt sure that fate would feel obligated to give me a cute roommate. I stood outside the door wondering what she would be like. I finally flung open the door, only to find the room empty. I dumped my things in the middle of the floor and, glancing into the mirror, I realized that I looked almost as disheveled as the room. I turned around just as a tall girl tripped over my shoe bag, which had fallen in the doorway.

"You're hurt," I exclaimed. "No, I'm Anne," she replied. The crucial moment was over. I had met my roommate, and we were soon chatting like old friends. "Do you go steady?" Anne asked me.

"Well, not exactly. Do you?" "Yeah, I've been going with him for two years. I certainly did hate to leave him too.

"Oh! What's his name?" "Well, that's the only thing I don't like about him. His name is Willie."

"Where does he go to school?" "He doesn't. He works for his

father." Anne didn't talk about Willie much after that first day. But, as the weeks wore into months, she was still hearing from him every day. And, although she was as conscientious about her school work as anyone could be, she would drop everything when it was time for her to write him each night.

In November, a month later, I was invited to Carolina for the Carolina-Duke game. My winter coat, ordered in September, still had not come. I was frantic.

"I can't go," I declared. "Don't be silly. Certainly you'll go. How about my blue suit and white top coat?" Anne offered.

"Oh, Anne, I just couldn't. You haven't even worn the coat. . . . ugh, what size is it?"

Yes, Anne was thoughtful and generous. She had all these virtues and something else too, a good looking brother at Chapel Hill. Anne declared that next to Willie, her brother was the nicest boy of all. And he was.

"No more days till we get out," Anne finished the song which the faculty had forbidden us to sing. She was happy; everybody was happy. We were going home for Christmas the next day.

Two days before Christmas vacation was over, I got a letter from Anne. She got a fur coat and a new radio, that she was bringing back to school. Oddly enough, she didn't mention Willie. I gathered that she hadn't gotten the ring she'd wanted so much.

Finally that inevitable day came when we were all back at school. All that is, except Anne. The day dragged on. She missed three classes that she couldn't cut. At seven o'clock I went to the Dean's office to check for the fiftieth time. Miss Pangle said that Anne's mother had just called. I guess I looked scared because she said, "It's not too drastic

The two compositions, "Roommates" by Anne Moseley and "Thanksgiving" by Mary Porter Evans, are examples of the current interest and activity in the field of creative writing, stimulated by Mr. Edwin L. Peterson's approaching forum.

Miss Shush



Seen ya with dark hair
Dark eyes and skin most fair.
If you have ate plus eleven more
Untangle sir, you'll see I'm shore!

* * * * *

Who is Miss Shush? The first person who leaves the right answer in the Salemite office, with an explanation of at least two clues, will be rewarded with a CARTON of the right cigarettes—Chesterfields!

—Anne and Willie eloped on the way back to school."

Dear Mother,

and Anne is really married. Isn't that romantic? But, Mother, second semester I get a new roommate and I just know she'll be short and spoiled, without a smidgen of personality.....

Thanksgiving

by Mary Porter Evans

When I was five years old, I spent an odd Thanksgiving. Uncle Ben, who had been thrown from a horse several weeks before and had injured his knee, spent an uncomfortable vacation. His knee bothered him, and the crutches bothered me. In fact I wouldn't even come down to the Thanksgiving Dinner and be in the same room with crutches. I had anxiously anticipated dinner, not because of the food, but because there were little clay turkeys with tiny candles in their backs at each place. Furthermore, Mother had told me a secret—we were going to have an ice-cream turkey for dessert.

Getting my sister and me dressed was always left to the last half hour in an attempt to keep us clean. While we donned our white socks, patent leathers and lavender party dresses, Carol and I decided it was like Sunday without Sunday school. Then we waited for our cousins to arrive. Finally, after a long fifteen minutes, the big brown car full of Coles pulled up in front of the house. Carol and I thought it would be fun for us to hide and have them find us. Even at our tender age we realized that stifled giggles from behind the sofa would be too easy to find, and so we ran up to the twist in the stairway and there we sat.

Triumphantly, we heard someone say, "Where are the girls?" Snickers and snorts gave us away. We were found. Carol skipped downstairs. I ran upstairs. A few minutes later Mother called me, but there wasn't any answer. I was in my room, looking out the window, waiting for the cars to go by.

When the family realized I wasn't going to budge, they began speculating on why I suddenly became so

antisocial. Everyone thought Uncle Ben's crutches had scared me. Each one was confident he could make me want to sit at the table. Aunt Dotty assured me there was nothing really wrong with Uncle Ben, that he just needed the crutches to help him walk. Then Aunt Lucy came. She tried the "now-you-are-a-big-girl" technique. That didn't work.

Getting Mary down was now a contest and each contestant was sure he could win. Everyone brought bribes: the clay turkeys, little crepe paper baskets of nuts, olives. Nothing moved me. I can imagine the conversation at the table. Aunt Dotty, in an effort to smooth things over, probably said to her oldest boy, "Now Benny, you have a way with Mary. You try." Benny wasn't successful either. Then the youngest Cole cousin was sent. It was one of the first times I can remember Tommy's being "nice" to me. In his eyes Carol and I were brats anyway, and this situation probably confirmed his opinion.

Carol came up. She had been prompted on what to say. She stood in the doorway and re-quoted, "Mary, please come downstairs. Uncle Ben is all right. The turkey is good. We are going to have dessert soon."

Even Uncle Ben himself painfully hobbled upstairs to show me he was all right and that he wouldn't hit me over the head with the crutches. Finally Marie came up to see me.

Marie was our nurse and cook whom I just adored. She brought me downstairs. I don't remember what she said or what she did, but the next thing I knew I was at the table dividing my attention between the ice-cream turkey and those long yellow crutches leaning against the wall.

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