

# Anne Enters Story In Contest

By Anne Robertson

Grandma was sitting in her wheel chair by the window when I came in. She always sits there because she can't walk. Maybe if she'd been younger when she broke her hip she might have recovered, but bones get a little temperamental when they've been used for ninety years. It still seems strange not to see her stalking through the garden, shouting orders at the hired man. It doesn't seem the least bit strange to Grandma, though. She's just as happy making her little "suggestions" from a wheel chair. In fact, she'd be happy anywhere. Maybe that's why I come and sit with her often. When people understand life and what it's all about, I like to be around them. Grandma's love for life is contagious and I always feel different, a little more eager about it all, perhaps, whenever I've been to see her.

Some people say that youth lives in the future and old age in the past. Grandma just plain lives. When I came in yesterday she began to tell me about her plan for converting the land adjoining the house into an apple orchard. Of course she has to attend to the matter of her absentee ballot for the coming election first. It would never do not to support the cause. Grandma's enthusiasm for life never ebbs. She may ponder over what lies in the life beyond, but as she once put it, "Heaven's my home, but I'm not homesick yet!"

Frequently I can persuade Grandma to tell me about the times when she was growing up, just after the War Between the States. Her blue eyes kindle with the glow of youth again, and I imagine her pile of gray hair in soft brown ringlets, the way it looks in some of the pictures she has. Whenever Grandma does pause in her busy life to reminisce, there's one story she frequently tells me. It typifies her whole philosophy of life, and she seems to have carried its thoughts with her always. When Grandma was a young belle in Charlottesville, soon after the war, many northern girls came to Virginia. They flaunted the latest style, an affair called a turban, before the young Virginians. Naturally, my grandmother wanted one. Her mammy summed up the whole situation with this one statement: "My gal don' need no turban to sho' huh bigness."

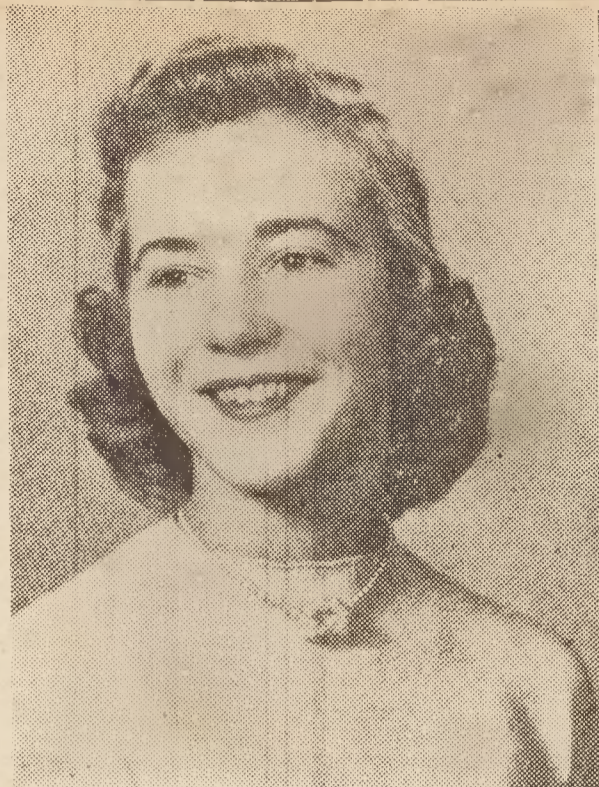
No, Grandma has never needed anything to show her bigness. As long as she sits in her chair by the window, she'll always be the guide and stay of our family, our queen bee.

## Juniors Plan

(Continued from page one) bie on the piano and will also play for the singing of Christmas carols.

The celebrity of the evening will be Santa Claus. Santa will make an exception to the rule and present the children of the faculty members with gifts a little ahead of the usual time. Our visitor from the North Pole will also read a poem about all the Seniors.

**L. Roberts**  
WINSTON-SALEM



JEAN SHOPE



JOAN SHOPE

# Weaverville Twins Roll Their Own; Spend Days Doing Math, Playing Uke

By Clinky Clinkscales

## Children's

(Continued from page four)

of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* better known today as *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. A third copy by Lewis Carroll which is on display is the first edition of *Rhyme? and Reason?* published in 1883.

During the quarter of the century, beginning about 1805, there grew up a period known as "haut epoque," at which time children's illustrated books were all enlivened by gaily-colored illustrations of the highest decorative quality. Mary Duke Trent has among her collection some of the original drawings of William Mulready, one of the artists who lived at this time and who was elected to membership in the Royal Academy at the age of 20. Some of these illustrations have been preserved for over 130 years.

Along with the collection of books, are two sets of playing cards with illustrated drawings of figures that tell a story. One set is titled "Alice in Wonderland" and the other is "Peter Pan" with the illustrations done by Charles A. Buchel.

## A. A. U. W.

(Continued from page one) who sang several songs from the play.

The American Association of University Women is composed of alumnae from eligible colleges and universities all over the nation. It endeavors to keep the alumnae abreast with current events, both intellectual and cultural, in such fields as social study, child study, national and state legislation and fine arts.

I walked up the stairs of Clewell to room 211 and politely knocked on the door. From within an expectant voice said, "Come in." I entered and before I could open my mouth Jean Shope screamed frantically, "Please don't look at the room—we just sent our curtains to the laundry and we haven't gotten them back yet." Sympathetically I ignored the bare windows and Jean and I began chatting. The twins, Jean and Joan Shope, are from Weaverville, (accent on Weaver) N. C., a little town of 2,000 near Asheville. They dress alike all the time, and I was told that once in a while—not too often—people get them confused.

Before I could learn anything else, Joan came into the room in her red bathrobe with a box of Kleenex in one hand and a half-knitted pair of argyles in the other. "I've got a horrible cold," she said as she sniffed and blew. I found out that the girls attended St. Genevieve of the Pines in Asheville their last two years in high school. They both play the piano and the ukelele. I could not decide just how well, because both of them laughed as they mentioned the fact. They are both interested in sports—namely, basketball, hockey and softball. And they both love Salem, "especially the girls!"

As far as I could gather, the twins have only two complaints

about their college life so far. Number one is that they have a difficult plumbing problem in their room. I understand that they have had several minor floods which they have had to cope with. Number two is that they find freshman math such a crip that they are forced to go to the movies while the rest of their class pores over the home work problems.

Just as I was about to take my leave, I discovered an unusual brand of cigarettes on the desk. Jean and Joan told me that they rolled their own. Their favorite tobacco is Dukes Mixture (made in Durham, N. C.) rolled in Tips Cigarette paper. I jotted down that snatch of information on my yellow paper and left room 211. "Do come back," said two friendly voices as Joan plucked out **Five Foot Two** on her uke.

# Fay Exhorts Salemites To Read

By Fay Stickney

Monday, December 4, Pyongyang, Korea's oldest city, uneasily waited for its third conquest in four centuries by Chinese troops. The Communist sweep around the right flank toward the city was an attempt to duplicate the Red strategy of last week when the South Korean Second Corps fell on the right end of the United Nations line.

Those Koreans who had previously welcomed the United Nations forces as liberators are now wondering what their fate shall be when the city once again exists under the rule of the Communistic hammer and sickle.

United States leaders made plans to evacuate about 1,500 North Koreans from the city, including clergymen, scientists, top officials, technicians, along with some 600 prisoners of war, who were put in jail when the city was liberated (six weeks ago). A steady flow of tanks, soldiers, trucks, civilians, and refugees swarmed south across the Taedong River's many bridges until the repeated blasts demolished all hopes of retiring to the hoped for southern sanctuary. The exodus continued until the military authorities put a damper on the stampede and tried to subdue the congestion of the main route to the south by organizing systems.

TODAY'S NEWS IS TOMORROW'S HISTORY. Salem students, read the daily newspapers lying idle in your smokers. True, many of the commentator's reports may be nothing but tomfoolery but, let's face it, the pattern for a third World War, or the continuing of the Second World War (word it as you may) is piecing together daily. If, for no other reason than to cover up other ignorances, don't remain ignorant to the Korean situation any longer. **Ignorance ain't bliss, nor is it becoming.**

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