

Patient Head Nurse Keeps Infirmary Visitants Happy

By Carolyn Harris

"No! Do a feature on someone else—do one on yourself" were the words spoken by the harrassed but patient Miss Biggers as she placed the evening paper in her lap. "There's nothing you want to know about me." But with a courteous disagreement and a few point blank questions, the interview began.

Salem's head nurse was born in Charlotte, attended school in Oxford, received her training at Highsmith Hospital in Fayetteville, and since that time has made her home in Winston-Salem.

This is Miss Biggers' third year at Salem and she grinned as she said, "And next year I too will be a senior." When asked what her attitude is toward Salem, she answered without blinking an eye that she liked Salem and everybody at Salem. "But," she said, "I never knew girls could have so many things wrong with them." "And," she continued, "I really think the girls are having their teeth pulled just to be with Dr. Crotts. I'm sure some of them don't have any teeth left."

Likes Florida

When Miss Biggers realized that she was being quoted she spoke in her soft slow manner, "I'm just going to keep my mouth shut." But one mention of the word Florida was sufficient to resume the conversation. If there's a vacation, a car, and an inspiration, then Florida better look out for



Miss Blandina Biggers

one Salem College nurse. For Miss Biggers there's nothing like that Florida sun, and for the more risqué, those Florida race tracks.

The infirmary, and we think of rows of beds, little brown pills, and two comforting nurses. The infirmary, and Miss Biggers thinks of a home, the welfare of Salem girls, and visits with faculty and students.

Mama Finds Unkempt Daughter On First Visit To Salem College

By Anne Lowe

The sun shone brightly on the tranquil and sleepy college campus. It was spring. It was Friday, and Mother looked with admiration at the new home of her daughter, the warm brick buildings, the spring onions sprouting on the lawn. This was her first trip to see Susie because Susie didn't want to be known as Mama's baby.

Quietly and with reverence she touched the knob of Susie's dorm. Would her daughter be wearing the new plaid skirt with the pink sweater that matched the dominant stripe—or maybe the green wool solid skirt with the gaily flowered blouse?

No One Around

She walked to the desk in the reception room — no one was around. Surely she should inquire before she boldly went to search for Susie's room. Ah, a noise—Someone was coming. The maid—

"Yes'm. You can go in. Miss Susie's room is on the fifth floor, number 518. The stairs are to your left."

The fifth floor! Poor Susie. She was much too frail to climb so many stairs. Something had to be done about this.

Fifteen minutes and 500 steps later Mrs. Pushin's weak hand knocked on the door of room 518.

"Come in—this ain't heaven—everyone's welcome."

Whose Voice?

Whose rough voice was this? It couldn't be the roommate. Susie's letters had described her as a lovely girl from a lovely family. Maybe the maid was cleaning up and being overly familiar.

With a closed throat Mrs. Pushin opened the door. She could get no further—not from emotion, but from the obstacles that cluttered her path.

Susie was not wearing her plaid skirt—it was on the floor in the doorway. She was not wearing the gay flowered blouse. It was hanging out of the dresser drawer—a jagged rip of three inches in its

cuff. She was wearing those horrid blue jeans—not the new ones, but the ones she had painted the dog house in.

Mrs. Pushin hugged the daughter and kissed her pale unpainted lips. Was this what she had sewed all summer for—the unmade beds, the curtain drooping over the radiator, the matching rugs pushed in one corner—the blue jeans, the man's shirt?

How She Planned

How lovingly and foolishly she had planned the decoration of Susie's room! How painfully had she chosen casual dorm clothes!

But as her eyes traveled around the room and her ears became tuned to the roommate's rough voice, she smiled. After all, she, like all the other mothers, had had her fun.



Salem Education Program Offers Courses For Children And Adults Of Winston-Salem

Salem is now sponsoring an Adult Education Program. This program includes six adult classes and two for children. There are approximately 90 townspeople enrolled in these special classes. Besides these 90 people included in the adult education program, there are about 200 people from Winston-Salem taking private lessons from Salem faculty and music students.

The largest class in the program is an art class attended by 22 children. The work includes drawing, painting, sculpturing and, for the older children, oil painting. Mrs. Edwin Shewmake teaches the children's art class while her husband teaches an adult art course in which six people are enrolled. The largest enrollment among

the adult classes is Dr. Elizabeth Welch's course in the psychology of personal adjustment. The course places emphasis upon the analysis of personality, the causes of maladjustment and preventative and remedial re-adjustment processes.

There are two courses in drama. One in creative drama for children is taught by Miss Elizabeth Reigner. In this class there are 12 pupils whose ages range from eight to ten. Stevie Gramley was the only boy in the class at first, but now he has gotten some of his friends to join the group.

The other drama class is a course in modern drama taught by Miss Catherine Nicholson. This class of six is studying the trends of dramatic writing and theater practice

from the late nineteenth century to the present.

A literary course in music appreciation, requiring no knowledge of music or music terminology, is given by Miss June Samson. The present enrollment of this class is seven.

Salem also offers adult courses in religion and in history. Eleven people attend Mr. Edwin Sawyer's class in the background and message of the Bible poets. Dr. Gregg Singer teaches a class of seven in the main currents of modern political thought.

The adult classes meet on Tuesday afternoons, and the children's meet on Saturday mornings.

Besides serving as an educational center for Winston-Salem, Salem has become bureau for supplying entertainment. Every week the music department receives requests for students to provide music for church, banquets, clubs, weddings and special programs.

In the instrumental field, the Winston-Salem Symphony recruits members of the student body and faculty of the college.

Future teachers and sociology majors learn by doing in Winston-Salem and vicinity. Currently the sociology majors are helping the Red Cross.

Salem students are not only given practical experience, but are also contributing to the city of Winston-Salem.

Trip Home Means Good Food, Relaxation, Sleep—Sometimes

By Jean Davenport

I always look forward to a trip home—relaxation, good food, plenty of sleep, hot and cold water out of one spigot, no home work. I rush through the last days of school before vacation thinking how nice it will be to get away from the dilapidated dormitory and the last minute cramming before tests. Then I go home.

My last trip was typical of most of them. I arrived about supper time when my mother was rushing into the kitchen every ten minutes to tell Patty, the cook, how she wanted everything done. Patty still persists in doing things the hard way. Mother used to say that she would be fine when she became trained. After two years, though, Mother has stopped saying that. We still go to the table and find the silver on the wrong sides of the plates. Patty is left-handed.

Sister Screams Hello

Biddie, my five year old sister, greeted me at the door screaming at the top of her voice. She went with me to unpack, and later I found everything in the wrong drawers and had to start over. Then she immediately went to the piano. When I forgot to compliment her tuneless playing at every pause, she treated me as a stranger.

Daddy arrived when I finally sat down and asked to hear everything I'd been doing. Before I started, though, he just had to try the television. It's a nightly ritual with him. He turns it on for five minutes until he gets disgusted with the snow and noise and turns it back off. Over the commotion of Biddie's piano banging we sat and chatted.

About an hour after I'd been home, Clare, my other sister who is 13 years old, made her appearance. We talked for about five minutes before she started telephoning all her friends that she'd just left. Then she dashed upstairs to borrow one of my sweaters or a pair of shoes.

Tired By Supper Time

When I finally got to the supper table, I was rather tired. Between trying to talk to everyone at once, I stuffed myself with all the food that it was possible to eat. The telephone promptly started ringing when we sat down, and when dessert arrived there were two of us left at the table.

After supper I anticipated a nice hot bath. I turned on the water, and when I went back to step in, there was the usual shock. The water was cold. When I asked Mother about it, she was surprised

that I even expected a hot bath while the dishes were being washed.

Later that night I fell into bed after an unusually late party. My last thought was how wonderful it was going to be not to have to get up for classes. It seemed only a moment later that I heard a commotion outside my door. It was eight-thirty, and Biddie was up. With a cheery, "Good morning, Deen" she succeeded in pulling me out of bed before my eyes were open. I stumbled down the stairs and promised myself an afternoon nap.

After lunch, however, everyone discovered that they had to go to different places. There weren't enough cars to go around, and soon I heard, "What are you doing this afternoon, Jean?" I never managed the nap between trips.

After a trip home, all of my friends arrived at school with new hairdoes and a rested look. I have bags under my eyes until two days later, but I'm usually the last to come back to school.

Morrisette's
Dept. Store

4th at Trade

Take the escalator to our new
JUNIOR CENTER

2nd Floor



Dial 4-3611

4th at Trade

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS
PRINTING PLATES

DIAL
9722

iedmont
engraving co.

**HOME LAUNDRY
AND
DRY CLEANING**

"We Specialize in Evening Dresses"

1422 S. MAIN ST.

PHONE 2-4212 - 2-5512

BRODT-SEPAK MUSIC CO.

620 West Fourth St.

Phone 3-2241

Music of All Publishers

Victor, Columbia and Decca Records

Bocock-Stroud Co.

Fourth at Spruce St.