

Smithfieldite Summers In Big New York

Ella Ann Lee

Editor's note: This theme was written for the freshman English placement tests.

I have always had an earnest desire to spend a summer in New York. Just the name of that fabulous city stirred in me the most exciting and romantic ideas. This summer my dream came true. Through some unaccountable luck I won a scholarship to study piano. Though that was good news, the best was that the school I would attend was to be of my own choice.

Naturally my thoughts flew to New York! Just imagine, me in that wonderful spot for a full six weeks!

Of course complications always arrive to mar ones hopes. This time it was in the form of Mother. If I thought the piano contest was hard, I just hadn't tangled with Mother. The idea of sending "her baby" (all of 5' 6 1/2") all alone to that huge place put her to bed for days. But fate came to the rescue and I learned that another young pianist was going to New York, too. This girl, who was even younger than I, had been once before and knew the ropes already. With this news before her, Mother couldn't refuse my pleading.

Time elapsed very quickly, and soon I was on my way to New York. Besides three heavy bags, many boxes, and the inevitable "lunch box," I carried with me the sound warnings of Mother "not to speak to strangers, never ride with anyone, and above all, hold on to your money!"

My companion and I stayed at a Women's Club which was duly respectable and within walking distance of Juilliard School of Music. I was quite shocked to see little Italian, Negro and White children playing on the streets night and day.

Many other things bothered me that I had never been accustomed to: gentlemen(?) slamming doors in your face, people running past you to snatch your seat practically from under you, or having to wait by an open door for the men to pass through first. We soon decided it must be Northern hostility instead of the usual Southern hospitality we were used to. But soon we learned to push and shove just as well as the other fellow. Definitely it was a survival of the fittest.

There is a brighter side to this story though. I passed many hours seeing musicals, plays, the latest show, and going to my first night club. Two boys from my town came up to see New York and, incidentally, me, so that they furnished some escorts which we needed desperately.

They took us to Greenwich Village to the Village Barn, where we spent a gay, hilarious evening. Thinking back on that night, I realize now that we certainly should have since we went Dutch for the evening. The boys kept reminding us that the less money they spent, the longer they could

Teachers Travel, Study, Rest During Summer Vacations

By Ruthie Derrick

Ask any Salemite, "How was your summer?" She will clasp her hands, sigh, and immediately say "Wonderful!" And, while the Salem faculty's responses are equally spontaneous, they are even more fervent. Each of them had a glorious, a marvelous, or a grand vacation.

Dr. Hixson and Mrs. Heidbreder explored the Carolinas from Myrtle to Manteo, but it is rumored that the highlight of the trek was a ride around Ocracoke in a Ford T-Model. Miss Byrd explored Europe again, and it's said by the Salem girls who went with her that she is twice as much fun in Europe as she is in a sophomore Lit. class.

Sign up immediately for a course with Mrs. Melvin who was at Chapel Hill this summer. She is now acutely sympathetic with anyone's academic struggles. One of her courses had no quizzes until the final exams, and, according to stay.

Another evening I had a dinner date at the New Yorker. Despite the fact that my date was shorter than I and we danced most of the evening, I had an enjoyable time. Neither of us being New Yorkers, we weren't too adept at catching the subway.

On our way home I thought none of the stops looked familiar. Then, to my horror, we landed in Harlem. As we walked into the street there were colored boys dancing and singing. I was frantic! We hopped on the next bus, which was the wrong one naturally, transferred, and were home as the milkman came noiselessly down the street. My date hurried away from the door — as if he thought I brought him bad luck.

Six weeks of hard work and fun passed so quickly that I was soon on my way home. I had made so many wonderful friends I hated to leave, but the thought of home and family made it easier. Through some good luck I managed to get on the right train which invariably puts you off by the pig pen a half mile from the station.

I felt like Miss New York in my French heels, carrying a long slender umbrella and a brief case with me. Of course the atmosphere detracted from my grand arrival, but after all I had to keep up appearances. Hurriedly walking to meet my family, I laughed at myself for ever thinking that a cosmopolitan city like New York could ever take the place of the friendly small Southern town of Smithfield.

Mrs. Melvin, such an arrangement is too nerve-racking. For those of you who are already in Mrs. Melvin's classes, remember, she is now a firm believer in many, many quizzes.

Dr. Smith visited in Roaring Gap and Manteo. She also joined Miss Cash and Miss Siewers for an extended trip through the New England states. While these ladies cruised around seeing the country, Mr. Curlee spent his summer "underground" — his name for a basement workshop where he pursues a hobby of making and refinishing furniture.

Dr. Singer and Dr. Lewis did not spend their summer talking in their favorite drug store booth as many of us had imagined. Dr. Singer was a visiting professor at High Point College for twelve weeks. And that was his fairly new son, Robert Adams, who came to last Saturday night's picnic on the hockey field.

Dr. Lewis spent most of his summer writing essays (about 30,000 words worth) in which he tried "to solve the world's and his own problems."

Dr. Welch spent the summer at Manteo. She "did a little writing" in her spare time and her efforts resulted in a completed 2-act musical play, a completed first draft of a detective novel, and a partially completed text book for high school theater courses. She also has a new home being built in Manteo.

Mr. Blair, our new English professor, traveled a bit, but for the most part his was a studying vacation—he read a number of books on Milton.

Mr. Campbell went to New England again and spent his usual restful summer. Just so that he wouldn't get too bored sitting around for three months, he built another house between rests.

Mrs. Todd reports that Dr. Todd is having a glorious time in London taking in some of the night spots and just looking the place over. She didn't mention studying, but he may be doing a little of that as a side-line.

He had a visit from Winkle Harris, president of Stee Gee in 1950-51, who stopped in London on her way home from France. Dr. Todd says that he was particular to ask his land lady the correct places to take a young lady in London before entertaining Winkle. He expects to see Bessie Lepart, another member of Winkle's class, when she goes to London this winter. Bessie is living in Paris.

On Other Campuses

By Betty Tyler

With each new school year there must come changes. This year they seem to run in the form of animals.

Wearing many frowns of sorrow the geology department at Emory bade goodbye to one of their dearest members, Senor El Supremo Learnedwerner McLester, "the whimsical jackass". Because of the mascot's famous habit of chasing anything in sight, he was sold for \$5.00 to a farmer—who upon finding him uncontrollable gave him away for \$1.50—adding insult to injury!

Speaking of animals, Hampden-Sydney has a new Tiger. It seems that the students want to make him an "institution" — something that will make every student, professor, and alumnus proud; that will stay out of the trash can; and that will represent the student body. "The Tiger" is the school paper.

The most common creature of the campus is the rat. They come in all sizes, shapes, and forms; and usually lorded over by a sophomore. They dance, duck-walk, praise alah, and carry on in a most ridiculous fashion. They can be found in any freshmen dorm.

As for the most dangerous of all the beasts—ask Carolina about the stampede of "Longhorns" during the week-end!

Episcopal Club Elects Philips

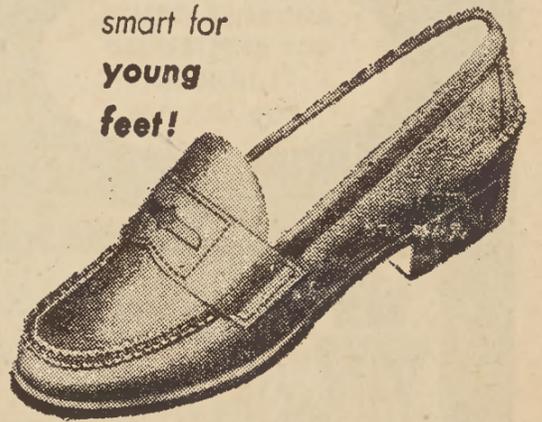
The Canterbury Club of Salem College has announced its officers for the coming year. Nell Philips, a senior from Battleboro, will serve as president. Anne Simpson, a senior from Raleigh, will serve as vice-president. The secretary-treasurer of the club will be Bessie Smith, a sophomore from Selma, Ala.

The officers of the Canterbury Club met with the Rev. Thompson of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and made plans for the coming year. The club will sponsor a picnic and a square dance during the first part of the year. The club will also have Communion services at various times during the year for the members and others who are interested.

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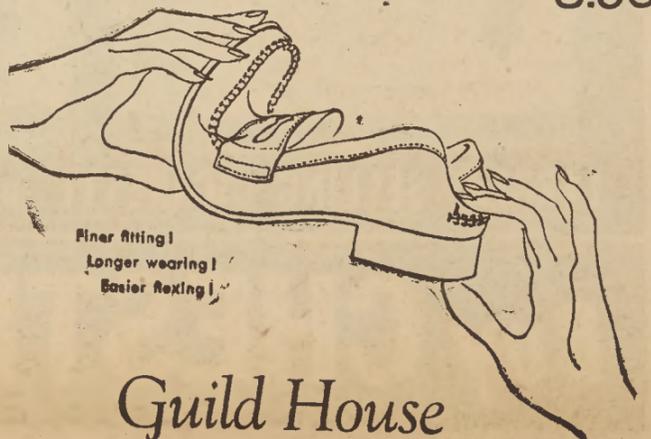


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