

Betsy Gives Continental Travel Tips

By Betsy Liles

There are lots of things one can be an authority on . . . art, antiques, literature, love . . . but very few are authorities on European train systems. I happen to know of two young ladies who are—namely Aggie and me. Our authoritative knowledge did not come from any book but from cruel experience of many hours spent in the day coaches of Europe.

After studying at the University of Oslo this summer, Aggie and I decided we would go jaunting down on the continent. The man at the travel bureau assured us that about the most economical way to jaunt was via the train (with the exception of the feet). So we made reservations from Oslo, Norway, all the way to Italy and back, and set forth with our innocent hearts beating in anticipation.

I will have to brag and say we bore the first hundred or so miles well. But then Scandinavian trains are very clean; there was an ample supply of Kleenex in the ladies room to wipe away train dust (there were no cinders because all the trains are electric ones through Denmark). There are even little ledges under the window where we could write cards or deal cards. But life on a Scandinavian train is too plush; there are cushions on the seats and the windows are wiped.

It was only when we began to get deep into Germany that we encountered adventure (then only lukewarm danger). The train conductors wear Gestapo-looking hats, but had it not been for one benevolent German conductor, we would have ended up on a wrong train going to Yugoslavia.

Somehow all the waiters befriended us. Aggie met an Austrian waiter who gave us dishes of raspberry ice cream and later got off to carry our baggage to the hotel.

Not only the waiters are friendly, but the passengers also—especially in Italy and France. The seats are harder; the windows, dirtier. The babies squall, there is no Kleenex in the ladies room, and there are plenty of cinders. But to be truly continental, you mustn't get disturbed if a lady asks you to help her hold the baby or the man across the aisle insists that you have a swig of his wine. If you sit up during the night, as we did on one occasion, you won't mind this in the least. After one night of train travel on third class, your compartment mates are the closest and most intimate friends you'll ever make.

You do get to see lots of scenery this way . . . if you hang out the windows. Aggie and I saw the risings of the Alps (just beautiful!). But mountainous country is dangerous; remember to always pull your head in when the train streaks through a tunnel.

Another bit of advice; one has to have a strong constitution for this way of travel. Aggie succumbed to it with bronchial pneumonia and flew back to Oslo. I stuck to the train, but bought a private compartment. Yes, it was roomier—no babies or bottles of wine—but awfully lonesome and not in the least exciting. It just didn't have that wonderful 3rd class atmosphere on which I am an authority.



Ann Lang

Ann Lang, Robert Blackman Plan Late December Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. William Harris Lang of Kinston have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ann Murdoch, to Robert Leroy Blackman, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackmon, Sr., of Owensboro, Ky.

The wedding will take place at 8:00 on December 29, in the St. Mary's Episcopal Church of Kinston. The couple will live in Richmond, Va., where Bob is an engineer for the Gates Rubber Company.

Ann is a senior at Salem, and is

majoring in home economics.

Bob attended the University of South Carolina, where he was a member of Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Ann's attendants will be Miss Nancy Florance of Chevy Chase, Md., and Misses Sara Outland, Rosanne Worthington, and Betty Barbre, all of Kinston. Junior bridesmaids will be Alice Brown of Winston-Salem, and Jody Faust of Arlington, Va., both cousins of the bride. Harriette Lang will be her sister's Maid of Honor.

"Dee-hours New Look"

By Bobbi Kuss

"Oh come on, just slip a coat over your pajamas and go over to soda shop with us. I've gotta have a cup of coffee! Put some kind of scarf 'round your pin curls. It's Sunday morning . . . it's any night of the week . . . who'll see us anyway? . . . "Won't they ever say that blessing? It's almost five after! Think I'll have a cookie while I'm waiting. Meals and blessings are such trivial formality anyway." " . . . Just finesse your room this morning. Let's get on to the post office. We can make our beds after lunch. No one ever gets up to these rooms on third." " . . . Hurry up, who cares what you look like? You'd think Bob was waiting downstairs for you! Forget your appearance for a change. The prof. won't notice your "Bermudas" and you can slip into the dining room unnoticed in that crowd." " . . . Dern that alarm clock! Too late to dress for breakfast. Thank goodness for the man who invented raincoats!"

Could these be the Salem girls I see in church on Sunday; see standing outside of Clewell bidding fond goodbyes to a Saturday night Davidsonian, Carolinian, Wake Forestian, Dukian, Bowman Grayian; see walking the runway in the Day Student Center to "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody"; see waltzing to "Tenderly", see welcoming guests to her open house, her tea, her bridge luncheon "in honor of . . ." a week before the wedding; see starting out at seven in the morning to "fight for the FTA"; see smiling at me from the annual years after graduation?

Must be, 'cause she has a box number and "Salem College" scrawled across envelopes with upside down stamps and clippings from home-town papers. I guess she is a Salem girl, but do you know what . . . She's tearing down the very things that make Salem unique . . . that make her the college to which she sent her applications and pictures and crossed fingers!

She doesn't realize it, but town people see her in her disguised pajamas before church on Sunday morning . . . a "thank you" before a meal is perhaps the most worthwhile thing she does all day . . . an unmade bed and a messy room now, may mean the start of a messy home and unhappy family . . . a slovenly appearance may give her and others around her the irritable and depressed feelings she blames on too many meetings and too much parallel . . . (besides, Bob might drop in before Saturday!)

Clothes are becoming more casual, but there are places for casualness—put those pajamas to sleep and those "short" shorts in your suitcase for the beach 'stead of on the gal who pushes the stop light button at S. Main St.! Call downs can be given for the things listed on page 90 in the handbook under IRS regulations, but psychology says a negative attitude is bad—and the proverbs say "why lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen?" It does take a few extra minutes to iron a dress and take pin curls out for classes and "mere association" with that everyday

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Careers Of 1954 Graduates Vary From Marriage to Missions

By Ellen Summerell

From New York to California, from Alaska to Switzerland, Salem's 1954 graduates are scattered. With careers ranging from marriage to missions, to school-rooms and theaters, the forty-one members of last year's senior class are following up their plans for "after college."

In New York is Laura Mitchell, who, after a summer with the Ivorytown Playhouse, is studying at the American Theatre Wing. Sue Harrison, just back from a tour of Europe, plans to go to New York to work soon. Also in Yankee-land are Barbara Allen, who is employed in a doctor's office in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Priscilla Henrich, who is working near her home in New Jersey.

Betty Tyler, now Mrs. William Carter Wallace, is in San Francisco. Lulong Ogburn, the September bride of Tommy Medlin, plans to go to California soon. Others of the eleven married members of the class are Peggy Britt Keel, in Chapel Hill with her husband and son; Betty McGlaughon, who married Bill Yates on October 2; Jean Shope Kennett, living in Weaverville now; Frankie Strader, who was married in June to Robert W. Glenn and will soon join him (he's in the Army); and Mary Joyce Wilson, who became Mrs. Bill Reid McLain in September. Anne Robertson Morgan is in Arlington, Virginia, while Dr. Morgan interns at Georgetown University Hospital. The Morgans have a daughter, born September 12, on their second wedding anniversary. Joanne Moody Clark, a June bride, is a medical technologist at the Veteran's Administration here in Winston, while her husband studies at Bowman Gray. In Bethel, Alaska, are Edith Tesch and her husband, who are Moravian missionaries.

Brides-to-be include Elizabeth Bass; Carol Glaser, who will marry Sam DeWese on October 30 and live in Davidson; Ann Bondurant, who will become Mrs. William

Young on November 6 and begin housekeeping in Wilson; and Betsy Forrest, whose wedding day will be December 18. She and her husband, Al Denton, will go then to Geneva, Switzerland, where he is studying medicine.

The teaching profession took ten of Salem's 1954 graduates. Sarah Sue Tisdale is teaching Home Economics at New Bern High School; also teaching Home Ec. are Doris McMillan in Raleigh and Anne Merritt in Goldsboro. Anne Moyer is teaching in Goldsboro; Dot Smothers has the first grade at Lawsonville Avenue School in Reidsville; and Elaine Elrick is teaching at Griffith School in Forsyth County. Music majors Joan Elrick and Edith Flagler are teaching too. Joan is in Toccoa, Georgia, teaching public school music, and Edith is in High Point teaching piano at a school there and in her private studio. Joyce Billings and Ruth McIlroy are Winston-Salem teachers.

Winston-Salem got a strong hold on several of the girls. Elaine Avera is here working in a doctor's office, Alison Britt is writing continuity for WSJS, Jean Edwards is a dietician at Baptist Hospital, Alice McNeely is the Girl Scout Supervisor, Connie Murray is admissions officer for the Private Clinic at Baptist Hospital, and Molly Quinn and Joan Shope are case workers for the Forsyth County Welfare Department.

Anna Katherine Dobson is a community worker at the Chatham Manufacturing Company in Elkin, and Mary Lou Whiteheart has a government job in Washington. Nancy Huffard is being very mysterious—her plans are still unknown.

Three of the class are back in school again. Russell Chambers, the lone male, is doing hospital administration study at Bowman Gray, Boots Hudson is taking a business course in Raleigh, and Phyllis Tierney is back at Salem, taking special courses.

Here's The Score

By Sissie Allen and Jo Smitherman

Before we summarize last week's sports activity, we have a story to tell you:

The sun was shining brightly. And we may as well admit it—it was hot. The time was 5:00 p.m. The place was the Salem College athletic field. The principle characters were a dozen or more freshmen, half a dozen sophomores, and a few seniors. (The absence of the juniors was explained by the noise coming from Old Chapel.) The costumes were assorted shirts, shorts, Bermudas, heavy shoes, and shin guards. The props consisted of hockey sticks and a little white ball. The action was varied; some groups ran, shouting and yelling, up and down the field; some individuals were sprawled out on the field (out of breath); some stood around. As you may have guessed, it was the first day of hockey practice. Under the teaching and insistence of Miss Collette, the teams were beginning to shape up. The freshmen, though lacking a little in experience, beat the rest of us in number and in spirit; the sophomores and seniors had experience, but lacked number; the juniors were lacking.

This scene was repeated, with slight changes, every afternoon from Monday to Thursday. The hockey managers say: "If you can't play, come and try; then if you can't play, come and watch."

To put the lid on the baseball season, the first team since 1914 to

win the World Series in four straight games, Leo Durocher's New York Giants, closed out the series last Sunday afternoon by whipping the Cleveland Indians, 7-4. (The Giants' hero, Dusty Rhodes, said they might as well finish it up Sunday; he wanted to go fishing back home in Rock Hill, S. C., Monday.) So, for the fifth time since they took the very first series in 1894, the Giants did just that.

Last week-end in the field of football: Carolina went to New Orleans to tie Tulane, 7-7; the underdog Deacons of Wake Forest whipped N. C. State, 26-0; Duke, flying high from a 52-0 victory the previous week, had a hard time handling Tennessee, but edged by, 7-6; Davidson took its third straight, this time overpowering the Citadel, 13-0; Georgia Tech won, 10-7, over SMU; Appalachian beat Elon; Guilford lost to Wofford; Catawba bowed to East Carolina; and Lenoir Rhyne tied up with Newberry.

Tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 here at Bowman Gray Stadium, Maryland will defend its Atlantic Coast Conference title against the unpredictable Deacons of Wake Forest—Duke goes out to Indiana to play Purdue; South Carolina meets Furman. It will be Clemson versus Florida in Jacksonville; Carolina against Georgia at Chapel Hill; and N. C. State tangling with William and Mary in Norfolk.