



Adding to Salem's first impressionable week was a tea given by the alumnae. Two members of the class of 1959 are Erwin Robbins of Rocky Mount and Margaret Fletcher of Elkin, chatting above with Mrs. J. H. McKeithen.

Sudden Death Bewailed By Student Body

By Emily McClure

"Worm" Stone, well-known and beloved resident of 209 South Dorm, Salem College, passed away quietly, at 5:45 Sunday afternoon after an illness of several days.

His untimely death at the tender age of six weeks (he had just begun teething) came as a great shock to his family and friends throughout the campus.

"Worm" was a true alligator of the purest cold-blooded strains and will long be remembered for his dedicated ambition to become a pocketbook.

In view of their extreme devotion to the deceased, the inhabitants of South were given free cuts to attend the final rites. The burial was handled by Vogler's, and the North Carolina Wild Life Commission was in charge of the impressive, full swamp funeral.

Survivors include his guardian, Jean Stone, godmother, Patsy McAuley, and cousins Toni Gill, Nancy Warren, Dottie Ervin, Ann Knight, Ann Crenshaw, and Kate Cobb.

Jean Stone was under sedatives and was not available for comment, but she was heard to say, "There'll never be another alligator like "Worm".

Dottie Ervin, who nursed the patient and was by his side at the time of his expiration, said, "It was awful—just awful. He gave

me the most imploring look, then closed his mouth, turned up his tail, and—oh, it was terrible."

"He couldn't play bridge, but we loved him," mused Toni Gill.

In respectful memory of the aforesaid party, this elegy has been written:

TO "WORM"
Green and slimy,
But never grimy;
Skin like leather
For inclement weather;
We miss thee and thy toothless
smiles—
O, thou purest of reptiles!

Freshman View Includes Dubious Glance At Sophomore Threats

By Jeane Smitherman

The freshmen's view of Salem is slightly tempered with what we expected to find—but didn't—and what we didn't expect to find—but did.

When we were naive high school seniors, Salem meant the debonair, fun-loving college girl who, Dagwood-sandwiched between evening engagements, bridge games, and uptown jaunts, somehow managed to dance each week-end away on some far-off campus.

Now that we're here, we still like to think that. But as the saying goes, "t'aint necessarily so."

We anticipated finding ourselves lost in a mad rush, being bewildered, and wishing terribly that we could go home for a day. But an excellently planned orientation program, a group of absolute angels called senior advisers, and our incomparable big sisters abolished all bewilderment; we slid into our new positions without incident or accident.

To say what we thought the faculty would resemble could make us look rather foolish. Besides, it might give the Sophomores some ideas (which they need, we're sure) for Rat Week.

Oh yes—Rat Week! That's undoubtedly the major thing we did not expect. Or should we say, suspect? However, some well-meaning friends have informed us that we shall soon be privileged to

participate.

As freshmen, we view:

- ... the faculty hopefully, since we have only two light cuts.
- ... the Seniors gratefully, for teaching us the finer points of what not to do.
- ... the Juniors companionably, for being so helpful to their little sisters.
- ... our faculty advisers respectfully, for adding us to their busy schedule.
- ... the Salem campus as one of the most charming places we've ever been.
- ... the cigarette and Coke machines ruefully. How they do drink nickels and dimes!
- ... our cubbyholes and cloisters (or rooms, as they are referred to by some) despairingly. Cluttered maybe, but we can always study on the floor.
- ... the meals warily (with regard to calories). "Have I had two or three of these rolls?"
- ... the Sophomores.

When Rat Week is last week and the Seniors have follied, the Freshmen will tell that Salem is positively the perfect "home-away-from-home."

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