

# Two Staff Writers Give Impressions of Mead's Visit



Betty Morrison and Mary Brown greet Dr. Margaret Mead on the Salem campus.

By Mary Walton

I'm an American, not an anthropologist—at least, not in the usual sense of the word. However, one specimen of the *Homo sapien* species has recently been brought before my attention, and I offer the following observations.

Black wedge shoes, a dark blue velveteen dress cut round at the neck in front and V-shaped behind, the neck being trimmed with a white pique edging, falling in a full skirt, a single clear stone on a tiny silver chain around her neck, short silver-streaked hair, naturally curly and styled in bangs, blue eyes, and no makeup comprised her outward appearance and hinted of a warm, friendly manner even before her low, easy voice was heard or her wit broke into a spreading smile.

She is, of course, Dr. Margaret Mead, who was visiting our campus after having returned from a three weeks stay in England. Her journey to the South was particularly appreciated in view of the fact that she came at the risk of gaining five pounds every time she ate a pancake. This indeed proved to be the embodiment of dining hall hospitality last Friday morning.

But the phenomenon of a glass of Russian tea on the breakfast table was incredible. Finally convinced that the glass contained syrup, she admitted, "I saw it out of the corner of my eye, and I couldn't think of anything except how to keep someone from drinking it this early in the morning."

Dr. Mead was raised on a combination of Machiavelli and Lord Chesterfield, studied other children at the age of eight, lives in half a house in Greenwich Village with her daughter, and has acquired a vocabulary consisting of such key phrases as, "Bali," "monkey dances," "caves," and "heads made by natives."

Her daughter, under the care, at the present, of the inhabitants of the other half of the house in which Dr. Mead lives, is editing the school paper in her high school in New York. She is hoping to graduate in three years and then pursue her study of mathematics and poetry. This summer she wants to work with Puerto Ricans in an Episcopal neighborhood house.

By Martha Ann Kennedy

There was a low hum of conversation in the Friendship Room. Emily and I stood in the vestibule not knowing quite what to do.

Then Dr. "Isn't he the cutest thing?" Africa stealthily approached us and, in a whisper, said "You two young ladies certainly do have on pretty dresses tonight." Two more members of the Africa Fan Club were immediately added.

He was closely followed by a small, dark man who was introduced as a doctor from Bowman Gray, but originally from Venice. They gallantly procured some chairs for us from the dining room, and we followed them to the doorway of "The Inner Sanctum".

Miss Byrd rustled up in olive green taffeta and herded us over to the rose sofa. Before we knew it, we had met her.

She didn't look a thing like her picture in the *Salemite*. A little hand, almost like a child's hand covered with a kid glove, gripped mine in a firm handshake. Above it, was a small round face, almost covered with a broad smile, shiny round glasses, and gray bangs.

So this tiny little woman was the Dr. Margaret Mead who had written all those big books over in the library. As we turned away to sit down, I was mentally kicking myself for not having read at least one of them.

Our chairs seemed to have disappeared, so Miss Covington helped us move a couch near the circle

ference in societies is their philosophy that peace is the natural state and war is an interruption or vice versa, Dr. Mead advocated the combining of American technology with European resources and better technical assistance on the part of the United States. She warns us to be a part of Santa Claus in this matter of the "Battle of Images." She believes that we must make the American way of life something more than an unattainable image to other peoples.

Dr. Mead's serious-veined humor was expressed in her advice con- (Continued on Page Four)

surrounding this remarkable woman. I was straining my ears to hear some of the stimulating talk, and a polite man, sitting beside Dr. Mead, must have noticed.

He rose and insisted that I take his seat. I left Emily talking to the Venetian doctor's wife. She had a soft voice and an intriguing accent. I remember thinking that her face looked like a cameo.

I settled myself down into a nice little discussion about Bali, Thailand, and Indonesia. Having not read *Time* magazine since last summer, I was content to listen, and to marvel at my own ignorance of current events and geography.

While Dr. Mead was catching up on all the news from Bali since her last visit there in 1929, (i.e., that the Balinese women were still resisting all efforts to make them wear clothes.) I took a few near-sighted glances at what she had on.

I don't know what I thought anthropologists were supposed to wear, but I was surprised to see a royal blue velvet Ann Fogarty. It was deceptively severe in front with long sleeves and a high neck, but once when she leaned forward, her short baum marten cape fell away,

and revealed a deep V in back!

Around her neck, she was wearing a very unusual pendant—a hen-egg sized hunk of pale aquamarine on a slender chain.

I found myself listening to the conversation again. They spoke of flying to London, Bangkok, and other faraway places, as casually as Chapel Hill, or Wrightsville Beach. I finally got up my nerve, racked my brain, and, during a pause, asked a question about Balinese women.

She said they carried baskets on their heads and, therefore, had a graceful, fluid walk. She was in the middle of a description of their phenomenal hairdos — wavy hair, three feet long, caught up in a coil by two single strands of hair—when Miss Byrd appeared.

She led Dr. Mead away for a little rest before the scheduled lecture. With the central figure gone, every one began pulling on their coats and drifting toward the door. Emily and I said our goodnights and walked back to our respective dorms, vowing to read *Male and Female, Coming of Age in Samoa, Time*, and the newspaper, but essentially yearning to be COSMOPOLITANS!

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