

# Sociology Class Visits Farm; Enlightened By Rural Living

I want to live on a farm. Until our rural-urban sociology class took a field trip to a farm ten miles outside of Winston-Salem, I was satisfied with my "cityslicker" status. Movies, the corner drug-store, and piano lessons were what I had been brought up on.

Home was a place to go when there was nowhere else, or a free place to get meals and sleep. Daddy was the man I saw occasionally at meals, and Mother was the chauffeur who drove us to girl scouts, school, and parties.

A slightly exaggerated account of the life of the urbanized young lady, but true.

The Millers, Mr. and Mrs. and four children, showed me that there is another way of life. This family works side by side on their dairy farm. Each member, even Bimbo, aged three, has a duty to perform.

When these children get their allowances they have really earned them. Charlotte, thirteen years and the oldest child, already has learned what it takes the city

housewife years or never to learn.

She makes her own clothes, cooks the family's dinner, and looks after the younger children. She has modeled her own dress creations on television. The farm actually provides a playground as well as a summer camp for the Miller children.

In the community the Millers live they really have the good neighbor policy. Though the people do not live as closely together, they think nothing of having unexpected visitors for supper—sometimes whole families of six or seven. And when a little extra help is needed on a neighboring farm, the Millers are always willing to pitch in.

Just because the Millers live outside of town is no reason that they should not keep up with current affairs. Chuck, age 12, is an avid Yankee fan. Mr. Miller goes along

with the majority of Salem girls in voting Republican in the elections.

Though farming is not the easiest work in the world, I have come to the conclusion that it is certainly the most healthy. I don't believe people would suffer from all the complexes that city life environment seems inevitably to bring forth if they could live the life of the Millers.

Five "born and raised in town" Salem girls left the farm feeling that they had really missed out on the genuineness of life.

—a student

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# Around the Square

By Martha Ann Kennedy

One of the most attractive BMO's seen on campus this week was Dr. Herbert Spaugh of Charlotte; the hordes who attended his Tuesday night marriage talk will testify. The talk itself contained the same ideas and advice that most of us have heard many times, but his charm and enthusiasm made it different.

Although he was leaning on a lectern and most of the audience was sitting on hard metal chairs, his informality made me feel, as I listened, that we could have been sitting around a pot-bellied stove on coke cases and, of course cracker barrels. Takes a good speaker to give the Day Student Center a country-store atmosphere.

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Last week disaster occurred, striking at one of our most vulnerable spots—the coffee machine in the Student Center. The trouble was diagnosed as a broken hot water dispenser, which has since been repaired and alleviated our desperate coffee hunger.

This is old news, but I just heard about one outraged customer who tried to get coffee with no success, and, as a final insult, no coin return.

Frank Jones, Winston-Salem Journal photographer, (yep, he's the traitor that took Senator Kennedy's picture while flaunting an Ike button in his lapel) was so irate when the machine gave out with only dry old flavor buds, he left the following boldly printed letter (in cup):

SAVE YOUR MONEY! THIS THING DOESN'T WORK. IT OWES FRANK JONES, JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHER, \$05 BECAUSE HE DIDN'T GET ANYTHING BUT DRY COFFEE.

Sorry, Frank, but better luck next time. It was that Ike button that did it. The dispenser is a Democrat.

\* \* \*

Steve Allen's Sunday night TV show is sure to put him on top in Trendex. He couldn't miss with the James Dean tribute, but it could have been more appropriately titled "Steve Allen Down on the

Farm in Fairmont, Indiana". However, even though he appeared in most of the scenes with Jimmy's fellow townspeople and relatives, the portion included a film of an old Dean TV play, "Life Sentence" that was superb. Steve does like to get into the act, but his take-off on Bill Stern and a pro football player (he portrayed both Stern and "Bullhead") was one of the program's highlights.

I wish some of the "Jimmy-is-still-living" cult would take some of the advice given at the end of the show: to let the past stand and appreciate Dea for the fine work he did, and let it serve as an inspiration for acting success not for morbid ghost-worship.

I expect Ed Sullivan will recapture the top rating soon with another appearance of Elvis Presley. Elvis is, at last report, still alive and kicking, or wiggling, as the case may be.

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Several of our number will be riding the rails up Annapolis way this week-end. Dating the middies are Mary Calhoun, Agnes Sams, Mary Jane Mayhew, Celia Smith, Bebe Daniels, and Jane McIntosh.

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One heartening note on this week's good manners campaign in the dining room: although we don't get served in the lightning speed style we've grown accustomed to, we don't finish as quickly and there isn't as much time to shovel in those seconds, thirds, or, let's face it—fourths. Anyway, I seriously doubt any Salemite's ability to starve to death.

\* \* \*

Dhu Jennette is a new member of the "Slowly, One by One" club, as she announced Sunday night that she and Don Johnston of Hickory are committing matrimony December 21. She will leave tomorrow for home (Washington, N. C.) to engage in plan-making and trousseau-buying.

Mary Hadley Fike who is presently in Wilson recuperating from glandular fever has sent one of her famous illegible letters saying that she is looking forward to returning next semester.

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