

Under The Clock . . . With Kennedy

Whooooosh—! Were those the Thanksgiving holidays that just went by? Well, they were gone almost that quickly . . . there's just barely enough time to recover for Christmas vacation. Since there wasn't too much happening around ol' Salem Square, I'd like to switch the scene to Times Square, N. Y. C. For approximately three days, I was an enthusiastic participant in the frantic, foot-weary, and, yes, fabulous activities of a babbling mob, better known as the College Crowd in New York at Thanksgiving time. We (Joanne Glenn, June Gregson, Kack Anthony and Lillian Allen and I) arrived at the Roosevelt in the wee hours and discovered that we could only obtain single rooms, since we were such latecomers. We were too tired to argue with the manager, so wearily fought our way through Harris tweed, camel's hair, assorted furs, and strange accents that constantly yelled "Helloo Darrling" and "God, it's great to see y' again," up to our room furnished in regulation blond, modernistic and a large, incongruous Dufy print.

After a few hours of rest, we braved the Manhattan winds and went to see Mr. Wonderful. It was a special Thanksgiving Day matinee, and Sammy Davis, Jr. seemed to put everything he had into the three hours. He WAS wonderful, and his songs, trumpet and drum-playing, impersonations of Elvis and Ed Sullivan, and soft shoe routines were the whole show.

Our next stop was under the notorious Biltmore clock, which was also considerably smaller than I had thought it would be. Compared to our specimen on Home Moravian Church, it resembled a Bulova.

Some Yalies introduced themselves and became part of our group as we shoved our way past the clock and into the cocktail lounge, with its huge, poinsettia-filled fountain. Several rounds of "Do-you-know?" and "Can-you-date-me-or-get-me-a-cute-date?" preceded plan-making for the evening. We bade our new friends farewell, and I partook of a sumptuous Thanksgiving feast: a turkey sandwich in the outmoded elegance of Schrafft's.

"New Faces of 1956" was first on

the program that night, and contained several very funny satirical skits and a terrific Tallulah type comedienne. At least, I thought it was a comedienne, until Tallu removed her wig at curtain call, and revealed a shiny, bald head with a fringe of greying hair. "Nick's", in Greenwich Village, followed and we listened to blasting Dixieland and wrote postcards to everyone, including each other. There were no arty natives or Bohemians etc., to be seen, but my tourist hopes were revived when I saw a young man with a long black beard standing near the door when we were leaving. I was only a tad disappointed when a boy in our party introduced him as a fellow Princeton classmate . . . A fast, jostling ride on a drab, dingy subway brought us back to the Roosevelt.

Friday, we journeyed down to the riverfront and the United Nations Building and searched among turbanned foreigners and suspended white staircase curves for former Salemite, Terry Flannagan. After finding out that she was having her day off from tour-guiding, we were given some tickets to a con-

ference. The conference which was held in a tremendous, glass-walled room with thick, light green carpets, concerned Togoland. I never really knew what they were trying to decide, because I was testing the earphones attached to my chair. With a flick of the dial, a New Zealander's speech was translated into Russian, French, Spanish, or some other equally unknown tongue. Leaving Togoland and a mile-long line of people waiting to get into the General Assembly, we walked up Fifth Ave. in the growing dark, watched the skaters in Rockefeller Center, and rode the express elevators in the RCA Building.

Later, we saw "Fanny" which had to be stripped of original cast members, Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak, but the songs were still good and the theatre was still full. It seems amazing that after three years and a totally different cast, this show continues to pack 'em in. After the show, we invaded The Composer Room which was a quiet, closet-size place fitted out with burnt-orange couches, abstract mobiles, and a progressive jazz trio.

Saturday began with lunch at the Roosevelt and a jaunt to the Rough Rider Room (cowhide seats and a supecilious headwaiter) with a former Finch classmate or Jo Anne's.

The rest of the day was filled with excursions through the tunnel from the Roosevelt to the Biltmore and more meetings under the clock.

Later in the evening, calypso called and we found ourselves in the Jamaican Room, located—the cab driver informed us—at "thoid and thoity-thoid." There was atmosphere bursting at the seams, smoke-laden air, palm trees, and green sand a la sawdust on the floor. We didn't even mind standing in the "sand" for two hours, because the Duke of Iron and his Trinidad Steel Band put on the best act seen the whole weekend.

Another taxi took us to Asti's in the Village and we spent the rest of the time absorbing post-show performances of Met opera singers. Anyway, the waiter told us they were Met stars and there were plenty of autographed pictures on the walls to prove some had been there at one time.

Sunday was departure day and we returned to Salem Square with bags full of wrinkled dresses and some under the eyes, flat billfolds, and feet, a collection of plastic swizzle sticks and jumbled memories of a hectic and glamorous week-end.

Was it worth — I'll meet you under the clock next November and we'll discuss it.

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