

Scraps Picked from Square Table Foreign Students Are Back, Unique Time Had By All

The following items are excerpts from the Salemite column, "Around the Square" since the beginning of 1956. Jo Smitherman wrote the column through April; Martha Ann Kennedy has been columnist since then. Marcia Stanley did the compiling.

January

The I. R. S. decision against the wearing of Bermuda shorts in the library caused more disturbance than the suggestive article in a Winston-Salem newspaper and a newscast over WAIR. A Raleigh Times newshawk incorporated the Salem incident rather unfairly in a feature article on the well-dressed appearance of college girls in the Raleigh area.

February

Paramount Studios have contacted Toni Gill and asked for pictorial samples of her "photogenic qualities." Toni thinks Bennett Cerf (who lauded her beauty and baton-twirling in Saturday Review) has something to do with her newly-acquired fame; she chooses to remain silent as to her plans.

In spite of the green death, which picked off A. A. members one by one, Salem was chosen president of the North Carolina Athletic Federation of College Women for the 1956-1957 term.

The seniors are electing a committee to search old records for the purpose of proving they have won a game in athletic competition.

A literary survey seems to bring out these preferences in the freshman, sophomore, junior and senior classes, respectively—Modern Romances, Confidential, Time, and the Bride's Magazine. Completes a cycle, doesn't it—or does it?

Tom Perry, Salem's Sweetheart for 1956 (and unofficial sweetheart for years and years) is famous all over Winston-Salem now. On Wednesday afternoon a huge three-column picture of Tom and two Salem girls appeared on the front page of the Twin City Sentinel.

March

We hear that Elvis Presley's guitar-picking, wailing, Johnny Ray, hair-in-eyes recordings are re-

placing the savage, unintelligible singing of Bo Diddley and Big Joe Turner on the younger set's record players. When he was in Winston-Salem a couple of weeks ago, Elvis drove a pink Cadillac with a yellow interior.

People are wondering who sent Mrs. Heidbreder two dozen roses (a dozen two different times). She would like to know, too.

Picnic will be playing uptown the week-end after we come back from spring vacation.

April

The accounts of the Kelly-Rainier extravaganza get more fabulous and colossal every day. . . . One of the "fabulous" stories going around Salem this week was that Mary Walton's family had received an invitation to the wedding.

Music lovers were forced to choose Monday night, as Nat King Cole and the Choral Ensemble were both on the agenda.

May

Tension is bustin' out all over. As exam time approaches, water fights and similar hullabalooos have transformed the area between Clewell and Sisters' into a battlefield. . . . It all started when Mickey Clemmer's skirt was run up on the flagpole to celebrate her receiving an emerald-cut diamond from Charlie Shuford.

September

Two new groups on campus, the freshmen and WF gents, have contributed to Salem's "New Look" and seem to be quite taken with each other, thus blasting the hopes of Sophomore Slumpers and Senior Last Chancers to a certain degree. The shrunken Junior Remains report: United we stand.

Vital Statistics: Dhu Jennette is engaged to Don Johnston from Hickory, N. C. . . . Harriet Harris will middle-aise with Bob Pulliam from Beckley, West Va. in June.

October

Saturday night was something of a record-breaker here in our 185th year. Upperclassmen trying to recruit blind dates in Clewell at

the end of the week were utterly defeated—there were none to be had! Observers of the resulting 12 p.m. stampede reported that the old square became a swarming mass of cars and daters. Last-minuters had to make their way through the crowd as best they could, leaving boys behind on Church Street.

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.

The main topic of conversation at Tuesday night's Wake Forest-Salem Student Council dinner was—you guessed it—the controversial little piece in the Journal by Steve McNamara concerning co-ed and Salemite opinions about each other. The girls were polite and the boys were understandably smug. Grrr.

November

The eighth KA pin on campus is now being worn by Mary Gratz, who received same from Bach Doar of N. C. State last week-end.

The music students (who should know) were unanimous in giving Clemens Sandresky rave notices for his performance with the Winston-Salem Symphony Tuesday night.

December

Personally, I'll take the home-spun philosophy of Tom Perry any day. It's hard to imagine Salem without him and without the yellowed "Laffs" taped to the cash register. Maybe the new vending machines in the Student Center were bad for his business. Handier, perhaps, but a poor substitute.

Funny thing that the appearance of a skinny green cedar tree can so quickly change the "handing-out-all-this-money-is ruining the spirit" feeling.

After hearing a rumor that Joan Mason had spent ninety-two hours trying to get to Peru for Christmas, I decided to go over and hear the whole story. Joan laughed and admitted it took her only sixty-nine hours.

She left Winston and flew to Charlotte, where her troubles began. She was grounded for twelve hours and sat in a bus station until five a.m. Finally she got to Jacksonville, Fla. and hurried triumphantly to the airport.

Because of the fog it closed as she walked in the door. Furious, Joan took a train to Miami and waited all day there. Catching a plane that night, she got to Peru the next morning.

I decided to check on the other foreign student's Christmases. Jytte Liljeberg was busy cleaning up her room. She visited her aunt and uncle in Dallas.

She was impressed by the parties and sightseeing around the city, especially "where all the rich people live." One man "had oil wells and made a million dollars a day."

Jytte seemed to miss Christmas in Denmark. There they light candles on their trees on Christmas Eve. And the trees are inside for the family and not outside for show. That day they have a dinner of rice porridge and roast goose. The porridge is served with sweet beer and butter, and one portion has an almond that guarantees a small present. After dinner they walk around the tree in a circle before opening the presents.

Silvia Osuna was sparkling and talkative. She left Salem with Jytte and Sandi Shaver and spent one night in Atlanta with Sandi. She left Jytte in Dallas and met her parents in San Antonio.

Silvia was eager to tell me all about Mexican Christmas, which is observed mostly on Christmas Eve. That night they had a special Mexican dinner, the tree with a pottery nativity scene underneath, and the

presents.

New Year's Eve was the day of a huge party of about forty relatives. They bought a traditional pinata and even "the uncles" tried to break it. Dinner was at eleven o'clock and soon it was midnight. The lights of the city went off and fireworks, church bells, and factory whistles all blew at once to welcome the new year.

I managed a few words with Mary Margaret Dzevaltauskas between her trips to the Music Hall. She had a busy vacation at the home of Nan Williams' aunt in Greenville, N. C. She visited ex-Salemite Becky Keel and went to a party "full of Salemites". She spent time with Nan in Farmville and with Denyse McLawhorn in Winterville.

Mary Margaret went to midnight mass Christmas Eve and tried to sleep late the next morning. "But my hostess brought my mother's present to me in bed and that woke me up." After Christmas she visited a Cuban friend and her husband for a day. She was served her favorite dish — arroz (rice) con (with) pollo (chicken).

She said she "spent all the time going from place to place—even to somebody's silver anniversary".

I passed Christa Menzel on the campus and walked with her to Lehman. She smiled very wide and declared "It was the best Christmas I have ever had". She stayed in Winston with three different families. She said she hated to leave the first for the second, then the second for the third, and the third for school.

She thought it was so wonderful that "you are in a foreign country away from home, and people spend all their time making it good for you".

She grinned, almost starry-eyed, and said, "I could not sleep on Christmas night. I kept getting up in the middle of the night to go and look".

—Judy Golden



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