

# Incident Of Inexperience

I was a junior in high school when I was first asked to a fraternity party. Of course I was excited about the party, but as the big date drew closer, I began to worry about how I would act. I was sure everyone would know that it was my first fraternity party. I had thoughts of all the beautiful girls at the party laughing at my inexperienced ways.

My mind was up. I was going to be sophisticated.

I had two weeks before the party to change my personality. The first week I spent a month's allowance on beauty creams and face powder. I had my long hair cut in the then popular poodle cut. I experimented with such forbidden things as eye shadow and plunging necklines.

I spent the last half of the first week trying to convince my father that the black velvet sheath dress I wanted was just perfect for the party. I persuaded my older sister to lend me her spike heels and rhinestone drop earrings.

The week before the dance was a mixture of personality improvements and self-administered beauty treatments. I gave myself a facial at least once every day, and if I were not plucking my eyebrows I would be fixing my nails.

I practiced talking lower, because

I felt that that would make me sexier. I made up witty conversations to use when I talked with George. My self-centered day dreams were beautiful.

I pictured myself laughing and gay, the most sought-after girl at the party.

As I dressed for the party, I thought of how George would be pleased. My face was a carbon copy of a *Vogue* model, even the mole.

The padded bra I had on made me competition for Marilyn Monroe. The doorbell rang as I gave myself one last look in the mirror, deciding that I was at the height of my beauty.

I ran downstairs quickly so that I would not have to pass my father's disapproving eyes.

I opened the door and waited for George's stamp of approval. It never came.

—Bobbie Morrison

# Miss Palmer Follows Suit

Salem's third casted faculty member is Miss Moselle Palmer, head of the Physical Education department.

Miss Palmer received her injuries while refereeing at the afternoon basketball practice on Tuesday.

X-rays at Baptist Hospital showed a chipped elbow and wrenched knee.

Miss Palmer spent one night in the Salem infirmary and is now back in her office at the gym.

# Reminders

I've been hopping around watching all the plans and preparations being made for second semester. I've been noting the resolutions being made and their entry in the memorandum books.

They read, "pay more attention in class . . . do each assignment every day . . . see French movie . . . attend lecture."

I didn't see any of the resolutions I was hoping to see so I thumbed through the pages and added these, "be on time for meals . . . sit up straight . . . don't take food from the dining room . . . make up bed . . . don't wear bermudas to Harry's".

I couldn't get around to all the memorandum books to add these manners reminders, so be sure to check yours. I know you will want to include these in your resolutions for second semester.

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# Alice McNeely Returns As New Admissions Assistant

As the Religion 103 B exam progressed on Thursday afternoon, hammer blows reverberated from across the hall, where Mr. Yarborough and his crew were face-lifting Dr. Sawyer's old classroom.

Its new inhabitants had arrived and were ready to move in.

Then on the next Wednesday the old Main Hall's shrunken third floor to their new classroom.

"We won't need textbooks this semester," quipped Dr. Sawyer with a smile. "Instead, bring paint and brushes to class and we'll tackle this old woodwork." But later on, when he had recuperated from the strain of extensive stair-climbing, Dr. Sawyer said, "There's no one I'd rather yield half of my old classroom to than Alice McNeely!"

Miss McNeely has returned to Salem to begin work in her new position as assistant in admissions.

I'm sandwiched between the Public Relations Office and the Academic Office," she said. This looks true figuratively and literally, to one who has seen the new office.

The new job requires that Miss McNeely travel to the various high school College Days and meet prospective Salemites when they are visiting Salem's campus.

She is especially suited for her new position, for she is a Salemite herself—a 1954 graduate. While

she took exams, played bridge, and majored in sociology-economics during her four year stay, she was president of Stee Gee, in the Honor Society, and was listed in the **Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.**

After graduation Miss McNeely joined two classmates for a seven-month tour of the Near East and Europe. Making their own plans, usually as they went along, the three taxied, sleighed, flew, sailed, and cameled from Cairo to Jerusalem to Paris to Berlin.

Back in the States, Miss McNeely began working with the Forsyth County Council of Girl Scouts as district director; then she moved to Charlotte to take a new position as a case worker for the Mecklenburg County Department of Public Welfare.

Now, back on Salem campus, she is living in Bitting dormitory until she finds that "just-right" apartment. Weekends are filled with traveling in her Hillman-Minx English car with everything in backwards "just like the English". Besides her car, she will be hard to recognize from any other person, bright-eyed, brown-haired, slim, and bright.

Next week I will give you the scoop on the second inhabitant of the re-formed religion room.

—Jeane Smitherman

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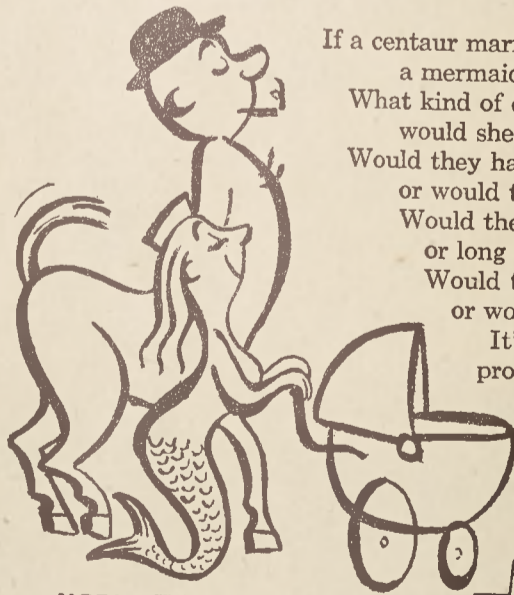
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## THOUGHT

If a centaur married a mermaid fair,  
What kind of children would she bear?  
Would they have hids or would they have scales?  
Would they have hooves or long fishy tails?  
Would they eat seaweed or would they eat hay?  
It's one of the problems of the day.



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# Beauty Facts

By Frank Kinney

Often a woman finds it hard to make a man she wants to know better ask her for a date. It is well nigh impossible to become

personal with a man when you are never alone in the proper romantic setting.

So a woman must plan her strategy carefully for once the ice is broken — once he has dated her, from there on the whole matter is in her hands. The most difficult step is that first date.

No better way has yet been found to beat down a man's natural reserve than to wear the desirable hairstyle that shows the desirability of your features and then to flatter him with your words and your manner.

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