

NSA Delegates Enjoy Carolina; 2 Sophs Report on NY Jaunt

Chapel Hill

By Jo Smitherman

Bob Young, president of the Carolina student body, told us at the opening meeting that they had arranged the full moon and clear sky especially for the regional meeting of the National Student Association. Then he backed down and said that perhaps they had Germans week-end in mind, too.

Moon Sits On Back Row

The convention (to which Judy Graham, Mary Curtis Wrike, Audrey Kennedy and I represented Salem) did open with an evening session and the moon slipped in the window and sat on the back row with the rest of us. The Opening Plenary Session was short, consisting of Young's welcome, another welcome or two, and an invitation to coffee downstairs.

Combo Breaks Up Meeting

A four-piece combo barged in on what was threatening to be a real student-government-like affair (though there were several groups of boys already notorious for their fickle affections). The combo was fronted by a tiny blonde in a pink sweater and black broadcloth pants. Pee-wee right away united the group and broke the ice. People began to notice people they'd seen last year in Lynchburg; or hadn't seen in "simply ages." Then came conveniently that convention period

of time noted as "free." (Each delegate is responsible for evoking his or her own connotation.)

Smitherman Advocates Yankees

The Friday morning session centered around a keynote speech by Joel Fleishman, Carolina graduate and long time N. S. A. fan. Joel was convinced, and convincing, that student government has an abstract as well as a practical value. After a coke break (during which we ran with Curt to the drugstore to buy a comb) each of us attended a different discussion group. I found myself (in the one entitled "Athletic Programs") arguing that if Carolina could become the number one basketball team in the nation by recruiting Yankees, she ought to continue to do it.

Some small coeducational school representatives, jealous of the financial resources of big schools, resented the fact that their athletes had to be recruited from the "common" student body. And there were some valid objections to the methods athletes use to maintain their necessary academic averages and to the school's paying not only the athlete's expenses but those of his girlfriend and family as well. I told them Salem was remarkably free from any such practices.

Sun Reigns While Moon Absent

We napped during most of the lunch hour (after sandwiches on

the lawn and in the sunshine they graciously provided to reign while the moon was away). There were other discussions in the afternoon. Curt was excused from one of these in order to continue a private discussion with some Duke and Hollins girls on their respective honor systems.

Discussion Held On Campus Newspaper

I bowed to the floor five times when Fred Powledge, editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, came in to lead our discussion on campus newspapers. After the discussion (I have just told you all of any importance that was said), we were invited to investigate the *Tar Heel* offices (plural) and I investigated around too long to ride back to the Inn in Judy's most useful automobile.

There was a general upheaval in the suite in the late afternoon. Two of us who were staying for Germans had to relinquish our beds (get the clothes off them).

Confines of Graham Memorial Broken

For the first time we broke the confines of Graham Memorial and attended a banquet in the Episcopal Church. Facing us across the table were four boys from Bridgewater College in Virginia. Not bad as a temporary switch from Anne Miles

and Patti Ward in Corrin Refectory.

From Banquet To Blast

The banquet featured two speakers—an entertaining one and an informative one, both concise and excellent in their respective callings. A member of the chic University of South Carolina delegation had planned an after-dinner blast at an obscure hideaway known as Jack's.

Two-thirds of the Salem delegation attended the final words on Saturday morning. Audrey was already having such a good time at Germans that she forgot to stop back at the suite for her clothes. All of us are indebted to the Student Government for their contribution to our expenses. I have deliberately left the "meat" of the convention (there was a great deal) for Judy Graham to tell you about in the next student body meeting.

New York

By Mary Jane Mayhew and Mary Jo Wooten

We were well fortified for a week-end trip to Union Theological Seminary in New York City. The Y. W. C. A. had generously donated \$50.00 to our cause (\$25 each), the Stee Gee had even more generously handed us four free overnights, and the "Cuts Committee" (much to our amazement)

had agreed to give a day's free cuts!

Mary Jane Forgets Money

But, as the old saying goes, "the best laid plans of mice and men oft times go 'rye." We arrived at the train station only to find that I (Mary Jane) had forgotten my money.

After borrowing money from taxi cab drivers, praying on the sympathies of "Yankee Gentlemen" to carry our bags, and spending one sleepless night on a day coach, thinking of all the comforts we'd left behind in Strong dormitory, we arrived in the big city, wide eyed as "Country Come to Town."

Our first thought was food. We made a B-line for the nearest "automat" which was in the basement of Macy's. After bolting our food in true Salemite fashion we ventured from our shelter—out into the crowded streets of N. Y. C.

Girls See Tourist Spots

We had until 6:00 Friday night to see the town and therefore we had to make the best of our stay. Friday afternoon we spent in seeing Times Square, the Empire State Building, various famous department stores, and of special interest, the United Nations building.

Six o'clock rolled around all too soon. At dinner time we found ourselves seated with the President and Dean of Women at Union Seminary and some seventy five delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Conference.

Religious Meetings Attended

Following dinner, we attended the scheduled meetings where Robert McAfee Brown and George Weber spoke on "The World that Challenges the Gospel" in relation to the "Gospel that Challenges the World." From this meeting we were led to a social hour at President Van Dusen's apartment.

Saturday morning found us sitting in class discussion groups concerning the topics of "The Director of Christian Education", "The Mission Fields", and "The College Teacher of Religion."

Tour of Churches Given

Saturday afternoon was possibly one of the most rewarding parts of the entire stay at Union. The seventy five delegates were herded into buses and given tours of three very different churches of N. Y. C.

From St. Bartholomew's Church, a tremendous church of almost 3,000 members, with a gymnasium, swimming pool, basketball team and young people's club, we went to a tiny Protestant parish in the heart of Harlem. We ended with a tour through The Church of the Master, a predominantly Negro Church in East Harlem.

The Reverend James H. Robinson, pastor, informed us he will soon appear on "The Big Surprise", a popular TV show, to attempt to win \$100,000 for his congregation's building drive. The pastor's category will be Julius Caesar. (We were surprised too.)

Greenwich Village Visited

Saturday night, after discussion groups, we, along with two seminary students, took in Greenwich Village. We caught the atmosphere of the village in a little night club called "Champagne Gallery."

World's Greatest Theologian Heard

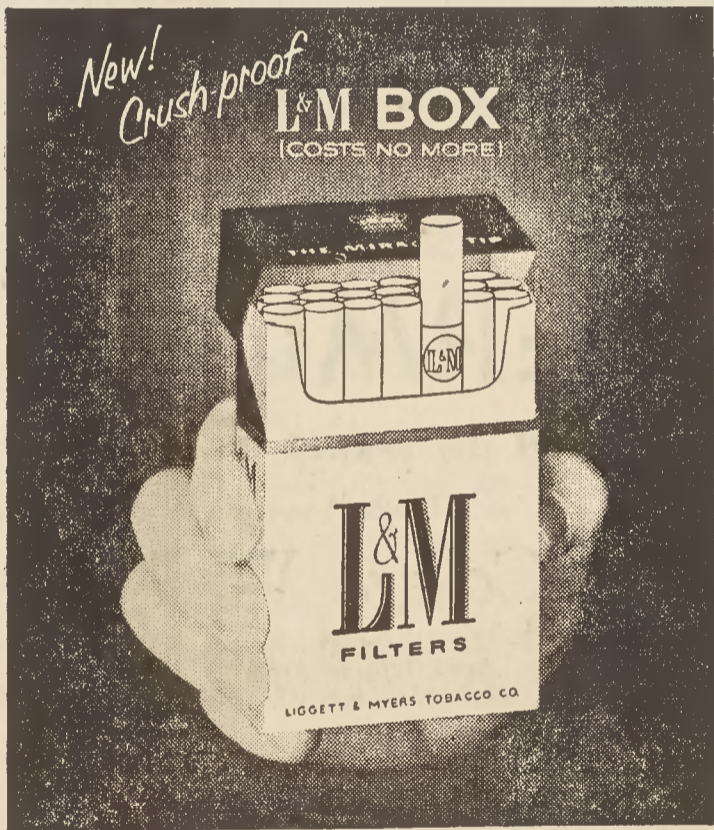
Our week-end was high-lighted Sunday morning with a talk given by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, said by many to be the world's greatest living theologian. Dr. Niebuhr spoke on woman's place in the world. He said a woman should have two vocations to be complete. One, her biological vocation as a wife and mother, and the other in her service to mankind.

Seminary Atmosphere Not Lost

After a message by Dr. Mary Ely Lyman, a profound woman minister, and a tour of the world famous Riverside Church, we packed our bags, and prepared to bid farewell to Union Seminary, at least for a while. As we left the seminary and its old King Arthur architecture, we couldn't help but feel that in a few hours we would be back at Salem again, somehow part of the seminary's atmosphere was going with us.

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