

New Faculty . . .

he was getting tired of being one of a big crowd. He also came because he believes that some of the most effective teaching and learning takes place in small groups.

Mr. Denton is impressed with the family atmosphere at Salem. The fact that all the girls know each other and that the faculty and administration are acquainted with all the girls seems very good. Mr. Denton also is impressed with the way everyone stops to speak to each other. He has found the girls to have sincerity and interest in their work. And he is very pleased with the friendliness and helpfulness of the faculty and with the cooperation of everyone.

Mr. Denton is married. He met his wife while they were both in graduate school at the University of North Carolina.

I left Main Hall and stopped by Sisters' House. Here I ran into Mr. Marlan Schaeffer, the new religion and philosophy professor.

Mr. Schaeffer is originally from Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. He is now living with his family in Lexington, North Carolina.

Mr. Schaeffer is married and has a son and two daughters.

Mr. Schaeffer attended Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He then went to the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Reform Church and to the Temple University School of Theology. He has also attended Union Seminary in New York City.

Mr. Schaeffer came to Salem because he wanted to teach, and to work part-time. He is in the parish ministry, therefore when Salem needed a philosophy professor part time, he was able to enter the teaching field.

The dining room atmosphere impressed Mr. Schaeffer very much. He feels that it is good for the Administration to share lunch together. He also feels that the girls learn social graces and put them into practice in the dining hall.

The Administration has impressed him with their basic desire to develop Salem girls' minds and hearts. Finally, Mr. Schaeffer is impressed by the girls and the uniqueness of the campus. He feels that Salem is conducive to fond associations.

After I left Sisters' House, I went by the gym. Here I saw Miss June Gentry conducting a Modern Dance class, so I stayed around to watch.

Miss Gentry is from Knoxville, Tennessee.

She attended the University of Florida for her undergraduate work. She did her graduate work at the University of Tennessee. She has also attended the Connecticut College School of Dance.

When Miss Gentry came to Salem for a job interview she fell in love with the place. She was so completely sold during her first visit here that she wanted to come to Salem to teach. She also wanted to come when she learned that a dance floor was being added to the gym.

Miss Gentry is very impressed with the good looks and well groomed appearance of the Salem girls. She likes all the faculty. She is especially impressed with everyone being so helpful and friendly.

On my way up from the gym, I stopped by Babcock to recover from the hill climb.

I had a very nice visit with Mrs. Chatham, the house counselor of Babcock. Mrs. Chatham is originally from Washington, North Carolina, but has lived in Winston-Salem for several years.

Mrs. Chatham's coming to Salem was a sudden decision. An alumna of Salem approached her about the position, and then Mrs. Chatham talked to Dr. Gramley. After she received the word of approval from her son she accepted the position.

Mrs. Chatham said that she loves Salem. She thinks that all the girls are very cute and charming. She is very impressed by the friendliness of everyone and feels that we have a community within our campus.

—Mary Ann Hagwood

To Enter The Gates of Heaven

(Continued from page two)

Did you never hear nothing like it?" Betty wished her mother were there. "But we have fun at the church . . . we listen to the script."

"Shoot, we got new kittens up under the house." Sylvie was proud. "Flossie just had 'em last night." "You can't see 'em though." The runny-nosed boy pulled Betty's sash loose and ran in zigzags across the yard. "Can't see 'em. Can't see 'em. Can't see 'em at all. At all! At all!" He slid under the porch.

"What . . . what do they look like?"

"Don't she wished she knew." The big boy grinned.

"I might let you see them for one of them yellow silk hair bows." Sylvie's eyes looked black. "Course, you might dirty up your go-to-meeting dress."

A snake doctor glinted in the sunlight and bobbed in the heat above their heads. Somebody shuffled in a dust puddle. A small girl sniffed and ran her wrist under her nose. The gate screamed as Sylvie swung on it. Betty's shoulder itched. Her bow was untied and hung down on her back. It came off easily and she held it out.

—Judy Golden

"What do you want?"

Betty jumped. Her heel slipped off a stone and her ankle smarted. A mean-eyed boy stood close and a smaller girl shuffled up feathers of dust near the fence. Two more scrambled out from the broken lattice-work under the house and she felt the eyes of the rest in a circle around her. Sylvie hopped across and climbed the gate. Two of them snickered.

"Look at them hairbows. Ain't they fancy?"

"Yeah, just like Mama's little baby."

"Look, poor little thing cut its toe. Got it all wrapped up!"

They all laughed. One boy rolled on the ground. His nose was runny. Betty's ears felt hot.

"I am not!"

"She says she am not — not what?"

"She am not. She am not. Not what? Not what? Not what?"

They all chanted and jumped up and down.

Sylvie laughed out in Betty's face. "Where you goin'? What you doing here?"

"Yeah. We ain't got no time for you."

Betty swung around. "I came to get y'all to come to Sunday School —'cause Mrs. Peterson says if you're gonna enter the gates of heaven, you got . . ."

Screams of laughter came from the circle. "Well, ain't she good!"

Council Tells Of Contest For Coeds

The National Cotton Council has announced the opening of the 1957-58 Maid of Cotton contest. To be eligible for the contest, each girl must have been born in a cotton-producing state. She must be between the ages of 19 and 25, at least five feet five inches tall, and must never have been married.

Twenty girls chosen in state contests will come to Memphis for final judging on January 2-3. Individual application forms may be obtained from the National Cotton Council, P. O. Box 9905, Memphis 12, Tennessee.

The young beauty chosen will act as a fashion and good will envoy for the cotton industry. A Domestic Tour of twenty-five states will begin in Miami on February 3. In early June her international tour will take her to the leading European fashion centers as a finale to her reign. The new Maid of Cotton will take part in the festivities of the annual Cotton Carnival and report on her travels to the Memphis' "King Cotton."

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