

Flu . . .

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Prejudice in hand, Sarah's ten page letter from New York, and a smuggled box of rye thins and dried apricots, once more the girls in ward seven settled down for the morning work—waiting for lunch. by the way, did you know that with sore throats and bronchial coughs you can still eat hot dogs and onions?

After this mid-day snack, the tray of pink pills, aspirins, green antihistamine pills, and cherry-colored cough syrup was once more received by the sick ones. The afternoon lay ahead with naps first on the agenda and the promise of grapefruit juice if we slept soundly. After this time of rest the secretive process of writing notes and waiting for the requested candy bars hidden in p. j.'s began. During the four days there, my p. j.'s were changed three times — ask Mary Boone how many ways you can hide candy.

As the afternoon turned to dusk, the chants for food were heard once more, but this time the remarks were, "Please Miss Newlin, can't my roomie bring me a hamburger and coke from Harry's."

However, needless to say, the pleas went unheard and delicious food from Corrin Refectory took Mary's place.

After this last bit of food for the next thirteen hours, can you imagine what treat was next? You guessed it—the tray of colored pills and cough syrup.

As Miss Newlin and Mrs. Fulp cleared away collected magazines, Mrs. Fowler came on duty as our night nurse.

Upon such begging and pleading, an extra treat of cookies and fruit juice was bestowed on the sick Salemites by our night guardian.

After the usual applications of medicines, the door closed behind Mrs. Fowler and quiet fell upon ward seven.

—Jane Roston

Broadway's Fun, But You Can't Beat The Bowery

Are you the sort that enjoys slumming it? Does the Bowery just fascinate you? Have you always wanted to cuddle little children, and do you overflow with the motherly instinct? Do you want to feel as though you're doing something for mankind?

Or can you be stereotyped as the adventurous, fun-loving traveler who is titillated by New York City and its night sports.

Well, shake! I'm just a little drop of all these things and I had the most exciting summer working in a settlement house on the Lower East Side (on the Bowery).

I arrived in the Big City and was taxied to the most horrifyingly dirty and griny section of town where the driver, after giving me a long lecture on the dangers that lurked on that side of town, dropped me. And there I was to stay for the remaining two months of my summer vacation—in the capacity of "leader" to a group of 14 year old juvenile delinquent boys. I was scared!

My bedroom was a hole in the wall that our City Health Department would have condemned for not having enough cubic air space for one person. It was furnished with a rod iron pad that would put my broken down bed on Salem's campus to shame, a lamp which was only used by the rats in the room as they played tag running up and down its cord, a bureau which had no legs and tilted to such an extent that nothing could be placed on its top surface, and finally, the cherished little tin box beside my bed which was instrumental in catching rats and was always filled to capacity.

To add to my haven's atmosphere, the room was painted a cool orange red! But my children would stand at the door of the "hell hole" and exclaim, "How beautiful—and is it all yours—ALONE?"

And now I find myself back in room 201 South looking at the snapshots and odds and ends which remind me of this summer's work with my thirty little affectionately named "snurdtails."

There are the unforge table activity periods we had when I'd lose every bit of femininity I ever possessed in an effort to entertain a tribe of energetic wild Indians. I would find myself doing backends, splits, headstands, and flips—garbed in a dress. I was humiliated in the gym when we played softball and I was the only one who couldn't hit the ball far enough to break a window. My nickname was Mickey Mantle! In the swimming pool I became an innertube upon which all the kids would climb and sit. It really wasn't bad once I acquired the art of holding my breath for two or three minutes.

My activities planned for the group only neared absurdity in one aspect. When I, "country girl come to town, Mayhew", decided to show the boys New York City. We traveled around Manhattan, Greenwich Village, Yankee Stadium, Bronx Zoo, Central Park, Pelam Bay, Rockefeller Center, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Empire State Building "en masse". Since I've never had the innate ability to organize thirty frisky boys when they're in a room . . . I found it even more difficult to do as we traveled about on the subway. I soon found the solution to this

problem was to take my seat on the subway and when the boys began to swing across the aisle and make monkey noises I'd get the most detached look I could possibly construe and pretend I didn't belong. This was effective to a certain point, but I never could decide how to react when they would scream, "Look, Mary Jane!" —and tug on my dress hem.

On and on I could go about the fun we had, the places we went, and the things we learned from one another. But who can explain the heart-felt love you can have for such children? Maybe I can best explain with the following:

"You say you want to work with people. That you feel a compulsion, almost divine, to give of yourself, your love, your talents, to those people, mostly children, who are torn and gouged and twisted and often broken by the evil in the world, the hate and greed and passion and envy of the world. There is something vibrating in you to take a little boy fearful,

almost animal, contorted in spirit, writhing in the pain of his environment, crying in his loneliness and lack of love, something yearning to take this little boy, hug him tightly, run your fingers through his hair, take his head in your hands and look at him gently, feeling the agonizing sorrow in your heart, but feeling the love there, too, and say, "No, son, no, no, no. All the world is not like the world you know. There is a world of light and beauty and love. Let's go to Central Park and look at the trees and grass and rocks and flowers, and maybe you and I can find this world, together, where people love, not hate, and where there is peace, not torment." So you take him with his hand holding your hand and you go together."

And so my summer went by with Josue' and Angel and Delfin and Julio and Salvatore and Germinio and many others—And we went together.

—Mary Jane Mayhew

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LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
WE'RE RICH!

EEK! THERE'S A THING ON THAT SHIP WITH 26 ARMS, AND IT DOESN'T LIKE ME!
WHO'S WAITING TO COUNT ARMS!

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