

Admission And Sociologists Church College Party Honors Officials Meet Covington

Salem College's campus boasted more than her usual number of distinguished guests this past week. The North Carolina Association of Registrars and Admissions Officers and the North Carolina Council of Church Related Colleges met on our campus prior to the meeting of ference at the Robert E. Lee Hotel yesterday and today.

The North Carolina Association of Registrars and Admissions Officers, a group interested mostly in such matters as the evaluation of foreign student transcripts, high school and college relations, methods of determining transfer credit, the types of records that should be kept of each student, etc., opened their meeting at the Robert E. Lee Hotel on Wednesday afternoon. The members were on campus for dinner Wednesday night, when they were entertained by the Choral Ensemble under the direction of Mr. Paul Peterson. The closing session of the Association was held at the hotel on Thursday morning.

The North Carolina Council of Church Related Colleges met in the living room of Biting on Thursday morning. Dr. Pietenpole, acting president of Davidson College presided. Dr. Clyde Milner of Guilford College gave a brief talk on problems of the church related college in the next ten years, with the exception of the problem of attracting and holding good faculty. This area was discussed by Salem's Dr. Gramley. Following these talks there was a discussion period.

The delegates to the Council lunched in the Club Dining Room and were also entertained by the Choral Ensemble.

On Tuesday night all of the Sociology majors put away six-weeks tests and attended a party given by Miss Covington, Mr. Denton, and Mr. Wendt in Miss Covington's new and very attractive home.

Food was provided by the two professor's wives who had to be introduced as they were mistaken for "other students." The menu consisted of Miss Covington's wonderful coffee and little delicacies Mrs. Denton's homemade bread and cookies, and Mrs. Wendt's dainty and tasty sandwiches.

Everyone was seated on the floor, including Mr. Wendt who lowered himself slowly.

While everyone was talking, laughing and eating, Mr. Wendt made the announcement to the new Sociology majors that there were some fine advanced courses later on—marriage, anyone?

Then as Miss Covington is an avid reader of mystery stories, two volumes were presented to her for her fine work in the department by Mr. Wendt, Mr. Denton, and the Senior Sociology majors. Miss Covington was very thrilled and said "next to mystery stories, her girls were her favorite."

We all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and were all sorry when the time came to leave.

Salem Bermuda Vacation Trip Equals Calypso Music, Boys, And English Stores

Mother and Daddy kept questioning me at the airport—How many dramamine pills had I consumed? By the third one I didn't know, but I was bound for Bermuda and it didn't really matter.

After a math computation we finally figured how to get 400 pounds of luggage on the plane and we were off—New York and "Most Happy Fella" loomed ahead, then at seven o'clock the next morning we boarded our bus, headed for Idlewild—and were Bermuda Bound at last.

Our taxi cab driver picked us up—riding on the wrong side of the road I crained my neck to see the white roofed homes. And suddenly there loomed before us our second home—the Swizzle Inn. After a tour from the airport we arrived at our destination, The Princess Hotel, to be greeted by a barrage of bicycles, the only mode of tourist transportation. No sooner had we hung up our wrinkled sun-back dresses, than the aqua water swimming pool beneath our window lured us to a luxurious dip in its

cool Bermuda waters.

Our southern accent seemed to be our calling card, for no sooner than we opened our mouths, a group of "Ivy League" boys from the University of Pennsylvania wandered over to have their first conversation with a true "southern belle." Dates were arranged for the evening—our week in Bermuda had begun.

Every minute was spent in new and exciting activities; touring the island on our rented motor bikes, shopping in English stores for kid gloves, perfume, and cashmere sweaters, dancing to the strains of native calypso music, swimming in the coral seas, cruising by open boat to all parts of the quaint island, and eating delicious English foods. These are only a few of the ex-

citing things we found to do.

It was a sad, sunburned group of Salem girls who waved good-bye to the island of many happy memories. We each vowed we would return one day to experience once more the happy, carefree life of the little English Island.

This Salem Bermuda vacation trip will be taken again this spring. Begin now talking with your friends—and don't forget the parents. Arrange a group to spend the most wonderful spring vacation you can dream of—a week in Bermuda. All those interested may talk with Miss Samson and those girls on campus who have been in past years. They will be more than happy to tell you all the details. You will be hearing more of this trip in the weeks to come. See you in Bermuda.

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| 3. Do you think Italian movie actresses are over-rated? (Women not expected to answer this question.) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do you buy only the things you can afford? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Do you think there's anything as important as taste in a cigarette? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
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