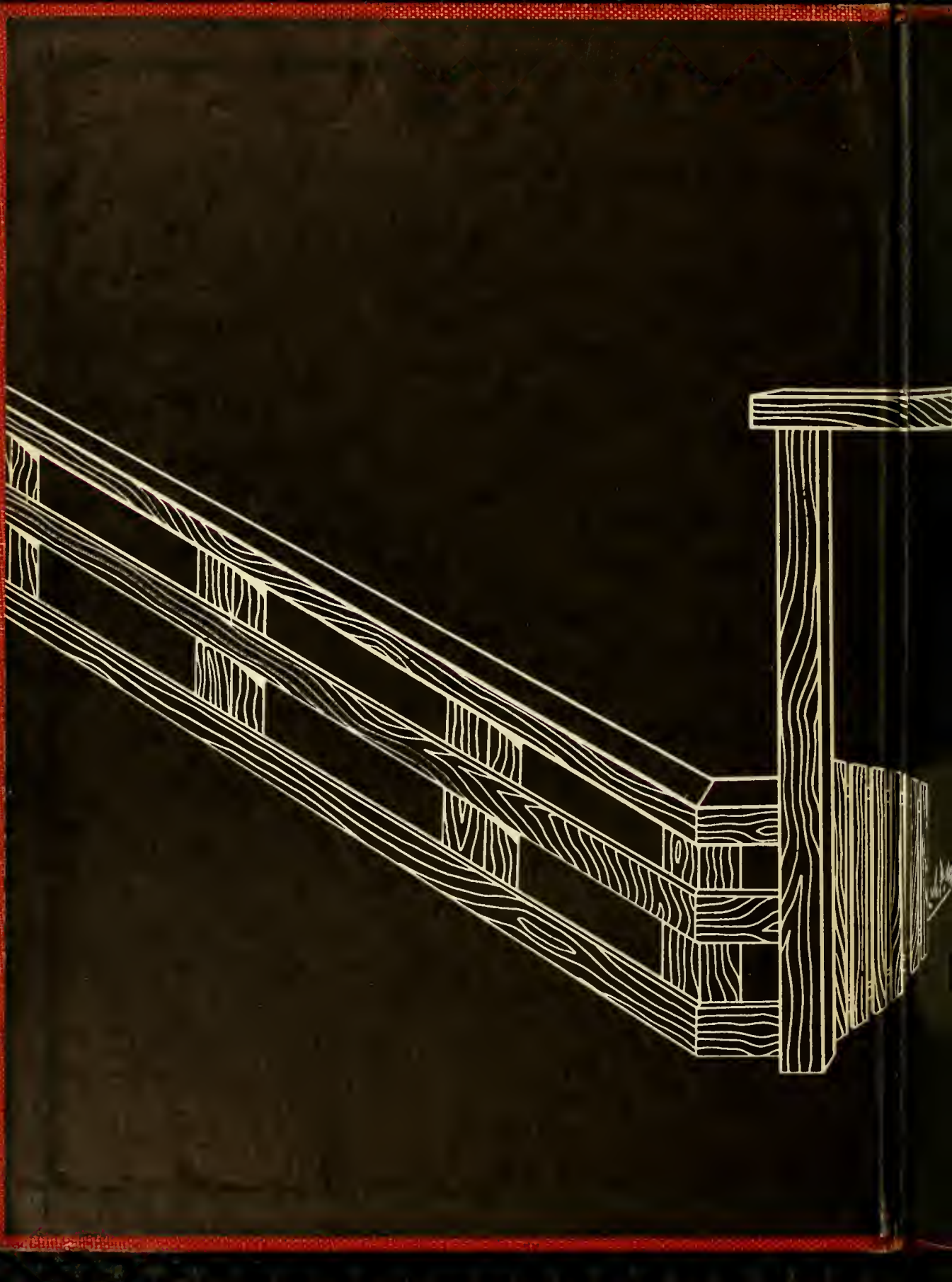
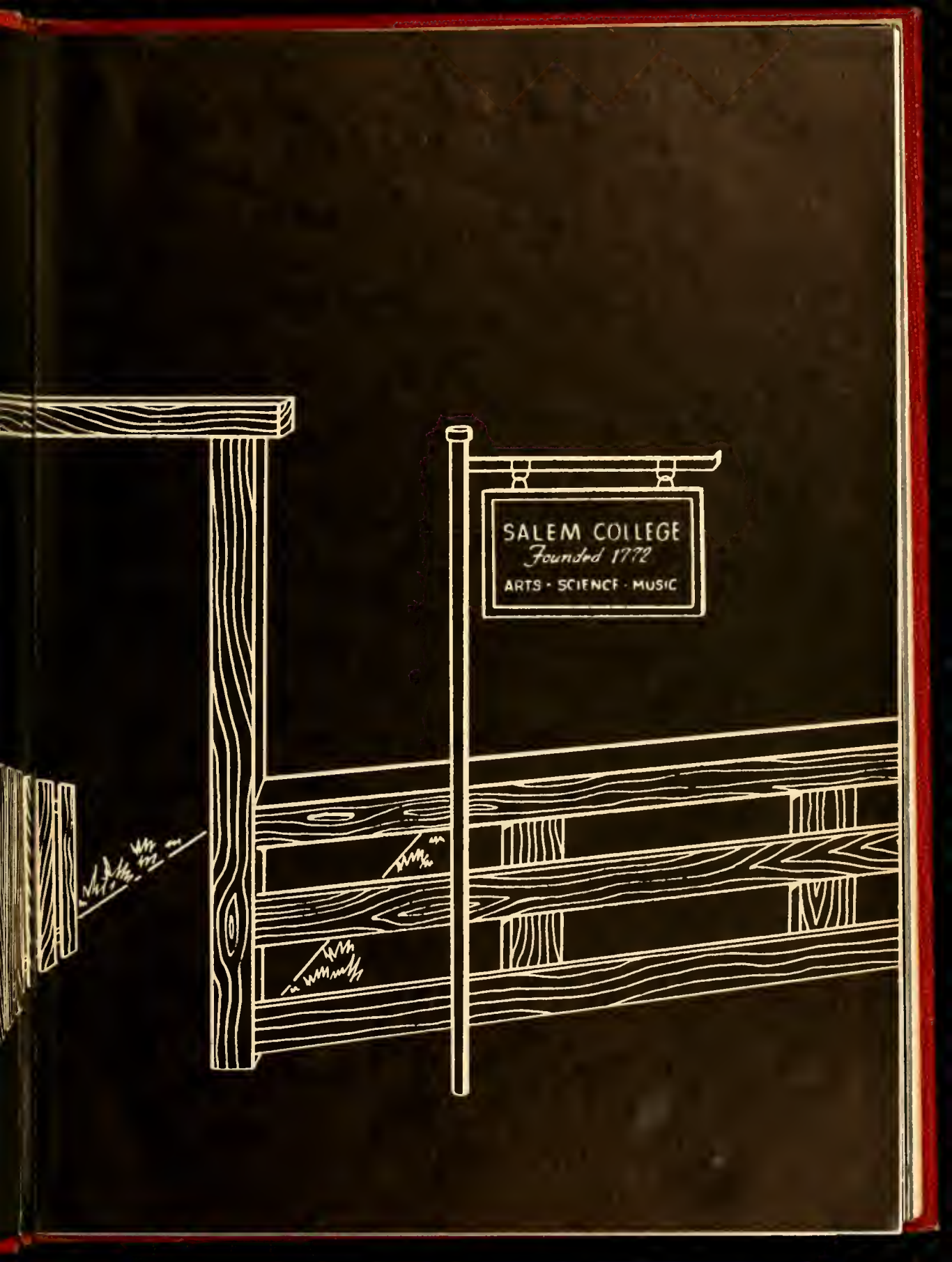
Sights & Insights

1957

DR. DALE H. GRAMLEY

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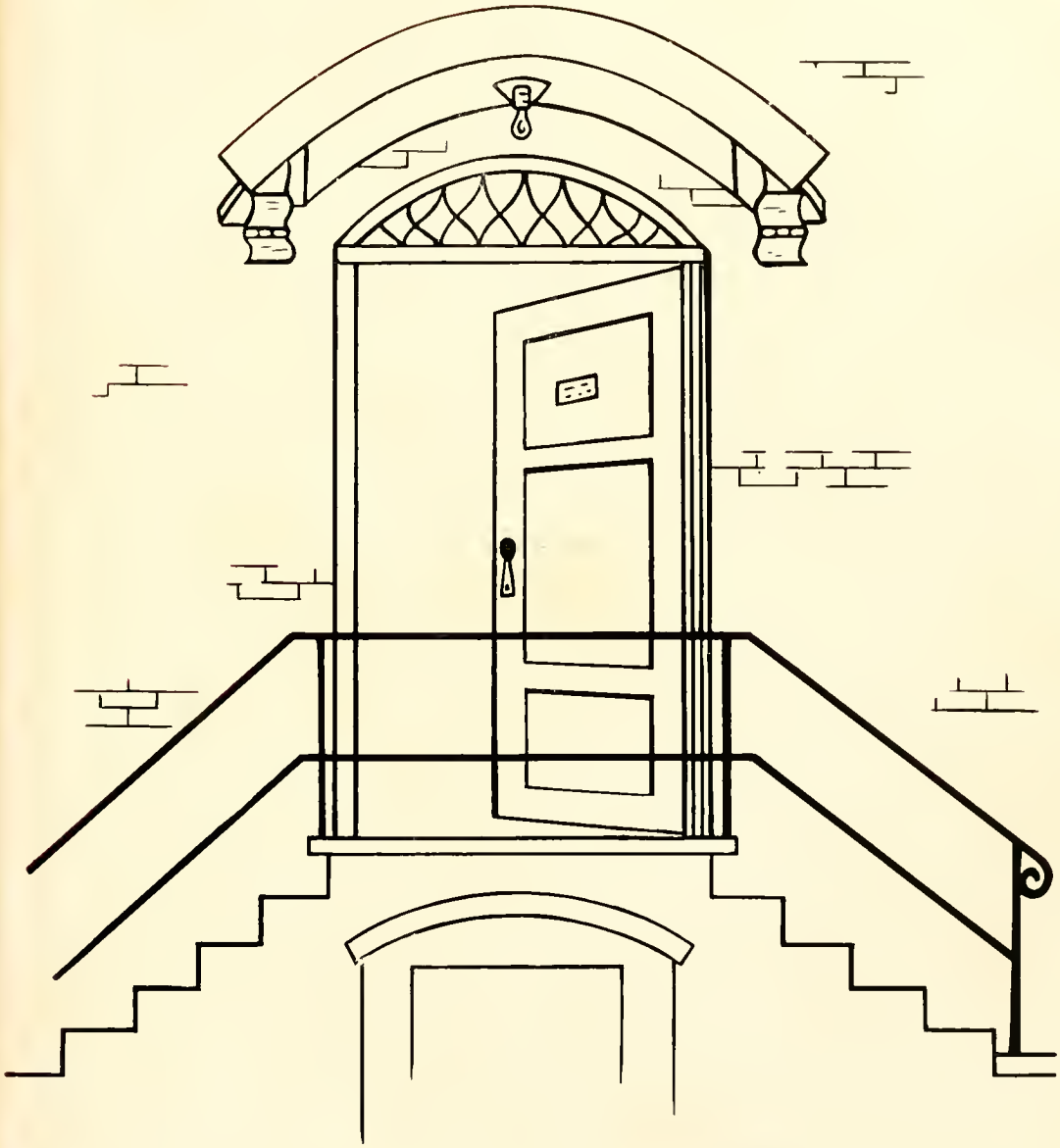
Founded 1772
ARTS · SCIENCE · MUSIC



Salem College

SALEM COLLEGE
NEWS BUREAU
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Sights

1957

Fifty-fifth Edition

Published by the Senior Class of

SALEM COLLEGE

Winston-Salem

Madeline Allen, Editor

Jane Wrike, Business Manager

and Insights

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Dedication . . .

SHE was waiting in the reception room on the first Sunday. She greeted Mom and Dad and me and asked if I had signed in or read the list of instructions on the Dean's desk. . . .

It was not until a few weeks later, when I was seated on her brown leather sofa, that I really looked at her. Her brown hair was arranged in a bun on the back of her neck. She wore big earrings and a green tweed suit. Three small silver bracelets circled her arm. . . . She asked me about my roommate, and if I was having trouble budgeting my time. I squirmed. Then she helped me decide on a study schedule. . . .

I didn't get a chance to talk with her much after that—except once. That was the day I signed out wrong and she called home to see where I was. Again I squirmed. . . .

Then I was a Senior. Her smile held more warmth as she welcomed me and asked how I was getting along. We talked, as equals, of how each person reflects Salem's standards and of ways to improve Freshman orientation. I understood the reason for deans. I no longer squirmed. . . .

Now, I sit on the front row and hear as Sissie reads

"To Dean Amy R. Heidbreder, for her guidance and unselfish help to all Salemites, we, the Class of 1957, dedicate the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

Dean Amy R. Heidbreder

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Sissie Allen, Editor

THIS was the year of transition . . . of change. It was the year of new ideas, new buildings, new faces. . . .

This was the year that Wake Forest came to Winston-Salem. There was a new student center on campus under Old Chapel, and most nights there were boys and girls dancing, playing ping-pong, drinking coffee from Salem's newest coffee machine, watching television. And Wake Forest brought new rules. For the first time we could date every night on campus, though we found that fraternity houses were off limits except for official parties. There were boys now where before there were only tourists carrying cameras. . . .

In September Dr. Gramley gave his "keynote" address and classes began.

Sights and Insights

Editorial Staff

Business Staff

The same day in London the Suez conference ended. Herbert Morrison lectured to Salem students, while Brooklyn defeated the Yankees for the World Series. In the middle of October two fraternities serenaded. During the same week Dr. Rondthaler died and the Polish and Hungarian revolutions began. The Seniors gave a Halloween Carnival, Dean Sandresky was soloist with the Winston-Salem Symphony, and Britain and France sent troops into the Suez. Margaret Vardell gave a harpsichord recital and Clare Booth Luce resigned as Ambassador to Italy. . . .

But the old things still remained. Old Salem, Inc., still tore up the streets and houses. Freshmen still entered school looking older than the Seniors who met them at the door, the airport,

Jane Wrike, Business Manager

Mary Walton, Assistant Editor
Shirley Redlack, Associate Editor

Anis Ira, Brenda Goerdel, Art Editors
Jane Bridges, Photography Editor

Toni Gill, Linda Chappell, Mickey Shuford
Rosemary Laney; Class Editors

the train. They still took the handbook test, and listened to lectures on how to budget their time. Sophomores still had the "sophomore slump," even though Rat Week was the best ever. Juniors found their numbers depleted by transfers and weddings, but knew that they were almost Seniors and began working harder than ever on the organizations that they would head the next year. Seniors still left at eight every morning to practice teach, and talked about jobs and weddings after graduation. They wondered whether tassels went from right to left or left to right. . . .

The fall meant getting used to Wake Forest, studying, football games, and the incessant noise made by the construction workers on Babcock Dorm. Ike was elected and the Republican professing majority on campus rejoiced while the Democrat minority speculated. Winter and Thanksgiving came the same week and brought the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS deadline, afternoons shopping, the dance, the banquet, and carols. The choral ensemble went to New York, and girls knitted Christmas stockings in the dorm, in class, at recitals and lectures. . . .

The year of 1957 brought rain, some snow, and exams. Salem girls played basketball and wished that they had a heavier coat. The *Male Animal* went

into rehearsal, and music majors worried about recitals. For Seniors, summer weddings, jobs, and trips to Europe seemed close. They wondered what graduation was like and if they would forget which side of the cap the tassel went on. . . .

Spring brought senior recitals, comprehensives, and more lenient rules as each class progressed. Still there were six weeks tests and wonder whether next month or even next week would bring war. Elections brought new officers to take the places of the Seniors and in three weeks the Juniors became old and responsible and wondered how they could better the work done by their predecessors. Freshmen were no longer Freshmen, Sophomores began to come out of their slump, and Seniors became sentimental alumnae, knowing that they would never have it so good, yet eager for the new job, or husband, or places to go and see. . . .

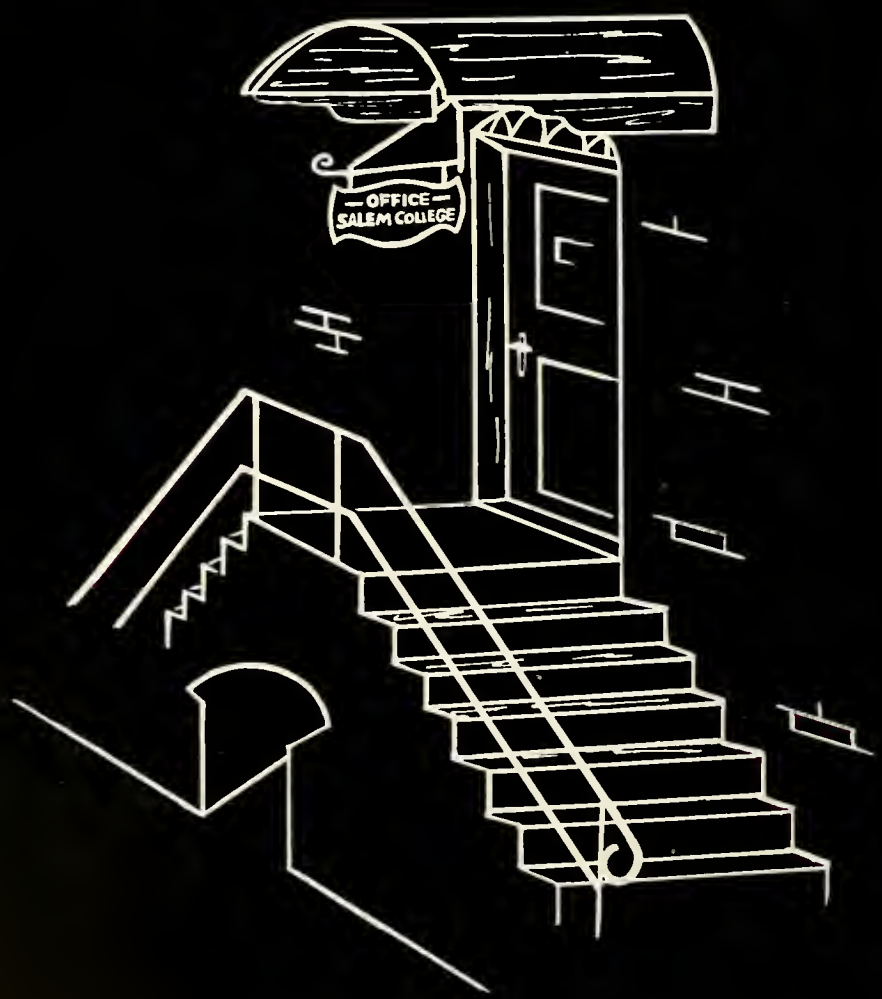
The *Salemite* came out every week and music was heard from the May Dell. The weather grew warmer and we still had rain almost every day. In May the bright red cover of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS made its appearance on the campus. The staff read it with pride for they knew that it was the whole year reviewed. In both words and pictures the adjustments, the changes, the achievements, and the honors of the year were recorded. . . .

This was the year of transition, the year so many changes were made, the year when tradition and change both became a part of the year and were integrated into memories, events, and dreams. . . .

With a littered table and lots of hours, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS *met its deadlines*

Faculty and Administration

College professors are people to be wondered at. . . . That they can be learned and yet sympathetic toward us in out naivete. Some of them have children at home. Deans are equally wonderful. But they are rarely seen in the drugstore. . . . The trustees are almost incognito. . . . And presidents write and talk with an inimitable wit challenged only by tall assistants. . . .



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House Counselor

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Louise Cox Bowen
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Joan E. Jacobowsky, B.A., M.A.
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Superintendent of Houses

Howard E. Rondthaler, Ph.B., B.D., M.A., D.D. LL.D.

Twelfth President of Salem Academy and College
Serving 1909-1949
Born June 17, 1871 — Died October 22, 1956

He was the son of the Rev. Edward and Mary Rondthaler; grandson of Bishop John Christian Jacobsen; and the great-grandson of the Rev. Immanuel Rondthaler, Diaspora Pastor of the Moravian Churches in Poland. His wife was Katharine Boring Rondthaler.

"Dr. Rondthaler was not a morbid person. . . . He saw death frankly and forthrightly as inevitable, but not as the end of everything. . . . In his view, death was for some an untimely event, for others a blessed release, and for all a normal transition into the eternal. . . .

. . . During his forty years at Salem a nineteenth century boarding school became a twentieth century college. . . .

. . . He was a living example that true greatness lies in the quality of mind and heart. . . .

. . . He talked about the "eyebrow arches," the curves above the windows and doors of buildings. He said to look for them . . . that they would make Salem friendly . . . and they did. . . .

. . . As a civic leader he used his vast fund of cultural knowledge, his rich repertoire of wit and anecdote, his power of eloquence and satire, and the force of his dynamic personality to further every worthy cause and aid in the building of a finer community."

Classes

Groans liven breakfast table stalemates when the bell rings. Books stacked on the tin tops of radiators are often branded in pencil with SPE or Duke or just Ed. But there are notes on the margins inside and sentences underlined. . . . And people stack up their cereal bowl and saucer and go to class. . . . Even when it is raining and water fills between the bricks. . . .

Seniors

CLASS OFFICERS

PAT GREENE
President

ELINOR DODSON
Treasurer

MARTHA LEGETTE
Vice-President

JANE WRIKE
Secretary

Seniors . . . 1957

I HAD already forgotten the Freshman's name. Showing her to her room, I asked her again. . . .

The chorus line pulled me both ways at once . . . I was two bars off. I combed my hair down over one eye and twisted my satin skirt. Sequins fell from my hair and I fell into bed. . . .

Clicking across the walk at dawn, my lesson plans fell out of my notebook. The car windows frosted and the engine choked. . . .

Mrs. Snow swallowed a piece of meat loaf. At least she hadn't frowned. I thought of calling the dorm, but the dishes were ready and waiting. . . .

My penny fell in the red mud. The frail magnolia quivered in the hail of copper. I forgot to wish. The rest of the mud clung to my suede heels. . . .

My sophomore Little Sister came at the last minute. The Moravian star hung over the stage at Memorial Hall. I came away feeling carols and candlelight. . . .

The spice of red roses filled the living room. I felt relaxed, though still nervous. Mr. Sandresky had said I was successful. . . .

My blue book curled around the edges, turned brown . . . turned to black ashes. . . .

Mama looked sad, and Daddy, very proud when I passed in the processional . . . wish this tassel would stop shaking in my eye. Wonder if I change it from left to right . . . or is it right to left. . . .

Dr. Gramley smiles . . . and tips his hat. . . .

The dignity and poise of a Senior's cap and gown

Anne and Carol star in "Hector's Holiday"

Seniors . . . 1957

Sissie

MADELINE MAY ALLEN
Troy
Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

Capability with a twinkle in her eye . . . accomplished musician . . . writer . . . sportswoman . . . inspired leader . . . likes Mozart, Dylan Thomas, and Hershey . . . always ready to help . . . questions about her summer at the University of Oslo invoke a wistful expression. Scorpion, *Who's Who*, Editor of SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

Mary Woodward

MARY WOODWARD AVERA
Rocky Mount
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Siamese kitten with dark blue eyes . . . New Yorker after one week in New York. . . . her head may be seen bent over books by Thomas Wolfe or bobbing to a Harry Belefonte record . . . seldom excited—for her first day of practice teaching, or a week end with a "real doll."

Thrace

THRACE EASLEY BAKER
Greenville, South Carolina
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A slow speaking South Carolinian who loves lazy living and progressive jazz . . . spends hours painting in the art lab, reading novels, and figuring out ways to accumulate more spare time. . . . a dreamer with large blue eyes who adds the artistic touch to Bitting.

B. Bell

Barbara

Blum

BARBARA BELL
Currie
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A piano major who transferred from Peace College her junior year. An artist with make-up for the Pierrettes. Loyally reads the latest beauty magazines and doggedly stuffs on spinach "because it makes you pretty." Provider of laughs at dinner table, Tom's, or anywhere.

BARBARA FULLER BLACKWELL
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A January graduate who likes quiet parties and conversation . . . a Virginia accent hangover from two years spent at Mary Baldwin . . . never has that "windblown" look although much of her time is spent in her beloved convertible.

Seniors begin a tour of the library

Seniors . . . 1957

NANCY MITCHELL BLUM
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Our Queen who graces the May Dell. . . . slight, collegiate. . . . a marshal her junior year . . . active member of I. R. S. . . . a boarder her first and last years at Salem, she plans a graduate course in home economics —with a handsome doctor.

Bren

Carol

Kate

EVELYN BRENNING BUNCH
Statesville
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A captivating combination of oriental eyes and infectious giggle . . . an unaffected traveler through Europe, she munched hard rolls in the royal box of a London theatre . . . she wears Jimmy's Zete pin, frequents Chapel Hill, and talks with breathless wonder about it all.

Seniors . . . 1957

KATE LEE COBB
Smithfield, Virginia
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A Southerner and proud of it . . . spends late hours in Bitting chatting fondly of Four Square and "home folks," Smithfield ham and "cawn" . . . Supplies the dorm with peanuts, Bertha's cakes, and arguments for Adlai . . . manages Pierrettes, Senior Follies . . . "Smithfield has better and more of it."

CAROL ANN CAMPBELL
Baltimore, Maryland
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Our only Yankee . . . an actress on and off stage, she has been known as Sabrina, Delight, and Miss Baby Love Dallas; she will be remembered by friends for a lost diary . . . intelligent conversation, and late term papers . . . president of Phi Alpha Theta, worries about international affairs and Phil's colds.

Stop first at the main desk . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

Imogene

IMOGENE COMER
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A religion major who manages to make out lesson plans, grade papers, and pursue her hobbies of reading and music . . . worries about term papers and "how to handle that child on the second row" . . . excels in housekeeping for her husband, James.

Cookie

MARTHA CAROL COOKE
Durham
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Combines dimples and a little-boy haircut . . . Secretary of Junior Class, Scorpion, *Who's Who* . . . genuine "I.R.S.-er" . . . a versatile home economics major, she can decorate the Student Center, re-make May Day and Pierrette costumes, and sew her own wardrobe . . . President of Home Ec Club . . . a connoisseur of perfumes.

Cecelia

CECELIA BLACK CORBETT
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The first married veep in Stee Gee history . . . also veep of Sophomore Class, *Who's Who* . . . combines art and math with keeping house for R. E. . . . faithful supporter of Wilmington's Azalea Festival . . . the activities of her Senior year included taking time out for a visit from the stork in February.

Seniors . . . 1957

Shaw

ANN ELIZABETH CRENSHAW
Belmont
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Enthusiast of sports and car-washer for Bitting. Secretary of Sophomore Class. Packs her blue Ford with other lovers of U.N.C. and whizzes to "The Hill" to see "Childe Harold." . . . plans to begin two careers almost simultaneously: teaching and keeping house for a student-husband.

Suejette

SUEJETTE LANIER DAVIDSON
Lynchburg, Virginia
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Sincere listener to troubles of friends with that "I understand just how you feel" look . . . treasurer of Junior Class . . . a receiver of red roses for no special occasion . . . patches up love affairs for the Bitting girls after she has locked the doors behind them at night.

Elinor

ELINOR DODSON
Galax, Virginia
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Possessor of an impish expression and an artistic flare, transfer from Southern Seminary and a strong disbeliever in military restriction . . . especially for Carter . . . innocent hostess her junior year to midnight riders who were squelched by Amy . . . Socrates of the Rathskeller and treasurer of the Senior Class.

Barbara

Mary Margaret

Sarah

BARBARA CRADDOCK DURHAM
Lynchburg, Virginia
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Leader of the Pierrettes . . . "Miss Reigner doesn't realize!" . . . but she sees that "impossible" sets are built, ragged costumes repaired, and Victorian props are found . . . a regular visitor to Chapel Hill, she smiles at mention of Captain Ahab . . . loathes hospitals—but visits an emergency room at least once a year!

Pause in the Main Reading Room . . .

MARY M. DZEVALTAUSKAS
Ancon, Canal Zone
Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

Blue-eyed senorita from Panama . . . speaks English in a beautifully precise and lilting manner, but loves those Spanish gab-sessions with Sylvia. . . . major in piano with a true appreciation for all types of music . . . a variety of costumes from her native country, skill in performing south-of-the-border dances, spontaneous warmth.

Seniors . . . 1957

SARAH McCORD EASON
Tarboro
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Quiet ways and comic antics . . . extreme Southern accent and witch dances . . . silently analyzes friends and audibly figures out the ends of movies halfway through . . . has only two wishes: to spend another summer in Colorado and to wear something besides a dyed union suit next May Day.

Dottie

Pat

Betty

DOROTHY KIMBALL ERVIN
Morganton
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

A chemistry major made up of the component parts: boundless energy plus a bouncy walk plus extemporaneous actions, which yields: overturned ash-tray plus wounded teachers plus befuddled classmates . . . Dottie holds the Broken Glasses Record for the campus: ten pairs in four years.

Seniors . . . 1957

BETTY LOU WALKER FULP
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A week-end wife who became a full-time wife to her much-talked-about Melvin after her January graduation . . . spent her time writing history term papers, practice teaching in the second grade, and dreaming of her Vetville apartment in Raleigh and her State College husband.

PATRICIA FLYNT
Rural Hall
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

An artistic lady . . . a theater-goer in New York and a lover of modern jazz. . . . A meticulous dresser, she detested the yellow uniforms she was required to wear on a summer job in (where else?) Yellowstone National Park. . . . A double major in English and piano, she's at home writing a critique or playing Chopin's "Ballade."

Surround themselves with encyclopedias . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

ANTOINETTE GILL
Elizabeth City
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A curly-topped Elizabeth City English major. . . . distinguished as the most graceful baton twirler in N. C. and the most ungraceful dinosaur in *Skin of Our Teeth*. . . . manages a January graduation . . . also manages an active part in all Pierrette productions as Reigner's runner.

Toni

Joanne

JOANNE GLENN
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A petite transfer from Holton Arms who brought to Salem another major for the history department, many exciting tales of past adventures, and a distinctive giggle . . . never ready for those weekly novel tests . . . always ready for the week end parties.

Brenda

BRENDA BRANDT GOERDEL
Kingsport, Tennessee
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Often found playing her uke and leading good ol' Tennessee mountaineer songs . . . fills all "accidental" silent moments in Society with a giggle or a joke . . . able to knit an argyle sock at one recital . . . "Babe" is a lover of all sports, especially swimming.

Seniors . . . 1957

Suzanne

SUZANNE CARTER GORDON
Lynchburg, Virginia

Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

Warm and sensitive as a musical composition, president of the Music Club . . . glows with a Joan of Arc freshness, even after 11:15 p.m. . . . a perpetual violin bruise . . . a member of the Winston-Salem Symphony, she divides her time between a young doctor and Music Hall.

Judy

JANICE PATRICIA GRAHAM
Bartow, Florida
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

President of Student Government . . . mixes practice teaching, mountain house parties, meetings of all types and studies . . . finds everything humorous . . . even the last period in her practice teaching day . . . loves Bartow oranges and Tennessee Williams . . . believes Winston-Salem is a variety vacation but holds her spot on the Dean's List . . . Scorpion, *Who's Who.*

Pat

FRANCES PATTERSON GREENE
Ahoskie
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Cosmopolite with a genuine Paris hair-do . . . a three-year Stee Gee member as house president of Clewell, Secretary of Student Government, and Senior Class President . . . "Mama's little sunshine" wit . . . a wardrobe for every occasion . . . finds pleasure in work whether it's making out lesson plans or knitting Christmas stockings . . . Scorpion, *Who's Who.*

Anne

Harriet

Doodle

MAIZIE ANNE HALE
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A genuine "Dark Eyes" . . . President of the Day Students . . . dates and studies simultaneously with Richard, who attends Wake Forest . . . except for the nights she spends "sitting out dances" as he plays in the band.

HARRIET H. HARRIS
Engelhard
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Able to concentrate on studies through dorm confusion and in spite of the diamond on her finger . . . keeps a strict schedule—to bed at eleven and up at seven . . . a summertime waitress in Canada and at Blowing Rock, she has only two all-time interests: Bob and history.

Relax in the browsing room . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

JUANITA EFIRD HERNDON
Monroe
Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

A voice major who sings and speaks with velvety smoothness . . . Wesley's December bride and the director of the Academy chorus . . . spends her evenings translating Italian in Society's living room and having her bedtime snack of Campbell's tomato soup.

Ben

Patsy

Ann

MARGARET IRENE HOGAN
Kinston
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The Pandora of the class . . . Who? What? When? How? Why? A victim of triskaideka phobia with a fear of black cats . . . and broken mirrors. . . . Finds time to work in the library, practice teach, and improve her bridge game between week-ends spent at State or Duke.

PATRICIA ANN HOPKINS
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Ambitious gal with a pony tail . . . makes her home in an apartment "just up the street" . . . a music history major . . . fulfills her desire to keep busy by constant practice on her violin and being a part-time nurse . . . pausing long enough to have chill bumps only in Carnegie Hall.

Seniors . . . 1957

ANN ELIZABETH KNIGHT
Tampa, Florida
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

She chatters breathlessly about her "darling children" at Forest Park, excitedly about a June wedding, and unrelentlessly to local merchants while collecting ads for the *Salemite* . . . her unpremeditated goodness and infectious smile will grace her future minister-husband's home with all the warmth and hospitality one grasps after a mere introduction.

Try on earphones in the listening room . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

Martha

MARTHA LOIS LEGETTE
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A transfer from Woman's College her junior year . . . when not in class, this day student with the slow Southern drawl may be found frantically catching up on her homework to leave her evenings free for dating.

Betty

BETTY BYRUM LILLEY
Sunbury
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

A school-girl wife who will become an army wife after graduation . . . wearer of red and white polka dot bermudas . . . (husband Aaron likes red) . . . proud that Sunbury recently acquired street lights . . . she can outfit Pierrette players or sink the winning point in a basketball game with equal skill.

Jane

MARTHA JANE LITTLE
Wadesboro
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

"Sweet Jeff's little forty-four" . . . got so excited she almost "rurrnd" her dress by setting it on fire when told that she had been elected Sigma Pi Sweetheart at Wake Forest last year . . . loves picnics in the rain and having Wake Forest right across town.

Seniors . . . 1957

Becky

BECKY DOLL McCORD
Charlotte
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Possessor of a unique giggle which has a special appeal at Bowman Gray . . . a potential social worker, she spent a summer working in a settlement house on the lower east side of New York City . . . "B. D." is an active member of the Y Cabinet and an avid softball player.

Anne

ANNE ROBERTA MILES
Summerville, South Carolina
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Energetic leader of the Athletic Association and a "Miss Essie knack" for keeping rooms clean . . . Scorpion . . . has delighted and amused the campus as Hector, the Shiek, and our Halloween skeleton . . . in her Confederate flag shirt, she cheers class teams on with deafening war-whoops.

Nell

NELL NEWBY
Thomasville
Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

Serenity . . . even during the week before her senior recital . . . a Madonna-like expression—even in the middle of a midnight gab session . . . an active member of the Y.W.C.A., she was president of the Methodist group her sophomore year . . . at times an impish gleam in her eye.

Kayo

Lou

Cecil

KATHERINE OGLESBY
Kinston
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

The possessor of many white uniforms, a quiet scientific temperament, and an apartment "out in town" . . . "Kayo" took her loyalty to the Lablings and her ability on the athletic field to Bowman Gray for a year to improve her test tube techniques.

Admire the display case . . .

LOUISE PHARR
Charlotte
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The lass with the angelic look never seems to rush as she performs her duties as on-campus veep of the Student Council, accompanies singers and dancers in the Follies, teaches a Sunday school class, or reads stories to children at the hospital . . . a member of the May Court for two years and *Who's Who* . . . Chief Marshal last year.

Seniors . . . 1957

CECIL PRICE
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A strong advocate of "wifedom" . . . even to an army private . . . Cecil transferred from Greensboro College her junior year to major in public school music . . . frequently travels home to Madison in her yellow and white Chevy and writes "wifey" letters to Bill, who is stationed in Maryland.

Joan

Betty

Jane

JOAN WHITAKER REICH
Statesville
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Greets everyone with a smile that says, "I like you" . . . her "Chairman knack" was developed as Chairman of Rat Week, Chairman of Big Sisters, and Chairman of May Day . . . willing to help in everything from switching sets in a Pierrette production to decorating for dances.

BETTY RUFFIN
Winston-Salem
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A part-time model who looks like one even after a day of practice teaching . . . she transferred from Mary Washington to Carolina, where she met her husband, Tom . . . then to Salem, where she frequently visits Bitting to "borrow a nap" or to report on her latest domestic accomplishment.

Seniors . . . 1957

REBECCA JANE SHIFLET
Marion
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Studies in Society's kitchen as she bakes goodies for the girls . . . chats endlessly of Jackie and plans for a summer wedding . . . possessor of a hidden artistic ability that comes in spurts when there's a need for Christmas dorm decorations or for that "extra touch" in the Home Management House.

Try to find a book in the stacks . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

CELIA ANNE SMITH
Kingsport, Tennessee
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

"Crested" during June Week by Chuck . . . an active believer in a liberal arts education, she is a member of the Winston-Salem Symphony, secretary-treasurer of Phi Alpha Theta, and secretary of the Lecture Committee . . . has been known to fiddle while Farley burns.

Celia

Jo

JOAN ELIZABETH SMITHERMAN
Elkin
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A pixie in a trench coat . . . as editor, she spices the *Salemite* with her "modest proposals" . . . a lover of progressive jazz, politics, and sports . . . campus authority on New York City and a scholarship winner to the University of Oslo . . . Scorpion, *Who's Who* . . . always interested . . . always interesting.

Sarah

SARAH ELIZABETH SMOTHERS
Reidsville
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The "Flame" of the Senior Follies . . . famous for her wiggle and her giggle . . . believes the best way to spend a summer is to study—and play—at U.N.C. . . . her snowy Olds whizzed through the arch every morning this fall as she hurried to teach her "darling angels."

Seniors . . . 1957

Marcia

MARCIA JANE STANLEY
Charlotte
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Quietly creative, unobtrusively interested, Marcia added to the dorm variety with everything from newspaper reporters to football players . . . may frequently be found stuffed in the corner of a sofa reading or listening . . . occasionally allowing a low chuckle to break the excited chatter of her classmates.

Jean

JEAN LEE STONE
Sanford
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

The proud owner of Worm, the alligator mascot of South Dorm her junior year . . . Jean (or "Pebble") seems to have more tests than anyone else in the class, but is never too busy to give one of her comic imitations of well-known campus personalities.

Joyce

CAROLYN JOYCE TAYLOR
Gastonia
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Coy and kittenish, her tapping toes led dancers in the Senior Follies and May Day Pageant . . . her fingers covered with glue and sparkles created a Frosted Fantasy-land . . . as president of the I.R.S., proves that Salem girls can be "neat and lady-like."

Mary

Rose

Sarah

MARY WILLI THOMPSON
Yanceyville
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The quiet girl who's not so quiet . . . nightly trips to Tom's and late hours in the middle of Bitting's living room rug surrounded with brightly colored snips as she made bulletin boards and listened with friendly interest to the problems and joys of fellow practice teachers.

VIRGINIA ROSE TILLER
Draper
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

Doll-like sophistication fascinates her numerous beaus . . . whether re-upholstering a chair or sedately seating guests at a lecture, she greets friends with a wink and a musical giggle . . . the blue eyes and spontaneous blushes of this year's Maid of Honor have graced the dell two previous times as a member of the May Court.

Climb the stairs to second floor . . .

Seniors . . . 1957

SARAH BARHAM VANCE
Kernersville
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Little girl looks contradicted by the capability which moves with ease from a summer job in Wisconsin to a fall job of practice teaching . . . an advocate of the wise old saying, "Early to bed, early to rise," she will always be our little girl . . . but wise!

Mary

Pattie

Nancy

MARY CATHERINE WALTON
Glen Alpine
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary," where do your talents lie? . . . a freshman music major, a one semester Wake Forest sophomore in pre-med . . . Scorpion . . . now president of the F.T.A. and a prominent figure in the Pierrettes and on the annual staff.

PATTIE ANNE WARD
Wilmington
Candidate for Bachelor of Science Degree

The strongest supporter of the Columbiana, Ohio, football team . . . the future wife of its coach . . . exhibits skill and quick thinking as she puts last minute stitches and pins into the costume of a nervous Pierrette ten minutes before curtain time.

Seniors . . . 1957

NANCY GERALDINE WARREN
Gastonia
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

Lil' Nancy is always going places . . . to the *Journal-Sentinel* office for mats for the *Salemite*, all over town with advertisments for Senior Class projects, and over the bumpy road to Chapel Hill and back again to dreamily tell about "the most wonderful time I ever had."

and end, finally, on an Old Salem bed

Seniors . . . 1957

ANN DARDEN WEBB
Morehead City
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

The future bride of an aspiring young dentist . . . she adds to David's sock collection as she knits while reading, listening, and talking . . . shows her love for children as she practices teaching or plans her future family.

Ann

Kay

BARBARA KAY WILLIAMS
Charlotte
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A summer-time waitress at Yellowstone and Blowing Rock . . . she hates cherry ice cream but loves potatoes, Shearing jazz, and anything chocolate . . . Scorpion, President of the I.R.C. her junior year, she now fills her time with duties as a practice teacher and as President of the Y.W.C.A.

Jane

JANE TURNER WRIKE
Graham
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts Degree

A transfer from Saint Mary's her junior year . . . as an active "AA-er," business manager for both the annual and May Day, she contributes boundless energy and enthusiasm plus much needed finances and inspiration to her co-workers . . . Scorpion . . . a practice teacher with easy friendliness.

Peggy

PEGGY DANIEL YOUNG
Charlotte
Candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree

Naivete with a mischievous smile . . . acquired facts about kittens in the spring of her junior year and the title of "Mrs. Young" at Thanksgiving of her senior year. She confesses that some of her time is spent "out of this world" dreaming of husband John and their Chapel Hill apartment.

Bitting Dormitory

Ex-Members of the Class of '57

Name . . .	*Home Town . . .*	*Note . . .*
Mary Ann Anderson	Greenville, S. C.	Mrs. Don R. Johnson
Betty Baird	Oxford	Mrs. Edward A. Rusher, Jr.
Paxton Ann Belk	Hickory	Mrs. Summit Cody
Virginia Bridges	Lynchburg, Va.	Mrs. A. Montague White, Jr.
Mary Katharine Campbell	Castleton, Vt.	Mrs. Ben Hill Webster, Jr.
Emily Cathcart	Anderson, S. C.	Mrs. Dace Willett Jones
Nancy Cockfield	Florence, S. C.	Mrs. Hicks Harwell
Vee Copses	Charlotte	Mrs. H. Allen Hoppe
Jo Costner	Greenville, S. C.	Mrs. Robert Gunnerell
Jane Craver	Lexington	Mrs. Carlton Koontz
Carol Curlee	Morristown, Tenn.	transfer, V.P.I.
Rosemary Doggett	Rutherfordton	School of Nursing, M.C.V.
Mary Jo Douglass	Raleigh	transfer, U.N.C.
Diane Drake	Atlanta, Ga.	transfer, Ala. Poly. Inst.
Martha Dunlap	Rock Hill, S. C.	Mrs. Charlie W. Rosson
Virginia Dysard	Statesville	transfer, University of Ga.
Lizanne Ellis	Atlanta, Ga.	working
Jeanne Eskridge	Shelby	working
Nancy Gilchrist	Charlotte	Mrs. Pressly M. Millen, Jr.
Lane Harvey	Kinston	transfer, U.N.C.
Mary Jim Hendrix	Reidsville	working
Anne Holt	Burlington	Mrs. Richard McAdams
Mary Anne Hood	Asheville	Mrs. W. L. Brown, Jr.
Pat Howard	High Point	Mrs. Erie Haste
Shirley Johannesen	Greensboro	Mrs. Robert H. Wagner
Sarah Johnson	Wilmington	Mrs. Pender Durham, Jr.
Carolyn Miller	Albemarle	Mrs. Clifton G. Payne
Sally McKenzie	Whiteville	Mrs. Morgan Page
Paulette Nelson	Bennettsville, S. C.	transfer, R.P.I.
Matilda Parker	Goldsboro	transfer, U.N.C.
Amy Jane Peterson	Daggett, Michigan	transfer, Westminster
Annette Price	Mayodan	transfer, G.C.
Frances Proctor	Marion	transfer, U.N.C.
Pat Rainwater	Rock Hill, S. C.	transfer, University of Florida
Rachel Ray	Leaksville	transfer, U.N.C.
Sherry Rich	Wilmington	Mrs. Charlton S. Newton, Jr.
Faye Roberts	Geneva, Ala.	transfer, University of Alabama
Katherine Scales	Augusta, Ga.	Mrs. J. Robert Patterson
Sally Selph	Ocala, Fla.	transfer, University of Florida
Nina Skinner	Greenville	Mrs. Roy W. Upchurch, Jr.
Martha Jane Southern	Burlington	transfer, Westminster
Sudie May Spain	Greenville	Mrs. Carroll Jenkins
Marilyn Stacy	Lumberton	transfer, Flora Macdonald
Meredith Stringfield	Chapel Hill	Mrs. John A. Oates, Jr.
Ellen Summerell	Gastonia	transfer, U.N.C.
Leslie Taylor	Pinehurst	Mrs. David A. Whitesell
Martha Terry	Danville	Mrs. James Melvin
Marie Thompson	Charlotte	Mrs. Grady Edwin Price
Barbara Usher	Bennettsville, S. C.	transfer, U.S.C.
Melinda Wabberson	Hamlet	Mrs. W. J. McCoy, III
Judy Williams	Atlanta, Ga.	Mrs. W. Tinsley Ellis

Juniors

CLASS OFFICERS

LINDA CHAPPELL
President

LYNN HAMRICK
Vice-President

NOLLNER MORRISSETT
Treasurer

SHIRLEY REDLACK
Secretary

A PILE of ashes settled near my nose on the floor. Cross-eyed, I watched Potts outline my profile. Ann shifted the lamp on her knee. Plaster fell as I nailed the smudged portrait. . . .

My study board grew lighter as freshmen snatched cups of coffee. I shouted to my Little Sister over the noise. I would love to date her brother. . . .

I launched my arguments at the Ike-ites in a loud voice. I marched into the dining room "all the way with Adlai" behind Dr. Africa. . . .

At class meeting I wrote down money-making suggestions.

"Can't we knit gifts?"

Agnes, Sue, and Lee leave for the banquet

Juniors . . . 1957

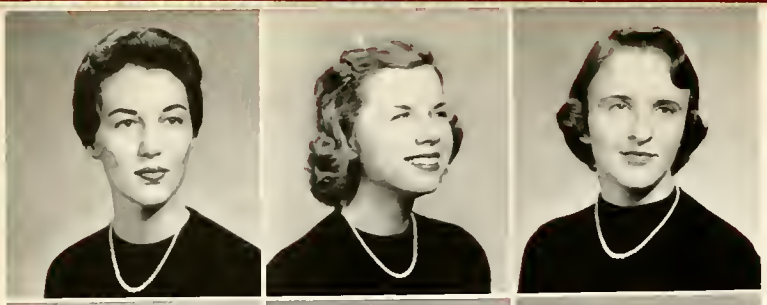
"We need $400, honey."

I tried at 6:00 a.m. to make a clock stick to my bulletin board. I ruined pre-registration cards trying to fit in philosophy. I left with 19 hours a semester for next year. . . .

My roommate divided the cards. An ace slid off my hat of frivolity. I stood and watched it burn in the bonfire. I looked down at the black folds of my robe. . . .

Dr. Gramley misted on the stage. "Miss Essie, Tom, and indeed Mr. Snavely will miss you, too." Swallowing, I moved to the middle section of Memorial Hall. . . .

Election brought out fans and confusion

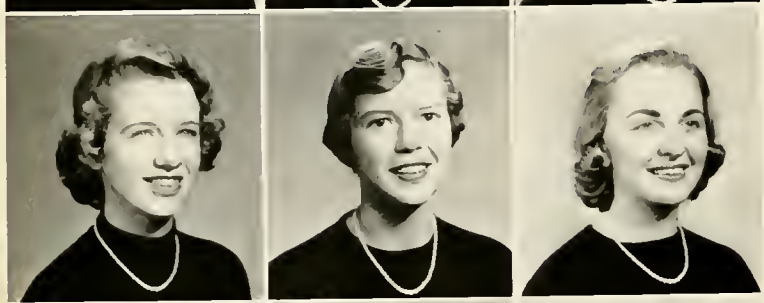


First row, left to right:

Lillian Ellison Allen, Weldon; Judith Anderson, Winston-Salem; Lynn Blalock, Winston-Salem.

Second row:

Mary Archer Blount, Kinston; Martha Anne Bowles, Winston-Salem; Jane Bridges, Pottstown, Pa.



Third row:

Beverly Brown, Florence, S. C.; Patricia Buell, Winston-Salem; Phyllis Carswell, Winston-Salem.

Fourth row:

Linda Lou Chappell, Charlotte; Susan Childs, Kingsport, Tenn.; Mescal Coe, Winston-Salem.

Juniors

Love, philosophy, and gossip at Tom's

First row, left to right:

Carole Cole, Winston-Salem; Nancy Cridlebaugh, High Point; Sue Davis, Atlantic.

Second row:

Barbara Evans, Beckley, W. Va.; Anne Fordham, Greensboro; Sarah Fordham, Winston-Salem.

Third row:

Mary Jane Galloway, Rock Hill, S. C.; Judith Golden, Leaksville; Mary Ann Hagwood, Elkin.

Fourth row:

Elizabeth Louise Hamner, Winston-Salem; Roberta Lynn Hamrick, Winston-Salem; Rebekah Hinkle, Winston-Salem.

. . . 1957

"Anyone for town?"

First row, left to right:

Lillian Bagley Holland, Greensboro; Marybelle Horton, Statesville, Jeane Frances Humphrey, Lumberton.

Second row:

Margaret H. Ingram, High Point; Anis Louise Ira, Jacksonville, Fla.; Martha Virginia Jarvis, Coral Gables, Fla.

Third row:

Mary Closs Jennette, Elizabeth City; Duart Maelean Jennette, Washington; Martha Ann Kennedy, Covington, Tenn.

Fourth row:

Mary Cook Kolmer, Salem, Va.; Martha Patricia Lackey, Statesville; Barbara Gail Landers, Columbia, Tenn.

Juniors

Interior decoration for South

First row, left to right:

Molly Ann Lynn, Front Royal, Va.; Mary Dunn McCotter, New Bern; Christa Menzel, Hamburg, Germany.

Second row:

Amory DeSaussures Merritt, Atlantic Beach, Fla.; Ellie Mitchell, Oxford; Nollner Morrissett, Lynchburg, Va.

Third row:

Louise Myers, Winston-Salem; Miriam Hill Quarles, Raleigh; Shirley Ann Redlack, Statesville.

Fourth row:

Frances Conway Rhodes, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mary Gladys Rogers, Asheville; Barbara Crews Rowland, Birmingham, Ala.

Fifth row:

Nancy Jane Sexton, Narrows, Va.; Betsy Ross Smith, Mount Airy; Jo Marie Smith, Leaksville.

Sixth row:

Nancy Cox Walker, Kinston; Mary Curtis Wrike, Graham; Mary Brooks Yarborough, Charlotte.

. . . 1957

Sophomores

CLASS OFFICERS

MARTHA DUVALL
President

ANNE SUMMERELL
Treasurer

MARY FRANCES CUNINGHAM
Vice-President

MARGARET MACQUEEN
Secretary

"IT'S just the Sophomore Slump, girls. Have faith!" I smiled grimly at the Junior and headed to Clewell to watch TV. Hit Parade was a poor excuse for the College Grill. . . .

I practiced a threatening scowl on the quavering Freshman. She made neat corners on my bed. I forgot and said "thank you" when she finished. My face was stiff under the white make-up and I burned my arm on the candle in the Coke bottle. "Will Rat Boyd get herself up here!"

Nervous fingers knocked over the "Littlest Angel" sitting near my plate. My face felt red in the heat from the candles. I stood up to "Welcome" all.

The decorating committee prepares for the Christmas banquet

Sophomores . . . 1957

Relieved, I sat down with a thump and laughed at Dr. Gramley's joke. . . .

The smell of sulphur in the lab distracted me from thinking of "What countries were represented at the Suez conference." I breathed the spring air outside and hurried toward the library. The newspaper crackled in my hand. . . .

I handed Miss Simpson my registration card. No more comfort of required subjects. Pierrettes, *Salemite*, and the "Y" would take up the extra hours. The transfer application could wait until exams, my roommate's wedding, and our house party at the beach were over. . . .

"And the freshmen were afraid of US?"

First row, left to right:

Allene Alston, Littleton; Ronnie Sue Alvis, Washington, D. C.; Sally Lynn Badgett, Lynchburg, Va.; Jane Bailey, Davidson.

Second row:

Ruth Bennett, Hartsville, S. C.; Laura Bible, Dandridge, Tenn.; Mary Anne Boone, Greensboro; Margie Boren, Greensboro.

Third row:

Martha Ann Bright, Greensboro; Ann Brinson, Coconut Grove, Fla.; Merrie Jane Browne, Charlotte; Anne Bruce, Charlotte.

Fourth row:

Sue Cooper, Selma, Ala.; Betty Craig, Bassett, Va.; Mary Carolyn Crook, Rock Hill, S. C.; Carol Crutchfield, Jacksonville, Fla.

Fifth row:

Mary Frances Cuningham, Winston-Salem; Ellen Daniel, Mullins, S. C.; Joan Davis, Reidsville; Gray Duncan, Burlington.

Sophomores

Dad sent some money

First row, left to right:

Martha Duvall, Cheraw, S. C.; Dena Fasul, Fayetteville; Margaret Fletcher, Elkin; Janet Garrison, Charlotte.

Second row:

Martha Goddard, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Mary Gratz, Richmond, Va.; Shirley Ann Hardy, Bethel; Shan Helms, Monroe.

Third row:

Wanda Jean Hepler, Rural Hall; Mary Lois James, Maxton; Clayton Jones, Charlotte; Miriam Joyner, Enfield.

Fourth row:

Audrey Kennedy, Rocky Mount; Susan Melissa Kerr, Jamestown; Patsy Anne Kidd, Thomasville; Patty Kimbrough, Davidson.

Fifth row:

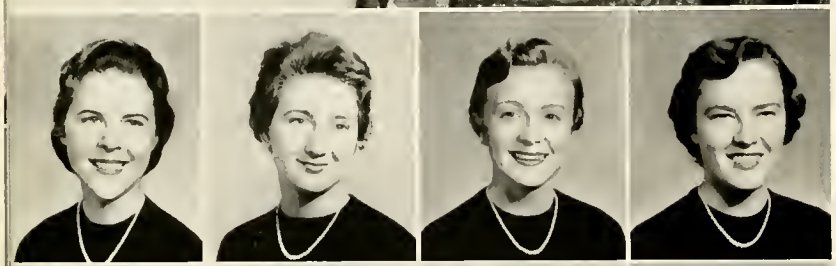
Susan Kuss, Allentown, Pa.; Kay Lamar, Macon, Ga.; Deanna Lewis, High Point; Murrianne Linker, Clemmons.

. . . 1957

Does this pump really work?

Sophomores

"*I dare you to double.*"



First row, left to right:

Clarice Long, Selma, Ala.; Mary Jane Mayhew, Charlotte; Martha McCabe, Jacksonville, Fla.; Martha McClure, Graham.

Second row:

Faye McDuffie, Winston-Salem; Jane McIntosh, Marion; Susan McIntyre, Lumberton; Joan Milton, Winston-Salem.

Third row:

Jerome Moore, Tarboro; Hila Moore, Jacksonville, Fla.; Martha Emily Myers, Winston-Salem; Marian Neamand, Swannanoa.

Fourth row:

Jane Noel, Lewistown, Mont.; Lucinda Oliver, Rocky Mount; Mary Frances Patrick, Belmont; Anne Pearce, Greensboro.

Fifth row:

Joy Perkins, Stokes; Sarah Ann Price, Kannapolis; Iva Roberts, Leaksville; Rachel Rose, South Miami, Fla.

First row, left to right:

Jane Rostan, Shelby; Betty Jon Satchwell, Wilson; Cordellia Scruggs, Fayetteville; Jeanne Sherrill, Thomasville.

Second row:

Patricia Shiflet, Marion; Mildred Clemmer Shuford, Hickory; Marilyn Shull, Chevy Chase, Md.; Anne Siler, Gastonia.

Third row:

Anita Louise Smith, Hartsville, S. C.; Elizabeth Smith, Rocky Mount; Jean Smitherman, Elkin; Anne Summerell, Gastonia.

Fourth row:

Ann Camille Suttle, Suttle, Ala.; Elizabeth Taylor, Wilmington; Margaret Taylor, Kinston; Mary Thaeler, Kearny, N. J.

Fifth row:

Eve Van Vleck, South Orange, N. J.; Marcille Van Liere, Mebane; Noel Vossler, Fayetteville; Margaret Whitehurst, Rocky Mount.

Sixth row:

Martha Louise Wilkins, Greensboro; Charlotte Williams, Kingsport, Tenn.; Nancy Dawson Willis, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mary Griffin Wooten, Kinston.

Seventh row:

Mary Jo Wooten, Charlotte; Anne Worley, Winston-Salem; Mary Jo Wynne, Bethel.

Freshmen

CLASS OFFICERS

NAN WILLIAMS
President

MARY SCOTT BEST
Treasurer

MALLIE BEROTH
Vice-President

JENNIE ELDER
Secretary

Freshmen . . . 1957

TOUCHING the fender of the car as it pulled off, I waved to Daddy, clutched my pocketbook, and walked toward the door marked "Clewell." I smiled calmly at the Senior, but my hand shook as I signed the book. . . .

Pencils scratched in rhythm on the tests. I rubbed my cramped fingers and stretched. I looked at the portraits and shuttered windows around the walls. I started as a bell tolled and clacked outside. . . .

"Flood!"

I skinned my knee on the stone bench. Pulling my foot up, I crouched and looked up at the Sophomore. Her scowl slipped as she hollered "Air Raid!"

Pale light seeped through the window. I put the title on "A Comparison of *Jane Eyre* to a Gothic Novel." Miss Byrd would be sorry if I died. I set the alarm and pulled up the quilt. . . .

I sat in the familiar leather chair. I accepted a cigarette from my advisor. I grinned. No labs and no 8:30's for next year. . . .

"Don't forget to write."

My roommate leaned from the window. I rolled down the car window and waved from the back seat. . . .

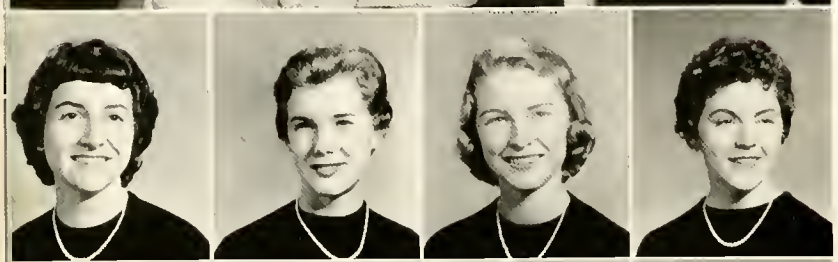
"See you in September!"

"He wants dates for four girls!"

"You should see what I left at home."

Freshmen

Is it food?



First row, left to right:

Louise Adams, Jacksonville, Fla.; Frances Adkins, Durham; Sara Catherine Atkins, Rocky Mount; Helen Babington, Gastonia.

Second row:

Robin Babington, Gastonia; Janet Barnett, Charlotte; Ann Beck, Lexington; Mallie Beroth, Winston-Salem.

Third row:

Mary Scott Best, Goldsboro; Sally Bovard, Durham; Nyra Boyd, Spartanburg, S. C.; Anne Brading, Johnson City, Tenn.

Fourth row:

Dorothy Bridgers, Wilson; Vera Britt, Murfreesboro; Dora Allred Bryan, Oxford; Meribeth Bunch, Goldsboro.

Fifth row:

Eva Jo Butler, Clinton; Suzanne Cabaniss, Charlotte; Nancy Jane Carroll, Farmville; Anne Catlette, Raleigh.

. . . 1957

I feel like singing

First row, left to right:

Catherine Cline, Charlotte; Carol Conner, Fulton, N. Y.; Barbara Cornwell, Morganton; Julia Cox, Wallburg.

Second row:

Joan Currie, Fayetteville; Abbye Davis, Elkin; Harriet Betts Davis, Varina; Susan Deare, Greensboro.

Third row:

Norwood Dennis, Macon, Ga.; Gwen Dickerson, Winston-Salem; Carol Doxey, Wilmington; Harriette Dwelle, Charlotte.

Fourth row:

Caroline Easley, Rock Hill, S. C.; Suzanne Edgerton, Goldsboro; Jennie Elder, Siler City; Eleanor Evans, Raleigh.

Fifth row:

Lina Hendley Farr, Greensboro; Ellen Flowers, Danville, Va.; Susan Foard, Asheville; Betsy Gatling, Windsor.

First row, left to right:

Beth Goodwin, Fort Pierce, Fla.; Betsy Guerrant, Charlotte; Frances Gunn, Lynchhurg, Va.; Nancy Gwaltney, Lynchburg, Va.

Second row:

Lela Belle Harkrader, Mount Airy; Dorothy Jean Hauser, Lynchburg, Va.; Sylvia Ann Hedrick, Winston-Salem; Joan Hill, Thomasville.

Third row:

Daphne Hoffman, Winston-Salem; Noel Hollingsworth, High Point; Mary Wilson Hook, Cheraw, S. C.; Joanne Hudson, Raleigh.

Fourth row:

Peggy Huntley, Wadesboro; Mary Frances Jennette, Elizabeth City; Henrietta Jennings, Chester, S. C.; Bebe Johns, Asheboro.

Fifth row:

Peggy Jones, Rocky Mount; Ann Dunn Joyner, Enfield; Louisa Keesee, Bluefield, W. Va.; Anita Kendrick, Monroe.

"Who's out of position?"

Freshmen

First row, left to right:

Barbara Gail Kirkman, Brown Summit; Toni Lamberti, Fulton, N. Y.; Rosemary Laney, Coral Gables, Fla.; Harriett Lang, Kinston.

Second row:

Ranny Lewis, Loris, S. C.; Joday Litton, Bristol, Va.; Nancy Lomax, Coral Gables, Fla.; Mary Elizabeth Long, Blanch.

Third row:

Marianne Loving, Lynchburg, Va.; Margaret Ann Luttrell, Decatur, Ga.; Eleanor Jane Martin, Durham; Joan Mason, Washington, D. C.

Fourth row:

Susan McCotter, New Bern; Geraldine McIlroy, Winston-Salem; Constance McIntyre, Goldsboro; Elizabeth McLean, Wilson.

Fifth row:

Barbara Ann Morrison, Statesville; Mary Stewart Moss, Washington; Nancy Neese, Monroe; Betty Ann Parker, Elkin.

"Do you prefer Wake Forest or Davidson?"

. . . 1957

Freshmen

Tea anyone? Let's have a party

First row, left to right:

Barbara Payne, Taylorsville; Sidney Peagram, Lancaster, Pa.; Sarah Pons, Morganton; Anne Powell, Danville, Va.

Second row:

Mary Alice Powell, Asheville; Carolyn Ray, Raleigh; Mignon Ross, Anderson, S. C.; Louise Scales, Rockingham.

Third row:

Sandra Shaver, Atlanta, Ga.; Marie Stimpson, Pfafftown; Iva Stinson, Winston-Salem; Margaret Stone, Rocky Mount.

Fourth row:

Eleanor Sutton, Windsor; May Terry, Spartanburg, S. C.; Sarah Tesch, Winston-Salem; Anne Thompson, Danville, Va.

. . . 1957

And so to work

First row, left to right:

Sally Townsend, Manquin, Va.; Patricia Usher, Bennettsville, S. C.; Carolyn Van Every, Charlotte; Evelyn Vincent, Danville, Va.

Second row:

Marcia Vosburgh, Charlotte; Grace Walker, Kinston; Ann Walston, Walstonburg; Martha Weeks, Augusta, Ga.

Third row:

Mary Whitaker, Bristol, Va.; Nell Wiggins, Rocky Mount; Betty Anne Wilkins, Fayetteville; Barbara Williams, Statesville.

Fourth row:

Nan Williams, Farmville; Beverly Wollny, Westfield, N. J.; Sarah Wray, Raleigh; Anna Frances Yelverton, Rocky Mount.

Foreign Students

JYTTE LILJEBORG

She sat waiting on the steps of Clewell in a white Danish student's cap and a red jacket with brass buttons. . . .

I watched as she packed a black lace scarf and chattered about a boy. . . .

She flopped down on the couch and prepared to answer my question. With hands clasped behind her head and round face tilted toward Davy's ceiling, she mimicked me perfectly.

"Waaal, after Saylum. . . ."

CHRISTA MENZEL

I tried to keep up with long strides as we walked to Saturday night supper. . . .

Dr. Lewis pushed his outspread fingers together and listened while she described a German university's freedom to our class. . . .

I sat next to her on the bus and watched her address New York post cards. She smoothed a wisp of blond hair and chuckled. . . .

"Shall we go up front and get Mr. Pete to laugh once more?"

SILVIA OSUNA

Dangling earrings were almost still for once. She laid down her handbook and cocked her head.

"You mean the light cut and the call down are not the same?"

Her brown eyes crinkled. She had enjoyed the "Y" party—even though she had known all along. . . .

Neat ankles in white silk socks flashed past me on the steps of Strong. Black curls reversed into a wide grin after I drawled out "Buenos Dias, Senorita." . . .

Ann Bennett, President

I STOOD among the thirty-seven other day students and tried to pick out the officers who had been elected the previous spring. . . .

The roaring fire in Ann's home felt good on a cold fall day. Old day students introduced new ones. . . .

I bit into a crisp cookie. The Day Student Center was crowded with freshmen and parents. Smoothing my taffeta skirt, I introduced Mother to my English professor. . . .

My face was wet with perspiration as I stood in the wings of the auditorium at Memorial Hall waiting to carry out my part in the chapel program. . . .

I pulled the covers up around my neck. It was strange, but familiar, to spend the night on campus. . . .

Day Students

Day Students

Service Organizations

To serve is not to be servile. . . . It is to lead out with a vote. To approve a penalty. To make an announcement about something vital, like badminton. To reserve a seat for the speaker's wife when everyone is glaring. To give a call down for an unmade bed. To hold a Negro orphan's hand at Christmas. . . .

Judy Graham, President

THE edges of the purple robe were frayed and soft. I weighed the gavel in my hand.

"Do you swear to uphold to the best of your abilities. . . ."

I sat down in a row of white sweaters and skirts. My knees felt shaky. . . .

I bobbed my foot up and down. My shoe dropped and echoed in the silence. Someone cleared her throat. . . .

"How will that affect the campus?"

More silence. A chair creaked and Curt's pen scratched.

"We've got to act—then stick to it!"

"I move. . . ."

I picked on my plate for one last lobster chunk. Finding only a piece of

Student Government

House Presidents

Class Presidents and Representatives

ham, I put down my fork. A boy with oriental features rose as Judy said, "I would like to present Dave Hirano, President of the Wake Forest student body."

The hands of the balcony clock said 11:15. I banged on the lecturn. Voices subdued, leaving one sophomore and one freshman facing each other. Waving her fist, the sophomore plunked down in her seat. The bell rang.

"Don't forget to read my column for the council's viewpoint!"

I kicked the hook holding the door and pushed the latch. Fingers of a waving hand had a narrow escape. I pulled the sign-out sheets from the steel clip and folded them. Upstairs the telephone rang. I looked at my watch. 11:35. I ran for the stairs. . . .

Officers of Stee Gee

Y Council at work

Y. W. C. A.

Kay Williams, President

STILL tasting the Wheaties and milk I had for breakfast, I slipped in the door to Little Chapel at 8:10, and stepping lightly on the dark red rug, slid onto a white bench. The two candles on the altar outlined Dr. Sawyer's form as he read from Matthew. Voices in the choir back of me rose as he finished the "thought" for the day. I stirred as the bell rang again, picked up my books from the stone steps outside, and hurried to class. . . .

Shifting from foot to foot in my high heels, I stood in front of Clewell waiting for the bus to Davidson. Coming back after a blind date, a football game, and a banquet in my honor, I slipped off my shoes, wiggled my tired toes, and finally slept. . . .

Christmas party at Memorial Industrial Home

Sitting between two adoring orphans, I watched them slip red bows from tissue-papered packages. Pulling a plaid shirt, dark blue jacket, and baby doll from the boxes, they turned happy black faces and grinned up at their Salem Santa Claus. . . .

At the Old Ladies' Home I listened to "grandchildren talk" and Christmas plans. The thin Moravian cookie crumbled around the edges and coffee in a paper cup warmed my hand. . . .

I took the red hymnals from the shelf and announced the number of the song. My classmates sat cross-legged on the floor in their pajamas and listened to the "watch." I stacked the hymnals back on the piano, turned off the lights, and followed them from the room. . . .

Little Chapel

Marshals

Mary Jane Galloway
Chief Marshal

Marybelle Horton
Shirley Redlack
Beverly Brown
Mary Curtis Wrike
Nollner Morrissett
Lynn Hamrick

The President's Forum

The unifying factor among the campus organizations which serves as a forum for the discussions and planning of co-operative activities.

Madeline Allen
Linda Chappell
Carol Cooke
Cecelia Corbett
Barbara Durham
Martha Duvall
Suzanne Gordon
Judy Graham
Pat Greene
Anne Bennett
Anne Miles
Louise Pharr
Joan Reich
Betsy Smith
Jo Smitherman
Joyce Taylor
Nancy Walker
Mary Walton
Kay Williams
Nan Williams

NON-VOTING

Audrey Kennedy
Dr. Austin
Mrs. Heidbreder
Anne Summerell

Mrs. Lovett; Carol Cooke, Chairman; Joyce Taylor, Judy Graham—not pictured: Ruth Bennett, Sally Bovard, Susan Childs

Student Center Committee

"BUT we ought to have orange juice, Mrs. Heidbreder. It's so healthy!" I scribbled down her promise to call about it. That makes Cokes, coffee, cocoa, moonpies, candy, and chewing gum. And cigarettes. I wonder if we'll lose money. . . .

I looked around me. We've just got to have curtains. How do you hang curtains in a sunken window? Those morning glorys have to go. . . .

I signed my name in black on the colored mural. While it dried I gathered my paints together. At an angle I could still see morning glorys. . . .

The committee room was filled with smoke and talk. A.A., I.R.S., or Stee Gee was meeting. I checked the bulletin board, then ran to reserve my place at the TV. . . .

Anne Miles, President

ON a count of three-two, I pitched a curve. My senior advisor swung and missed. Sitting in the hilly undergrowth, I bit into Russell's inch-thick hamburger and balanced a brownie and heavy hunk of potato on a paper plate. . . . In the infirmary I giggled while Miss Newlin ran her index finger down my big toe. . . . In Davy I voted for forest green binding. I got a check from home for $24.50 and a letter that began, "What on earth is a blazer?" I played one game of ping-pong for a ticket to a turkey banquet. . . .

I did a stomach slide into home plate on a squeeze play. I faked a sophomore guard out of position and tried an easy crip shot. A Meredith girl sent me a

Athletic Association

Main figures at NCAFCW convention

The grace and speed of basketball

A. A. Council

New all-weather courts

net serve. At Tanglewood I asked for a Western saddle. At a banquet my words came out wrong, as usual – "Ladies and Gentlemen." Sorry—no gentlemen here. "Ladies!" The speaker looked flustered.

At the Athletic Federation of College Women I heard "the stimulation of the mind as well as the body" and "the breakdown of class barriers." On a program I saw "The Well Rounded Scholar" and drew head, ears, and legs on the "T". . . . I piled a broken chair, bald broom, 15 Coke bottles, and a dead lizard beside the pool. I knitted argyles and waited for a freshman's third "Help". . . . In Assembly I walked down the aisle to get a navy blue blazer. . . .

One sport played by all

Joyce Taylor, President

I. R. S.

SMELLS of fried chicken, gravy, and spiced peaches rose from the table in front of me. Impatiently, my stomach warned me to hurry as I passed the plates family-style.

"*Please* pass the butter."

"Would you like some sugar?"

"No, thank you. Would you?"

Glancing from side to side, I slid my elbows from the table unnoticed. Finishing my cup of coffee, I looked sadly at the left-over cookies. Muttering black thoughts about Manners Week, I left. . . .

I stood on a chair in my room and stretched to hang the green and gold cafe curtains. Splotches of color covered the wall with ads from Brazil, Italy, Spain and France. I received smiles from the visiting faculty, first prize in the contest, and congratulations from my friends. . . .

I.R.S. Council meets

Your manners are showing

Freshman I.R.S. members ready for the fashion show

With a sigh, I took the curlers from my damp hair and put on a scarf. Halfway down the stairs I glanced down at my bermudas. Heaving another sigh, I went back, looked longingly at my raincoat, and put on a skirt. Feeling neater and somehow not so guilty, I hurried across the square for a hot dog.

Working furiously, drinking cups of coffee and wishing for a cigarette, I put the finishing touches on the frosted chandelier. I took a last look at the Christmas tree in the corner of the dining room and threw a few more icicles on the top branch. I ran for my room and the ironing board. . . .

My red skirt swished in the night air as my Wake Forest date bragged on the Southerners. The trumpets blared in my ears and the spot shone in my eyes as they announced our names. . . . I tore a small piece of lace from my dress squeezing in the door as the clock struck one. . . .

Preparations for the Frosted Fantasy

The Arts

Art is intangible. . . . The pause of a student-actress and a sudden movement. The hollowness of music piped across the dell in May. The aweful second when a lecturer feels the essence of his message and shows it. The line of type that gets a grin of approval. . . . Art has its moments. Each of them includes in itself the desire for another. . . .

Barbara Durham, President

AS I dashed up the steps of Old Chapel, I reviewed the jobs Barbara had assigned me.

"Don't forget the red drapes at Oaks Studio."

"Ask Bren to help us papier-maché that tree."

"See Mr. Yarbrough about that door."

Cracking my shins on a stray flat propped against the door, I limped across the brown floor and grabbed a paint-smeared handle. Spread before me was green canvas. On it I placed a cardboard pattern and daubed a brown Victorian oval on the dining room wall. . . .

I sat in a three-walled dining room. My black hands fingered a wiggly piece of a crossword puzzle. From my

Pierrettes

Concentration on lines

Concentration on art

Two scenes from the fall production of "The Grass Harp"

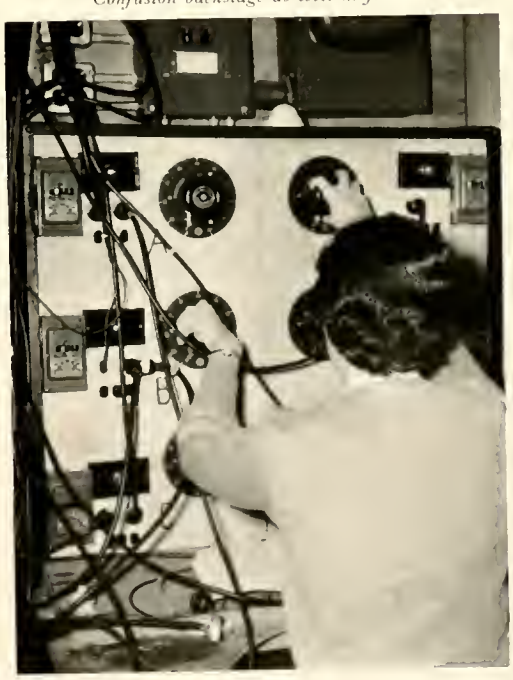
greasy lips rolled an ignorant drawl. I tried to be "jolly, deep." With a silver snuffer, I put out the candle. The beams dimmed. . . .

The stage manager signaled. I turned the dial on the panel to three and hoped the cue had come on time. The lights faded to blackout. . . .

The amplifier clicked. I dropped the needle on the record, and as the overture swelled, I closed the curtain with four long tugs. The spots faded on the red curtain before me, and I clapped. . . .

As the actors consumed coffee and doughnuts, I sat down wearily at the back of the room. On opening night the work would be forgotten with the call of "places." That night, over our coffee and doughnuts, we could wonder if the winner of the Piero Award could be one of us. . . .

Confusion backstage as well as front



Jo Smitherman, Editor

The Salemite

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Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Jo Smitherman
Assistant Editor . . . . . Martha Ann Kennedy
Managing Editor . . . . . Carol Campbell
News Editor . . . . . Miriam Quarles
Assistant News Editor . . . . . Mary Ann Hagwood
Feature Editor . . . . . Marcia Stanley
Pictorial Editors . . . . . Dottie Ervin, Nancy Warren
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Editorial Staff

Business Staff

Editor and printers

MY face ached from a day of smiling at merchants, restauranteurs, and tobacco executives, but the heavy-jowled man in navy blue was smiling back at me.

"Yes, young lady, we'll be glad to place the same ad again. Just mail us the bill."

I creased the typewritten sheets with my fingernail and dropped them into the wire basket. Jo raised an eyebrow over her typewriter and said, "Try for Tuesday night next time."

The linotyping machine stopped clacking, and Mr. Cashion yelled from the back door, "You girls want a ride back to school?" The shop was quiet as I quickly stuck the last galley proof on the hook and untied my grimy canvas apron. . . .

Ann Knight, Business Manager

Juanita Herndon, President

My sweater snagged as Mr. Pete signaled. My face red, I rose as he grinned and signaled again. In the silence of Old Chapel, the wooden platform creaked under my feet. . . .

I turned the volume on the radio up. "Now we will hear the Salem College Choral Ensemble. The first selection is 'O, the Blessedness Is Great'." I listened to my own voice on the Philharmonic Hour. At least, my voice among others. . . .

I left out my red dress and packed my shoes instead. I used my fur coat for a pillow on the bus. I sang . . . I dined in Grenwich Village. I sang . . . I toured in Bethlehem, Pa. My feet were frostbitten. I sang . . . The rumbling bus was dark. More songs and then sleep. . . .

Choral Ensemble

We sing all the time—anywhere

Confusion and waves as ensemble leaves for New York

I WORE blue jeans and roasted a wiener at Miller Park and heard about practice hours, Monday night recitals, the broken-off pedal in room 7, the water-color exhibit on third, Mary's optimism, and keyboard-washing day. . . .

From the third row in assembly, I learned that the *Messiah* is not *The Messiah*, but *Messiah*, and that Handel lost "thousands of pounds." . . . I saw a stiff finger technique and a heavy paw technique at a duo-piano recital. . . . I heard plunking, leather-hammered tones from a tiny instrument and dreamed about a year in Germany. . . .

I rode on smoke-filled busses and pinned "long-haired" programs on my bulletin board. . . . I played a Bach invention and heard a word of praise. . . .

Suzanne Gordon, President

Music Club

Music Club

Jess Byrd, Chairman

THE cane-bottomed chair in the Trustees' room squeaked as I leaned forward to hear Miss Byrd.

"Personally, I don't think we can afford to turn down that agency's offer of Nash, Morrison, and Lapp."

The downstairs audience clapped as a stocky man with a shock of white hair strode across the platform. The red wool and knitting needles lay in my lap while he spoke of Houses of Parliament, the Commonwealth, and Her Majesty. . . .

I stacked the empty demitasse cups on the tilting drainboard in Strong's kitchen and poured the extra buttermints back into a green tin. If I hurried, there would still be time to get a statement for next week's *Salemite* from Jean Erdman before her performance. . . .

Lecture Series

Lecture Series Committee

IN October, I walked before the Old Chapel footlights and made a shaking curtsey in black taffeta. . . .

On the walk just above the throne, my shoe heel got caught in a crinoline flounce and somehow came out. . . .

I left out three lines of dialogue as the knight made his entrance sooner than he had at rehearsal. . . .

Miss Reigner waved, and I searched for the knob to stop the spinning tape. . . .

Damp socks squished inside muddy ballet shoes as I tried to keep time to a Norwegian folk tune and hold the ripped side of my seed costume together. . . .

I brushed an ant off my leg with a crumpled program, and moved over to give my mother and Tom more room as the music began. . . .

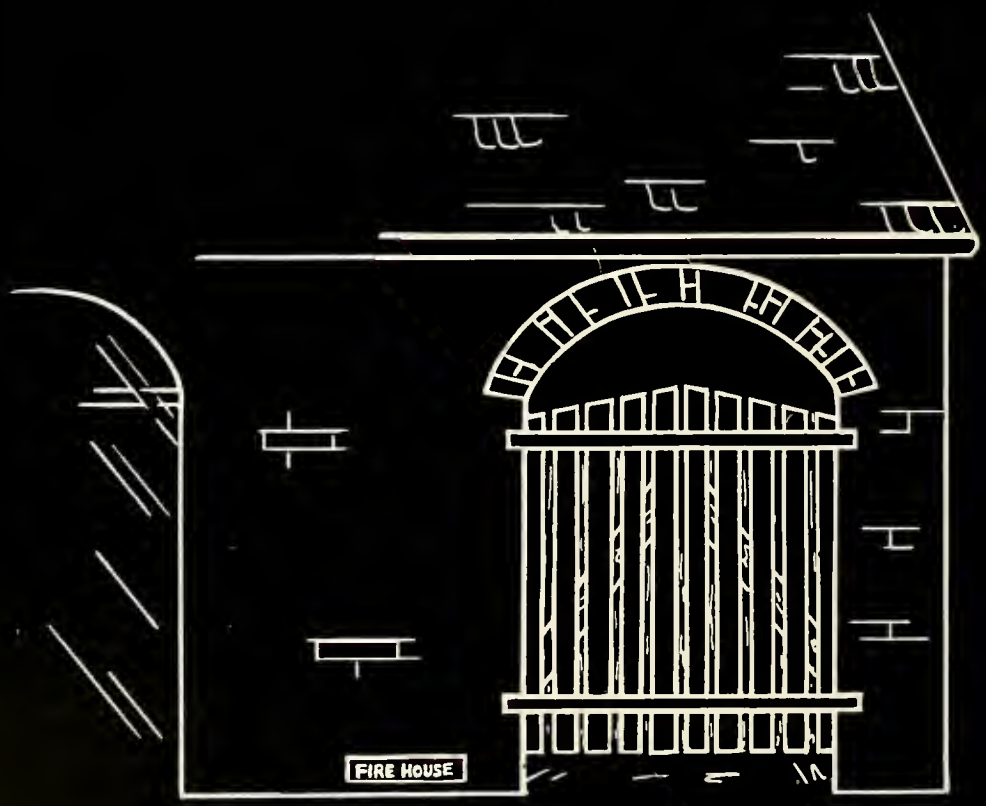
Joan Reich, Chairman

May Day

May Day Committee

Vocational Organizations

Time brings things to a point. . . . Often before we are ready. And it is good of time to do this. Otherwise we might sleep and never set the clock. Go to school and never graduate. Write a book and never show it off in print. . . . But time brings things together and conventions into focus. And we are made to act as we have been taught . . . by time. . . .



Carol Cooke, President

LOOKING through candle smoke, I saw a silvered center piece. My red skirt swished against faculty members and parents as I moved about the room. . . .

Six high school seniors tagged along with me as I showed them Corrin Refectory and the little beds in the Alumnae House. . . .

I watched Silvia mix a South American punch. . . . With sugary strings of candy in my hair, I licked my fingers at an "old-fashioned" taffy pull. . . .

My first souffle came out of the oven. Setting it on the table, I watched it sink with a "sluff." . . .

I draped red checked cloths over cafe tables. While hot wax dripped down brown bottles and hardened layer on layer, I checked with the combo and placed chairs around the tables. . . .

Home Economics Club

Home Ec Club

I POURED some HCL into a test tube of silver nitrate, leaned my elbow on the table and watched. I felt something stinging. I ran to the spigot, but my elbow was already visible through my long-sleeved shirt. . . .

The first Thursday night in November I watched the med tech from Baptist Hospital. The beaker of coffee burnt my hand, and I sent my evaporating dish of peanuts rolling down the desk. I heard phrases like "a.c. current," "rheostats," and "voltmeters" from the Western Electric physicist and noticed what distinguished graying temples he had. . . .

From construction paper I cut out a green "N" and pinned up the heading "Nuclear Fission." I waved to Mr. French and hung up my white lab coat. . . .

Betsy Smith, President

Lablings

Lablings meet in the science building

Mary Walton, President

PILES of N.E.A. magazines stacked up in my bookcase. . . . At 5:45 the reserve room blacked out. When the lights came on, I found Rousseau upside down over Socrates. . . .

At 6:45 a.m., I left the Toddle House. Two hours later, below N.C.E.A. headquarters in Raleigh, the C. & S. manager ran me out of a parking place. . . .

I learned that there are no bands and football teams in Danish schools, and slipped out to a P.T.A. meeting. At eight o'clock I threw my flannelboard in the station wagon and piled in on top. . . .

Faculty members shot questions at me —"What is education?" Later in Wilmington, I appeared in a blue evening gown as Salem's "Miss Student Teacher."

Future Teachers of America

Bright-eyed teachers at 8:00 a.m.

F.T.A. members

I CHEWED Sylvia's strange Mexican candy. Jytta and Christa talked faster and faster about Denmark and Germany. Bright dresses and accents explained their countries to me better than their words. . . .

A hand went up in the audience. I kept on defending Ike. Mr. Britt leaned across the panel and backed me up. Dr. Africa wrote down a question for the Democrats. . . .

At lunch, I searched for a word for cranberry sauce in French. Hearing someone call for milk in Spanish, I gave up and sat looking at my "pain" and "buerre." My stomach growled in a universal language. A French major looked at me in pity and passed sauce, turkey, and gravy. I smiled gratefully.

"Merci."

Nancy Walker, President

International Relations Club

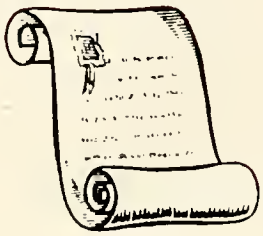
I.R.C. meeting

Honoraries

There is not honor among thieves. They think too little of one another to bestow honor or have it. . . . But forthright men honor one another gladly. . . . With mention, exaltation, inclusion, permission, fame. The honored knows his reasons. And knows how worthy he is. . . . He is most honored when he was not seeking honor and it came to him. . . .

Is Stee ee President
Queen And M
Pierrettes
Will Present
Mock Osca
Receives Fellowship
For a Year's Graduate Work
Twelve Varsity Members Are Ch
Four Chosen
In Assembl
urt Chosen By
Campus Organizations Choose
Junior Class Elects Six New M
Election Week Determines Six New Officers
Nine Students ceived By
Honor Socie embly
Secret Society Reveals
Names Of New Members
Two Juniors
Chosen For
Honor Group

Honor Society



Madeline Allen

Martha Ann Bowles

Beverly Brown

Judy Graham

Pat Greene

Martha Jarvis

Betty Byrum Lilley

Katherine Oglesby

Betsy Smith

Celia Smith

Jo Smitherman

Nancy Walker

Mary Walton

Ann Darden Webb

Geraldine Baynes Eggleston

Ivy M. Hixson

Edwin A. Sawyer

Lucile Vest Scott

Margaret Sandresky

Order of *the Scorpion*

An organization established to foster the true spirit and ideals of Salem and to serve the college with no desire for reward or recognition.

Madeline Allen

Carol Cooke

Judy Golden

Judy Graham

Pat Greene

Martha Ann Kennedy

Anne Miles

Shirley Redlack

Jo Smitherman

Mary Walton

Kay Williams

Jane Wrike

Mary Curtis Wrike

Phi Alpha Theta

The national honorary history society which encourages and recognizes outstanding achievements in that field of study.

Frank Albright

Philip Africa

Lucy E. Austin

Carol Campbell

Evabelle Covington

Foster Farley

Harriet Harris

Amy R. Heidbreder

Becky Hinkle

Ivy M. Hixson

Martha Jarvis

Donald M. McCorkle

Celia Smith

Minnie Smith

Joan Smitherman

Who's Who

Among Students in American Universities and Colleges

A publication recognizing students who have been nominated on the basis of scholarship, participation and leadership in academic and extra curricular activities, citizenship and service to the school, and promise of future usefulness.

Madeline Allen

Carol Cooke

Cecelia Corbett

Judy Graham

Pat Greene

Louise Pharr

Jo Smitherman

Martha Jarvis and Sissie Allen look over souvenirs

STANDING near the front rail, I was careful not to look down at the waves. I hoped the dramamine would work. My arm bumped against a raft. The strange words "MS Bergensfjord" were black against the white canvas. Walking unsteadily, I decided to find my cabin. . . .

My toe was smarting from the rock in the dirt road. I looked at my watch in the dim midnight sun. Panting, I shouted for my Norwegian friend to wait. The top of the small mountain looked far away, but the distance back looked farther. I stepped around a pile of rocks and started up again. . . .

I sat on a white and blue bench. Formal flower patterns covered the back. Looking out of the window, I saw the red and yellow houses across the street. I smiled at my laughing host and accepted a second piece of smoked eel. . . .

Ambassador Strong held my deck chair for me. I hitched my bermudas, shifted my camera and sat down. The black water behind me gushed by his yacht. I sneaked a picture of him as he talked to Sissie. . . .

My camera was heavy and film bulged my pockets. My overnight bag grew heavier as I followed the crowd. People looked at me strangely. I decided it was the shorts. Someone asked me directions in Norwegian. To my surprise, I answered. . . .

I stood at the back of the ship. The waves parted in a "V." Eight days until home. . . .

Oslo Scholars

Oslo's "Radhus" or City Hall

Winners of Blazers:

Madeline Allen

Brenda Goerdel

Anne Miles

Not Pictured:

Katherine Oglesby

The Monogram Club

Winners of Letters:

Ann Crenshaw

Betsy Smith

Jo Smitherman

Mary Curtis Wrike

Not Pictured:

Mary Hadley Fike

LOUISE PHARR
Charlotte

A pair of blue eyes looked steadily at a restless audience. . . . "The Scripture for today is taken from. . . ." Spun-cornsilk hair . . . neatly crossed legs . . . a pink sweater that matched her face. . . . Phone calls and pound cake from home. . . . On May Day, a calm and stateliness that was natural . . . for Lou. . . .

Feature

JANE WRIKE
Graham

Her pug nose pulled down in determination. she typed an ad . . . played basketball . . . printed a second grade reading chart . . . She brought new life into Salem's activities . . . "Smith" and "afflicted" to its language . . . friendliness and a deep-throated laugh that each merchant, teacher, and classmate felt meant just for him . . . it was. . . .

MARTHA ANN KENNEDY
Covington, Tennessee

She exchanged tales with the bus driver about the Memphis riverfront. . . . Old-fashioned looks . . . a yen for Elvis . . . horn-rimmed glasses bent over *Atlantic Monthly*. . . . "Listen, did y'all hear about . . ." . . . three typewriters in the *Salemite* office stopped clacking . . . midnight philospher . . . all-night smoker. . . .

Girls

NOLLNER MORRISSETT
Lynchburg, Virginia

She dropped the tangle of colored bobbins and pointed with a knitting needle. . . . White teeth in a round dark face above a stack of lecture programs . . . a May Day bouquet . . . a tweed suit. . . . A silver disc clicked as she signed out for Hampden-Sydney and a tall KA. . . .

MARTHA DUVALL
Cheraw, South Carolina

She sat in Sisters' living room, and, with humor, negotiated for a peace settlement between Sophs and rats. . . . White collars set on straight, thin shoulders . . . "y'all" in a way that no one else says it . . . a forehead corrugated in thought. . . . A piece of dried South Carolina grass, a copy of the State paper, and last Sunday's church bulletin pinned above her bed. . . .

Feature

MARGARET MacQUEEN
Clinton

She studied paintings on Memorial's third floor and made quick notes for the *Salemite* . . . Energetically, a hockey ball was hit into a cage . . . a flat unlashed . . . term paper notecards assembled. . . . Her hand was raised above a tousled, curly head, and the full lips parted to ask a question. . . .

NYRA BOYD
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Her skillful voice quickly switched from a whispery Julie London to the gravel tones of Satchmo. . . . A cap of dark hair . . . long-lashed eyes . . . heavy jewelry . . . high heels even if they do mean 5′ 11½″. . . . After Rat Court, a watermelon-slice grin and a tug on your sleeve to sit down and hear the latest joke. . . .

Girls

NAN WILLIAMS
Farmville

A basketball whizzed through the net and a tall figure hurried back down the court. . . . Quiet simplicity from Farmville with one eye ready to wink . . . twin wings of light-brown hair . . . friendly persuasion as freshman leader. . . . A soft voice spoke up in Stee Gee . . . "but they didn't know." . . .

RUTH BENNETT NOEL HOLLINGSWORTH

DOROTHY BRIDGERS

May

JEANE HUMPHREY NOLLNER MORRISSETT

SUSAN McINTYRE

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LOUISE PHARR LOU SCALES

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The intriguing and continuing story of Salem is one of CHANGE. It evidences itself in many ways: through physical plant expansion, through gradual endowment growth, through size of student body and faculty, through heightened admissions standards, and otherwise. But the significantly important change is that which takes place in the minds, hearts and personalities of those who come here to study.

This volume of SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS records the people and the events, and something of the visibly physical changes in this 185th year of Salem's tradition of service. But it does so only at the moment the camera's shutter closed. Everyone and everything have changed since then. If this were not true, Salem would be failing in its purpose, and each student and faculty member in the use of his time. . . . The compellingly important objective of each of us—students and faculty alike—must be that we change for the better. We should have a broadened, enriched and changed outlook as the result of each day's effort.

This is obviously so because the 20th- and 21st-century days ahead, as has been the case with the 18th-, 19th- and 20th-century days behind, will be full of CHANGE. The particular combination of people who comprise Salem this year will continue to change with the changing times.

Nancy Blum, class of 1957, wears white fox over turquoise satin. "It's from Montaldo's."

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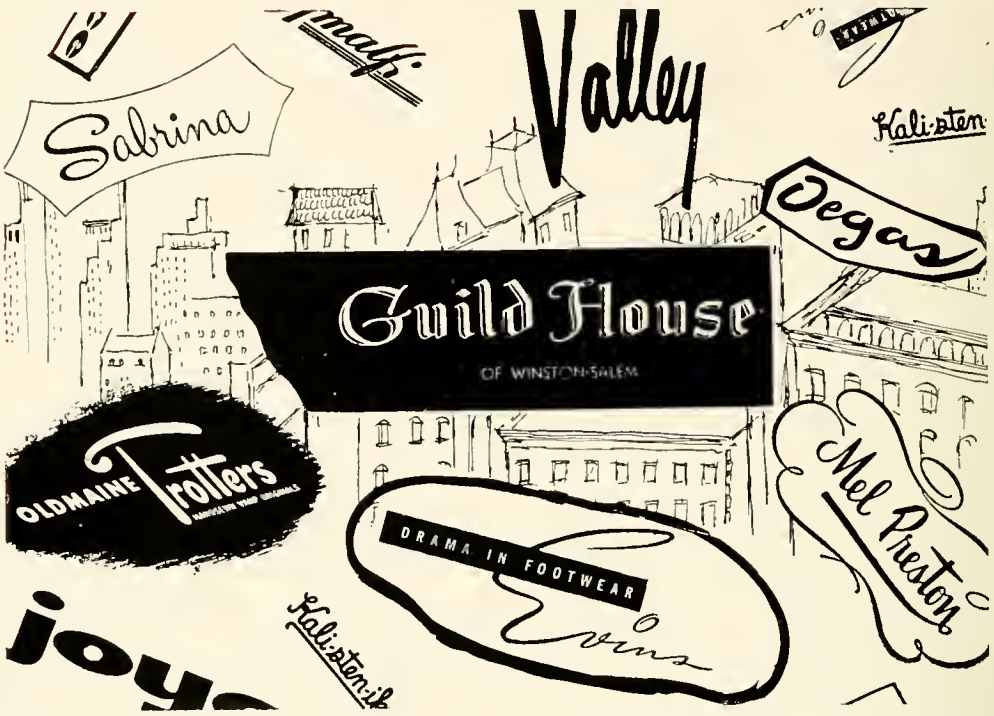

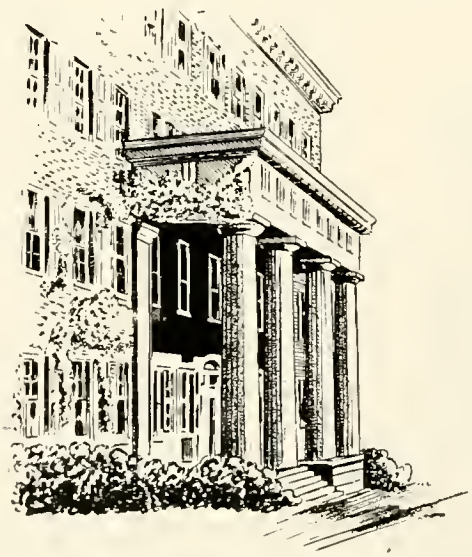

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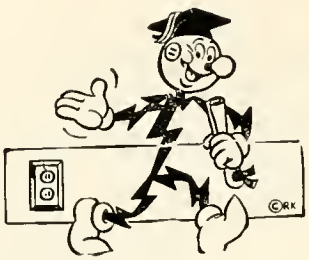

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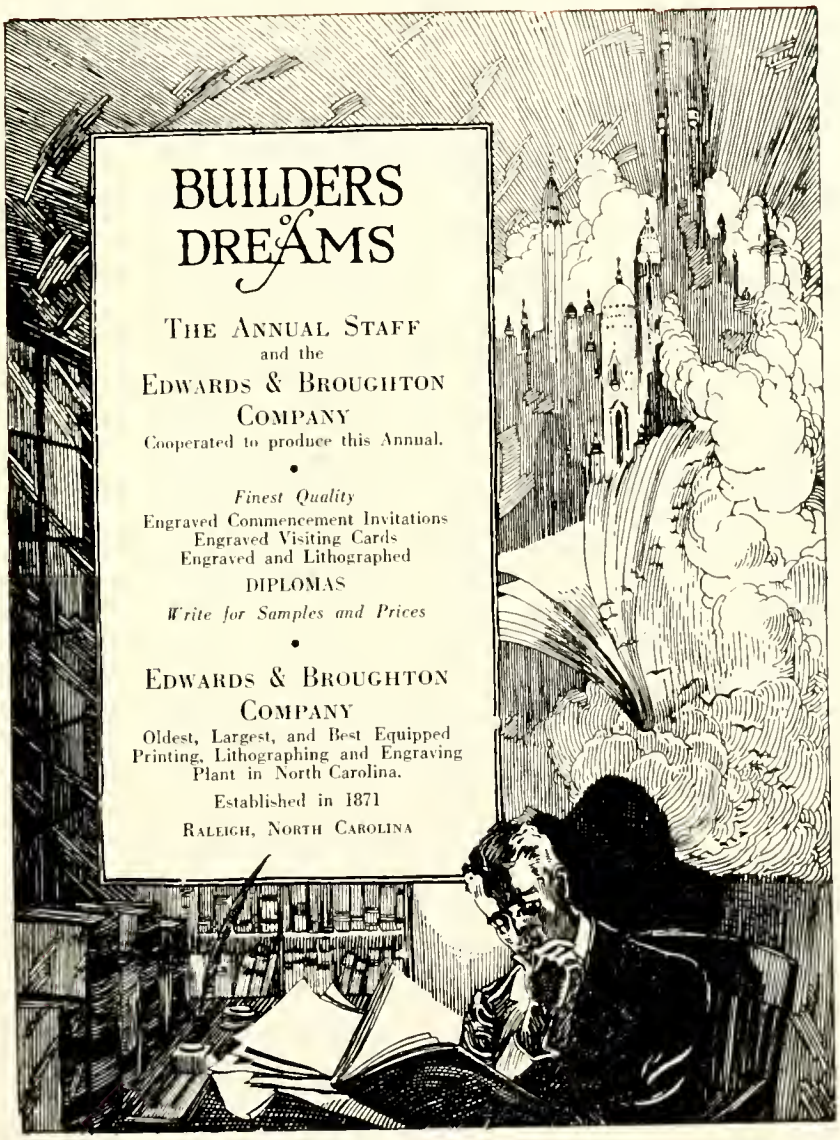
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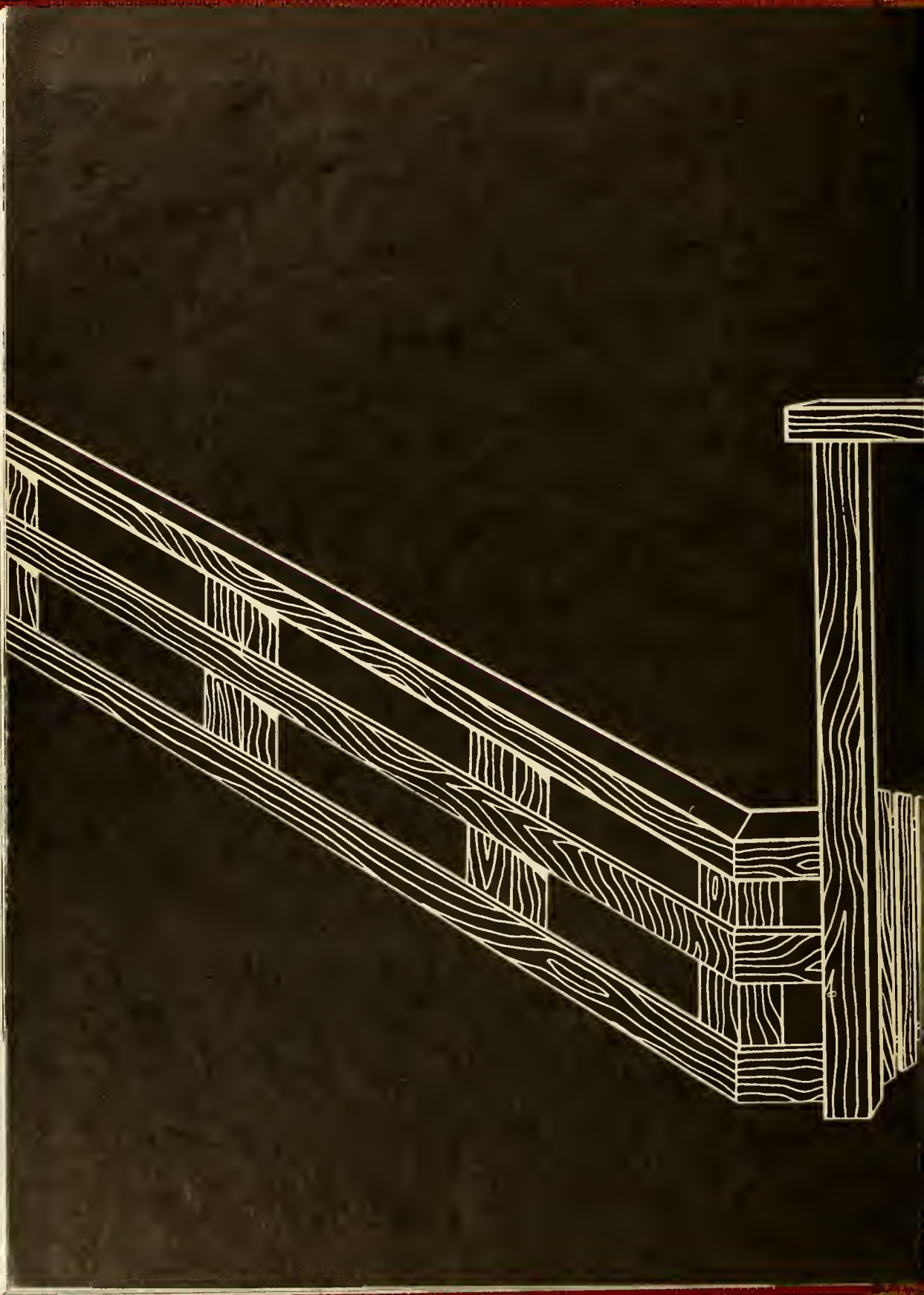

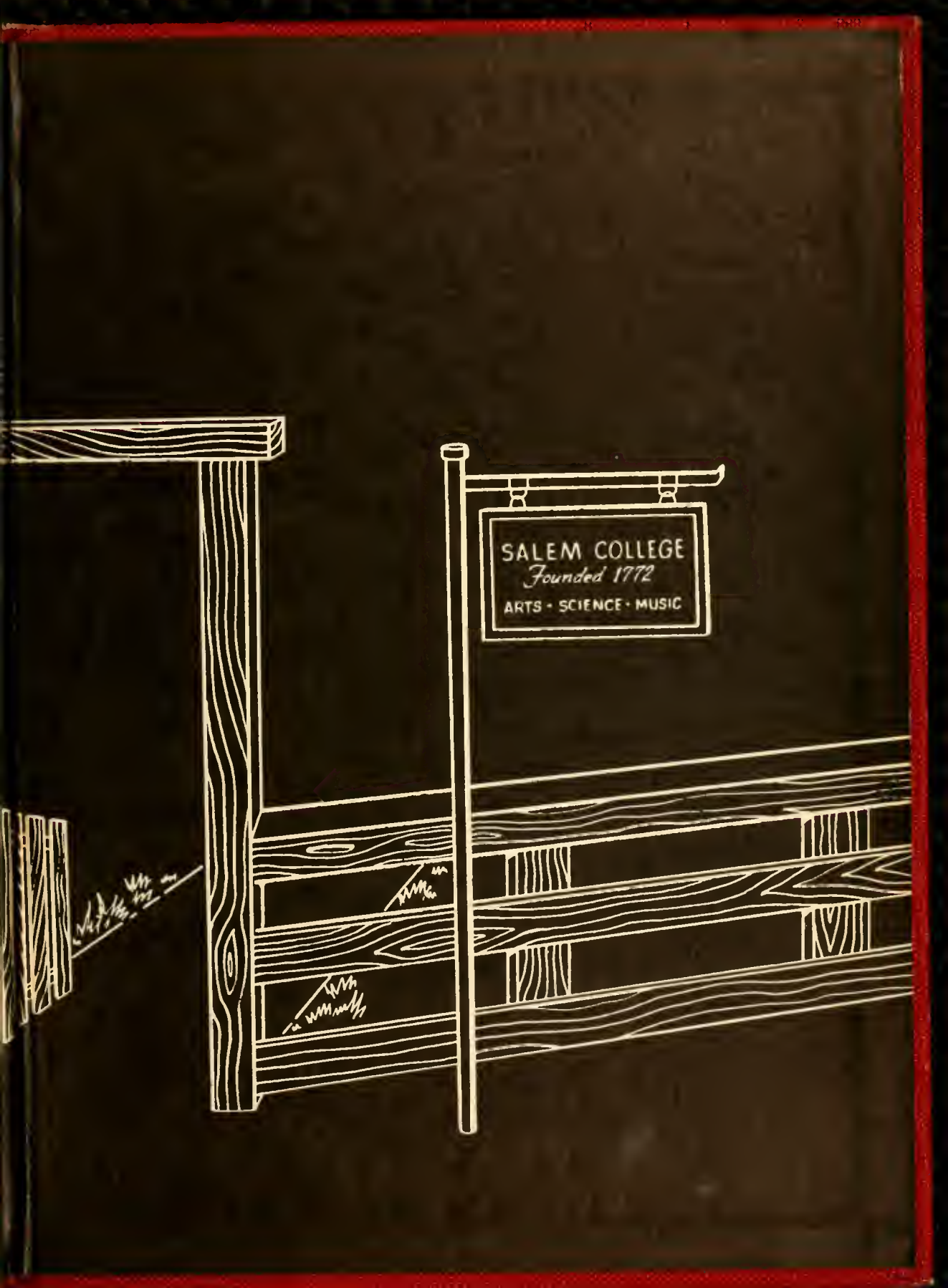
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