

### A Reminder

From 1621 to 1948 Americans have set aside a Day of Thanks. On that first November the Pilgrims were grateful for food, shelter and freedom of worship. They probably were glad just to be alive, for then they were the oppressed people, the persecuted few. This year, over three centuries later, it's a different story. Americans are the spared majority, the favored few, among others who have barely escaped destruction. We have steamheated bedrooms instead of roofless rubble and Truman instead of tryanny or anarchy. And the monotony of turkey—sliced to hashed—for a week is considerably less than that of potato soup month on end. Besides the necessities we have time, time to indulge in the niceties of culture while many must expand their energies just to survive. Most important of all, in an age of displaced persons we have our families and friends—love and security.

In less than a week we'll celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Whes we do, let's remember these things and be happy. Let's gladly sing "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" and say grace for our dinner. But more than that. Give is an action verb. To give thanks effectively, we must give back to our fortunate little world—and if we are lucky, to the big unfortunate one—the best that is in each of us.

### Dear Editor:

There are about twelve minor organizations on this campus but none of them are receiving the support they deserve if they are to continue. The members of these clubs elect officers and put the responsibility on them of planning programs. When the speakers are asked and programs planned and no one shows up it is not only embarrassing to the speaker but discouraging for those who worked hard to plan something of interest for you. I believe that if this lack of interest continues it would be far better to disband these minor organizations than to let them die a prolonged death. It is up to the students either to support these clubs or kill them off. Which shall it be? It's up to you.

A Club Officer

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by Fay Stickney

Snagged-toothed Lena sits creepy tepee style every day on the busy corner of Fourth and Cherry Street selling erasers. Lena isn't pretty; consequently she doesn't have many customers—poor soul. I actually think she scares people away because she's such a sad sack case. Just because her ears hang down to her pinched waist in a casual sagging effect, the local yokels shouldn't tie them in sloppy half hitch knots and gleefully play "Red Hot Pepper" skip rope-ears. Her eyebrows have a slight tendency toward being bushy but she is fortunate enough to be able to arrange them innumerable ways, her most flattering arrangement is to have them slicked back (with "Snuff Stuff" perfumed grease) in order to inconspicuously hide her neck, which unfortunately is one foot long and gives the appearance of being braided when shown. This eye brow tendency fantastically coincides with her bewitching favorite hair style; it being slopped artistically over her several crossed eyes.

Lena wouldn't cut off her nose to spite her face for all the eraser sales in all the world. No, sir, not her nose! She's rather proud of its graceful dips and curves, its carrot color, its sprouting hairs, and black-eyed susan that is constantly in bloom on the second descending dip. I wondered how she always kept the daintily colored flower in bloom until one day I noticed her tossing a couple of triple strength vigero pills beyond her protruding red tinted gums and frantically chew with her one unevenly arched tooth.

There is something Lena has that is really quite incredible. From a queer lump she has on her head comes the song "Its 9 o'clock Da da da da da da Gruen watch time—Tick-Tock"—every hour on the hour. For this reason she doesn't have to wear a watch. I seriously doubt if she could find one to fit her oddly shaped wrist because of a ghastly bulging carpal bone (the wrist bone, I believe.) that would require a mighty queer watch to fit over.

As I have previously said, Lena sells erasers, not many of them but she certainly tries hard. Her motto is "Buy an eraser and rub out your mistakes." One day, our own witty Dr. Sherlock was leisurely promenading through the colorful streets of uptown college-town, chanting ballads to himself, when he heard Lena screaming out her advertisement. Unable to refrain himself from wit, he strolled up to her and remarked, "Ma'm, you would be a lot better off if you rubbed yourself out, you're the biggest mistake anyone could make!" He didn't mean to be personal, he never does, but Lena took the remark to heart and displayed an unfitting act of temper by tripping up our own witty-ditty Dr. Sherlock with her monstrous webbed foot.

All sorts of things were revealed from his pockets: A well earned Phi Beta Kappa key shown above the chewed pencil (to strengthen his teeth on, she imagined), gran'pappy's gold watch, a couple of wrinkled hills (she forgot to notice if "Paid" or "Please Remit" were stamped on them) several coins (to flip for decisions), handkerchief (that explains itself) and a "buckeye" (to cling to where his alumni grid-iron team plays).

While she was waiting, she idly drew a whale bone comb through her artistically sloped hair—and before many minutes had passed, such a person did come in her direction.

Lena (her big as double-dip scoops of ice cream eyes service her with a remarkable eyesight) noticed a Dr. Fiddleakey, who is known for his skill in track, putsee down the street, twiddling with another one of those Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Being a subtle sort of individual, Lena picked up Dr. Fiddleakey and shook him until he thought every quotation had been shaken cranium. He was speechless!

Cigarettes (to keep the moths from his suit), glasses case, billfold (full of all kinds of momentous memories), gold knife (to sharpen his newly discovered wit) and handkerchief oozed from his pockets.

What dull sorts of individuals the male sex are, thought Lena as Dr. Fiddleakey bumped around the corner.

## Folderol Sees Feel Freers Exposes Outs Of In Group

P. A.

by Tootsie Gillespie

Folderol wiggled her ears, inhaled on a Vicks inhaler, placed her arms in a lover's knot and prepared to wait. She had an appointment with Miss Riggan during which time she had to sit in the window and bay at the moon, say "Ah" four times in guttural Chinese, read The Raven twice without taking a breath and end up with some snappy imitations of Zazu Pitts, Ingrid Bergman, Katherine Cornell and Charlie McCarthy. But the Web of the Fates was moving fast in on her. Not only Miss Riggan, but Miss Chest, Miss Bane, Dr. Helm (his friends called him "Little Helly" for short), Miss Grapejuice, Mr. Egomount, et al., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseum, were all in the smokehouse of Standlady Hall having jolly comradeship and so, while smoke billowed from under the closed door, young Folderol settled down to wait til the in-group either moved out or passed out. From time to time, raucous laughter drifted out and played around Folderol's pointed ears and resisting temptation no longer, she moved her chair over by the door and when no one was watching, sneaked in the keyhole (which was a perfect fit). This is what she saw and heard:

"What?" came back a chorus of assorted voices from around the room.

"Gave 'em pop on a lesson they'd had a month before!!!" said Helly, screaming with laughter in the middle of the floor. His eyes were bulging.

"Earnest!" you didn't! ..Oh, you're such a TEASE!!!" screamed Miss Chest, writhing in her chair. She slithered around a table leg and lowered her eyes.

"Yah! if you really want to get 'em, spring a term paper on 'em and boy is that ever fun!" gloated Miss Grapejuice. "I had a girl in my class one time (a blond with blue eyes, sat on the front row. I can see her now.) that went into St. Vitus' dance when I gave 'em a paper, and do you know that right on the spot, was voted the best Shagger in the class and is now doing bumps with a chorus line in New Orleans. Got a letter from 'er the other day."

Miss Bane spat angrily, lit three Ramses and smoked furiously, "Aah, you graduate people make me sick!" She threw up. You never do anything to have any fun."

Mr. Egomount shifted nervously on his ottoman.

"Let's do something different!" She grew wild-eyed.

"We could throw a big burlesque show, charge \$1.50 to each half student and make a killin'!"

Dr. Helm stopped counting the cracks in the wall, looked up in pure, unadulterated ecstasy and broke out into an aria from "Carmen" in a

husky soprano. The entire audience screamed with delight and Miss Chest, with a cape over her eyes and a sword flashing maliciously from her hip-hilt, jumped up and beat her way through the admiring throng to sing with Helly in a smashing climax.

After the tumult had settled down to quiet confusion, Miss Grapejuice dabbed behind her ears with a dash of "Pteacher's Ptomaine" (a gift that an old chemistry student of hers had mixed up), pushed back her bangs and said:

"Enough of this frivolity! What we ought to be thinking about is the education of these students here. You teachers have these girls in your hands."

Mr. Egomount drooled and asked for a Kleenex.

"They want lively teachers in the classroom."

Helly jumped up and did three laps around the room.

"They want well informed teachers."

Miss Chest read aloud from Chapter 5 of the Kinsey Report.

"Aah, quit beatin' yer clappers, fuddy! It's lots more fun to make 'em squirm than learn," babbled Helly. "Know what I did one time? I got bored one night with my outline book and went over and looked through the archives of the Mouldy Foundation for Dissipated Doctorates, found a dissertation on "A Comparative and Cumulative Exposition On the Results of the Fore-runner of the Pulp Magazine", gave a four-hour lecture on the footnotes and then a test. Little did they suspect that the quotations I gave 'em to identify were some I made up during a dream sequence. Everyone of 'em flunked and I went out that night and got boozed up on cheerwine!"

Screams of appreciative laughter shook the rafters and Miss Chest gurgled "Helly! you simply didn't! Oh, you scream, you!"

Mr. Egomount, his drooling having subsided, got out a bunch of test papers, took a red grease pencil and marked F on every third one. His friends gathered around and looked at his admiringly.

And so, while "Bangs" Dime-daughter played the Tonette and Miss Riggan screamed out lusty ballads, the gay little group, oblivious of the responsibilities of their respective shoulders, capered around the room, swapped lurid schoolroom stories, giggled in the corners and raised Old Lucifer in general, Folderol jumped out of the keyhole and bumped into Miss Fowl. They exchanged knowing glances and both sallied forth to their respective jobs, Miss Fowl mumbling about the degeneration of the teaching profession and Folderol, her illusions shattered, crying to the wind.