

I Have The Choice . . .

It's December 8 the calendar says, almost Christmas 1950, and I'm a junior in college. Outwardly, it seems as if things have changed very little since I have been at Salem. The Seniors are getting ready for Senior Vespers, the Juniors are preparing for the Christmas Banquet, and the "Y" cabinet is planning its annual visit to the Negro Orphanage. One look in the newspaper tells me that life is not the same as it was when I came here as a Freshman in '48. V. J. Day had been June 6 of that year, and we hoped that, at least, there would be peace and harmony among all nations. Now in 1950 we are at war again in Korea. The boys are fighting courageously so that we can always have our Christmas Banquet, our Senior Vespers, and our Orphanage party. But there is an air of pessimism surrounding all of us. We are wondering if this is our last candlelight service in Memorial Hall, our last festive banquet in the dining room, and our last visit to the Negro orphans who look upon us as Santa Claus.

No one in my family is in Korea. I have an older sister teaching school and a younger brother in High School. I'm not affected directly by this war; so I can celebrate Christmas as I've always done. I can go home on Friday, catch up on my sleep, and then get myself caught in the rush of buying Christmas presents. I can decorate the front door with the silver star and put lights and silver tinsel on the Christmas tree. I can switch the radio dial from "Martin Agronski's Views On The News" to one of soothing Christmas carols. I can avoid the news in the paper and look instead at the comic strips, Dorothy Dix, and the feature section. I can go to parties, sing "White Christmas", and drink 'egg nog'. At Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, I can listen to the choir and think of the cashmere sweater I'm getting Christmas morning.

But these are not the things I want to do during the season which celebrates the birth of Christ. I want to go home on Friday. I want to realize how lucky I am to see my family, and have a warm open fire with stockings hung on the mantle. I don't want to give Christmas presents just because it's an old custom. I want to give Mrs. Young, who's in our church, a Christmas basket. I want to give her four little girls a doll, because they have never known that a Santa Claus existed. I want to decorate the door with the shining star and holly, always remembering that it could be a gold star in the window. I want to take a good look at the lights and tinsel on our Christmas tree to make up for the boys who have Christmas trees only in their memories. I want to hear what Truman and the United Nations have to say, and keep this in mind as I pop popcorn and listen to "O Holy Night". When I go to parties I want to remember boys who are using canteens for punch cups and water for egg nog. Most of all, when I go to Midnight Mass, I want to follow the service and offer it for all the people who are not having the happy Christmas that I'm having. When I leave church, I want to stop and look at the manger scene. As I look at the little babe surrounded by the shepherds, kings, and His mother, Mary, I want to remember that the spirit back of this child in the crib is the only spirit which can end the fighting and bloodshed.

Yes, it's December 8, almost Christmas 1950, and I'm a Junior in college. I'm lucky.

L. D.

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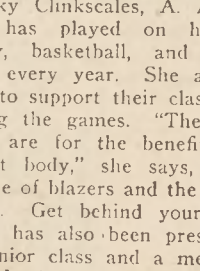
Student Leaders Speak On Problems And Co-operation



Beth Kempton, formerly Beth Kittrell until her marriage last August, has two main worries: cooking hot supper for George and hoping for sunshine on May Day. She thanks the students for their cooperation and interest in elections of May Queen and her court. The May Day Committee is now working on the program, and Beth assures us that they will be calling on us for more help and cooperation in the spring.



Squeaky Carson, president of Y. W. C. A., has been active on the Y Council for the last three years. She has also been on the Salem staff and the A. A. Council. A math major from Kingsport, Tenn., Squeaky thanks Salemites for their support of W. S. S. F. Week and for the Y as a whole.



Clinky Clinkscales, A. A. president, has played on her class hockey, basketball, and baseball teams every year. She asks students to support their class by attending the games. "The tournaments are for the benefit of the student body," she says, "as are the sale of blazers and the informal dances. Get behind your A. A." Clinky has also been president of the junior class and a member of the Salem staff.



Polly Hartle, president of Pierrettes, has been hard at work to make the Pierrettes' first year as a major organization a success. She says, "Our organization has many plans which need the interested support of the student body. Won't you help us?" Polly is a Day Student from Winston-Salem and a member of the Salem staff.



Clara Belle LeGrand, editor-in-chief of the Salemite is an English and history major from Mocksville, N. C. who spends what time she isn't practice teaching in the catcombs. For all aspiring journalists, she has the following to say, "Forget about your homework and just get your Salemite assignments in Tuesday night."

Winkie Harris, Stee Gee President, takes this opportunity to thank the student body for their wholehearted cooperation this year and to encourage all students to voice their opinions and ideas of self-government in student meetings. Last year Winkie served as secretary of Stee Gee, and the previous year as Sophomore Class President. She is also on the editorial staff of the Salemite.



Lucy Harper, from Lenoir, is president of I. R. S. this year. Last year she was president of South Hall and a member of the May Court. Lucy thanks the students for their cooperation, particularly in their dress and dining hall conduct and asks further support of future I. R. S. projects.



Sis Pooser poked her head out of the annual office in the catcombs long enough to thank the students for their cooperation in taking annual pictures. Sis is right in the middle of the rush to get the book to the engravers. Last year Sis was chosen to be a member of the Honor Society. She has also worked on the Salemite staff.



By Lee Rosenbloom

Time: 2 p.m. Saturday, December 2, 1950

Place: Room 1002 Louisa W. Bitting

Dormitory

Acti sat calmly on the edge of her bed. Her hands were folded gracefully in her lap, and her artificial nails, painted "Certain Seduction Scarlet" glittered seductively. Acti was extremely pleased with herself and with life. She was going to the Christmas dance.

The radio gave forth with the romantic strains of "Tennessee Waltz". Acti nodded her head back and forth in time with the music, refraining from smiling in order to avoid cracking the pan-cake make-up which had been generously applied to her pock-marked young face. On the back of Acti's closet door hung her new formal, a lovely creation. The salesgirl had assured Acti that it not only made her bosom look larger, and her hips look smaller, but also made her head look smaller, and her eyes look larger. In a word it "did something" for Acti.

"Life is Strange", Acti reminisced. Only a few days ago she hadn't even thought of going to the dance. But then one of her suitmates B. G. O. C. had had a heart to heart chat with her. "Acti", she said. "It's girls like you who make my work difficult for me. You just don't have that old school spirit. You don't co-operate, lend a helping hand, pitch in, do your part, or for that matter participate. Did you ever think of how it makes a girl like me feel when one of her classmates won't assume responsibility?"

Now as you can imagine, dear reader, this had been a little hard for Acti to take. She was really a pretty good kid, had never overcut classes or chapel, had always been on time to have her picture taken for the annual, always read her Salemite on Friday night, had attended one basketball game, and two of the senior recitals. She felt that she had been accused unjustly. But as James Metcalf once said, "Ours not to reason why, ours but to do or die."

So Acti flicked the tears from her cheeks and squared her shoulders. She turned to B. G. O. C., and said, with true Salem spirit "Why don't you mind your own business? Who asked you to come in here running your big fat mouth?" But secretly, in her own heart, she knew that B. G. O. C. was right. So Acti determined to lend a helping hand, do her part, etc. She would support the I. R. S. and go to the Christmas dance. And not being one to procrastinate, she sat right down and wrote Bill, her brother, who was President of the S. O. B. (socially ostracized boys' fraternity) at Chapel Hill. She received a letter soon after from Moo-Moo Mulligan, the pledge who had drawn the shortest straw. Needless to say, Acti was excited, for every one knows Moo-Moo is not only the star of the freshman team at Carolina, but said to be a promising successor to Choo Choo Justice and Goo Goo Gant.

A voice brought Acti back from her dream world. "Hey Acti, Moo-Moo is downstairs." Our heroine jumped up, and ran to the dresser. She ran a comb through her hair, blew her nose, retied her shoelaces, and watered the African violet. Then she looked hastily around the room. There on the desk were the dance cards all filled out, with the names of ten of her most unattractive friends. "Better be safe than sorry". Acti was indeed ready. She walked confidently downstairs to meet her date.

Moo-Moo rose to his feet as Acti entered the room. He was everything she had hoped for—a man. "Acti?", he queried. She nodded her head coyly. "Hey kid, I promised the boys on the team that I'd see that football game—you know the one where Reynolds is playing Concord. Hope you don't mind missing the dance. Can't let the boys down you know, have to co-operate, lend a hand, and do your part—"

Acti nodded her head weakly. For indeed she did understand.