

I Heard It This Way...

Heh! heh! So we thought Salem was dead! Well, it took us practically back to the old days to hear all that yelling and carrying on the other night at the game. If the poor faculties could hold out long enough, don't you think we ought to challenge them again . . . this time in some other field perhaps?

It was a treat to go to the Moravian Church Sunday night. How anybody ever knows where to take the tune next is a mystery to me . . . and a mystery, I dare say, to the nightingale on my right. Golly!

A firing squad is the only fitting thing for these people who assign quizzes right before vacations. Is it that they don't know that we've been through with these term papers and political campaigns and spring fevers? . . . or is it that they haven't anything to do during the holidays except grade papers? Well if it's the latter, there are just lots of us who'd be willing to schedule their vacation time for them.

And on the poll about a five-day school-week, here are the results: only six faculties . . . two for and four agin; nineteen resident students for and thirty-nine against; one day student for and eighteen against; and six unclassifieds . . . two for and four against. To save you from over-taxation, the total is sixty-five against the twenty-four who want it. But what happened to the other two-hundred persons in Salem, please?