

Clewell Ain't...

... what she useta be!

We think that the redecoration of Clewell Smokehouse was a wonderful addition to the outward appearance of our campus. We appreciate the time, effort and expenditure of the administration in making an eye-sore a show-place.

But we feel that Clewell Smokehouse is little more than a show-place. It has a furniture-store new-ness that we had hoped would wear off after a month. It hasn't. A lot of the "spirit of Salem" has been lost by the fact that there is now no central gathering place for after-meal and between-class fraternity—or is it sorority.

The new living room is, in the first place, actually used very little. To look and seem livable, it must be lived in. And we suggest a remedy. Clubs should have their meetings in the room—especially when guest speakers are present. The faculty should meet there, instead of inconveniencing themselves and the seniors by meeting in the Bitting living room and smokehouse. And why don't the various dorms sponsor after-dinner coffees at least once a week in the campus living room?

If necessary, the room should be open to students more frequently. The restrictions on the room were placed with the idea of protecting the new furnishings. But protect them for WHAT if the students who asked for the room do not use it.

As an immediate step forward, the room should be used during exam week as a morale builder, if for nothing else. The deans' coffee hour and the "Y" refreshment hours held there should certainly help to make the room more a part of campus life.

Lights Out!

Has it ever occurred to you how much electricity is used by Salem College? Both students and faculty should be vitally interested in such a matter. During the past year we have consumed a terrific amount and, to my way of thinking, have been negligent and wasteful in its consumption.

Each of us individually can do much to lessen the amount of electricity wasted. Lights are left blazing in Memorial Hall, in class rooms, Main Hall, and particularly in your dorm rooms. When you leave your room for a cigarette, it is unnecessary to burn your lights and radio while you engage in a bridge game. When you are the last one to leave the smokehouse at night, you can turn out the lights. Flip the light switch, if you are the last person leaving the classroom. Every bit helps.

As an incentive to lower the rapidly rising light bills, the administration has offered to put every cent of the money saved by us into new beds for the dormitories. As we save enough to buy a bed, we will immediately receive a new one which will be put into service wherever it is needed the most. You can't lose! All you have to do is snap your light switch several times, and you'll find a new bed at your disposal.

Remember: LESS WATTS BURNED, MORE BEDS EARNED.

Mary Bryant

The Salemite, on behalf of the student body, extends its sympathies to Miss Smith in the recent death of her father.

MORNING AFTER A LIGHT CUT

I think I'm going to fall apart.
The nasty little cares that pressed
And robbed me of my needed rest
Now seem a silly, shallow jest,
And I am sick within my heart.

Swing Writes Salemite; Stresses Urgent Problem

Dear Miss Davis,

The most urgent problem before America, I think, is the avoidance of atomic war, or any other war in which modern weapons will be used. You ask me my views of world government. I shall devote part of my time in my lecture at Winston-Salem to this theme, as I believe that the only guarantee against another war is the establishment of a world government.

To me it is incomprehensible that Americans should resign themselves to the coming of another war without making every effort to put the United States in the lead in working for a world government. Heaven knows it will be difficult to achieve a world government, but one would expect peace-loving Americans to spare no effort to put the United States on record as favoring it.

So far the strongest, the richest, the most secure, and presumably the most intelligent nation on earth has not announced its dedication to the achievement of a world government. Even if Americans did make it their policy it might fail of accomplishment. But it can never succeed unless Americans work for it as they never have worked for anything in their lives.

I am delighted to learn that The Salemite has had the foresight to discuss this question, and hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you when I come to the college.

Yours sincerely,
Raymond Swing

Basketball Season Opens; Schedules Are Announced

Accent on Athletics!
by Gloria Paul

Time to let your hair down; hockey exams are over. And—if you haven't signed up for basketball this season, plan to go to some of the class practices. The rivalry will be close and the teams are in need of people to fill in those vacancies that transferring souls left behind them.

Last basketball year this year's juniors won the championship by a close margin over this year's sophomores. Will this happen again? Will the freshmen come up with a really good team? Will the seniors upset the basketball season?

Will the faculty play as rugged basketball as they did last year on Student-Faculty Basketball Day? Will the men students show us up? (Hope so).

Who cares about the answers to these questions? Good question. Think about these questions and do something about adding some spirit to your class team. Will there be any cheerleaders?

What will happen on Basketball Play Day, Play Day that will be held here on February 21 for the colleges in the state?

For an insight into basketball season here are the dates of the inter-class games.
Feb. 11—Jr.-Fresh.
" 16—Sr.-Soph.
" 23—Soph.-Jr.
Mar. 3—Fresh.-Sr.
" 9—Fresh.-Soph.
" 17—Jr.-Sr.

P. S. The Student-Faculty game is scheduled for February 19.

"You Just Can't Win," Says Salem Quiz Kid

by Debbie Sartin

"The very fat lady in the brown suit was leaning madly out of her seat and over the balcony railing. "Honey" she whispered in a shrill whisper—"Honey" she yelled in a shriller yell—"the answer is S—"

I stretched my ears out on stems but for the life of me I couldn't hear what she was saying. Every one else in the whole audience was talking at the same time—trying to be "good Joes" and help the poor dumb quiz contestant.

"No coaching from the audience" the announcer drooled. "Let's let our contestant answer the question". Neither of these requests had any effect whatsoever. Programs still fluttered as their flutterers tried to get my attention. Some of the braver stood up, waved and shouted the answer—that is, they did until the announcer said gleefully as he rubbed his hands together and pulled his short red beard, "You should see all the prizes this young lady will win if she answers our Jack Pot question." The audience abruptly was silent! absolutely silent! (Evidently they were hoping to win for themselves next week and wanted the Jack Pot to be full). It was a silent silence which lasted until the little man in the red suit with the forked tail asked me the Jack Pot question again.

"Red and jelly should give you a clue

We hope your Christmas dreams all come true

When ——— reindeer brings them to you."

"Now the question—fill in Whose Reindeer? — Whose reindeer? — WHOSE REINDEER?" he shouted louder and louder as he stood on tiptoe waving the microphone into the air—

"Santa Claus!" I yelled back—"Santa Claus". I screamed triumphantly.

The announcer wouldn't listen, he went on listing the fine prizes—a \$500,000 diamond ring—a \$20,000, 000 chinchilla wrap—a brand new 1948 Cadillac convertible—a new—"

I tugged at his sleeve—I yelled in his ear "SANTA CLAUS!" I pinched him "SANTA CLAUS!"—But no one paid any attention to me—No one—

They hung on the announcer's words—eyes greedy and mouths hanging open.

"SANTA CLAUS," I yelled again just as the time bell rang—

"Well well—too bad little lady—the answer was Santa Claus." But I said Santa Claus," I yelled again as two strong-arm bouncers carted me from the stage. "No trouble now sister—Let's have no trouble!"

* * * * *

SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

When Little Ego was very young, she was a quiet child given to much reflection and philosophic thought. She scorned equally the pastimes that children make for themselves and that adults force upon them. While her little playmates patted their hands in mudpies and babbled their idiot incantations to their dolls, she would sit alone and ponder on the ultimate meaning of life.

She suffered the uncomfortable indignities of organdy dresses and cheek-patting with stoic silence, turning to her elders such a grave look that they became uncomfortable in her presence and at length left off approaching her at all. Her parents became terribly self-conscious, and soon found themselves apologizing to her for their small mistakes in grammar and other inconsistencies.

She read a great deal, Louisa May Alcott being her earliest choice. This gave her a sound moral basis and convinced her that if you are Truly Good, you are Right and have it over anybody else. Then, as she grew older, she read Lloyd C. Douglas and the Rubaiyat. Now any ordinary child would have been thrown in a mental tizzy by two such conflicting ideas. Little Ego absorbed them, however, and they broadened and strengthened her principles. She now knew the ways of the wicked world, and could watch with smiling toleration, secure in the knowledge that she was one of the Elect, and that she was Truly Good.

Of course, such a philosophy is ideally suited to College life. The few wandering ideas that might have dislodged her, she smothered with her smile of toleration. The rest of the college plan was designed (perhaps unconsciously) to stop up any clinks in her armor of smugness and to arm her with the invincible sword of knowledge. She took all the courses and learned all the facts, and she could talk with seeming intelligence on almost anything. She surpassed even her teachers in this and by the end of her junior year she had adopted an attitude of condescension toward them and their meagre learning. This attitude eventually spread to everything in the outside world, especially to things she didn't understand.

Little Ego was highly respected and greatly admired. She graduated with highest honors and her parents were overcome with gratitude. It would be pleasant to report that she went out into the world and met bitter discouragement for the first time. As a matter of fact, she was sublimely happy, notably successful, and lived a long full life, and undoubtedly went to heaven.

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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