

Administration:

An explanation is needed. When students are not allowed to sit in the living room of their dormitory and listen to records on the excellent new phonograph that they have recently purchased, there must be a reason. It would be helpful to all concerned if the administration would state for exactly what occasions the Clewell Campus Living Room is to be used, by whom and WHY.

The letter which appears below is only one of the many student opinions that has been voiced to the **Salemite**. We are expressing an opinion in behalf of all the students.

— The Editors —

Dear Editor:

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I would like to give a word of praise to the students for the very encouraging response we received last Tuesday when Samuel Levering was here. It really does cheer the hearts of the world government advocates on campus to know that more of the students are interested in this problem than the surface shows. Both discussions were well attended and I hope the calibre of smokehouse conversations was lifted momentarily.

There was only one hitch in an otherwise smooth program. We weren't allowed to hold the meetings in the Campus Living Room of Clewell. Various members of the student body have wondered just why this happened, and I would like to take this chance to ask for some concrete reasons why special meetings of this sort cannot be held in that room? We realize that the room was prepared for dating purposes, but we don't think that so many people are going to be dating at 4:30 in the afternoon that they can't all find a satisfactory place to go. Which is more important anyway?

Jane H. Morris
International Relations Club

Hot Plea

Strong Dormitory needs an ironing board and an iron! It has an iron but the iron doesn't heat. It has an ironing board, but it is both warped and soiled. Iron out our troubles so we can iron out our clothes. Thank you.

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Fairy Tale.

by Debby Sartin

Once upon a time a beautiful princess lived in a beautiful golden palace deep in a thick forest completely surrounded by a circle of red hungry flames which burned night and day so that no handsome prince could leap the moat—brave the flames—fight the lions—or run away with the beautiful princess.

In the surrounding country there lived two eligible men who had their hearts set on the love of the beautiful princess and who were both planning to rescue the princess from her imprisonment when the moon and the signs of the Zodiac should at last give the correct time with the most favorable conditions for success.

While Hennikan was a young, rich, handsome noble who possessed all the better attributes of young manhood—shooting, riding, lancing, primping, and looking lovely at 10, 2 and 4—Hanikoy was a distinguished “older” man who had much experience in all the diplomatic circles and of whom it was said “he speaks with the tongues of angels”.

Finally, the Zodiac specialist found all signs were favorable for both expeditions and the two adventurers set out for the long trip of many hardships to the palace where they would have the final test and dis-

cover which one would win the princess.

During their subsequent attempts to reach the princess, Hennikan and Hanikoy were thoroughly shaken up and both of them lost several arms and legs and at times a few eyes and ears to pacify the hungry waters, flames, and lions.

At last, both of them came through their ordeals and they reached the door to the princess's boudoir at the same time where they stopped and glared at each other for several days until they finally decided to let the princess decide between them.

As soon as they reached their decision they flung open the door and rushed into the room which was hung in the golden tapestries and which contained many objects of art.

Their hungry eyes fell upon the princess as she reclined on her chaise longue—What! Murder! !! Murder !!! What? Was she in another man's arms? Woe oh woe! It was true. Colonel Suittzlegruppenbach-enwach had reached her twenty years ahead of Hennikan and Hanikoy, through a trap door in the ceiling. The disappointed young men were so disappointed that they flung themselves from the ramparts into the moat where they swam to the other side and went dutifully home to their respective mothers.

Moral: Never trust a Zodiac or a Suittzlegruppervachenwach.

Questionnaire

by Jane Morris

With all due respects to the New York Times, we again submit for your approval a series of questions to test your prowess in current happenings.

1. Protesting the partition of Palestine, the Council of Ulemas in December called on “all Moslems throughout the world for “jihad.” Jihad is (a) civil disobedience, (b) a hunger strike, (c) a holy war. What is the council of Ulemas?
2. The French National Assembly recently passed an emergency strike law over the vote of the Com-seats do the Communists hold? munists. How many Assembly (a) one-fourth, (b) one-third, (c) two-fifths.
3. London announced that Gurkha volunteers would remain in the British Army. Where do they come from?
4. A great proving ground for atomic weapons and beneficial products

of nuclear fission is being created on Eniwetok atoll in the Pacific. At what stage of the war was Eniwetok captured and by whom?

5. The Constitution requires the President to send his state of the Union message to Congress (a) at any time, (c) at the opening of every January, (b) once a year every session, (d) “from time to time”?
6. The Treasury announced that a new half-dollar bearing the likeness of Benjamin Franklin will soon be issued. Name the only four other persons, all Presidents, who have appeared on coins? What coins?
7. A seminar of physiatrists was held in New York not so long ago. What are physiatrists?
8. Thousands of Russians thronged to the churches of that country Wednesday a week ago. What was the occasion?

(Answers on page six)

SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

Down in a smoke house at Salem sat ten or twelve girls. Gay laughter and animated conversation filled the air. This came from a small radio on the floor. The girls sat in dull silence. From time to time one would stir slightly as her neighbor's cigarette ashes fell on her. They stared at the floor while the radio transmitted the exquisite delight of the audience at some far-away comedian. One of the girls looked up.

“Changa station. I don't like to hear people laffing.”

“Naa”, the others agreed. Beautiful sad music came on the next station.

A girl with deep bitter lines etched on her face sprang up in a frenzy.

“Change it quick! Music makes me think.”

“Yaa”, they agreed. One girl with the appearance of having borne a great sorrow took a deep and desperate drag on her cigarette.

“Never think about life”, she said tragically. “You can stand it if you never think. I stopped once and thought about things and look at me now. Never think!” She broke off and stared moodily out the window. Some one cut off the radio, and they all sat in silence, a bitter, cynical, jaded, broken lot. They had tasted the joys of life and found them rotten. Their tender young ideals had been trampled and crushed. All that they thought good and beautiful had withered at a touch, and their highest dreams had turned to ashes. Bitterness and a strident cynicism was their last refuge, and they hated even that. In short, they were **College Seniors**.

Into this sordid and dismal atmosphere there came a wisp of a song. It came nearer and, as it grew more audible, they realized that it was “Old Folks at Home” accompanied by a scraping sound. Closer and closer it came, and every eye was rooted to the door. There was a breathless hush, a tense moment, then into the room swept Little Mumbly. She hummed the last few measures, pirhouetted gracefully, and the waltz was over.

“Well, Ah do declare! Ah really must get a breath of fresh air befoah the next dance, Captain Butler”, she said, coquettishly lowering her eyes behind her glasses.

“Why yes, Ah reckon you may walk in the garden with me, Captain Butler”—flapping an imaginary fan—“Why mercy, how you do run on! You know Ah'm not prettier than all the ladies here!” She pouted prettily and flounced her non-existent hoop skirt.

“Really, Captain Butler, if you persist Ah shall be foaced to blush and Ah do detest to blush”. With this she swished out of the room.

There was a short silence. The girls were overcome. Finally the girl with the bitter mouth stood up.

“I'm going to see that movie!” she announced. “Are you all coming?”

No Salemite

Exams will interrupt publication of the **Salemite** for the next two weeks. The next issue will appear February 13. Peggy Gray and “Pinky” Carlton were “executive” editors for this issue.