

Frantic Freshman Tells Hart-Interest, Ambitions

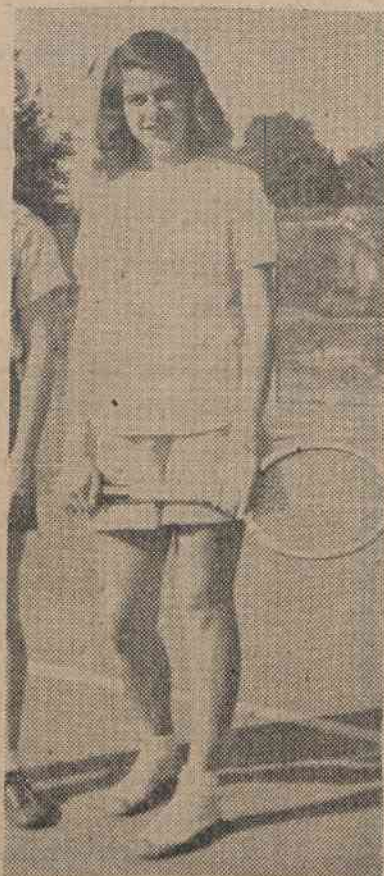
by Betty Page Beal

Jane Hart was frantically picking up stitches on a pair of argyles when 2 o'clock and the Salemite reporter arrived.

"My ambition", she answered to the stock question, "is to finish these socks for Tug!" And a worthy ambition, we think, or have you seen Tug?

Jane's dark brown eyes and hair and her friendly smile aren't the only reasons for her recent election as president of the freshman class. Vice-president of the student body at Granger High School back home in Kinston last year, she says that she's interested in everybody and everything. She loves sports, too—"especially basketball."

She spends as much of the summer as she can sunning and funing at Morehead and says that is The Place. Also on her list of favorites is the color green, the record "You Go to My Head", and—Tug.



Jane Hart

Levering

(Continued from page one)

gthening of a world federation and probably would not join such an organization. The speaker felt, however, that she would either find it too strong to attack or eventually realize that she could win more world prominence in than out of such a league. As to the other nations' reaction to the Federalists' plan, the majority of the British Parliament will vote for it; and Italy, France and the minor powers have expressed their approval. Except for Russia and her satellites the United States is the only nation that has not endorsed it. Proposals to make such a ratification possible are embodied in resolutions 23 and 24 for the Senate and 59-68 for the House. Mr. Levering concluded his talk by urging that all who would like to see these resolutions passed should write their Congressman and help arouse public sentiment for better world government. (Also, anyone who is interested can contact Janie Morris, who with others is interested in organizing a Student Federalist chapter for Salem academy and college students).

High Time

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Sad Singer Seeks Solace And Solitude

by Pinky Carlton

Have you vocalitisofthoesophagus? Do you crimson in pained embarrassment when called upon to utter a melodic melody? Do you? I do, and frankly, its worrying me quite a bit.

It never bothered me in my childhood. All children's voices are accepted by society as "cute" or at the very worse "energetic". I raised my voice in pride to be ranked among the energetic, and "rank" describes exactly the increased sound that I gave forth.

I never wanted to join the high school glee club. It never took trips out of town as the dramatic club did.

The first inkling of my singing misfortune came in the bathtub. I was a freshman. I came to Salem with the idea that I too could be a shower-room soloist. My first bath shattered this fond illusion. In my highest, shrillingly energetic tones, I sang "Gee Mom, I want to go—Ho-o-ome". There had been the cheerful noises of splash, and who swiped my soap. When I finished my eringediton (or rendition—I rend, you eringe), there was a silence—a funny silence. Then out of the still (imagine! a still in the shower-room) came an ominous voice. It foretold my doom. It said, "Shud-dup!"

The blow that cut me down to the strings of my heart and slew every single syllable I possessed happened this past Wednesday. Calmly slumped in my broken chair on the back row of the Primary Ed. Music class, I casually looked up to see a finger pointing straight at me.

"You! To demonstrate the way to test a child's singing ability, I will play a note on the piano."

She played some note that wasn't high and wasn't low. It was in that complicated condition of in between.

"You! Sing that note, using the syllable loo."

She didn't say my voice was cute, energetic, or even the shuddup type. Worse than that.

I've got vocalitisofthoesophagus.

Bongo, Bongo, Bongo, "New Look" In Jungle

by Frances Gulesian

With drums beating in my right ear (the left one was squashed against a papaya), I awoke in my little grass hut to face another day among the Zulus of Kusaie.

I was on a sociological field trip, so to speak, to find out how the number of wives was influenced by: (a) exogamy; and (b) endogmy. For three weeks I had been "going native" (even to the extent of wearing a grass skirt which was somewhat opposed to the "New Look"); and had accumulated a wealth of superorganic material from which I could write another book, to be called Sociology, It's Everywhere!

I was amazed to find that the Zulus even had a superorganic, and even more supprising was their use of artifacts, which were in great demand. The people there were decidedly ethnocentric: whenever a neighbor paddled over for another head or so the Zulus would get so stirred up that they'd sneak over to the dugouts and plaster the insides with shredded cococanut (Baker's) and draw caricatures of the visitors in them. In South Sea language this is one terrible insult, and I hesitate to describe to you the possible results. The process is plainly one of superordination. But enough! The fruit of my work lay in a mass of jumbled statistics, which honestly doesn't mean a thing, but looks good in the reports back home.

I found out that in the Zulu government there were 18 legal officials, and their duties ran as follows: one's was to put pepper in the eyes of disobedient women, a second's to attend the women while thus temporarily blinded, a third distributed appropriate girdles to all the village chiefs; then there were two more on whom the big chief sat, and so on.* But facts get tedious. I could go on forever, of course, but space runs out. If you want the true story, you'd better see Miss Smith, who's an authority on these things.

Next Week: Life Among the Eskimos, or, "Just a Pigloo in an Igloo."

* If you don't believe me, see p. 626 of Ogburn, Nimkoff.



Miss Shush

The Salemite can NOT offer you a trip to Alaska, a Bendix washer, or a rocket ship, but we can give a pack of Chesterfields and recognition to the person who submits the answer to Salem's Miss Shush to Porter Evans.

A bit of knowledge tells where to look

For Salem's Miss Shush with a big red book.

Good things come in three—a clue! Thirteen, unlucky for some, may also help you.

Seeing Thangs

Things are coming to a sorry state when it becomes necessary to take light bulbs from students. As it is, the study lamps in Clewell are the exact duplicates of the one used on a widely distributed G. E. poster showing the wrong type of lamps. Handicapped with this burden, must the students further suffer by having their 40 watt bulbs taken and 20 watt ones substituted? Students, arise! Rebel against this odious tyranny lest blindness at thirty be the result!

A Seeing Eye Dog

If you do, take my advice and organize a singing strike. Don't take note for an answer. Hit the rote for the high Cs and you'll B low man on a sharp shark's scales.

Rave Record

"MAHALANI PAPA DO"

... new RCA Victor hit by

Vaughn Monroe



Vaughn Monroe

Vaughn once again displays his vocal versatility—backed up by the Moon Maids. You'll like this record—so lend an ear! Another great record is the one belonging to Camel cigarettes.

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