

# Sun Versus Salemities

by Pinky Carlton

"Next case!" The Judge pounded his desk and the courtroom became quiet.

"Salemities versus Sun", mumbled the clerk of court.

"Salemities, what is your charge?" "The Sun killed a man—the best man we've ever had on campus."

"Sun, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor. But how was I to know that a mere snow man meant so much to the Salemities?"

"A mere snow man!" cried a chorus of voices. "Why, he may have been mere to you but he was dear to us."

"The Iceman Cometh," mumbled the clerk of court.

Continued the chorus of voices, "He had the combined charms of all the men who know tobacco best. It's lucky stiffs, two to one."

"Explain!" thundered the Judge.

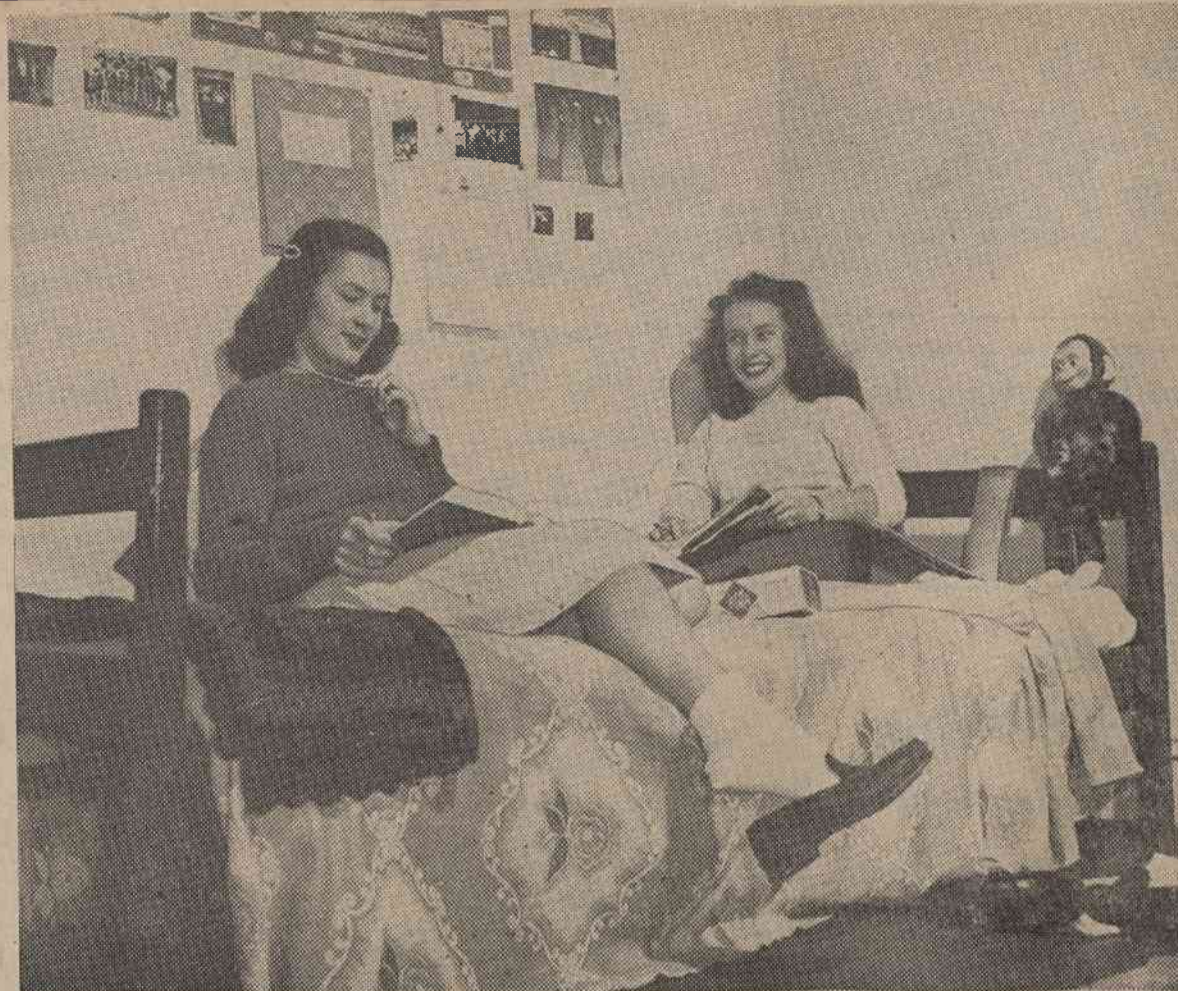
"His six feet four inches hunk of physique was built up by Kathryn Ballew, who looked up to Jimmy last week-end. His muscle-bound arms were put on by Peggy Harrill. (They grow big ones at Annapolis) Gussie Garth got 'a—head' of the others and sculptured a face that for some reason looked like John. The eyes were all Patsy Moser's who got the eye-dea from Robert. Mary Porter Evans knows the nose angle; she put on one modeled after Stonewall's. The grin of Glen was gleefully punched in by Mary Billings. Barbara Ward used Ellis's horn rims to finish the spectacle and Fran Winslow borrowed Jack's sailor cap to top the man off.

"He was a man—he was," sighed the Salemities, "until Sun got under way. Our man just wasted away his skin and rubbed him the wrong way, from then on. And you, Sun, the chorus of voices grew louder, 'you did it.'"

"I confess, your honor," said the Sun, blushing a sunset red.

"The Iceman Wenteth", mumbled the clerk of court.

Said the Judge, "This court sentences you, Sun, to be hanged to the sky at dawn tomorrow. Case dismissed."



SMILING BRAVELY—with a street dance in full swing outside, June Elder and Joy Martin study in South Hall for an Inca Pottery 101 Exam. See further details below.

# Study-buddies Tell How It's Done

by Toostie Gillespie

Joy Martin and June Elder, the two J's, were two normal, healthy Salemities who always made it to breakfast, had no 8:30's or Saturday classes and who didn't like Davidson, Carolina or Duke men. Joy got her name from the fact that the first words her great aunt once-removed uttered when she (Joy) came into the world were, "Oh, joy!"—hence the name Joy. The derivative of June's name is quite obvious—she was born in the month after June—July. It is said that June is a descendant of Pliny the Elder but that may be just idle basketball-court gossip.

But enough of this dallying around. The above picture of the

two J's was taken one night as they attempted to study for the Inca Pottery 101 exam. A street dance was in full swing in front of South dormitory and to add to the difficulty in concentrating, strange men who looked like lecturers kept running up and down the hall screaming for Miss Byrd to come help them write their lectures. Two girls were playing wall tennis in the hall and another playmate, ignoring a Busy sign, ran in the room at frequent intervals and hung out the windows flirting with the boys at the street dance.

Joy and June, their three eyes burning with anger, uttered curse words (such as "Fudge!", "Heavens to Betsy", and "Shucks")

that their mothers had taught them as an emotional outlet. Joy was having a particularly bad time of it in Inca Pottery 101 because she had had the wrong textbook all semester and found it rather difficult to keep up in class. June wasn't in a bed of roses either, not by any means, no sirce! As a child, she had been taught to read Chinese and consequently, she couldn't read writing that went from left to right, but it had to go from top to bottom and as any Salem senior knows, Salem College textbooks all read from left to right, and rightly so, too (except Roget's Thesaurus for Chinese students).

At any rate, the two J's tried desperately to study. Once when

# Be Mine, Valentine

Roses are red, Violet's blue No doubt you are sending valentines too.

No snooper am I, but it's hard to find

A Salemite sans a valentine. "Until a pig unwinds his tail My love for you will never fail!"

So says Clare Phelps to Brad From Frankie Wilkinson to handsome Clyde

Through the air a valentine does glide.

A valentine frilly and fussy Goes to Jim from newly-pinned Gussie.

My heart only for you does beat Says the card of Betty Epps to Tete. Chances are not even slim

Of a big valentine from Kat Ballew to Jim

A big valentine with hearts a-cluster Goes from Ann MacKenzie to Buster And be the weather fair or foul

There's one from the R. O. to Mr. Powell.

From Janie Morris to her fellow Sid The U. S. Mails carry a message of Cupid.

The same sends Cynthia Black To a boy at Rutgers, namely, Jack. To a special boy at Cambridge, Mass. Fay Stickney sends valentine of class

The same from Patsy Moser to her guy

A boy at Duke namely Robert Frye. From Jane B. to Jack; from Miriam to Jerry

Go valentines, valentines in a hurry. From Frances Horne to Jimmy, from Sara to Bill

To more valentines, some with a frill.

"Bread 'n butter; ham 'n eggs Jo 'n Paul, C. T. and Tommy Page 'n Jean, Dena 'n Johnny. The list goes on but I am weary

Will you send me a valentine, deary? I. C. Awl

Joy sneezed, June smacked her over the head with a two-by-four which she had cunningly hidden between

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# It's Another Headline Record!

Louis Prima's "With a Hey and a Hi and a Ho Ho Ho" (RCA Victor)

THE MAN who plays pretty for the people, Louis Prima, has a groovy new record!

A trumpet player of long experience, Louis knows when he's hit the right note in smoking pleasure too. He's a dyed-in-the-wool Camel fan. "Camels are the 'choice of experience' with me," says Prima.

Try Camels! Let your own experience tell you why, with smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience."

CAMEL IS MY BRAND!

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