

Nothing But Praise . . .

to the best Salemite staff in the paper's history. The complete cooperation of the business, circulation and editorial staffs has made this year unusually successful. By-lines announced what we considered exceptional writing, and they were frequent. Thanks to Pinky, Porter, Cat, Janie, Carolyn, Booty, Marilyn, Ronnie, Boney, Tootsie, Gloria, Frances and Debbie. Indispensable news-writers, behind the lines, were Bitsy, Peggy G., Dot, Susan, Joy, Margaret, Carter, Peggy Sue, Amie, Betty Page and Mary Elizabeth. Then the unmentioned, Margaret C., Helen, Clara Belle, Dale, Betty, Ruby and Peg Watkins, wrote headlines, made-up, typed, "fetched" cuts and mats, humored Mr. Cashion, ran proofs and put the Salemite to bed each week. Liza kept our feet on the ground and our finances out of the red; Mary and Betsy kept the ads rolling in; and Ginna saw that you got the finished product. We think this was a zenith year!

to Miss Byrd, our advisor, whose advice, suggestions and inspiration were untiring and unlimited. She gave encouragement to our writers, support to our policies and helpful criticism to our endeavors. Never too busy with faculty doings, local lectures and struggling students from every class, she has continued to guide the Salemite business and editorial staffs through their vices and vicissitudes. In addition, she has given liberally of her time to help English majors with courses and with obtaining jobs and scholarships for graduate work. The entire staff takes this opportunity to express its gratitude and appreciation of her contribution to Salem life.

to the Sun Printing Company for overcoming labor shortages and the hair-tearing of Salemite staffers and infallibly getting the paper out each Friday. Mr. Cashion's unceasing work and infinite patience, Francis' quickly-learned linotyping, Mr. Russ' jokes and Henry's cheerfulness have been the essentials in our producing your "reading matter" each week.

to the Journal and the Sentinel, our source for three excellent speakers during our Shop Talks. Their cooperation in furnishing mats and cuts, which we have often neglected to credit, has been invaluable.

to the faculty members who have contributed to the paper, both actively and passively. Mr. Bromberg's caricatures, Mr. Leach's editorials, and Miss Distabile and Miss Sanford's reviews gave our paper added interest. Miss Byrd's chairmanship of the lecture committee helped bring to the campus speakers who have stimulated writing and thought.

to the campus organizations who have kept news popping all year and have cooperated with us in obtaining adequate coverage.

to the alumnae who have increased our circulation and who have sent letters of encouragement and praise to the staff throughout the year.

to the music department who either heeded our editorial or had a brainstorm. Two Music Hours this semester, Dr. Vardell's illustrated lecture on the symphony program and Mr. Peterson's voice methods class' excellent program, have broken all precedents for entertainment and instruction. We hope they continue. Peggy Davis

Publication of the Salemite will be suspended until after spring holidays. The next issue, edited by Carolyn Taylor and her new staff, will appear April 9.

The Salemite

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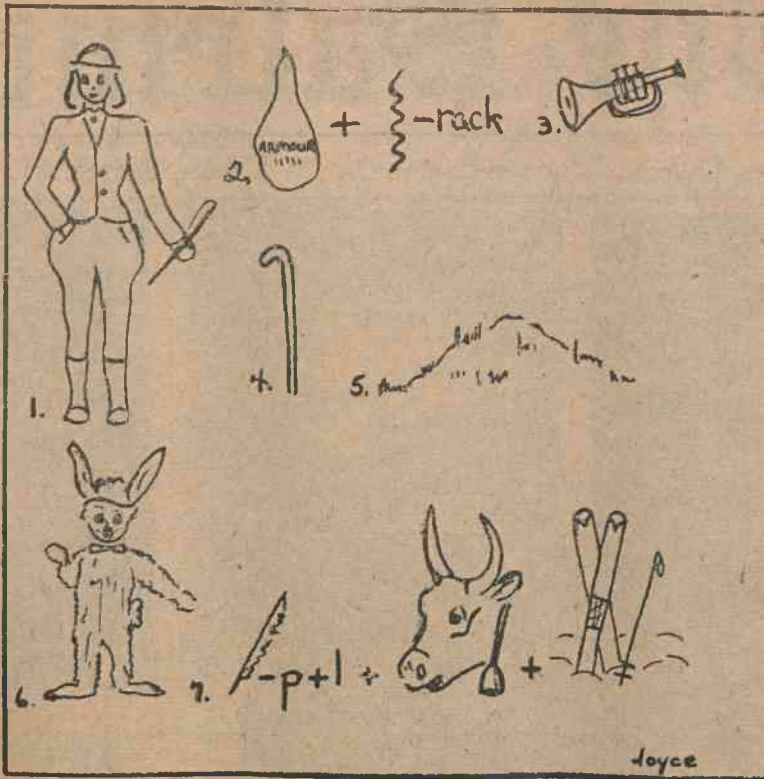
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More pictures. More puzzles. More cigarettes that satisfy. Important: Leave your picture-puzzle answers with your name, written on a Chesterfield wrapper, in the Salemite Office not later than 10 p. m. Answers not written on Chesterfield wrappers will be disqualified. (P.S. to be more explicit, the pictures above represent the names of Salemites—you guess 'em!)

Art Ain't For Art's Sake, Says Leonardo Da Gillespie

by Tootsie Gillespie

"Art for art's sake" is a lot of baloney!! It should be "Art for Joe Blow's sake" or "Art for Nightie Romingo's sake" but never "Art for art's sake", for heaven's sake!! It is said that God gave the human species two hands (very evidently) and an alleged brain to think with and create with, but when that human being sinks to painting a picture of another human being with a bloated belly, a slightly red, bulbous nose (looking for the WORLD like W. C. Fields) and the most simple-minded look in the world on his face, then man is overstepping his bounds in the order of things by calling it Art.

Once I saw a picture that my little five-year-old third cousin drew on an old cast iron mast (his father was a sailor) that looked for the world like an original Van Dyke. The only difference in the two pictures is that Brala (the third cousin) used concentrated attar of egg-dye for coloring and Van Dyke didn't. I think Van Dyke's pictures would have been improved if he had used egg-dye or better still, if he had just put them in a bag with the garbage and let the hunky-man pick them up the next morning.

It's not that I don't appreciate a reasonable talent for drawing when I see it—take Avenue of Trees, for instance, THERE'S a picture that ought to be alongside of Varga, Petty and the boys who painted the stripes in the Zebra Room of the Stork Club.

But there's one lad who was pretty good in his day—Leonardo da Vinci. It was discovered not long ago that he was originally a baby-sitter for unmarried mothers, but he became discouraged in his job when getting married became the vogue and so he switched to painting as an emotional outlet. First he painted pictures of, Kleenex and sold

them on street corners for a nickle each and then he became more bold and worked on nude figures (which has been popular since Neanderthal man). One day while digging around some old Egyptian mummies, he came across a beautiful female figure which he cast in iron on the spot and called it "Death and Molten Conflagration". Some of Leo's best paintings are unknown to the average bourgeois. For example, one day he was out looking for Hannibal's trail across the Alps and came across a young egress egressing her egret and it was such a breathtaking sight that he slapped it down on canvass and called it "I'm Not the Walking Man".

Then there was another work Leo did once while taking an intense summer correspondence course in pole-vaulting called "Young Thing Pole-Vaulting". But the best unknown work of Leo's was inspired one day while Leo was making salt-water taffy in an old lead tub in which Nero and his girl-friends used to bob for apples. He was sitting there on the shore listening to the ships that go down to sea and stirring his taffy and thinking, "Wouldn't it be fun if Venus-on-the-half-shell would arise up out of the sea and she and I could go gambling on the sands together?" Just at that moment, Donatello and Botticelli, two of his fraternity brothers, came running up in a fit of pique (it was professional jealousy, I think!), smashed Mona Lisa over his head and told him to take his texture, his form, his proportion and his construction and get out! Leo ran as fast as his three legs could carry him and to this day, no one knows what happened to that masterpiece I started to tell you about.

Thus, anyone can see that art is a decadent talent and if you don't believe it, take a look at Salvadors' Dali's guest bedroom!

Powers Constructs Canal; Fontaine Is Forlorn Lil' Gal

"Suez", the movie playing in Old Chapel tomorrow night at 8:00 is Twentieth Century-Fox' pseudo-biography of the man who built the Suez Canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps. The plot is centered around de Lesseps' attempt to build his "big ditch" from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

As cinematically produced, "Suez" is a combination of a cyclone, a dust storm, a flood AND Tyrone Power (as de Lesseps). Darryl Zanuck (who excels in producing history films) has given "Suez" romance, lavish decoration, and entertainment.

Some of the obstacles Tyrone Power successfully overcomes are: the climate, Napoleon III, his love for the Empress Eugenie, (Loretta Young), his sense of responsibility for a desert tomboy (Annabella), and the indifference of the British government to his project.

Joseph Schildkraut, Henry Stephenson and Nigel Bruce are excellent in their supporting roles.

On top of all de Lessep' troubles, the screen writers have whipped up a formidable simoon—sobah hah to the Saharans—as a spectacular climax.

Mumbly Dies

by Catherine Gregory

"What a beautiful morning!", said Little Mumbly, as she timidly smiled at the world through the window. Her little heart was filled with joy, and her little eyes almost sparkled behind her glasses. She turned about and sang a formless tune to express her happiness. Then it died on her lips as she heard her roommate approaching, and she shrank against the wall, waiting. The door opened.

"Good morning, roomie!" brought your mail," said BMOC with a smile.

Little Mumbly blinked. "Wh—what idd you say?"

"I said I brought your mail. Just thought I'd help you."

"You mean," gasped Little Mumbly, "you aren't going to holler at me today?"

"Naaah, You're a good kid, Mumbly, and I like you. I'm gonna be nice to you from now on." She patted Mumbly affectionately and left.

Little Mumbly was ecstatic. She rushed from the room and ran across campus, her face radiant. "My roommate likes me. She said she did!", she whispered to herself as she went along.

Then she became aware of voices and smiling faces. "Hi, Mumbly!" "Good morning Mumbly" "What say, Mumbly", and so on. Her class mates were greeting her. "Oh, golly, they know what my name is and they're smiling at me!" Little Mumbly was delirious with joy.

Then she saw the registrar, Miss Studentsblight. The day became dark, and she turned away, crestfallen. Miss Studentsblight stopped.

"I've good news for you, Mumbly," she said. "I've been checking your record and found that you have 32 hours of Bible instead of 2. You are going to graduate! Congratulations." And with a sweet smile she walked away.

Her heart bursting with gratitude, Little Mumbly ran after her and kissed her hand. Then, overcome, she turned and fled.

Blindly she ran against someone and backed away, mumbling with confusion. It was Dr. Gentilhomme, the French professor.

"Quite all right," said he, dusting himself off. "A nice day! And by the way, mam'selle, I enjoy your work in the newspaper."

In a daze Little Mumbly whispered, "I never thought anyone even read it!" She looked at him with utter adoration and began to sink to her knees at his feet. Alarmed, he hurried off.

She had started toward the square when she was stopped again.

"Good morning, and a mild west wind, with temperature of 68!", said Bishop Unitasfratrum. He smiled at her, quoted a bit of Horace, pointed to the weathervane, and moved on.

"How good he is," thought Mumbly, "and how wise and kind." Her heart was filled with love and gratitude, and she began to think. "It is a good life after all," she said to herself, "and people really are wonderful. I really do love it here, and I love the people. These beautiful old buildings—the quiet and peace and tradition of it; the girls; the faculty; they all are so wonderful, and I have been stupid not to realize it. How could I have been so discouraged and so bitter? How could I have thought it didn't matter? And they even care about me! It's wonderful!" And with that she smiled with such warmth and such sweetness as if to encompass the whole earth. This was her moment of supreme delight!

Suddenly a little boy on a triecyle hurtled around the corner. Brakes screamed, glass broke, things crashed together. Then there was awful silence. Shortly thereafter many girls ran about, an ambulance came, and a broken little boy was carried away.

There were no classes the next day. The girls sat in solemn groups in the smokehouses and talked of their deceased classmate. They recalled her many little trials and tribulations, and they spoke of her with sadness. Even the faculty was somewhat touched. Yes, great and small paused in their duties and thought of Little Mumbly. For, as her English professor expressed it, "She was a sweet little thing, even though she tended to be rather quiet."