

Welcome Back...

... and they say that she studies on weekends...



by Tootsie Gillespie

From a break-neck thirty-five miles per, we skidded to a jolting stop in front of the dear old ivy-covered box car I had come to know as home. HOME!! The very word brought tears to my shining young eyes, for mother was peeling onions in the kitchen. When she heard my gleeful shout, she sprinted to the front yard and caught me in a wrist-lock (resulting in minor bruises and cuts). All this glee was due to the fact that I had been promoted and was home from school for three glorious months, my mind full of new, exciting, honestly different plans, all of which involved getting out of any possible work and doing as little of nothing as I could get by with.

"Gee, Ma," I cried, my turquoise eyes beginning to fill with tears, for mother still had an onion in her hand and was absent-mindedly grating it on my front molars. "Your scholar has arrived to shed wisdom and light into the darkened corners of ignorance."

I threw a book of Plato's Complete Works through the front window.

"I come to lift the fog of misapprehension that has settled over the mind of the proletariat."

I tore page 95 out of Rousseau's Confessions and ran it up at half-mast over the house.

"I have come home to prove to you that I have eaten up learning never before dreamed of."

I took a Spanish Grammar and Elementary Chemistry 101, spread mustard on them and chewed vigorously.

Mother showed her appreciation of my new knowledge by setting fire to my report card and thus my homecoming was complete.

And now, with three beautiful months of freedom ahead of me, I lounged under the shade of the clothes line and waited. Penny-like, for the boys to start coming to see me. Three months later, getting hungry and discouraged, I got up. There was one lad (I use the term promiscuously) though, who dropped in quite frequently to see me, one Erdlu Fishbait, of the North Carolina Fishbaits (his great-grandfather was Isaac Walton's bootblack). Erdie has quite a history. It seems that he was found at the age of three months, fully bearded and badly in need of a haircut, in the hollow of an old tree, no doubt the butt of some playful lprechaun's joke. Old Fishbait, the town's most notorious and over-indulgent tippler, stumbled upon him one night and thinking he was a pot of gold (Fishbait was near-sighted), took him home. The joke was on Fishbait, however, for when he reached home, the young babe reached in the side pocket of his diapers and pulled out a pot of gold. Thus Fishbait became rich and young Erdlu became one of the town's

Three weeks dragged on and I became soaked with inertia. Of course, there was the time when Erdlu and I campaigned in the Scott-Johnson election and were thrown in jail for loitering in front of the Court House. And of course there was the time when I thought I had polio but it turned out to be just a Black Widow spider bite (there was one curious after-effect—instead of playing the piano in my spare time, I like to sit in a sunny corner and spin a web). Then there was the night when Mayor Hotpantz over-worked and frustrated, ran down the middle of town waving a figleaf and screaming, "I'm Nature Boy! I'm Nature Boy!" Outside of a few such trivial instances, things continued rather uneventfully. Erdlu continued to come down all summer and crack nuts with his head on our front porch. He said he would have given me a ring, just for friendship's sake, but he couldn't find one to fit my nose.

But all this hilarious fun began to pall. "I must needs be study again", I said to dear old mother one day, who was looking at the pictures in a Dick Tracy funny book.

"I long for the feel of a good \$6 textbook between my hands", I said to the clothesline, which was beginning to sag.

And thus it was that I came back to the ivy-covered wall of Salem, my eyes smarting with tears, for my roommate was opening a can of sardines. But so HELP me!! If one more person asks me if I am a freshman, or if I had a good time this summer or if my roommate has any sardines left, I shall quietly tar and feather Salem Square, set fire to it, take pictures of it and sell them at Queens College for 25c a copy.

Gray Speaks....

Dear Editor:

As Chairman of the Salem College Chapter of the World Federalists, I would like to take this opportunity to extend an invitation to each and every one of the new students to join our organization. The purpose of this article is to tell you about an organization working for peace—peace, that somewhat nebulous concept that man has never been able to attain. Our organization is attempting to bring peace down from the clouds of idealism and place the issue squarely on the firm ground of practical politics.

How do the World Federalists propose to get peace? By strengthening the United Nations into an organization that will be strong enough to keep peace; that is, an organization that can make, interpret and enforce world law.

Sounds like an idealistic dream, doesn't it? Yes, it is if we cannot get a large force of American public opinion to vigorously assert itself in favor of a strengthened United Nations. But almost unbelievable strides have been made and are being made. Several national public opinion polls show that the American public is almost two to one in favor

of the United States entering a world federation. Resolutions are now before Congress calling on the President to instruct our delegates in the UN to take the initiative in calling a revisional conference for the purpose of strengthening the UN along the lines our organization proposes.

You may ask: "What can I do in this movement?" First, consider the problems of peace to see if you can reach the same conclusion that many others have—that a limited federal world government obtained by strengthening the United Nations provides the only solution to our present dilemma. Then talk to your friends about the problem and convince them. Join the United World Federalists so that your voice can be heard as part of a very large movement, and participate in the activities of the Salem United World Federalist Chapter.

Announcement will be made of our next meeting. All present members are urged to attend and bring a friend or friends. This first meeting will be extremely important and so please keep it in mind.

Robert Gray

Sue Peeks....

by Sue Donym

It's natural to type people. Some people look like lambs, act like parrots and make like monkeys. If not yourself, you'll see your friends in one of the following categories.

For instance, the social butterfly is identified by bright red mouth markings, neatly curled light or dark head markings, and a small gold spee over her heart which changes from time to time. "Oh, he's such a darling cutie," and "He's kummin' to the dance!" are sample sounds of the social butterfly. Since this species screams these sounds, and flutters as a means of locomotion, it's hard to miss the social butterfly.

The book wormium is another insect species. This is a libriavenous insect inhabits the stacks. From 8:15 a. m. until 10:00 p. m. this animal bores through books. From the green grubby stage to full wormy maturity, this animal thrives on books alone.

Sports hounds are easily recognized by their lope. They lope from dorm to gym. They lope from one end of the hockey field to another. The sports hounds also hit birds with a racquet, catch flies with their hands, make baskets and engage in other weird, exhausting exploits. Bar flies, a related species to the sports hounds, are equally found in gymnasiums, but this species is a rarity in the immediate vicinity.

Snooze hounds, however, are not a rarity. These droopy-eyed animals

are found in dormitories, in classes and sprawled out in smoke-houses. The snooze hound's nocturnal utterance is an emphatic, "It's Quiet Hour, I'm trying to sleep." No doubt you've heard this song before.

You also can't miss the characteristic sound of the dumb-bunny. "I just don't understand", and "I don't get it" in a high pitched whiney voice mark this animal. The dumb-bunny sums up the negative traits of the campus animals. She has a faint trace of the book-worm, the droopy eyes of a snooze hound and the fluttering of the social butterfly.

The eager-beaver, a sharp-eyed fuzzy creature, sums up the positive characteristics of the campus kingdom. The eager beaver, the superficial opposite of the dumb bunny, is a plodder, a chewer, a grinder. The unending energy supply of this animal enables her to gnaw through books, people, professors in an untiring attempt to make the uphill grade. When not writing a report due six months hence, the eager beaver spends her spare moments with legal eagles, her law school component.

There are the animals. Which one are you? Perhaps it's more natural to type typewriters and not people! If the egg beater fails to close the cookie jar, sothe curled anchovies can't unfurl their care the next column will be washed by the Salem laundry.

The Salemite wishes to express its sympathy to the friends and family of Miss Blanche Stockton.

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

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

- Editor-in-Chief Carolyn Taylor
- Associate Editor Laurel Green
- Associate Editor Mary Porter Evans
- Assistant Editor Peirano Aiken
- Assistant Editor Dale Smith
- Business Manager Joyce Privette
- Assistant Business Manager Betsy Schaum
- Advertising Manager Betty McBrayer
- Asst. Advertising Manager Mary Faith Carson
- Circulation Manager Janie Fowkes