

### A Reminder

Between Thanksgiving and Christmas thoughts turn to Santa Claus and presents, Christmas trees and manger scenes. People start humming carols to themselves and playing "Jingle Bells" on the glassware. We are gay; we are happy. As imperceptibly as holly berries redden in the winter, an appreciation for the goodness of life and a spirit of worship come over us. One opportunity to pause and plumb this feeling to its deepest meaning is early morning chapel. Now that practice teaching is over, the seniors have time, and the rest of us can afford to rise ten minutes earlier. The inconvenience is small if we come closer to the silvery infinity of goodness that underlies and gives us Christmas.

### Dear Editor:

Although we are required to use pen and ink in most of our courses here at Salem, there are certain courses in which a pencil should be used—for instance, math and chemistry.

It's a small matter, but we students are asking for the installment of more pencil sharpeners in the dorms, particularly the larger ones. At present there is one sharpener in Clewell and this is on the first floor. Now, if you live on second or third floor, it's annoying at 2 a. m. to have to dash down to first just to sharpen a pencil.

As we have said, for certain subjects, a pencil is necessary and one with a point less than an inch wide makes our work neater. Perhaps if we could see what we are writing, we would not make our usual careless mistakes.

Our suggestion is a pencil sharpener on each floor of every dormitory and one in the basement smokehouses. The cost isn't great and the time saved will be quite worth the money.

P. S. D.

### Dear Editor:

Since there have been several embarrassing occasions in which girls have failed to respond to invitations, either by accepting or declining them, the I. R. S. would like to remind you of this social "must". R. S. V. P. (repondez, s'il vous plait, or please reply) is a request which, out of courtesy and consideration for the hostess, should be heeded within two or three days after an invitation is issued. We strive to keep you Emily-Posted.

Your I. R. S.

## The Salemite



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### The Play's The Thing

by Fay Stickney

They sit and watch the curtain rise  
In fantastic silence. Their wondrous eyes  
And ears are filled with dubious things:  
Weird life and weirder doom, the extravagant kings  
Have times lacked.  
This was no minstrel, but lives that could have lived  
Had hopes, fate, and dreams walked hand in hand,  
Had what they planned  
Been what had happened.  
Freed by phantom hopes and sounds,  
They are no longer earthbound.  
But, of far-off tunes they once knew.  
By heart, through customs, they rise and mingle  
With eternity.  
No two prove to see the same  
In any visage, or claim a single meaning  
To a line—but each, for a quick moment,  
Labels the scene, act, play, "mine:"  
And, with a jealousy that grasps  
Enjoyment till it must cease to be,  
Cries unknowingly, "Delay  
The end, One minute more  
Before I must return to life.  
These dreams are sweet."  
In majestic finality, the velvet curtain falls.  
There is still a profound silence:  
The people drain the final moment dry of pretend,  
They strain to drink their fill  
Of fairyland, and then the world breaks in—once more,  
They realize too soon who they are and hide disappointment  
With a roar  
Of earthly praise  
Shattering the crystal cellophane of theatre.

### Schaum Likes Being Tall Better Than Being Small

by Betsy Schaum

Look around and notice how many tall people you see. All of us must be fully aware of the fact that people are much taller than they used to be. As proof of this fact the beds are longer than they were in our grandparents' day, even longer now than they were when our mothers were at Salem. The model agencies call for taller models; the average model today is five feet eight inches or more. And, as a final proof, think how few average-sized men today could wear a suit of armor used in the days of knights.

There are many advantages in being tall. First of all, you can always "look down on people." Although it may not be gracious, looking down is an advantage. When you're in a large crowd you can always see over the people in front of you. Then, too, think of the discomfort of having to look through the steering wheel to drive a car. Many short people have to do this, but I can see over the steering wheel. Then in a movie a tall person has the advantage of being able to see over the ladies' hats in front of her. Most of you know how annoying hats can be.

A person who is tall doesn't have to stand up to serve soup at the dinner table. Just the other day I saw Dotty Covington standing up to serve soup at her table. I just

sit and have no trouble at all with my soup serving. (Of course, long arms are a great help here, too.) And just look how much easier it is for a tall person to climb into a first floor window. Watch a short person try it sometime. A tall person can almost see in second floor windows too, although it's not advisable.

I am convinced that my height has saved me from an embarrassing situation on a Salem-Waughtown bus, that of falling flat on my face when the bus lurches to the side. Other passengers have been thrown clear across the bus, but I can avoid such a calamity—you see, I can reach the overhead bar.

Tallness comes in very handy at other times too. Whenever a ceiling light is burned out, I am elected to put in the new bulb. And I also have the privilege of placing the star on the very tip top of the Christmas tree.

There is one last advantage which pertains to a subject dear to the hearts of all of us—dancing. A tall person doesn't have to look at her date's belt buckle or dance "cheek-to-hipbone." I can dance cheek to cheek!

However fantastic these advantages may seem to you, they are nevertheless true. I know because I'm five feet eleven and a half inches tall.



by Joan Carter Read

Minor problems like 500 pages of parallel, oral reports, club meetings and unexpected company are a common occurrence in my every day life at Salem. But my greatest problem comes every Tuesday night when I attempt to write my Salemite assignment. It wouldn't be so bad if I were not taking Advanced Comp. at the same time and if the two did not stress such opposite techniques.

In order to write a news article I must omit all adjectives and details, while in Comp. I have to include all these and a lot more. There are all sorts of handy little books in the library that give hints about writing news. Their instructions say not to editorialize or issue your opinion, and never use frequent description or flowery phrases. To help matters along, my roommate is experienced and versatile in the art of newspaper writing and constantly yells at me to cut out the adjectives, be impersonal, consider the reader and all such professional comments. Finally after I have cut out all the parts that made the story mine my roommate and the Salemite staff are partly satisfied.

For a day or so all is fine, and I feel as if I have accomplished a good piece of work when my next Comp. paper is assigned. Quickly I outline the bare essentials of my idea and proceed to write. All the details and amusing incidents are omitted. Once again I feel satisfied. Then along comes a well meaning friend to remind me of the teacher's continual harping on her pet topics. These run along the lines of cite lots of specific instances, make the theme personal, envelop your own style and personality into your writing; use the exact adjective and give concrete details.

My work is shattered. Back I go to add all the fine touches that beg for favorable comments. I even get confused on some technical points. Commas are not a common occurrence in a newspaper with the result that I never remember when I am supposed to leave them out and when I am supposed to put them in. I usually go in just the opposite direction and put them in the news article. I discover my error when my comp. paper is returned with comments about comma faults and learning the possessive case.

Once I asked a well known and world renowned Kings Feature Syndicate writer for her help on my problem. Her answer seemed simple—combine both styles and you'll really have something. At last I thought that my frustrated existence was over. I was happy. All my problems were settled. My career was going to be saved. Comp. was not going to be the fatal end of me, but merely the beginning of something bigger and better. Only it didn't work out. I couldn't learn the key to the combination. Everytime I attempted to mix the two styles together I got in a mess with both my teacher and the Salemite staff. I was either too specific or else too brief and wrote in topic outline form.

Another time I was told that reporters never made enough money to live on unless they had pull. I thought that was just sour grapes but discovered that it was all too true. And I had no important contacts in this field so that should have decided the end of that aspiration for me. But you can see that the bug still has hold of me.

I thought of trying to write magazine articles as they seem to be a judicious mixture of everything conceivable. Two attempts were enough to cure me of this. It is true that the "Saturday Evening Post" sends the nicest rejection letters imaginable but even so it was a discouraging attempt.

This situation has been going on now for almost three months, and I am growing weary of my frustrated existence. Shall I give up my ideas and aspirations about journalism career? Shall I launch into detailed paragraphs at the slightest provocation? Shall I try to convert the Comp. teacher to the synopsis form? Any and all helpful suggestions will be gratefully accepted.