

Dear Editor:

Singing is a fine thing—all of us enjoy it. It makes us happy inside like the sight of a Christmas tree. But singing is like a Christmas tree—there is a time and a place for it. We don't believe that the dining room is the place nor meals, the time.

Singing "Happy Birthday" and "Congratulations" in the dining room has been accepted—people like to be recognized and we're all for it. But singing endlessly and singing practically every song ever written is not the well-bred or nice thing to do.

Last week at the birthday dinner, if we had stopped with "Happy Birthday" and "Jingle Bells", it wouldn't have been bad, but when we sang everything from "Down in the Valley" to "Don't Fence Me In", it ceased to be amusing or entertaining and became annoying, and to say the least, childish.

The I. R. S. went to a great deal of trouble to prepare for the party. The kitchen staff worked hard on the food. Everything was in order but a number of the students. We have treats like this very rarely—can't we appreciate them and act as college students should? It's fine to love Carolina but can't we wait until we're at a football game to sing the Alma Mater?

We want extra privileges. We say we're mature. How can we expect to be treated as a college student should, when we act as we did last week?

Let's save our singing for the smoke-houses and the pep-rallies and behave ourselves at meals as we should, proving to ourselves and everyone that we're old enough to know what is and should be expected of us.

N.S.P.

In Appreciation

"When do we start the next play?" Rumor has it that this was Miss Reigner's first comment after the Pierrette production Friday night. We take off our hats to her spirit. Such enthusiasm and capacity for hard work, which seem to have infected the cast and the behind-the-scenes workers, paid off in a good performance of "Stage Door." It should have inspired other organizations and their advisers not to be satisfied with mediocrity.

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by S. D. Wright

During the Christmas Holidays there is an appalling increase of death on the highways. During the Christmas Holidays there is an increase of persons under twenty-five using cars. Last year, drivers between 18 and 24 years of age were involved in 27 per cent of all fatal accidents. A recent nation-wide survey showed that students believed the three principal causes of accidents involving them were SPEEDING, DAY-DREAMING, and CLOWNING—in that order.

After the wreck, comes the reckoning, but what can girls do before a wreck happens. Girls are at a disadvantage, because on dates they are seldom at the wheel. Furthermore, no male likes to be told how to drive and no girl wants to be a prudish party pooper, but the zone of safety is in your heads and hands. Below are some tactful tactics for girls to use to avoid car tricks that often end in a grand slam.

One person in every 4,500 will be killed in an automobile accident this year.

For a date that likes to speed, you could hitch a 5,000 pound weight to the rear bumper. Or you could put chewing gum on the wheels, or attach an alarm on the accelerator which would ring out whenever the speedometer registered above the safe driving range. These practices have been known to retard speeders. If your date still doesn't get the idea, you might even whisper in his ear that perhaps he didn't know he was going as fast as he was.

Deaths per 1000	Injury Accidents
Up to 20 m. p. h.	14
20 to 30 m. p. h.	22
30 to 40 m. p. h.	27
40 to 50 m. p. h.	33
Over 50 m. p. h.	77

In the second place, don't day-dream, drive! Some people at the wheel are like James Thurber's Walter Mitty who thought he was piloting a great big four engine plane instead of his car. One solution for preventing misplaced day-dreaming is to make thought-provoking statements on the order of "Isn't that broken line in the middle of the road a bright yellow?" How do you keep your car so shiney? Have we got enough gas? Maybe the words you emphasize will set up a chain reaction in your date's head, and he'll drive and not day-dream.

One traffic fatality occurs every 16 minutes.

Clowning, the third cause of accidents, is another problem to attack before it happens. What your date is trying to do is to impress you, if you are impressable by wreckless driving. Tell your date how carefully he drives before he clowns, then he won't fail to continue to live up to your expectations. But should you find that he's clowning let him know that you are a woman of the world (and would like to continue to be so!) and that such antics fail to impress you. In connection with clowning, a word to the wise:

If you're gonna hit the bottle
It's not wise to hit the throttle.

Liquor slows down reactions and speeds up carelessness. And "just one is enough to make you take chances"—maybe your last chance.

In this matter, don't be lax-i
If at all doubtful, call a taxi.

One-fifth of the drivers involved in fatal automobile accidents were reported to have been drinking.

Conclusively,
Statistics tell how many
They don't tell who
If you're not careful
It may be YOU.
(Facts and statistics used in this article were compiled by The Central Automobile Safety Committee of Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company principally from National Safety Council sources.)

Folderol Can't Sing Or Play; Merry Christmas Anyway

by Tootsie Gillespie

Folderol doubled up from a snowball in the left groin and three playful freshmen crawled back in their gopher holes, screaming with laughter. Yes, it was the season of the Yuletide, the season of good will. A moving van nearly ran her down. It was the season of brotherly love. A blood spattered body dropped down 3rd. floor Clewell. A spirit of giving was in the air. She rushed to Moneybags Slavelly's store and bought gifts of glue, water-proof ottoman, covers and hair cloth satchels for her friends. She felt fraternal.

Her young life was full, and she was living the Christmas season at college to its fullest. After all, she was living in a community of which she was an integral part and she was eager, burining—consumed with desire to give her share.

Bolting down two packs of Nabs, a 7-Up and a Squeaky, she ran to Remembrance Hall, threw open the door and pulled a shining Moravian star from her tunic. There were ugly holes in her Wragge blouse. Filled with zest, she shimmied up the A-flat pipe on the organ, sang three choruses of "Deck the Halls with Bowls of Jelly", and hung the star (for which she modestly wanted no credit).

The night of the Christmas banquet was finally here. Going into the dining hall for the express purpose of eating food, she was seated in front of two lovely sprigs of garished holly, three olives that had given up the green and turned black and an object that might have been celery in its better days. The whole dining room was becomingly darkened to the point where the roommate's finger looked like a drumstick. There were angry cries of pain coming from various corners of the room. Just as Young Innocent was preparing to clap a healthy olive into her mouth, a small stout figure dressed as Santa Claus but who obviously was a girl on her hall, came leaping from under a table, spilled jolly old water down Folderol's jolly old back with a jolly old toy pack thrown carelessly over Santa's one good shoulder, the other one being withered. The figure cap-

ered around the room, making guttural noises until somebody threw a half-Nelson on it and threw it in the frozen salad.

Making another effort to eat, Folderol lifted the fork and was jerked rudely by a neighbor at the table a bulking girl with bulging biceps and glaring eyes.

"C'mon, stupid. Stand up when they're playing 'Mammy'! You from the South, ain't cha?"

Folderol stood up.

Then a chorus of off key voices boomed "Jingle Bells".

Folderol sat down.

Next came the Carolina pep song. Folderol grew sick from lack of food.

Before 10 minutes and the first course had elapsed, the entire group had slashed through four versions of "Three Blind Mice", "The Christmas Song" done acapella, "A Drollin' Fool," with pantomime, "All I Want For Christmas" (with one table doing the solo part) and a rousing climax of Handel's "Messiah" with encores. Folderol dropped a quarter into the hat and went to Goodway's for something to eat.

Burping contentedly, you-know-who treked across the snow and came upon a group of adenoidal sopranos making a feeble attempt at singing carols. Herqine stopped good-naturedly and opened her mouth to help out when a fist was plunged into it—

"We don't need no help, see! If seniors are supposed to carol, we'll do the caroling and no pimple-faced, blout-bellied cadaverous elout like you is gonna' ruin our tune. Here, clap 'er trap, Murgatroid!" And with that, Folderol realized that she wasn't wanted. Tears of hurt pride streamed down her burning little face. First a moment of despair—then indignation!

She kicked an old lady. Who were they to tell her? She ground her teeth. She could sing as good as they! She jerked the leg off a passing dog, and beat it to death with the bloody end. She'd show 'em! She threw snow in the registrar's office.

(Continued on page three)

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year