

## Sisters' Acti Writes Santa

by Winkie Harris, Sybil Haskins  
T'was a couple a' nights before  
Christmas-holidays and all through  
Salem campus not a creature was  
stirring—but then who can stir,  
except to wriggle cestatically, when  
the low, husky voice of Jerry Falla-  
gan crooning the inspiring "As You  
Desire Me" oozes through the air?

High in the gables of Sister's  
house, a tiny figure can be discerned.  
Huddled over the light of a faint  
candle (the lights must have gone  
out) the strange person is labori-  
ously writing. She seems to be  
writing a letter to—Oh, No!

Dear Thanta,  
Firtht of all, can you potbibly  
bring me a new typewriter key, ath  
you thee, the letter eth ith mith-  
ing on thith one?

And there's something else. You  
can just forget the adding machine  
I asked for to use in Economics if  
you bring me a cashmere sweater,  
preferably navy blue, size 44—filled  
and with a fraternity pin attached.  
This may sound mercenary, but  
really everybody else has one.

Do you think there's a device  
available with which to inspire  
people? I've tried everything, from  
listening to my roommate's Hygiene  
talk to concentrating on "Twelfth  
Street Rag" by Sis, trying to get  
the light to dawn.

Speaking of dawn wouldn't it be  
nice if all 8:30's were abolished?

Merry Christmas  
Acti

P. S. I just thought—how about  
filling my stocking with exam ques-  
tions, answers included?

Her business completed, Activitus  
sat musing, (and shivering) think-  
ing of the joyous days to come.  
There was the dance Saturday night  
—here her thoughts were rather  
marred by the image of Theodore  
Henry, but what did it matter if  
he was cross-eyed and two inches  
shorter than she was, he had the  
soul of a poet—that was the most



important thing!

Acti was filled with the Yuletide  
cheer. "Joy to the World", "I'm  
Dreaming of a White Christmas",  
—she sang in a lilting squeal as she  
slid down the banisters.

She flung open the smoke house  
door and gave vent to "Merry  
Christmas Everybody!"

"Shaddap!"

"I suppose you know we're hav-

ing a six weeks test on Contempo-  
rary Ant-Eaters tomorrow?"

"Your talk about the Theory of  
writing verses to go on Convales-  
cent Cards is due tomorrow!"

"You've just been appointed  
chairman of the committee to design  
new leotards."

Under the storm of voices a meek  
shout is heard vainly striving to  
wish everybody a "Merry Christmas  
and Happy Holiday!"

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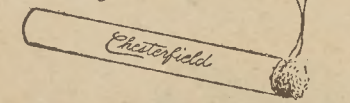
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