

Think Twice

There has been a complaint from the maids to Miss Essie about the deplorable condition of the Campus Living Room recently. Also, the students themselves are complaining. We feel that an effort should be made to improve the appearance of this social room before the administration forces us to close the Living Room.

To the girls who were not here last year, we would like to say that the Campus Living Room was once closed, an inconvenience to everyone, because of similar conditions. It will be up to you, underclassmen, to set an example to the incoming Freshman class next year. If you expect to continue to have the privilege of using this room, then don't wait until next year to keep it clean.

We hope that the girls who use the Living Room will take pride in emptying ash trays that are full, and putting paper in the wastebasket and not on the floor. It is our room; let's treat it as if it were ours.

B. G.



Casey Has Sleepless Nights Spends Youth In Gory Fights

by Tootsie Gillespie

This is the saga of Casey Tailher, written in spasms of recollection by an ardent and admiring cohort in the year of Our Truman Administration, 1949.

Casey (for she is a girl) came into the world on a particularly famous day in May, it being her birthday. At the time of her birth, her father, a slasher and winder in a grist mill, was out of work and was temporarily employed in a bird shop (Foul Feathers, Inc.) paring toenails on \$35 parrots. Just before Casey's birth, her mother Hernia, working for a consolidated fishery, was sitting on the banks of the sound dangling her toes in the water, toes which through a gift of Zeus, had the power to lure pearl-laden oysters to the surface, at which dish-faced divers jumped in, secured the oyster and deposited money in a cleverly attached machine on Hernia's three-jointed leg. Suddenly, through a quirk of Fate (Hernia's brother-in-law), the time was come when Casey should be delivered and sure enough, at 7:30 the next morning, the Foul Feathers, Inc. delivery truck deposited a small squalling bundle at the Tailher's front stoop (cleverly decorated to look like a sloop). The small squalling bundle contained three new-born cats from Foul Feathers, Inc. (a gift from Mr. Tailher to his wife Hernia) and they had thrown in for good measure a rickets-ridden female child who had been tossed in the monkey section of the Foul Feathers, Inc. through mistake. Hernia ran to the front port hole, screamed in ecstasy at the kittens and slavered audibly when she saw Casey, who was eyeing her suspiciously through a cloud of cheap cigar smoke.

"O. K., kid" mouthed Casey, "You can tell the neighbors an oyster belched me up and I'll call ya Ma from now on. I want me some grub and a place to sleep. Them monkeys snore!" And with that, a new life was brought to Buldger and Hernia Tailher.

Little Casey had a normal child's life for that oceanic section of the country—selling whale blubber at a profit, pinching old ladies, hoisting her father's Sunday pants at half-mast ("Many's the Sunday I've give Casey a beatin'!" said Buldger.), grinding up fish eyes in the meat loaf ("Casey really can mix the meat!" said Hernia good-naturedly), balling up back lashes for inexperienced New Yorkers, selling anemic worms for fish bait ("Them suckers!" mouthed Casey) and hir-

ing a bunch of non-union beavers to dam up the Pacific ocean (Casey's got a head on her shoulders!" said the Chamber of Commerce, though it was obviously a triumph of plastic surgery.)

But Casey was a gregarious little thing and time came when she began to notice little boys (in kindergarten). She took to sideling up to them unawares, catching them in a wrist lock and throwing a fish hook down their throats, after which she strung them from a high-tension telephone wire, proving her love of mankind. It didn't take her long to realize that the authorities frowned on such overt behavior and fifteen years later, they let her out of the detention home by virtue of her personality.

But Casey had become hardened.

"I'm hardened!" said Casey, and ran her arm through an Army tank.

She had come up the hard way.

"Yeah" growled Casey, crawling up highway no. 43.

She had forgotten the security of home life.

"Dear ole Ma and Buldger" drooled Casey.

She knew hatred.

Casey set fire to a pansy.

She knew sleepless nights.

"Yeah! Good kid, Sleepless. Gave me all her reefer when they let 'er out."

She knew the meaning of hardship.

"Hardship—that which is hard to endure, as exposure, toil, want or other severe trial or tax of body or mind" said Casey.

Our heroine, for so she is, got up off the highway and got a ride on a Greyhound, whose name was, oddly enough, Rover. They pulled up in front of the old familiar sloop and Casey threw Rover a bone, which he punched and handed back. Upon arriving home, Casey found that Hernia, in a fit of pique, had run off with an Indonesian baseball player (old Outfielder Zanzibar they called him) and Buldger had taken to sitting and watching bird nests, hoping to see Hernia hatch out of an egg.

"Just can't face reality," observed golden-eyed Casey, still smoking a cheap cigar.

Left to her own devices, Casey grew thin and wan, and some say that she has been seen in the library of Congress looking up dirty words in Webster's International.



No cobwebs grow in Box 397.

In fact, it is a catch-all for practically anything that is permitted by law to go through the U. S. Mails. In order to do away with the long line of girls waiting to read my mail, I've decided to publish from letters I received from time to time.

Weighty and Worthwhile

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find check for Three Dollars (\$3.00) for the following advertisement in your Classified Column once each week until the enclosed appropriation is used up.

OUR BEST GRADE HEAVY BREED CHICKS
200 for \$15.00

Send for Price List—Save Money
WORTHWHILE CHICKS, 101 W. North Avenue,
Baltimore 1, Md.

Please notify us date of last insertion.

Very truly yours,
WORTHWHILE CHICKS
R. I. P.

Dear Editor,

We dislike to use strong language, but there is no other way to say this is your FINAL notice. Unless you send \$15 within the next twenty-four hours, your membership in the Associated Collegiate Press will be discontinued. Remember this is your FINAL notice.

We are enclosing a bulletin of campus-wide, news-worthy feature material:

For College Professors

If he's brand new at teaching, he lacks experience.
If he's been teaching all his life, he's in a rut.
If he uses notes, he's unoriginal.
If he gets along without notes, he's an ad-libber.
If he sticks to his specialty, he's got a one-track mind.
If he tours the encyclopedia, he's a show-off.
If he's young, he needs more seasoning.
If he's old, he's seen better days.
If he gives a lot of pops, he's a slave-driver.
If he seldom gives a test, he's too lazy to read papers.
Now, "Ed", for more funny features like this one, send us that fifteen dollars today.

Sincerely,
N. O. Read

Included by Mistake

My dearest,

Ever since you left this morning, I've been thinking of you. You are uppermost in my thoughts:

"Shall I compare you to a summer's night?"
"Thou are more lovelier and more intemperate."

This is not my poetry, darling. It's Shakespeare. He was a famous French poet . . .

(Dear Reader, may I hasten to remind you that I share Box 397 with Folderol and Keepstream. Sometimes by mistake, sometimes on purpose, we open each other's mail.)

Weather or Not

Dear Editor:

The U. S. Civil Service Commission has announced a Meteorological Aid exam from which positions paying from \$2,498 to \$3,177 a year will be filled.

We are enclosing a few sample questions:

1. A foehn wind is usually:
 - a) warm and dry
 - b) warm and moist
 - c) cold and dry
 - d) cold and moist
 - e) variable
2. Which one of the following charts is used for plotting winds aloft data?
 - a) adiabatic chart
 - b) tephigram
 - c) aerogram
 - d) emagram
 - e) none of these

Please notify interested persons that it will be necessary to fill out applications in order to take this Meteorological Aid exam. Applications are obtainable from the nearest Post Office until March 15.

Opened by Mistake

Gentlemen:

Please rush seventy-six (76) pairs of dungarees with zippers to . . .

Sprig Has Cub

Dear Editor,

This morning while I was taking my daily constitutional and nature walk, I spotted a crocus popping its little yellow head through the sleepy earth's surface.

May I quote from that great poet, Wordsworth, "To me the meanest flower that grows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Sincerely yours,
Miss Hortense Applegate
R. F. D., Route 2
Bessmer County, Ga.

A Mistake

Dear Daughter,

Your father and I realize that this is a very busy year for you. We also realize that you have other correspondents but it does seem that you could w . . .

This concludes the letters I finished and the letters that finished me.

C. T.

Dear Editor:

About a year ago we made the suggestion that something be done about the calendar for activities in the spring which is usually over crowded with activities. This year we want to thank the committee for keeping the calendar less full. It may be that there are less activities, but even so we are grateful for the fact that we can see a few days ahead in which we will have time to do our assignments.

At the same time last year, we suggested that a course be instituted in general cultural background with various professors lecturing in their favorite field. We are glad to hear that plans for such a course are coming into our curriculum.

We realize that it takes time to get things done around Salem and we are glad that the showers have finally been fixed in Clewell after two years of waiting for them. We only hope that it won't take two years to get some pencil sharpeners installed in previously suggested places.

J. C. R.

Editor . . .

. . . for this week was Laurel Green assisted by Clara Belle LeGrand.

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