

ABC Evans Puts Zip In Campus Smoking

Mary Porter Evans, Chesterfield Representative at Salem, was selected recently as the Chesterfield Representative of the Month, it was announced today in *The Rep Report*, a bulletin published by the Campus Merchandising Bureau in New York.

The *Rep Report* praised Porter's outstanding Chesterfield Program at Salem during December. The ABC Sad Sack Contest, the one in which the ten owners of the ugliest untouched annual proof received a pack of Chesterfields; the Y Pet Show and the ABC After Supper Club Shows which feature Tootsie Gillespie, Carolyn Taylor and Katherine Ives singing the ABC theme and variations—all of these were mentioned.

Our congratulations to Porter for her praise-worthy prize-winning ABC-ing!

Creamer Profile

Pictured above is Helen Creamer, the answer to last week's Salem Profile.

Here are the answered clues:

- Hair, light brown
- Eyes, brown
- Loves Dr. Vardell
- Ever-working
- Never goes to bed
- Chesterfield smoker



Breared in South Carolina
Eager pianist
Alan is the man
Music major
Ever-knitting argyles
Reeks of "Savior Faire"

And here are the ten people who got the right "Profile" plus a pack of Chesterfields: Jack Crim, Lila Fretwell, Roslyn Fogel, Gussie Garth, Daniel Hodges, Mary Jane Hurt, Martha Hershburger, Ann Jenkins, Lil Sprinkle and Marcia Stahl.

Polly Brews Salem Stew; Ditto Arises

by Polly Hartle

Grasping a large test tube firmly with a pair of tweezers, I held it over the blue flames that were leaping through the hole in the ring-stand. When the pink H₃O turned yellow, I threw in a lock of Bobbie Lee's carrot curls, M. T. Rule's perpetual grin, some chiseled inches from Dale Smith's height and Mr. Campbell's eyebrows topped with powdered calcium. I shook it furiously, gently blowing the foam off the top and poured the contents into a tin mold. I waved my tweezers in the air, chanted the Pythagorean theorem backwards, and joyously splashed ammonia into the distilled water. What to my wondering temporal lobe should emerge but Little Ditto, the typical, stepped-upon-Salemite.

A versatile corpusele who never lets her studies interfere with her fun, Ditto has well developed talents. She dabbles in art, music, yarns, hockey and Duke and majors in English on the side. Perspective teachers must be well-balanced! (She also plays a mouth organ and helps to pay her book store bill by serenading lovers in the May Dell.)

One can generally find her draped around the coffee stand at Gooch's, lost in a grand slam, crouching at the P. O. door waiting, or in Biology lab cultivating her petunias. Of course, she has six eight-thirties and classes all day Saturday.

Art is one of her primary interests; her newest abstract, *The Tower of Babble in Green or Human Speech Development*, is a likely candidate for the Salem exhibit in Paris. Her room is packed with trophies including three hand-carved hockey sticks, a loving cup, and a medal from the local Garden Club.

Ditto has the ordinary difficulties that annoy us all, but she accepts them patiently banging her head against the same wall each of us uses. She has her own little place in the world; in fact she may be you!

This Column Is a Rare Thing; B. Mac Is Most Interesting



by Tootsie Gillespie

One day, not too many years ago, a small girl-baby floated down from Heaven on a faded vermilion cloud, trailing smaller clouds of glory behind her. She was a fair little thing—pink hair, blonde eyes, fair skin of the Nordic type and a serene cast about the eyelids and chin cleft. She was called Betty McBrayer, a name altogether unfitting, but so she was called and so she is called.

At an early age, her friends and parents discovered that Betty was possessed with an unusual vocal mechanism, enabling her to laugh from the lower diaphragm (which won her many new acquaintances).

"A rare thing" said her parents.

But things went deeper for Betty. Instead of following the usual childhood pursuits of setting fire to the cat, pouring contaminated water in the city reservoir, breaking stink bombs in church and burning cobwebs under the house, little Betty learned to recite Gregorian chants (in 2-4 time), write in the imperfect subjunctive with her left hand, galvanize tires and other useful things that helped her to become a well-rounded individual.

"A rare thing" said the neighbors.

Time came when Betty entered college in the freshman class.

She successfully passed the Orientation Test (a very rare thing) and began organization of the Neo-Platonists, which held annual meetings in solitary confinement in the greenhouse. It was here that she became interested in plant-watching and discovered that chlorophyll makes an excellent drink when mixed with bicarbonate of soda.

"A rare thing" hiccupped Betty.

She soon became the center of a diversified group of friends. There was young Amandus who liked to grow polyps, and Nucleus who lived in a tree-house (she was always late to classes) and Hydranga who couldn't be persuaded to come out from under the bridge in the May Dell ("Interesting girl," said one of her professors. "Has webbed feet and a greenish cast about the lower appendages. A rare thing!").

But all these things began to pall. The pink cloud of Betty's birth began to take on a kind of reddish hue and what with serving Junior breakfasts, unspringing sprung bobble pins, and cornering waterbugs in the smokehouse, young Betty cast aside her refined background and became known as Bedlam Betty or MacBrayer the Mauler. This change came on quite slowly at first. It was first noticed when she began little unobstructive things like, kicking her roommate in the left groin when she attempted to brush her teeth (she had been frightened by a porcupine once) and refusing to eat her spinach.

"A rare thing" said her friends.

Then the change became more overt. She took to pulling up flowers by the roots and making like a nymph in the May Dell. This wouldn't have been so noticeable if she hadn't cried audibly the night You-Know-Who was elected May Queen. After that, she took to putting used tooth picks in the chicken salad which also won her many friends.

Welch

(Continued from page one) of the three men. Carrie, the Negro maid, will be played by Barbara Sheppe.

Dr. Welch found her "real life situation" for Christmas Comes Early right here on Salem Campus. "I was walking away from the Book store one cold afternoon before Christmas," Dr. Welch told me, "and I passed two girls who were practically doubled over with laughter. The girls told me that they were trying to find a picture of a certain girl to send to a lovelorn column. That was my beginning. 'Christmas Comes Early' was the result."

"Christmas Comes Early" will be given in Chapel Hill on March 26. And, calendar permitting, the play

Sweetheart

(Continued from page one) In spite of all this, Gordon has managed to be deemed as a ladies' man. He is really a well-rounded, versatile American boy. As Lady Carolyn said of Lord Byron, Betty Griffin says of our sweetheart, Gordon Tuggle, "He's mad, bad, and dangerous to know", (thank you, Dr. Frank P. Hulme.)

The runner-up for our sweetheart was Mr. A. R. Mosely, father of Anne Mosely. The third place winner was Donald Kinney, who was sponsored by Janice Wear.

will be given in Assembly that same week, so that we can all have an opportunity to see "Christmas Comes Early"—a play of Salemites, for Salem, by a Salem faculty member.

How Modern can Jazz get?

Listen to Skitch Henderson's latest waxing of "CRAZY RHYTHM"—a Capitol Recording ... and you'll know the answer!

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