

Salem Succumbs To Injuries, Talent Show

By Betty Parks

Salem finally emerged from the snow and ice of last week for a few days of spring weather, and already the activity of the campus is taking a new lease on life. A new railing has been put around the entrance to the dining hall to protect the gay young blades of grass, and its almost time for the fountains to be tested and the box-wood court to be weeded. Pretty soon the ivy on Sister's will hide the windows, and the weeping willows will dress things up, for spring fever seems to be cropping up all over campus.

The first evidence of spring fever always seems to show in the Junior class. Last year it was Billy Greene, Sis Hines, and others. This year it's Beth, Dee, Julia and Violeta. Just let the sun shine a few hours, and the juniors will head for the happy hunting ground beside the swimming pool for some rousing games of "London Bridge" and "Hook-On".

Joanne Bell and Julia Moore didn't seem to mind the sun too much—they went sun-bathing on the thirteenth of February, which isn't a bad record considering the fact that Winston-Salem is not located on the equator.

Davidson is, as ever, claiming some of the girls for Mid-Winters this weekend. Joanne Field, Margaret Thomas, Jane Watson, Mar-

ion Watson, Betty Parks, Beth Coursey, Margie Ferrell, Mary Joyce Wilson, Betty Ball, Ellen Bell, Rose Ellen Bowen, Boots Hampton, Carroll Johnstone and heaven only knows who else are taking off for the week-end. For the benefit of Salem girls who hate to hear derisive remarks about their Alma Mater, Jane Watson has been encouraged to take both dancing shoes with her this time, and above all not to go anywhere barefooted.

Speaking of shoes, has anyone missed seeing Lola Dawson's brand new black and white saddles? She's had them six months, trying to get the courage to break them in.

Some people never are too old to catch the mumps. Just ask Sis Hines about Russell—and right here during Valentine week, too. If Sis's jaws start swelling, we'll know the reason why. Too bad Sis and Russell couldn't have a nice long weekend like Jane Hart and Tug. Jane's weekends consist of seven days now.

It seems there have been a few casualties on campus recently—and it's not even hockey season. Ann Sprinkle fell down the steps and now has two big toes on one foot, plus a week's restriction. Emily Warden stepped on Jane Watson's foot. (Jane's feet seem to be the center of interest in

(Continued from page four) last through another play?" philosophized Lee. "How much you reckon we're going to make on this deal? A new curtain will cost five hundred dollars; sure wish somebody would donate—"

"Hey McCarter," yelled Ruby Nell, "tell us about your nightclub act. I'll call in a special director and see that you get correct lighting and the right atmosphere. Push that junk in the corner aside and let's give it a run-through."

"It's a luvly day and the birds are singing tweet and the play's the thing andya gotta hurry with the make-up andit sure is a luvly day," muttered Riegner.

And the poor, pitiful, ragged, trod-upon, mis-used, faded, ripped, tattered, century-old curtain flapped distraughtly, trying to get itself out of the way.

(this column) so now Jane only wears one shoe, which suits her fine! Gray Sydnor had a little affair with the steps too, and Pat Adylett is sporting a cast or visa versa.

Blake Carter is the celebrity of the junior class. She's the sponsor for the Lamba Chi pledge dance at Carolina this weekend, as if just being with Grady wasn't enough.

Here's another \$64 dollar question: What faculty member sent Emily Warden an unsigned Valentine?

The Iuvied Walls Of All Things

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(Continued from page two) escape from this placid haven to the tumultuous but invigorating cataracts outside. Stop and look at the tremendous decrease in numbers in each class from Freshman through Senior years, and realize the full intensity of this rebellion. In those who are left is a complete lack of incentive for work.

Salem has gained the reputation of being a finishing school, and in many ways has merited this classification. It is not only a stop-over between adolescence and the maturity which, we hope, can be obtained after graduation. With all the abundance of knowledge to be sought, the main key is lacking.

The purpose of any college is to give us a clear topographic perception of what lies ahead, but Salem with-holds the clue to life, the way to apply these facts to our place in the world. In this way Salem traps us within its ivy walls so that we, like it, become stagnant and capable of no more than allowing ourselves to be carried in its rapid waters. Here there is no choice of doors to the future to challenge our maturity.

The fear of confusion is not as horrible as the fear of stumbling, helpless, through the wrong door. In deciding to come to college we admit our responsibility to society.

This is the time, 1951, and Salem College is the place, the place to decide our futures. Salem in itself is merely a plot of land and a small group of buildings; it is we—

per has an announcement." Lucy, with the stately charm that befits a May Queen and I. R. S. President, ascended the steps. She placed her books upon the rostrum, adjusted her kerchief, and pulled a roll of parchment from her bathrobe pocket. She had overslept, and so had barely had time to roll up her pajama legs. "I have three announcements", she smiled graciously. "They have to do with chapel conduct. The marshals have requested me to request you not to wear kerchiefs in chapel. My second announcement has to do with books. Please do not bring them into chapel. My third announcement has to do with pajamas. Please don't wear them to breakfast." She bowed, picked up her books, adjusted her kerchief, hitched up her pajama legs and descended from the platform. Shouts of "You done good, Lucy", and "Knock it off" came from her friends and enemies respectively.

Jane rose again. "We have a speaker—". But it was too late. No one was ever to know the name, schools attended or accomplishments of the little man who hid inconspicuously behind his chair while the announcements were being made. For the entire student body had marched out singing their alma mater and headed for Corrin Refectory.

the faculty and student body—who must make it living and worthwhile. Two Freshmen

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON CAMPUS

"Easiest Test in the BOOK"

SMOKE 'EM

BONNIE FROMMER
KANSAS STATE COLLEGE '53

SMELL 'EM

MAKE THE TOBACCO GROWERS MILDNESS TEST YOURSELF...

YES... Compare Chesterfield with the brand you've been smoking... Open a pack... enjoy that milder Chesterfield aroma.

And—tobaccos that *smell milder smoke milder*. So smoke Chesterfields—prove *they do smoke milder*, and they leave **NO UNPLEASANT AFTER-TASTE.**

CHESTERFIELD

LEADING SELLER IN AMERICA'S COLLEGES