

**Bett's Salem**

(Continued from page four)  
 dents receive and post our mail. With hope in my heart, I peeped in through the glass partition of my box. "Empty!" I gasped. "But, no, it's not possible; the glass is soiled; my vision hence impaired; perhaps, were I to open the box—" and with that, trembling, beads of perspiration fairly saturating my brow, I worked the intricate combination dial—first one way and then the other; next, I gave the circular knob a smart twist and pulled the door ajar—what bliss then ensued! The compartment was fairly fraught with sealed epistles! Eagerly I seized them and fingered through them—alas! Every one was addressed to my aerie du piece (as the French would say). Could my heart bear this disappointment?  
 Frenzied, I turned my tortured eyes toward heaven, and this is what I saw; a fleecy cloud drifting gently athwart the azure horizon; a swallow winging drowsily toward Capistrano; a mild breeze softly wafting the slender branches of a bare-limbed tree. "There is peace in nature," said I, "soyez tranquille, mon coeur," (as the gallic race would express it) and with my head high, my chin out and my chest held high and proud. I wandered onward, to Faith and Corrin Refectory (for you see, it was time for dinner!) This eve 'twas fit for a king! And I supped with the air of a queen, for I had found the answer. Indeed, my ease proceeded not from the

good sense it might be imputed to, but from a carelessness of fame and a happy indifference, from a thorough conviction of the vanity of all things. Letters from mere human weaklings, temporal as the letters themselves! Faugh! What care I for these ephemeralities?  
 After I had dined, I retired to the Gentleman's Room, frequented frequently as a Ladies' Room, on the garret floor of Biting Dormitory, to scrutinize my scrofulic distemper once again. Calmly and considerably did I endeavor to speculate upon the nature of the horrid ill, when tout a coup (as Parisiens might say) it hit me (as Americans would say.) When first this calamitous malady made its visitation, the salubrious condition of my health was also at an ebb, and as the hideous rash undulated from bad to worse, my inner parts, also seemed to suffer. I realized that this was a case of MALNUTRITION, pure and simple; for though my bodily proportions faithfully retained their corpulent robustness, I could feel my entrails gradually begin to corrode. "Something must needs be done!", I shrieked, much in the manner of Shelley, as I pounded, wildly up the circular staircase of the modern fireproof edifice. I reached my own apartment breathless, fairly fell before my writing desk and hastily penned a picture postal card to my maternal progenitor, which said simply:  
 My dear Parent:  
 Some hearty victuals, I beseech you!  
 Your wasted and wantin' daughter

**Show Displays**

(Continued from page one)  
 Clinky Clinkscales; Betty Beal with Lee Rosenbloom. Dee sang for an opening "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This was followed by a trio of waitresses—Cammy Lovelace, Rosalyn Fogel and Bennie Joe Michael—singing "East Of The Sun". In the meantime, cigarettes were sold by Joan Mills. Rosalyn concluded the act with "Be My Love" and "You Fascinate Me".

**Clinky Views**

(Continued from page five)  
 shapes of intense colors of red, yellow, orange and blue with neutral shades of brown, grey and black. The overall effect of the picture reminds one of a stained glass window in which can easily be seen five heads. Mr. Trotman is displaying one interesting colage made up of such things as windshield wipers, pieces of metal, screws on a red wooden background. His other pictures are small color crayon drawings.

Now this occurred only a few moments ago; and now, as I sink, gasping audibly, upon my narrow cot, I shall close this my journal for today, and bid Morpheus claim me for his own.

**Dear Editor . . .**

(Continued from page two)  
 column. We feel that the Salemite has used discretion in having occasional columns of this kind.  
 The Salemite doesn't run a movie calendar because it is not the policy of the Salemite to give free advertisement, and the managers of local theatres refuse to pay for advertisement of coming attractions.  
 As for your suggestion that the paper list latest record hits, we recommend that you tune in to "Late Date", Station W. A. I. R., Winston-Salem. Time—10:45 to 12:45, Monday through Friday. We believe this program will keep you well informed.  
 We feel that the terminology, "newsy news" needs an explanation. We notice that there were no concrete suggestions for front page news, just criticism. What would you like?  
 As for the criticism that the editorial page is too literary—an editorial page should present subjects on a level higher than the number of diapers Empty can sell to Karl the carwash King. If average

Salem College students can write them, the rest of us ought to be able to read and understand them.  
 We agree that the Salemite could use more pictures. But pictures cost money. In relation to the amount of money which we pay for this publication and its limited advertising space, it is impossible to print more pictures. This is not the fault of the Salemite.  
 As for the "grammatically correct compositions which sound as if they came from an English class", the Salemite will publish any paper which has a name signed to it. It welcomes contributions.  
 It is true that Day Students are largely disregarded in the paper. We do not exactly know whose fault it is that they are neglected. There is a Day Student representative on the Salemite staff.  
 We, too, are interested in our school paper and in its defense we have written this letter to the editor.

Anne Moseley  
 Cammy Lovelace  
 Clinky Clinkscales

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