

What Is Giving? . . .

What is giving? It can be an unconscious act on the part of the giver whereby he inspires by the tone of his voice, the luster of his eyes or the free gesture of his hand. Giving may be a conscious act.

Giving may be service. Service may be bought. But there occasionally is the "little bit extra" which is neither bought nor expected. But which is offered through the generosity, kindness—whatever you will—of the true giver.

The best example of this type of giving is found on Salem campus. It is outstanding around Christmastime; it is evident throughout the year. It may be seen each time Lily Belle makes up a bed for a rushed senior, every time late sleepers are served breakfast at 8:35 a.m.

It is seen when Harry Lee, or some of the others, offers to hunt up an old issue of the Journal-Sentinel for information to go in a Salemite news story. Miss Anna is always ready to describe life in old Salem when a Salemite feature writer is unable to find the facts on file.

Bright is frequently seen walking from dorm to dorm to make sure telegrams are delivered personally. The dining hall staff was willing to give coffee and lend cups and saucers to the 14-hour copywriting shift in the annual office.

Whether it is making booths for the Pierrette carnival, tightening leaky water spigots, taking the squeak out of closet doors or just stopping by the Salemite office on Wednesday afternoons to cheer up the staff, Mr. Gorsuch can always find plenty of the "little extra things" to keep him busy.

Whether you know each member of the staff individually or not, you may always be assured of a sincere smile and friendly "hello" whenever you meet one of them.

Little things? Yes, if you call friendliness, helpfulness and sincerity little things.

Cooperation Needed . . .

Last spring when the President's workshop met in the Friendship Rooms in Strong, the group discussed co-ordinating activities of the various campus groups. Lack of planned entertainment caused our long-awaited dances to fail. Girls felt that it was senseless to ask a boy to come a long distance to a dance lasting only a few hours. The workshop recommended that the campus groups work together to plan long week-ends for the formal dances.

This year, in cooperation with the new plan, the Pierrettes are presenting a Winter Carnival on Saturday afternoon. Saturday night the I. R. S. sponsors the formal Christmas dance.

To extend the week-end, Dicken's "Christmas Carol" will be read Sunday afternoon in Memorial Hall and Senior Vespers will be held Sunday evening.

The success of this experiment of planned entertainment depends upon our support. The organizations have worked hard decorating and planning the activities, and we should show our appreciation and approval by attending the functions.

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Managing Editor Eleanor MacGregor
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It's

Christmas!

Red holly berries

And green wreaths

Cover doors and mantles.

Red stockings are hung.

Greeting cards fill the boxes,

And Christmas trees are trimmed.

The rosy-checked children go caroling,

Ear-muffs and scarves to keep themselves warm.

Last minute Christmas shoppers mob the stores,

And children's noses flatten against the windows.

Others at home play around brightly lighted trees . . .

Crush colored ornaments that fall from green limbs . . .

The warm fragrance of browning cookies lingers everywhere,

While the aged servant in the kitchen prepares them.

And on Christmas eve, every church in town is overflowing . . .

Morning brings presents, and floors covered with paper and ribbon

Happy children play—boys shoot pistols—girls hug new dolls close

And the Spirit of Christmas is everywhere . . . wishing everyone to have

A

VERY

MERRY

CHRISTMAS!

Dear Papa . . .

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa:

Citizen Truman is reported as being angry and hurt over the graft, fraud and bribery that's been a-going on in the Justice Department and the tax-collecting Bureau of Internal Revenue. Take herat, Mister President. Just take a look at the history of our country. There's been trouble about taxes ever since the colonial days. The only difference is that this time it's the Americans that are in the wrong, not the British.

Speaking of England, I noticed where they were planning to pay us back some of the money they've borrowed. Some small sum of \$176,200,000. They owe us \$14,350,000,000 and owe Canada \$1,185,000,000. Good heavens, Papa, I can't even count that high.

The Defense Department has announced that the battle casualties

in Korea now add up to 102,577. I've been thinking, Papa. That's more boys than there are people in the whole town of Winston-Salem.

I see where an editor of a paper decided Washington didn't treat Princess Elizabeth quite right. They didn't give her the keys to the city. I don't agree with him, Papa. In the first place, judging from the way people have been carrying stuff off up there, I doubt that they've got anything locked up—except those records the investigation is trying to git. In the second place I don't think the Princess would find much left, even if she did have a key.

Well, it's beginning to look like its going to be Truman and Taft in the election. In that case, it's going to be hard to decide which one to vote against.

Your ever lov'in daughter,
Anne

Dec. 25 Across The Sea

By Peggy Chears

Christmas in the United States is a time when all customs and religions stand on a common ground. Christmas trees can be seen through the windows of each home, and stockings are being hung on the mantle. The message of the angel can be heard in many places of worship as the choirs sing "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men".

The message of the angel is related by men all over the world in different ways. The Danish call Christmas "Jul", the English have fanfares of pageantry. The Germans decorate the tannebaum, and the Dutch await Saint Nicholas.

In Italy the people praise the Blessed Virgin, and in Norway the Norwegians prepare foods and crafts. The Polish perform the nativity play, the Russians sing their native music and the Swedish join in a torchlight procession.

The Danish Christmas is known as the season of "Jul". The strongest character in the Danish childhood memories is the "Jul-Nisse", who is the benevolent little man of the attic. Though he is a member of the household, no one sees him but the family cat. Christmas Eve, before going to bed, the Danish children place a bowl of porridge and a pitcher of milk at the attic entrance. The next morning the food has always been eaten.

The English Christmas is ushered in with flourishes and fanfares of pageantry. Throughout the bleak English countryside, the Yule log is kindled with a brand from the Yule log of the previous year, and Wassail, the spiced ale, is made. The Spirit of Giving is made manifest in the distribution of the Christmas puddings to the poorer

folk of the neighborhood.

The German contributions to the joyous Christmas season are many. Out of the Norse Myths emerged the Fir Tree called the "Tannebaum." The tree is decorated in utmost secrecy and not revealed until Christmas Eve. One of the German's greatest contributions to the Christian world is the immortal carol by Father Josef Mohr, "Stille Nacht, Hertege Nacht."

The Netherland's Christmas is dedicated to the spirit of giving on Saint Nicklass Avond—the Eve of Saint Nicholas, December 5.

The country, of the Eternal City, Italy, puts on its most joyous robes and greatest music to celebrate the Christmas Mass. Shepherds come down from the mountains into Rome and perform on their pipes and pastoral flutes at the Shrines of the Blessed Virgin. The Christmas decorations are not the familiar evergreens of the North, but beautiful flowers.

Mexico has beautiful white lilies and Spanish moss as forms of Christmas decorations of the most colorful land. The Christmas Day begins with a Midnight Mass of great beauty, music and flowers. The children's joy is the "Pinata" which is a jar filled with good things. The children strike the jar and scramble for the spilled contents.

Norway's Christmas begins in the home many weeks before — all housework is completed, crafts executed, and the various foods prepared. The cattle are given extra fodder, the farm beast are tended, and the birds are given the utmost in remembrance.

Poland gives the world a beautiful festival in the spiritual values. (Continued on page 10)



By Jean Calhoun

It was so tiny and made of wax, and I remember it. It was little Lord Jesus, who belonged with our nativity scene. It was quite old and valuable to Mother and Daddy because it had been in our Christmas decorations for so many years.

I liked it because it was little Lord Jesus, because it was so cute and, incidentally, because none of the other little boys and girls near me had one like it. Teaser liked it for a reason he never explained. Teaser is my toy-fox terrier.

He began as a toy-fox terrier with one name—Dopey. As he outgrew his pedigree his name doubled, tripled and became Dopey, Fido, Teaser, Sneaser, Skippy, Spotty, Toby, Junior. We never called him by his full name unless he did something very bad.

Well, Teaser liked Baby Jesus. Teaser liked Baby Jesus too well. The Sunday before Christmas I remember coming in the side door and hearing Mother saying "—Skippy, Spotty, Toby, Junior." I knew MY dog had done something awful. My dog had devoured Baby Jesus and was looking around for more; and our nativity scene was minus its main figure.

And I remember the first Christmas Mother let me help with decorating the windows. There was a rather large window in the den and Mother thought MERRY CHRISTMAS scribbled in my childish hand would look nice from the outside.

She gave me the paint brush and the paint and told me to be careful to write plainly enough that it could be read from the street. I was careful and even copied the letters from an old Christmas card. I finished and went outside to survey my handiwork and found written, oh so carefully, on the window, "SAMTSIRHC YRREM".

And then there was the Christmas Daddy told me that Billy, my brother, was going to get a log cabin set. I remember lying in my bed and thinking how badly I wanted a set for myself.

I got up and went into the living room, turned on the Christmas tree lights and found my present and Billy's. They were the same size. I switched the tags. All went well and I was so happy with the thoughts of the nice log cabin set I was going to get. Christmas morning came, and Billy didn't like the cute little tea set that was in the box marked, "Billy." We had to exchange.

I remember the first year they let me give the Christmas presents out from under the tree at Grandmother's. My grandmother is named Belle and my daddy—Bill. I thought the names were the same, so Grandmother got all her presents together with those marked Bill. Imagine how my relatives laughed when Grandmother opened her packages—ties, shirts, cuff links and after shaving lotion!! I cried.

One year during the war we had trouble with the tree. It wanted to fall forward because all the lights and decorations were on the front side. Daddy had made a wooden support for it, but that didn't work. "Go out in the yard and get a brick or a stone and we'll put that on the support in the back to balance the weight," Mother said to me.

It was very cold. I tripped over the hatchet lying on the back porch. The hatchet was as heavy as a brick; I wouldn't have to go outside—my problem was solved. Mother was in the den so I weighted the back of the tree with the hatchet, put the cotton around the base, placed the gifts and the nativity scene — minus Baby Jesus — around the tree and thought, "Fine".

—Two days later we decided to roast marshmallows and pop corn in the open fire in the den. We wanted a wood fire. Mother sent Billy out to cut some wood. He came back and asked where the hatchet was? I knew, but I didn't tell.

I would always put cake and coffee out for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve so that he would rest awhile, eat and leave lots of presents. One night my physical appetite conquered my desire for material gains, and I ate the cake before Santa got there. Mother and Daddy told me Christmas day that I shouldn't have done it. I wonder how they knew I ate that cake—do you suppose Santa told them?