

It's Christmas

Everybody's in a rush—a big rush—and some of us are frantic.

Tests to be taken in political thought, Shakespeare, music history, European history, and term papers to be finished. Will these woes never cease? Will there ever be time?

The girls won't help serve at the midnight snack. And we're going to have too much food left over because nobody will buy the tickets. Guess they don't believe that old adage about getting to a fellow's heart through his stomach.

And Vespers are coming up soon, and we have to practice two hours for that! Sometimes, that "Morning Star's" five points are a little bent. And where is that white dress coming from this time of year?

Nobody seems to want to go to the Christmas Ball Saturday night. Some say it's so stiff and formal that you can't twirl and twirl; you have to turn a square corner. How will I ever turn a square corner in those silver sandals?

And our pockets are so near empty! Where is all the money coming from for the orphanage party, the employees fund, the Christmas lists, and gifts to the family?

There's so much to do before the Christmas banquet. Will those place cards be finished, and where is the Senior poem, and will Santa make himself heard over the general hub-bub of the crowd?

I've not heard from Richard. You don't suppose he would let me down this late and not show up for the dance? He wouldn't, he couldn't! Not after all I've been to him; after I knitted him that pair of argyles.

Ah! but it's Christmas! He will come, and we'll dance and dance 'til I'm dizzy Saturday night. And the lights will just spin by, and all I'll be able to see will be a blur of colored lights.

And afterwards, I'm going to take Richard to the snack and fill him up on ham biscuits—for a little while anyway.

I've got to run up town and buy that sweater for 'my orphan'. Time is short, and I must find the right size.

I won't have to study too much for that test. I've read my assignments all along, so I'll just give it a short review.

Think I'll try to attend Vespers Sunday, too. The smell of beeswax just fills Memorial Hall to the last pew, and the scent clings to your fingers.

The Choral Ensemble has been practicing "For Unto Us A Child Is Born,"—the most beautiful cantata. Really moving, and the Ensemble did it so well yesterday in chapel.

Mrs. Gramley has the Moravian star hanging on the porch. No matter how hard the wind blows, it stays. Just swings with the wind, throwing it's light into the night.

And Sisters' have candles in the windows on Church Street, and there's greenery around the door at Brothers' House.

I can't wait to hear the kitchen staff sing at the banquet. And there will be holly on the table and candlelight.

Then there will be caroling around campus by the seniors. The strains of "O Come All Ye Faithful" will just hang on the cold black air. And girls will stumble on the bricks, laugh and just keep on singing.

It's here!

Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a good night!



EDITOR'S NOTE: This cartoon is a reprint of one run several years ago.

Letters

Dear Faculty,

At the meeting of the President's Forum we discussed the problem of the full schedule during the period between Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

We would like to list the social activities that we are going to want to be a part of and request that you keep these in mind when assigning tests and extra work during this time.

1. Orphanage party given by the "Y" and participated in by most of the student body.
2. Christmas Dance given by I. R. S.
3. Christmas Vespers given by Senior Class and Sophomore Class.
4. Christmas dinner given by the Sophomore Class.

We feel that Christmas at Salem plays a large part in an education at Salem. We have cut as many activities that we feel we can without cutting the activities that make Christmas at Salem meaningful.

We feel that tests under such conditions do not represent the best quality of our work, for we do not have the amount of time to study properly.

President's Forum

A letter to the students:

What is wrong with student support of extra-curricular activities on campus this year? Where is the Salem spirit of which Mr. Britt and Dr. Gramley speak so proudly? Why are the girls not participating in the activities which their own student organizations—such as the Athletic Association, the Pierrettes,

the "Y", and the I. R. S.—promote?

By simply examining the various activities of our organizations and the support which they received, it is obvious that an indifference to such activities is growing on this campus.

One of the chief functions of the Athletic Association here at Salem is to promote intramural competition between the classes in sports. Yet the Junior class did not participate in the hockey competition this fall and the freshmen were forced to forfeit a volleyball game because there were not enough girls to make up either team.

With the exception of the Seniors, the turn out for class teams has been very low this year. Do Salemites not want to have intramural competition in sports?

This lack of interest in student activities appeared again in the absence of Salemites in the audience of the Pierrettes' play. The girls in the Pierrettes spent a period of eight weeks in preparation for the play, and only about one fourth of the student body came to see it. Are the students at Salem not interested in dramatic productions?

Still another organization is feeling the lack of positive response from Salemites. The Christmas project of the "Y" is to give Christmas gifts to the colored orphanage. The "Y" cabinet was turned down by many students in their request for presents for the children. Half the student body has failed to give a few articles so that

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A Midnight Snack

By Mary Anne Raines

In days long gone by a wise person once said,
 "To win a man's heart you must use your head.
 If you want to be romanced, courted and wooed,
 Stuff your beloved with plenty of food."
 No words could be truer than those up above
 So remember them well, when you're looking for love.
 Now the Senior class hopes you'll each get your man
 And so they've devised an ingenious plan.
 At the I. R. S. dance this Saturday night,
 You'll dance away the hours 'till the stroke of midnight.
 Now think of your date after all of that dancing,
 On an empty stomach, will he feel like romancing?
 Bring him on over to the midnight snack
 We'll fill him with food, then give him back.
 At the Day Student Center, from twelve until one,
 There'll be lots of food and plenty of fun.
 It's one dollar a couple to attend this affair,
 But what's one little dollar when love's in the air!
 So come on girls and don't miss your chance
 This may be the snack which starts that romance.

Adv.



By Jo Smitherman

I was fifteen. And it was this same time of year. Almost Christmas.

Dad said, "Now let's don't put the tree up too early. The heat from the furnace will dry it out and we'll have a fire on our hands."

But with Sunday dinner just finished and the dishes washed, we couldn't be bargaining with.

So we piled into the car. Dad drove us to the country and visited with the farmer while we looked for a tree.

Dodging the ruts frozen over with ice, we ran down the tobacco-sled path through the wood. All along we peered through the tall pines for a cedar. "Just this high," I instructed my little brother, "so we can put the star on top and its point won't quite reach the ceiling."

We pulled long strands of running cedar and hung them around our necks while we surveyed the holly tree. It was all leaves and no berries, but we tenderly whittled off several of its branches anyway.

The tree itself was the perfect size. And so thick and green that, on my hands and knees, I had to chop and chop to make it fall. We found another one nearby and I whacked it down, too—just in case we needed it.

Our hands and feet were numb when we dragged what Dad called half the forest up to the car. I ran back down the road to get the hatchet we left. And when I returned, panting, the trees were fastened in the trunk and the cedar and holly were spread in the back floorboard. It was almost dark.

We took off our shoes and curled our feet up in the back seat so we wouldn't crush the cedar and holly.

The next Christmas, when I was sixteen, Dad said, "Why don't we just buy a tree this year downtown? They're just as good as we can find in the country."

I had begun to have Sunday-night dates; so, feeling I shouldn't risk leaving the telephone alone on Sunday afternoon, I agreed. My little brother, outvoted, went down the street to play carom with his friends.

So on Monday—of all days to get a Christmas tree—Dad and I went to town. And we bought a Christmas tree for a dollar. Or maybe it was two dollars. It was a pretty good tree—a little thin. But the farmer said they were all thinner than usual that year.

He was a tall farmer with rough hands and a plaid jacket over his overalls. The running cedar and holly he sold us were already shaped into a wreath with a big red bow and two bells.

We hung the wreath on the door and decorated the tree. It had already been cleaned around the bottom to fit a Christmas tree stand. We didn't use a hatchet the whole time. And the ribbon we used to make a wreath every year stayed on the shelf in the closet.

This year I want to use the ribbon. I want to take my little brother, now as big as I am, and go down into the country on Sunday afternoon.

We'll run down the path, dodge the icy ruts, pull up running cedar, and gather berry-less holly. And we'll chop down our own Christmas tree—two for good measure.

I can't tie a professional bow on the wreath. But somehow, any other way is just not the same.

The Salemite

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