

Letters Con't.

(Continued from page two)

eighty-six children won't have a Christmas without gifts. Do Sailemites consider such projects of the "Y" worthless?

In anticipation of further lack of support of a campus activity, the I. R. S. is afraid that a lot of girls are not going to attend the dance tomorrow night. As in the Pierrettes, much time, effort and money has been spent in making a dance or a play on campus possible.

Yet there are rumors that many girls aren't coming to the dance. Are the majority of the Salem students uninterested in having such a function on campus?

Many explanations for the lack of support of extra-curricular activities this year can be pointed out. The Juniors were involved in their production of the Junior Follies during the hockey season; the Pierrette production had mediocre publicity on campus this fall; and the "Y" orphanage party comes at a time when we are all low on funds. But I think these explanations are excuses to cover up a general indifference to the activities sponsored by student organizations.

The organizations want to know what is wrong. If we don't think their projects are worth the time and effort, there is no need for such organizations on campus. But I cannot believe that we do not want to have such things as team competition, dramatic productions, a share in "Y" projects or dances here at Salem.

If we do want these activities, we must support them. In working together in extra-curricular activities and supporting them we can maintain the spirit of Salem which has apparently lagged this year. It is time for Sailemites to take notice of student activities going on around them and to decide whether they want them here at Salem or not.

Sandra Whitlock

A Tragedie In Olde Salem

BY DONALD CALDWELL

ACT I

TIME: *Seven-thirtye—most anye Mondaye nighte.*

PLACE: *Basemente Bitting—(The roome is silente and deserted).*

Enter one downecaste Herald (who ye may recognize as Jayne Lyttle) bearing huge trumpet. She blowes loude and long. Nothing happens. She produces scrolle and reades.

HERALD: *Hear ye! Hear ye! Atte seven-thirtye of the klokke, ye Presidyent's Forume is to holde in this roome their fourthe meetinge in an attempte to discusse the problems of the varyiouse problems of youre organizations. Hear ye! Hear ye!*

She blows more loude blaste. Nothinge happens. She rereades scrolle ande begins to looke nervous. Seven-fortie—enter three mere shadowes of human begins. Theye are emaciated and toilworne. They dragge themselves slowly into the roome, one from sheere exhaustion fallinge to the floore.

FIRST FORM: *Ah!*

SECOND FORM, *seeing Herald:* *Ah, there you are!*

THIRD FORM (*stille on the floore*) *to Herald:* *Prithee speak quickly, Payrie Mistress, ere I die.*

HERALD: *But ye other memberes? Fayre Francine Pytts?*

FIRST FORM: *Loyalle member she is! To finde players for her games she is out shoutyng on yon campuse.*

HERALD: *Ande Betseye' Brandonne Lyles?*

SECOND FORM: *Alas, in sade wante of cotype she has writ til her arme is paralyzede.*

HERALD: *But Anne Myxone?*

FIRST FORM: *She is stille countyng the emptye seats at her laste productione.*

HERALD: *Ah, surely, Sayra Outlande?*

SECOND FORM: *She is oute beggyng for her little forgotten orphanes.*

HERALD: *Fayre Bobbye Kusse?*

SECOND FORM: *Alack! She has juste hanged herselfe in the Christmas decorationes.*

HERALD: *Even Sandyra Whylocke?*

FIRST FORM: *She hase begun to toaste the weinies for the Junior-Senior classe feaste in the spryng.*

HERALD: (*sadly*): *Then you three be the onlye ones who can attende. But you—you are so changed. Pray, who may ye be?*

FIRST FORM: *I? I was once the buxom lassie, Sue Jonyes, but, by the hair of me grandfather, no one will obeye the rules and I have pynd awaye.*

HERALD: *And you?*

SECOND FORM: *I am Marye Anne Raynes, the victime of a sade accident. I became so thyn, after worryng aboute monyes for my pageante, that, upon bathyng myselfe I nearlye slipped downe yon draine. Since then I have never regained my former goode health.*

THIRD FORM: (*who withe a supreme efforte has started crawlinge across the floore:*) *Nay, nay do notte hinder me. I see in yon cornor a penny.*

She crawles near, ande her hande almoste graspes the coin when, overcome by wearinesse, she faintes away.

HERALD (*glancing at prostrate bodye*): *Who was she?*

FIRST FORM: *'Twas Bettye Lynne Wylson.*

HERALD: *'Tis sade—but now to the business of the daye. Itte is withe manye regretes that I informe you thate, due to a lapse of memory on my parte, we hahve missed our chance. Oure students are playing brydge ande somkyng.*

The two forms falle over deade.

(CURTAINE)

New filter cigarette brings flavor back to filter smoking!

WINSTON



Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should!

Now there's a filter smoke college men and women can really enjoy! It's Winston, the new, king-size, filter cigarette with real flavor—full, rich, tobacco flavor!

You're bound to enjoy Winston's finer flavor. And you're sure to appreciate Winston's finer filter. This exclusive filter is unique, different, truly superior! It works so effectively—yet doesn't "thin" the taste. Winstons are king-size for extra filtering action. Easy-drawing, too—there's no effort to puff!

Try a pack of Winstons—the filter cigarette that brings flavor back to filter smoking!

WINSTON... the easy-drawing filter cigarette!



FINER FILTER!

FINER FLAVOR!

KING SIZE, TOO!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.