

Christmas Spirit Seizes Salem Children, 3-21

Salemites Tell Their Negative Wishes For Yuletide Gifts

By Mickey Clemmer and Barbara Durham

A recent poll, "What don't you want for Christmas?" met with the following answers:

Becky Keel—"A Baby Brother"

Ann Siler—"Trip to Bermuda without David."

Derry Jo Hardage—"A copy of Salem's Alma Mater."

Martha McClure—"Money to pay my tuition second semester."

Virginia White—"Shaft."

Kay Hannon—"The unusual earrings."

Jean Humphrey—"New convertible."

Mary Curtis Wrike—"Out-to-lunch zorch gun."

Jane Bridges—"Bottle of corn juice."

Margie Holland—"Beads."

Anne Summerell—"A dear John."

Barclay Ball—"More Bermudas."

Anne Fordham—"To stay here"

Martha Ann Kennedy—"More long royal purple arrows."

Mary Hadley Fike—"Another drink."

Martha Lackey—"Another wisdom tooth."

Martha Thornburg—"I don't want to see the Catacombs."

Sarah Pate—"I don't want anything that's not Bob."

Ann Campbell—"I don't want any Bermuda shorts."

Bebe Boyd—"I don't want Tommy flying a Fury Jet at Cherry Point Christmas."

Betty Morrison—"I don't want 'Rock' to join the Foreign Legion."

Jody Meilicke—"I don't want to see Santa kissing anybody but 'Mommy'."

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The Christmas Dilemma Of A Ten-Year-Old

By Mary Avera

The second stanza of "Auld Lang Syne" died away. It was all over. Another Christmas season began and ended with the same familiar refrain.

What was more significant about this Christmas? Had I not received a cuddly, baby doll in pink lace finery? Had cranberry sauce and turkey? And unwrapped presents in crisp Christmas paper? And then I remembered that day in November.

The day was November 10, 1944. It was dreary, cloudy day and the rain was coming down in a mist with occasional torrents. I was ten years old and, like the usual ten-year-old, was very hard to pull out of bed in the mornings. As my mother yelled, I slowly put my feet on the hardwood floor and slipped out of my bed. With one eye open I began my morning rituals.

These rituals consisted of trying to braid my fourteen-inch pigtails, putting on my plaid pleated skirt, and finally swishing the brush across my teeth one and a half times.

The smell of ham came from the kitchen and I knew that breakfast was being served, as the fourth bellow from the kitchen bounced on my earbuds. Being at last half awake, I walked into the kitchen. The usual, aimless chatter began and ended my meal. I was going to be late for school and why didn't I ever get up when she called me.

I went up to my room to make up my bed. As I was thinking about it in a daze, I wondered who was standing on the horn on the outside. After tugging my sheet one time I realized it must be Bo (the boy I hate because he won't give me the marbles when I win them) and his mother, who take me to school every morning.

I hit every other step going out and tripped into the car with my umbrella hung on the outside. After we retrieved my umbrella, we rode on to school. Bo talked about the picture he saw yesterday; I talked about my geography project.

After we splashed up to the schoolhouse, we were greeted by a small clandestine group of boys who pulled Bo off to one side. I followed some girls into my fourth grade classroom. There was a hushed whispering rippling through the room. I was curious so I asked my best friend to tell me what was causing the whispering.

As she began to explain in a low voice, a peach-size lump came into my throat; I wanted to hear more and to run at the same time. Tears

Faculty Juniors Make Many Requests In Notes To Santa

By E. L. Fin
North Pole Correspondent

Have you written your letter to Santa Claus yet? Perhaps you haven't, but the children of the faculty have.

In case you can't get too inspired by yourself, maybe they can help you.

Dear Santa Claus,
I want A Tiny Tears, and a Bicycle, a cooking set, and a toy stove.

I love you
Jean Peterson
First Grade
Age 6

Baby Carriage
Baby Doll
Roy Rodems (Rogers) Barn Gun
Dody Africa
Davy Crockett at the Alamo
Tiny tears—cries—wets—blows, bubbles—baby
High chair
Doll carriage
Doll house furniture
Christine Elizabeth Africa
2383 Ardmore Terrace
Apt. D.

Send this on to Santa
P.S: SOS Message

Dear Santa Claus,
Thank you for all the things you brought me last year. I liked the castle most. We used it when we were studying about knights at our Cub Scout meeting. This year I want a Roy Rogers Ranch, a 24 inch English bicycle, some leather gloves and a model battleship. We will leave some cookies for you. If you wake me up I'll help you eat them.

Love,
David Melvin

Dear Santa,
This is what I want for Christmas. A Doll, a toy sewing machine, and a paint set, I have been a good girl most of the time. I am seven years old.

From Sharon Wendt
(Continued on Page Four)

filled up my eyes, but didn't commence to trickle down my face (for I hated for people to see me cry). I wanted my mother to take me in her arms and tell me that it was not true.

I wandered over to my seat when the teacher entered the room. The bell rang; we were all seated. School that day had no meaning for me, for all I could think of was what Ann had told me. My lunch, so neatly packed by mother, remained that way except for a few small nibbles.

The bell rang again, and I slowly got up to take my place in line to march out. Mother would be there waiting for me. She was there, as everyday, but I didn't want to see her. I didn't say much on my way home.

Slamming the car door, I ran to my room. I even forgot to slip down on the scatter rug that I always tripped on when racing around the house. In my room I threw myself on my bed and sobbed. Mother heard me crying and came to comfort me. But I could not tell her what was wrong. I didn't want her to know because I didn't want to see my mother cry.

At last I went to sleep, a rest-

less sort of sleep full of vivid dreams. When I awoke, I had resigned myself to facing the awful reality.

As the last refrains of "Auld Lang Syne" resounded, I began taking the blue and silver Christmas balls of the small, brown, withering tree. I could think about it now minus that once sickening feeling on the November day.

I was almost eleven now (getting to be a big girl) and I would have to face more Christmas's without Santa Claus.

Carrie's Christmas

By Anne Miles

Carrie was sitting alone in the basement of the dorm, staring blankly at the textbooks which were staring back at her. She, Carrie, was a tall Salemite with brown eyes, thick brown lashes and a temporary air of indifference about her. She just couldn't get her mind on her lessons tonight.

It was the night before Christmas holidays and she just couldn't concentrate—Honestly! Some teachers just had no Christmas spirit at all—homework the day before a holiday! It was already 12:15 a.m. and she was getting sleepier by the minute.

Suddenly she heard a faraway jingling noise which reminded her of all the Christmas stories her mother had read to her when she had been young. Goodness! It used to be nice back then to have a few minutes to read Christmas stories.

Right now, though, Carrie could think of nothing less interesting and more time-consuming than to read about Santa Claus, Christmas trees, presents, and reindeer. Well, maybe it wouldn't be quite that bad, but who had time?

There was that jingling again—it gave her a kind of warm feeling and made her think about red and green decorations and fruit cake. The jingling grew louder and louder and she heard heavy footsteps. The next few seconds were a series of scratching, scramblings, and, suddenly, in front of the chimney stood a round, jolly man with laughing blue eyes, all dressed in red.

"Why—why, you look like the pictures of Santa Claus," Carrie said, amazed.

"Ho—ho", was the answer.

"But—you aren't real! You're just a children's story hero", Carrie stated, matter-of-factly.

Another loud chuckle emerged from behind the white beard wiggling above the red suit.

"All right, then, if you are Santa Claus, what are you doing here at Salem?"

"Why I came to cheer you up!"

"But," replied Carrie, "Santas don't do things like that! They bring presents to children!"

Then the red suit moved toward a couch and spread itself there. "Everyone's a child at heart, little one," rumbled Santa.

"I'm certainly no child", Carrie stated coolly. "I'm a mature college woman—uh, where's your bag of toys?"

Ignoring the first statement, Santa replied, "I didn't bring my toys. It's too soon to start delivering them—this is a special mission to bring Christmas cheer to you."

"Oh," was the weak reply from an overwhelmed Carrie.

"Tell me, now, what's bothering you—maybe I can help—"

"Well, Santa, I'm just not in the

Christmas spirit. You know, with homework and packing to do—I can't seem to get in the swing of things."

"Is that all?" inquired Santa.

"As a matter of fact, no—you see, I think I'm a little too old for Christmas, to tell you the truth. I mean, after all, I'm Carrie Heath, a college woman, you know!"

"Ho, ho! If that's your problem, Carrie," soothed Santa, "Then, just make up your mind to relax and enjoy yourself! Don't you hang up a stocking each year at Christmas, and put up a tree and give presents?"

Three affirmative nods answered his questions.

"Well, then, if you hang up a stocking, you must not be too old, and if you put up a tree, you are joining in with the Christmas spirit."

The puzzled look which had occupied Carrie's face finally broke into a wide grin of honest defeat. She liked Santa and she liked Christmas.

Santa grinned back and in a flash was gone, amidst more jingling bells.

The jingling continued and turned into a slowly pulsing jangle—Carrie's head popped up. The alarm clock, which she had set, in case she went to sleep over her books, was giving out its last effort to wake her.

She had been dreaming—but, hadn't Santa been here—or had he? Remembering his jolly laugh and crinkling eyes, Carrie smiled happily as she had in her dream and picked up her books and clock.

As she snuggled under her green plaid blanket, she thought of all the things she would get in her red stocking when she got home—

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