The Salemite

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"LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY"

(*Thanks due to Dr. Anscombe*)

"Eighteen of the thirteen colonies were royal."

"Samson was born under the condition that he should never shave his head."

"The crown only passes through a *mail* line."

"Privileges of the clergy: Freedom from marriage."

"All the harbors of any value are along the coast, and there are many such harbors."

"Paul first went to Jerusalem on business."

"Events during Reign of Henry VIII: Was sick during period of Henry VIII."

"Henry VIII married a number of women because he wished to have a male son."

"Mohammed believed that there was no God but God and that Mohammed was his brother."

"Explain, 'the king can do no wrong'. He does not have enough rights to do wrong."

"William II was found dead while hunting with an arrow in his heart."

"The English Parliament can do almost everything except turn a man into a woman or a woman into a man."

"A grasshopper is divided into three parts, posterior, anterior and bacteria."

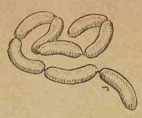
"Solomon had four hundred wives and three hundred porcupines."

"The Indians burned the white men for steak."

"In writing conversation you put each person in a different paragraph."

"Space between bones is filled with mucilige."

"It is the duty of the governor to beg all pardons and fill all the seats in the House."



JUDY

Who, who has not seen that little black ball of fur scampering blithefully around the campus and playfully tugging away at a chance shoe string or pursuing some victim and attacking his lower limbs with sufficient force to completely knock him off his feet or cause such antagonism that a swift kick is given the trouble maker.

But of course I know you have seen this little scamp for is she not the very life and joy of Salem College? Ah, yes, me! Who, you say? Well, a little love of a cocker spaniel.

Now you canine lovers having been properly introduced to our little pet, hear the history of said animal. Two years ago Judy, the designated title, was born in Philadelphia. You have always heard about Philadelphia being historically famous and just now the reason was revealed to you. Why, oh why, could not Winston-Salem, or any other thriving city, have the great honor bestowed upon it—being called by historians, "The birthplace of Judy, in the year of our Lord, 1929." But no—Philadelphia it is. So weep if you will but read on you must!

To New York Judy went with a side partner named Punch. (No you match-makers, there was no romance.) But, hold, the climax of this touching story awaits you!

This loving pup traveled later with Miss Foreman, a beloved faculty member of Salem College. Thank your stars, you lovers of the mighty, for had not Judy come to a member of our faculty we would have been deprived the unspeakable pleasure of knowing and yes, loving Judy. I might say, "dear Judy." I will say, "dear Judy."

It cannot be said that we admire no-accounts. For listen if you will, kind people, to the tastes, pleasures and honored positions to which Judy aspires. Firstly (I love that word, correct or not, because it adds such color, think not so?) Miss Judy (May I call you Miss?) has for her itinerary Durham and Asheville, her favorite places, if you please! And secondly, Judy (becoming more informal) is a member of the Home Economics Club at Asheville. And lastly, this lovely black haired damsel has for her favorite sports—squirrel and cat hunting (a little cut-up, I'd call it).

But, my dears, let me tell you! She had an unfortunate experience with a cat this past summer. Oh, this is killing me! She met a cat named Ophelia and he nearly ruined her by scratching her (he done her wrong!)

But, alack and alas, she has forgotten that little adventure and her ambition, which takes up a good deal of time, is to learn to climb trees and chase squirrels.

If I tell you a secret, you won't tell? Well, Mr. Curlee, me thinks, is an ardent admirer (I blush!)

And now to end a delightful narrative such as this with a sad thought is almost too much for me but I am doomed. I see no other way but to tell you. So courageously she states, "Judy is having her tonsils removed." Flowers, fellow-sufferers, may be sent to the Book Store and black-eyed susans are preferred. Not being particular but a case of knowing one's own mind.

The Y. W. C. A. is still continuing the campaign for funds and along with the subscriptions various plans of raising money have been planned.

Christmas cards will be sold which are most attractive, having the "Salem" seal on them. They will be sold at a very low price and everyone is urged to buy these Christmas cards. Do not select any others!

Checque and Double Checque

Margaret Long

The hitherto happiest couple in Frankfort was not so happy, Janie and Dale Hunter were as far apart as the narrow seat of the taxi, slinging words to left and right with undue accuracy, and engaging in a revolution that would make the Russian affairs look sick.

"And furthermore, Dale Hunter," cried his wife, "its my own personal business if I want to put my checques in butter dishes. Just because I forgot where I put the last one you needn't think you can tell me where to put this one."

"But, Janie, the safe—"

"Fiddlesticks" and Mrs. Dale Hunter alighted swiftly and trailed her skirts up the flagstone walk to their home.

The old clock in the hall was striking four when the latch key turned in the lock. A bad time for a red-headed woman with a corresponding temper to be coming in at odds with her husband. The situation was not so good.

One small light burned in Dale's dressing room up stairs, one lone inhabitant stood in the middle of the floor surrounded by a confusion of odds and ends.

"Well," said the lone inhabitant to himself, "the family's returning, I'd better go; too bad I can't speak to them; I'll bet they're nice; they are such nice stuff." And he prepared to go, picking up gold bottle tops and curious knicknacks that happened to strike his fancy.

Janie gave one glance toward the door, then prepared for bed.

"Maybe Dale was right," she thought, "I'll just go in and tell him I'm sorry," and crossing the room, she tried the knob. The door was locked so she called softly. "Dale," no answer, "Dale, Dale," still no answer.

"So she thinks I'm Dale," thought Alfred and he continued to pick his boot with greatest care.

Janie thus enraged by the seeming insult roved around the room like a maniac.

"He would, the cad, lock me out of my own house, make me humble myself before him, then not pay any attention, the worm!" A good sized pillow hit the door and Alfred jumped back involuntarily.

"My word she 'as a temper."

The front door banged; a snap and the light went on in the hall down stairs. So that was Dale, just coming in, not the man in this room. Who was he then, a burglar? More than likely; cold shivers ran up and down her spine. A burglar locked in the same room with her thousand dollar checque there in an old butter dish. She would pretend she didn't know he was a burglar.

"Dale" she cried, "there's a burglar downstairs," and for no earthly reason whatsoever she suddenly remembered where the other checque was. Janie thought she would let him have that; it was just a hundred dollars.

"Dale," she cried again "there's a burglar downstairs."

"A burglar," repeated Alfred to himself "'ow queer."

"And when you come out come through the other room and get my hundred dollar checque out of the old warming pan in there." Just then Dale entered the room.

"Oh," said Janie, "I've been so frightened; a burglar has been in the other room."

"What, a burglar?" and grabbing a chair, Dale smashed in the door to his dressing room. It was in dire confusion, everything was topsy-turvy and the little safe in the corner of the room stood open empty. But scarcely giving this a thought, Janie ran to the old butter dish and snatched off the top. There was nothing there, it was gone.

"Oh Dale, my checque—"

"Never mind dear, it's all right. I found it when I started out and didn't have time to put it in the safe, so I just dropped it into that old warming pan in the other room."

Alfred had long since departed, one thousand, one hundred dollars richer than he had entered.

-POETRY-

AUTUMN

A rushing, whistling, chilling wind.
The heavens-banked with somber clouds—
A gray, a lifeless color. Look,
A lone bird, winging up on high,
A little late in its southward trend;
At last it disappears from sight,
Gone—to the warm lands farther on
Where trees are green, not gold as here,
Now grass once green has turned to brown,
And earth is heaped with dying leaves
Of different hues—a desolate sight.
The chill winds whisper midst the trees
Now strip of all their summer green.
'Tis autumn.

—*Mary Drew Dalton.*

THE SEASONS

Spring, the hushed awakening of all earthly things;
Summer, the glowing beauty of the full-blown rose;
Autumn, the golden majesty of the towering trees;
Winter, the long-awaited sleep beneath the snows.

—*Mary Drew Dalton.*

MAN-MAKING

We are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.
Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the work unless
The builder also grows.

—*Edwin Markham.*

REFLECTIONS IN SILVER

For what is poetry but a silver spoon,
Out of whose shiny depths
A tribe of crude and thirsty men
May drink a few clear drops of crystal thought?

Drops of sweet wine,
Alive,
All bubbling, sparkling with the moon,
Laughing with the ecstasy of love.

Drops of summer rain,
Prismatic
Casting tints and lights from nature caught;
Splashing all the color from above
Into a silver spoon.

Tear drops
For men grow tired soon
Of love
And sweetest wine,
Unless they mix with it a taste of bitter wine.

So poetry is but a silver spoon,
In which a weary tribe of worldy men
May always find
Cool drops,
To quench their thirst
And give them strength to start out once again.

—*Cortlandt Preston.*

OUR DEEDS

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

—*Anonymous.*

"THE BEST OF THE NEWS"

Oh, what wouldn't we give for some dough?—The Nizam of Hyderabad, one of the richest men in the world, paid several days ago, one million bucks for wives for his two sons. Although he has bushels of jewels and bullion galore, he considers himself too poor to afford more than one wife, in spite of the fact that his father before him had 500!

Well — anyhow, money does do *some* good. In Boston last Monday, Thomas Ward, 18, and Joseph Regele, 14, tossed a coin to decide whether to be good or bad. It came good, so the two boys marched into the police station and handed in two pistols!

We wonder how all the sleepy heads of Salem (in other words, most of the college), would like this? A man in Adria, Italy, just to prove that he could do it, stayed in bed 10 years continuously. He's 70 years old now and says he feels more robust and cheerful than ever, after his prolonged rest.

Not changing the subject by any means, but we just happened to come across a nice means of getting a divorce. Mrs. Thomas A. Jones of Los Angeles obtained one from her husband several days ago by stating that Mr. Jones would drive as close as possible to another car without hitting it and then slap her if she screamed!

While we're speaking of marriages, we see where Eva Bedard of Providence, Rhode Island, had only to change one letter of her name when she married Amede Berard.

Jumping from bad to worse, we'll talk about deaths now. James Dickinson, slightly intoxicated, asked his close friend George Mornett, also lit, to shoot at a bottle which he placed on his head. Unfortunately the state of the two gentlemen prevented the William Tell trick to function and James was shot thru the head.

Little Joe Miskins of Worchester became intrigued with parachute jumping and decided to try it out for himself the other day. He stole the family umbrella, opened it on the second floor porch of his house and jumped. He made a perfect one point landing but sprained his ankle in doing so.

A family of Dearbon, Illinois, returned home after a visit to Ridgewell, Illinois, leaving their cat with friends. A few days ago the cat arrived home after walking a distance of 228 miles!

In Evanston, Illinois, last week, Lambda Alpha Chi fraternity members refused to prosecute students who had been arrested on charges of stoning 20 windows in their new frat house, for the simple reason that "it was just a house-warming."

PARAGRAPHICS

If anybody doubts the literary merits of this *Salemite* issue, we refer them to the qualities of the New York "Daily Mirror."

By the way, that certainly was swell raisin bread we had the other day. Ahem—(gentle hint).

"Hadley" is still wondering why seniors are so hard-headed. We offer our sympathies to Hadley, Susie Calder, and Maggie Holleman, our gallant wounded on the field of battle.