

The Salemites

SESQUICENTENNIAL

Where are the parades, the flying colors, the celebrations, and ceremonies in honor of Father George? A year ago the nation was with heart and soul honoring George Washington, founder of the nation and great patriot among Americans. The most fashionable colors were red, white, and blue, and every woman had a bunch of cherries dangling from the side of her spring bonnet. From the publishing houses books about Washington poured in a steady stream to meet the demand of the patriotic public, and newspapers and magazines filled every spare column with features on the great man who held the interest of the people. In his hero poems and musicians ascribed their compositions, while archives and attics were ransacked for souvenirs which the hand of the great man had touched. Every one was idealized and almost idolized, because a hundred and fifty years before he had united a group of straggle states and formed them into one nation.

This sesqui-centennial celebration was one of the greatest blessings that has come to this nation, because it kept the thoughts of the people united on one subject, and that a patriotic one. When they saw the machinery of government out of order, people who reflected on George Washington believed that the government which he and his contemporaries founded was not fundamentally wrong. It was a wonderful way to help their faith and pride and patriotism when they most needed it.

Because celebrations move in series of fifties and hundreds, this year the twenty-second of February has less significance than it had last year. Although the American people still revere George Washington, their attention is directed untidily to the incoming president, for their hopes are centered in him. If he should be a wonderful way to help their faith and pride and patriotism when they most needed it. Because celebrations move in series of fifties and hundreds, this year the twenty-second of February has less significance than it had last year. Although the American people still revere George Washington, their attention is directed untidily to the incoming president, for their hopes are centered in him. If he should be a wonderful way to help their faith and pride and patriotism when they most needed it.

RESTRICTIONS LIFTED

The faculty committee on attendance, of which Miss Evabelle Covington is the chairman, has recently made some surprising innovations in their rulings. Suddenly they lifted restrictions of long standing, proving that they have the interests of the students at heart. Probably this committee, which can only be approached by formal petition and whose word is law, has been the most feared and criticized of all the faculty groups. Not for a moment did any student accuse them of being unjust, because their decisions have been notable for fairness, but naturally they resented the forces which bound them to stay on the campus when they wanted to be somewhere else.

First there came the amazing announcement before Christmas holidays that students would be allowed to take cuts before and after holidays. Nobody had even dared to ask for such a measure, and so the committee must have sensed that they wanted it. Very seldom does a liberty like that come to a student body without petitions, dissatisfaction, and some kind of discussion, but this time it simply fell to them like a present for being good.

Then the day students presented a petition for optional chapel attendance, rather wondering if they would be noticed. With little hesitation the committee granted the request. Probably one reason it was so readily granted was the spirit of co-operation in which the petition was presented, for the day students did have a reason for asking for optional chapel attendance. Moreover they only requested a trial period until Easter to prove that they would not abuse the privilege. What could be more fair?

Day students are always a problem on campus, for they have never been a part of school activities that make themselves. This year several efforts have been made on the parts of the administration, the board

WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG

Mother and Tom and I are alone at home because Tom has diphtheria. Mother is sitting near the kerosene lamp reading *The Shepherd of the Hills*. I'm sitting right over the railing in my little brown rocking chair that father re-varnished for Christmas. Mother says I'll get too hot and that I had better move, but I don't want to. Now they're getting ready to hang young Matt. I grip the seat of my chair with my sticky from the varnish that's melted with the heat. I move a little closer to mother. The noise might be well around my own neck.

"Mother, I'm thirsty."

"Margaret, you go downstairs for mother to get Tom a glass of fresh water, wouldn't you? I won't read any further until you get back."

Mother lights a lamp for me to carry. In the dark stairway I can hear the frenzied voices yelling and snarling for young Matt. I hesitate. My hands are trembling so much that the chimney is getting all smoky, and mother just washed it today.

Each step seems to grate me miles from mother, and place me nearer the lynching mob of Ozark mountaineers. Finally I open the downstairs door of the staircase. There on the side wall is a flickering shadow outlining a man's face. It's frightful—his nose is sharp, a little hooked, and his chin is pointed. I stand still breathlessly. I can feel my heart beating up in my throat. After a minute that seethes so hot, I cautiously, stealthily, furtively, I move toward the kitchen. The features shift and become even more grotesque and cruel than before. Each feature changes!

Oh, it's only the reflection of the coat father wears when he goes to the barn to feed the horses. We have to have two to drive the sleigh in the winter. When father comes in he always puts his coat on that hook. My hook is the one right below and Tom's is the one on the other side.

Relieved, but still cautious I turn all around, expecting to see a villainous man ready to grab me. I almost run into the kitchen and begin pumping. It's been so cold that I have to prime the pump before it will work. I bet it will freeze up tonight. No, I don't mind because I'll have to go to school. We're quarantined for three weeks. With the glass of water in one hand and the lamp in the other I go back upstairs. Coming down several miles, but going back is nothing though I can almost feel someone running up the steps behind me.

Here I am in the bedroom, and nothing's happened to me. Tom drinks his water and mother says she's proud of her daughter. Now I have my rocking chair next to mother and I take hold of her hand. She's reading that young Matt and the Shepherd are almost lost.

"Don't hold on so tight, Margaret. Everything will be all right."

I finally the Shepherd of the Hills is rescued. I move back over the register at the foot of the bed. I fold my sticky hands in my lap. Everything is all right.

PIERRETTE MEETING

The Pierrette Players will have their monthly meeting next Thursday night. A short play will be presented by three members of the club, and the public is invited. The time and place of the meeting will be announced later.

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ALCATRAZ

It was the gray dawn of a crisp December morning. Our ship was rocking through the Golden Gate to San Francisco. Because of the heavy fog which lay between us and San Francisco, we could not yet see anything but Alcatraz—even the name of which seems to hold a certain remoteness. I think I have never held as desolate a scene as that Alcatraz is a small island off the coast of California. In fact, it is barely large enough to accommodate an enormous military prison of gray stone. It looked as if it might have been the deserted island and castle where Napoleon spent his exile. The prison seemed to be full of endless windows through which there was no sign of life—windows like eyes which looked but saw not. The mountainous waves which roared in and crashed over the jagged island emphasized its solitude and inaccessibility.

ON GOLF TEES

For about a year I was content to use a sensible blue-wool rubber golf tee. Since I honestly had to lay it down on the ground—this one squat little cup attached by a short narrow belt to a round and flat rubber weight—its height was uniform. Although my golf game was poor, I felt sure that by using rubber tee my game would be more consistent than that of my fellow players. Thank fortune, however, one auspicious day I cracked the weight to that rubber tee. I had two. Since that day I have begun to experience the manifold joys which come with the use of gayly-colored wooden golf tees. It is as if I had been wearing clumsy black rubber and now wear trim, bright galoshes.

Red golf tees in a glass jar on the counter of the caddy house remind me of peppermints in a glass jar in a small grocery store or in a canister. I feel as if I must buy them. I would much rather buy them than golf tees in a leather case—especially those spindly sophisticated celluloid tees with colored heads. When you drive a ball made of one of these latex tees, they are pretty sure to knock the lead off the tee.

Although red golf tees in candy jars are alluring, I have never bought any of them. I use only my tees on the golf course. Usually I start off playing golf with two tees, often a red one and a yellow one. I know that I'll probably lose one or two before I'm through playing, but I also know that there is no telling how many golf tees I may pick up here and there. Some day I'm going to have courage enough to take only one tee and to feel confident that I'll always have a tee at the proper moment.

When you stoop down and wind your tee in the ground, you can't feel feeling a challenging and encouraging thrill. When you have your ball on the top of a green, red or yellow tee, you feel that everything possible has been done to help you. All that remains is to give the ball a nice, easy, square hit, and you can do it! There is a vast amount of difference in this approaching a ball and in stolidly walking up to a ball which squats on a sensible black rubber tee.

It is amazing how many tees one can pick up on a golf course. Some people seem to be so absorbed in their game that one having hit their ball they promptly forget all about their tee. I am not thus absorbed in my game, and I find all sorts of tees—red, yellow, or white ones, tapering red, yellow, or white ones, little red paper circles, advertisement tees—like advertisement pencils, candy jars, tees, fopfish cell phones, and so on. I have seen many of these—very imaginable kind of tee. When the ground around the golf driving tee is rough, walk into the roughest part and you'll find tees galore.

OYSTERETTES



What do you think about this weather? I liked it for the first three days, but I am just about to get enough of slow, heavy rain that always carries suffocation with it.

Ping-Pong is a great game, especially for the Faculty. They seem to get from fifteen minutes' playing as much exercise as most of us get in an hour's basketball practice. If we may have as attractive a banquet we had last night, I vote that we have a Horde Sho Tournament.

Girls, stop eating sweets, develop your wind and reduce your figures. The first thing you know Spring will be here, the swimming pool will be opened, the period of financial difficulty will still be with us, and you will have to wear your last year's casting suits. Here's hoping you can get in them.

Pollyanna says it's grand to be unpopular. Then at Valentine you don't have to worry about boxes of candy that come with no card. This is no slam on Cokie and Zina. We'll help them worry if they'll pass around the boxes.

Mid-semester treats have already brought their plane tickets for Salem College. On the night of their arrival, there will be a formal reception in Main Hall. You are all cordially attended to invite.

*Vardell, C. G., Expanded Chapel Announcements, Winston-Salem, N. C., February 8, 1933.

THE FASHION PLATE

Snappy Suits for Spring

Fade Fashion, like Lady Luck, can't come in very changeable. Duds and novelties come and leave again, but as soon as spring rolls around, suits reappear. This year mannish suits with broad shoulder lines and slender waist lines are fashionable.

Contrasts are seen everywhere in spring clothes, but especially in the suits, where skirts and jackets are made of different colors and designs but with the same weave in the fabric. Single and double breasted jackets as well as three-quarter length ensembles are smart. Sleeves are not so exaggerated as before, but still form a square shoulder line.

A trim, neat suit can be changed often by wearing different hats, gloves, and blouses. Shirts waives are made either tailored or feminine—to suit the person. They may be of hand-drawn linen, of taffeta-checked or plaid, or of a fine material, rolled and back or be-ruled. Dark shirts are new.

Even evening dresses are mannish. Straight, simple evening gowns are worn under tailored mess-jackets, which have a belt and buckle across the black, and large full sleeves.

Most tees are solid red, yellow, or white, and I prefer the red or yellow to the white. Celluloid tees often have purple, blue, or green heads, but I disdain these. I should like solid purple and green wooden ones, though I suppose the green ones would be hard to find in the grass. Green and red striped tees would be practical as well as delightful.

A dapper little golf tee is indispensable to a good, happy-go-lucky game of golf.

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Stained glass windows make the light
Like songs of beauty from the sun
Life could shine through us
like that
You and me and everyone.
—Rebecca McCann.

PARAGRAPHS

The light on the porch at Dr. Rondthaler's home burns all night long. Although it might be an instrument for adding to the duties of the nightwatchman, knowing the darkness it shines to tell that at any time the president and his wife will welcome anyone who needs their help. It continued to burn just from habit when Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler were away.

Some day we will look back on the past two weeks and call them the ping-pong Era.

Some ambitious person took a census of the girls in Clewful "who were remembered by the god of love" on Valentine's Day by something more tangible and edible (or smellable) than lace paper and hearts. They total twenty-one; names on request. The seniors in Bitting, who are jealous of their reputation for popularity, would like to be on record as 100 percent in receiving valentines.

When we use the Moravian litany at chapel service, somebody always blurts out at the wrong time during responsive readings. The college ought to provide trap doors for the poor embarrassed girls who make such blunders. It is worse than banana peeling slipping.