The Salemite

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Something to Think About

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone.
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."
—*Edwin Markham.*

PARAGRAPHICS

Congratulations and thanks are due the Scorpions for their success ful sponsoring of May Day.

A Junior's greatest problem: What's the use of Senior privileges if there's no man to be had?

Life's little "yoke" number 9999—the weather man announces a storm for May 12!

OUR POLICY

There exists among the student body a general feeling that *The Salemite* does not fulfill its purpose—that it fails to publish "news." This may or may not be true—it all depends on what one terms "news." Still, however, when members of the student body are asked to give suggestions for improvements the answer is always, "Well, I don't know, but do something about it." That is just the point—what can be done about it? *The Salemite* strives to please its readers—to give them news from this and other campuses, and to make just enough personal references to add a bit of spice to the paper. The editor therefore asks that any personal allusions made in the columns of *The Salemite* be taken in the spirit in which they are intended—that of fun and foolishness. If there is any criticism to be made, constructive or otherwise, the editor sincerely hopes that the readers will co-operate with the efforts of the staff and submit all criticisms to its members.

In 1928-29 *The Salemite* will follow the same policy that it has in previous years—with perhaps a bit more frankness. We, the staff, believe that since this is a college paper, published by the students of Salem, all student opinions and criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, should find their way to the columns of this paper. The staff believes that it is only by frankly putting individual and group opinions before the entire student body, for open and public discussion, that the constant undercurrent of detrimental criticism may be eliminated. Therefore, open forum articles and student opinions are solicited.

INDIVIDUALITY

Individuality is an important asset if one is to be successful in any phase of life work. To be individual is to be different from others; to be individual one must have ideas and opinions that are different and worth listening to. The person who is individual knows what she wants to do and also how she wants it done.

Individuality finds expression in every phase of college life. For this reason individuality in personal opinion is a characteristic which every college student should strive to acquire. Self-expression and self-reliance go hand in hand with this characteristic. If a person is to be different from those around her she must be able to express her own ideas in such a way that others will learn to accept and rely on them. Self expression is developed in daily class room preparation. The student should learn to rely on her own opinions without gathering the ideas of her friends and passing them on as original. It is very easy when themes or note books are due to get someone else to express her opinion and then word it in a different way and hand it in as original work. This however is neither self-expression nor individuality. It is well to be open-minded enough to listen to all views, but to use these as original work is another thing. No student would be guilty of deliberately copying another's work, yet when it comes to borrowing ideas we are not always conscientious! Let us remember that individuality is important, and let us all strive to be more individual in our school work as well as in other activities.

MALES

Ah, hah! Now that should be an attractive heading. But the problem is having gained your attention—what to do with it?

This title was suggested by a recent reflection upon the invaluable care with which our lives and characters are sheltered and protected here. Why, girls, consider how fortunate we are! Think into what snares and pitfalls of corrupt society our unguided feet might stumble if some great foreseeing intelligence had not fenced off a suitably small section for us—in which all pitfalls had been levelled and from which all snares had been removed.

Coming to college fresh from the convent, as we do, we are innocent and trustful. We know little of the world and its ways. Don't you remember that when we first came here we thought all men were like Galahad or Lord Chesterfield—or other classic examples of what they actually are not today? But how were we to know? We had read with avidity all the wholesome, uplifting books that the convent offered for our perusal, and they had encouraged our illusions. Certainly dear Father Johans, the only man we could remember ever having seen until we boarded the train, wouldn't do wrong by our little Nell. It was only a short time after we reached college, though, before we heard that song, "It's a Man Every Time, It's a Man." That was a very tactful way to warn us.

We have learned to realize the wisdom of being wary, and when those Gary Cooper-looking high school men—who boldly frequent "Gooch's"—ask us with a bewitching smile, "What Piece d'you want us to play next?" We quickly engulf a large portion of a strawberry sundae (yes indeed we do like the most expensive concoctions—and how!) to avoid replying. That new etiquette book over at the office says you must never speak to a gentleman unless you have been formally introduced. And nothing is more important than your etiquette, girls.

Frankly, we think we should have a drug store on the campus so that the offending males could not invade our territory. Perhaps if we were allowed to go to the drug store in the mornings our extra trade would be sufficient to compensate for the loss of masculine patronage, and perchance we could persuade the proprietors to ostracize all molesting outsiders so that all Salem girls could enjoy more fully the desired seclusion.

We shudder to think what our parents would say if they knew how many times a day boys address remarks to us, how many times a day they check by in their sleek, shining motors—our fond parents who carefully rope off the section of the street in front of our house, when we are at home, so that the boys cannot check—our fond parents who would fly into a rage and disinherit us if they caught us talking to a boy in a drug store!

Announcements

The Economics class is having a series of lectures on Financial Investments. Tuesday Mr. Wayman, of the Wachovia Bank, spoke to the class on "Stocks and Bonds. Thursday, Mr. W. G. Jerome lectured on "Insurance." Mr. Leon Cash spoke to the class this morning on "Building and Loan." On next Tuesday, May 15, Mr. A. H. Eller of the Trust Department of the Wachovia Bank will close the series of lectures.

The Sociology class is planning to make an all-day visit, Monday, to Samarcand Manor. The entire group will be the guests of Miss McNaughton, who, it will be remembered, spoke in Y. P. M. some time ago.

Sports and Fun!

Yes, indeed, games have been called on account of rain for a solid week now. At last the sullen sun has kindly permitted a few weak rays to shine through, and athletically-inclined girls (or girls trying to lose a few pounds before June 5) have again set foot on the mushy field of sport. Not even dead tennis balls, soggy tennis shoes, and extremely bad colds have dampened the sportive spirit for Field Day is at hand.

May 18, 19 and 21 are to be big days in the athletic calendar. A tennis tournament, a swimming meet, a track meet, and baseball championship games have been arranged for these three days. The swimming pool is to be opened by Saturday, and the swimming meet will probably be held on Friday, May 18. Get out last summer's suit; repair the damage of the moths, and prepare to be a Gertrude Ederle for the sake of your class.

The tennis tournament will also take place on May 18. It has been rumored that Helen Wills has renounced to risk her reputation and title by taking on the winner of this tournament. It is very probable that Miss Wills will have to contest with Miss Margaret Hauser, for the other day she was seen repairing the holes of her tennis racquet and today her name appeared in the list of entries on the bulletin board. Needless to say her name on the entrance list was a great discouragement to the other ardent tennis fans. They immediately were in favor of changing their names to the column headed by "Doubles" until they saw in this list the names of two wicked racquet swingers, Miss Margaret Johnson and Miss Elizabeth Roper. If it seems that there is no chance for winning the tennis tournament, come out for baseball, make the varsity, and be the proud possessor of a tiny silver baseball for the rest of your life.

From SAL to EM

Em Dear:

You should have been here for May Day. The whole affair was beautiful even though we were afraid that the elements were going to be against us. I think I was afraid to open my eyes on May Day morning for fear I'd see it raining. However the day was perfect. Tish Curric in her bear costume was a screen, but we must admit she was rather thin. Dot Frazier as a tin soldier prone to be so fierce and warlike, when shooting her gun, that she frightened one of the little pages and his father had to bear him away in tears. We were all greatly aroused this week when Miss Barrow made the startling discovery that some one had stolen—yes, stolen, or perhaps borrowed her much loved sweater. After searches and detective-like shadowings our search has borne no fruit. We wonder, however, what Miriam Bundy is looking so guilty about. Has she a clue? Monday was quite an eventful day for the entire student body. The freshmen sped their big sisters away in high powered cars to the movies and later entertained them at a picnic supper. The sophomores, likewise, entertained the Seniors at luncheon at the Blue Willow Tea Room. Fortunately no glasses were overturned and no dishes were broken. These Seniors are really being entertained so much that it is going to their heads. Only Thursday night when they were being driven off in big cars to Mrs. Robert Shore's delightful dinner, our beautiful, majestic May Queen fairly snooted a crowd of her adoring subjects. It may be that she didn't see them but anyway we know the Seniors are getting quite stuck up. Poor Dot Ingram met with a misfortune at Carolina last week-end. We don't know the cause of it but we do know that she has a big bruise as a result of some disaster that befell her. Poor Dot. Alas, Mary Johnson is greatly troubled in regards to her prom date, as is the Junior class. Will poor Mary find a date? We're terribly agitated! That Junior-Senior prom is a source of great worry to more than one person. Here's Peggy Parker going galavanting off to some wild baseball game with her adorable admirer and she probably will get back just in time for the prom, if she gets back at all. We hope Peggy will take good care of herself and not be so breathless and tired that she can't enjoy the grand affair of the year. After this exciting week of social events, we wonder if Salem isn't becoming a society school. My but we are kept busy with our social engagements. That reminds me I'm ready to take in the Junior-Senior prom now. I have the best bush to hide behind. I have it all pruned and primed for the great event.

Yours until next time.

—SAL.

Teacher: "Use the word statue in a sentence."

Abie: "Ven I came in last night, my papa say, 'Statue, Abie?'"

—*Exchange.*

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Last Music Hour Given Thursday

Juniors Give Interesting Program

The children's recital given Thursday afternoon marked the close of the Music Hour programs for this year. The juniors gave an interesting program which, in contrast to the one given last fall, showed a marked progress in that department of the School of Music. The program was as follows:

A Merry Conversation ..... Terry McVeigh Hutchison
Church Bells ..... Blake
The Cello ..... Blake Evelyn Tesh
Waltz ..... Wright Theresa Wall
A Merry Ride ..... Gronow
Cuckoo ..... Foote Marjorie Porter
I a Hammock ..... Chittenden Opal Kimel
The Echo and the Stream ....Thorne Vera Fetter
Uncle Remus ..... Grant-Schaefer
The Gypsies are Coming.....Rogers Laura Elizabeth Bland
A Joke ..... Wolff Mary Elizabeth Fishel
Impish Frolic ..... Leoni Doris Foster
Pompee Valsante ..... Poldini Myriam Collins
General Bum-Bum.....Poldini Hannah Teichman
Dreams of Youth ..... Sartorio Llewellyn Davis
Wood Nymph's Frolic .....Aaron Ernest Lefkowitz
Intermezzo Orientale.....Rogers Marian Mitchell
Preludes No. 20 and No. 7..Chopin Rachel Kimel
Barcarolle ..... Scharwenka Rose Siewers
Tarantella ..... Krentzlin Frances Charles

"Does everybody understand this example?"
"No."
"Then watch the board while I go thru it."

"Do you know what Ford is figuring on now?"
"No—what?"
"Paper."

—*Bearcat.*

SPECIAL

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