

The Salemite



Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
\$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief... Dorothy Ragan, '29
Managing Editor... Rubie Scott, '29
Associate Editor... Lella Wright, '30
Associate Editor... Lucile Head, '30
Music Editor... Elizabeth Andrews, '29
Literary Editor... Catherine Miller, '30
Sport Editor... Sara Eldred, '30
Local Editor... Edith Kirkland, '31
Local Editor... Margaret Walker, '30

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Mgr... Isabelle Dunn
Asst. Bus. Mgr... Eleanor Willingham
Adv. Manager... Jessie Davis
Asst. Adv. Mgr... Eva Hackney
Asst. Adv. Mgr... Adelaide Anshley
Circulation Mgr... Corina Brinkley
Asst. Circ. Mgr... Mary Norris
Asst. Circ. Mgr... Elizabeth Ward

REPORTERS

Marjorie Siewers
Millicent Ward
Courtney Sharp
Anne Arrasmith.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Spring Fever

The season is here, but the complaints are not yet. Certainly if Satan is spared the annual epidemic the faculty will be grievously disappointed. Perhaps it is the cool breezes and the torrents of rain that have successfully diverted our spirits until now. We shall not boast for the crucial week awaits us—it may be then that we will feel the first symptoms of the universally dreaded disease, Spring Fever.

The whole year through, now and then, a godly portion of us who are fatigued from long continued studying sit and yawn in our professor's face as he lectures—if we do not go to sleep entirely. But, according to our past record, it is now time for us to begin our daily nistas, or to sit meditating upon the pleasures that wait for us during the summer vacation, planning our summer wardrobe, or our honeymoon. After a long winter's labors, "a crammer for knowledge" a rest is due our tired and overworked minds; in fact, we may believe that our mental grasp has completed its possible intake. Among the most ambitious of men spring fever is rather to be desired! Sleep is the most ideal form of rest, and the occasional nap is merely in obedience to the general laws of health.

There is even financial value in this painful disease. The thick, toasted sandwiches and the heaping sandwiches no longer have their past delicate appeal. Our appetites now call for dainty bits of food, fruit juices, and cool and sparkling drinks rather than a greasy heavy diet. This is the season that the reducing subject should like best! When we suffer from unbearable inertia, un-supportable ennui and a

peevish temperament, let us rejoice and be glad. We have Spring Fever! There are countless others experiencing the same symptoms. All of us are only satisfying our natural desires and the tendency of self-preservation—we will not do the required work which we are asked to heap upon our desks these few remaining days. The consequence? Some one may ask. Examinations are at hand but the best one can do is memorize the subject the night before the final examination. It is in sympathy with the instructions that we succumb to these unnatural spring seizures. We suspect that in eight months they have exhausted their year's supply of knowledge and that they have worn out their physical strength imparting facts to our open and readily receiving mind.

FIELD DAY!

What day is Friday, May 18? There is no one so dumb, so uninformed of current happenings that he could not immediately recognize a loud voice—Field Day. As to what Field Day consists of why "joggone" even a freshman knows that. In a the first place it consists of a swimming meet and in the second or last place a track meet. The swimming meet is expected to be a very wet party and the track meet is expected to be a very snappy affair. At two-thirty in the afternoon the swimming party will take place. The audience is looking forward to seeing with anxious eyes five forms among shivering forms as they cleave the nice cool water in a flying duteban or swan, or swim the length of the pool in a swift "trudgion"—especially since Rose Frazier has entered her name under every event in her big bold handwriting. The track meet will take place at four-thirty on the same afternoon. In past years "Saepa trans finim jaela expedito." For the benefit of the intelligentsia of the major classes who have forgotten their Horace, this means that the javelin has often been hurled before the mark. The javelin thrown this year to go all the way out of sight of the mark with Ann Halstron hurling it.

The baseball game will be played on Monday at four o'clock. The freshman team will at this time play a combined team of the other classes for the baseball championship. The tennis tournament will also probably be completed on Monday. The winners in the single tournament so far are: Millicent Ward, Sara Bell, Anne Halstron, Elizabeth Marx, Edith Kirkland, Elizabeth Remond, Sara Eldred, Lenora Riggs, Virginia Welch, Janet Lowe and Mary Norris.

Open Forum

B-I-U-E-R-I-D-G-E—Blue Ridge. There is no place like it and there is none half so wonderful. From the moment you see the white columns of Robert E. Lee Hall until you leave you have a kind of thrill that you do not get anywhere else.

If you have talked to any of the girls who have been there you must have heard them singing her praises. For everyone who has been there. The Conference is all too short, and the ten days are gone before you know it, and you begin wishing you could stay all summer.

There are many things which the Blue Ridge Y. W. C. A. Conference has to offer, entirely too many to enumerate. The most important thing is the Conference itself. The speakers and discussion groups are excellent. Then there are all forms of sports to participate in, and for the less active of us there is a glorious view to behold all the day long. The most wonderful thing, however, is the fellowship. Not only the fellowship of girls from all over the South but the fellowship with your own school mates. You learn to know them as you've never known them before.

The Conference is ten days of a glorious house party filled to overflowing with work and play. If you have the chance please don't fail to go to Blue Ridge and if you think you don't have any chance then try to make one. The Spirit of Blue Ridge is summed up in a song that we sing better than anything else.

"One-nine-two-eight at Dear Blue Ridge,
No other year the same,
Every girl a comrade true,
Whatever her age, or name, or fame,
One-nine-two-eight at Dear Blue Ridge,
Sunset and evening glow,
But it's the inspiration most
That makes us love it so."
—Sarah Turlington.

A Day at Blue Ridge

Dear Anne:
If you would spend just one day here at Blue Ridge, I believe that you would pack your trunk and settle in this spot for the remainder of the holidays. The mountains are beautiful and it is much cooler here than it is there at summer school.

Let me describe to you a typical Blue Ridge day. We are supposed to get up at seven o'clock in the morning, now you needn't be horrified at that for the early mornings are so clear and refreshing that it takes no will power at all to get up and play tennis or go walking before breakfast. At eight-thirty a short, impressive prayer service is held outdoors in a quiet, secluded grove, and after that the various lectures begin, lasting until ten o'clock. The lectures are followed by an hour of conversation. Everyone comes together in order to discuss the preceding lectures and the problems of school and home life. From eleven until eleven forty-five is known as free hour and I usually avail myself of this opportunity to take a swim. Others play tennis, hike, read, or even flirt a little with P. W. B.'s. I'll let you guess what that means but I'll warn you not to make the mistake that I made and think the letters stand for "Presbyterian Working Band" for it means nothing of the kind. There are some very attractive P. W. B.'s here, and I'll confess that I'm not above a little flirting myself. At eleven forty-five we call off the games and formations and meet for what is known as the work shop. It certainly is an appropriate name for it that time campus troubles are discussed and remedied. After lunch we can do as we please, perhaps hike to Montreal, or go on one of the trips planned for the girls. Dinner is served at six and immediately after that a short vesper service is held on the front steps of the Robert E. Lee hall. You just can't imagine how beautiful and impressive these services are until you sit there in the quietness and watch the sun sink behind the mountains, feel the cool breezes of the approaching night, and see the mist rising in the valley. Every evening at seven-thirty there is an address by some prominent person and after this we play around until the sounding of taps at ten o'clock.

You see, a Blue Ridge day is a combination of work and pleasure. I believe that you would like it. Think the matter over and decide to come to Blue Ridge this summer.
 Lovingly,
Joyce.

GORGEOUS APPAREL

In a Myriad of Lovely New Styles, Colors and Fabrics.

COATS DRESSES SUITS HATS

And Smart Accessories

Our Qualities, Styles and Service are unmatchable—Our Values the Best

—PAY US A VISIT—

The New Thing First

THE IDEAL
TRADE AND WEST FOURTH

Where Quality Means Value

Announcements

Mrs. Anscombe entertained some of her art pupils at dinner on Tuesday evening. Those present were Miss Nellie Dabson, Miss Madel McHaffey, Miss Agnes Thorne and Miss Genevieve Marks.

Dr. Francis Anscombe delivered the address at the Commencement exercises of the Rainey Creek High School on Thursday afternoon. The subject of his talk was "What Is Education?"

The Sociology class enjoyed a trip to Samarcand Manor, on Monday. The group visited the administration buildings and dormitories and was the guest of Miss McNaughton at lunch, on the Samarcand campus.

We wish hereby to express our deep appreciation to all those who helped to make the Junior-Senior from a success. Without the kindness of some of our Junior's mothers, the splendid aid of Mrs. Siewers, the able services of the Freshmen, and the interested and faithful co-operation of Mr. Campbell, we should never have been able to undertake "The Prom." To all of these, and to many others whose kindly efforts we recognize, our sincere thanks are due.
—The Juniors.

Tag: "Ticket, please."
Mary: "Ah, I can ride anywhere on my face."
Tag: "It does look a little mashed."

Teacher: "What do we import from Italy?"
Freshman: "Italians."

SPECIAL

♦ ♦ ♦

Everything for the Sweet Girl Graduate

♦ ♦ ♦

Arcade Fashion Shop

Second Floor

Summer's Hot and Sultry Weather Is Made Pleasant at

GOOCH'S

We Make a Specialty of Fountain Drinks And our Curb Service is Unexcelled

CURB SERVICE—JUST BLOW
DELIVERY SERVICE—JUST CALL 4752

GOOCH'S

IN FRONT OF SALEM COLLEGE