

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

*If your friend has got a heart,
 There is something fine in him;
 Cast away his darker part—
 Cling to what's divine in him.*

PARAGRAPHS

Some of these seniors are really hopeful looking now that the date of the senior dinner is almost here!

\$500—A GOOD USE

The action of the Junior Class, in regard to the entertainment planned for the Seniors, is indeed to be cited for the unselfish and willing spirit which has prompted it. The Junior class has unanimously voted that the money which was to be raised for the senior prom be given to the living endowment fund, and in this way help towards the erection of the new buildings which Salem greatly needs. Nothing can be accomplished without a beginning—and certainly the present initiative of the class of 1930 is filled with the true Salem spirit.

The Seniors are not to be discouraged in this matter. Did they not work and spend their energy last year in efforts to entertain the Senior class of 1928? They did, but they too were saviors in the pleasure of that prom—at least they have had the satisfaction of being present at one entertainment of that kind at Salem. This is more than the Juniors will enjoy if their class is followed by the Junior class of next year. So, after all it is the "Junior who pays, and pays!"

Any one will certainly admit (even the seniors) that the spending of \$500 in one night, just to entertain restless couples who parade up and down on back campus, is very foolish—and it seems more than foolish—even idiotic—now that Salem needs so many new things. Surely, the decision of the Juniors to put their money to a really valuable use is an excellent example that every class would do well to follow—and they are to be congratulated for their wise decision.

THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON

Americans have just observed Washington's birthday, but in many cases without any special feeling of the significance of the day. In the eyes of the young boy or girl, Washington is a hero, if not an idol—for he never told a lie. It is true that some have overestimated the man's character while others insist upon underrating it. Nevertheless we will all agree that he was a leader, and the most of us that he was a noble character.

If we are devoted citizens of the United States, we must confess that Washington had lofty ideals, otherwise our country would not have begun its progress as early as it did. Washington was what few men are—master of himself. Through his determined effort, he made an appeal to the soul of a nation and he brought this nation through bloody wars to peace and prosperity. It is suffering and the sacrifice that he was forced to endure as a soldier proved that his interest lay in the safety of American colonists; from all accounts he was almost divine. He abhorred the deccits and dishonesties of men for he loved truth and beautiful living. The inspiration which his followers, whether in war, in politics, or in everyday life, received from him increased their wonder with regard to his seemingly unlimited power. In dealing with enemies, especially political enemies, Washington treated them in such a masterful, human, and yet respectful manner that he won their friendship. Through his grandeur of character he started America on her way to present success.

SCORPIONS

On this campus there is an organization which is doing some of the most helpful and constructive work that Salem has ever experienced. They are a very modest group. They go about their work in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and seek no rewards for their labors. This energetic group is the National Order of Scorpions.

Every one is familiar with the "Keep the Campus Clean" and "Keep off the Grass" signs which are placed at various places on the campus. Some people think that the activities of the Scorpions are confined merely to keeping the campus clean, but when asked to perform their many duties and responsibilities, and the conscientious way in which these responsibilities are executed, there can be no question of their sincerity in their aims and undertakings. Some students do not realize the many things, big and little, which they are so unselfishly doing for Salem. So far, the most outstanding thing that they have done was their sponsoring of Salem Day. This was done with unusual efficiency. Their placing boxes at various places on the campus so that the student body could drop in suggestions was one of the outstanding features of the day.

There are almost innumerable helpful ways in which the Scorpions help the student body. The keeping of the Library on Sunday afternoons, the giving of Salem news to the Wisconsin and daily papers, the publishing of the Alma Mater, and many other things, include only a small part of the unselfish and constructive efforts of this industrious group—the Scorpions.

Seven Sleepers' Legend

The Seven Sleepers were the heroes of an ancient legend. It is supposed that during the persecution of the Christians about 250 A. D., these seven Christian brothers of Ephesus took refuge in a cave. Their retreat was discovered and the mouth of the cave was sealed up. Two hundred years later the cave was accidentally opened and the men emerged, having slept through the centuries as though but a single night. They found the Christian religion accepted in the city, where they were honored and feted, and where all of them died on the same day.

SAL TO EM

Dearest Em,—

As friend Bluebeard is always singing "Now I As You, Very Good!"—did you think I had forgotten you? Well, herewith lies the trouble, nobody has committed a cute deed in quite awhile, which has made correspondence somewhat difficult. If I knew the first rudiments of that difficult language—shorthand, I might enclose for you some of the willy and original remarks by Dr. Rondthaler and Dean Vardell in chapel; made among themselves and for their own enjoyment. There is always present the struggle for mastery of the situation, and we watch with interest the daily results. My room-mate and I have started cutting notches in the chapel benches when one of them has won a decisive victory over the other. She keeps score for Dean Vardell and I Dr. Rondthaler—Yes, I've just begun on my second bench.

Last week we went on our first moonlight ride. It was positively enchanting! There was only a tiny crescent moon hung in the midst of thousands of stars which lighted our way. Shredded veils of mist floated through the deep valleys along the side of the road, urged softly along by a cool breeze. The stillness of the countryside was only broken by the distant barking of dogs and the thud of horse hoofs of those who had ridden ahead. This van-guard would suddenly come to the top of a hill, and horse and rider would appear to be halted against the deep blue background. Then someone would break into song or a happy shout, and you could hear our laughter echo and re-echo through the woods. It made you feel like singing and shouting, and filled you with thankfulness for being alive.

It seems impossible there are only about six weeks until Easter! Time goes in most shocking and alarming manner these days. I am afraid before long someone will be expecting me to remember when the Big Dipper was only a drinking cup—but life is just that way, I guess. However it's not so bad if you know when to weaken.

I must close and get to work— one would think I had given up studying for Lent. Don't let little Oscar get stuck up—I told you about locking the jam in the cupboard—and don't let him get so rough again and crush all the cream-puffs!

Yours 'til the Mississippi turns to grapejuice,

SAL.

P. S.—Attractive ending suggested by Adelaide McAnally—Yes, she's still loose.

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

The great neglected cause of Justice has inspired my sympathetic, though inadequate, support.

Each year freshmen, with characteristic trustfulness and enthusiasm, allow themselves to be photographed with every athletic squad on the campus. They are inflated with pride and gratitude to think that they will be conspicuous figures in the Annual their first year at College. Their modest pretensions are to no avail; they are enjoying a happy moment before the camera and "shot." "What Price Glory?" never occurs to them. Those who are inveigled into posing with such-and-such a club, laboring under the delusion that they are being accommodating, are unaware that they thereby incur a grievous debt as a reward for their good-natured compliance. Those innocent newcomers, when they have their individual class pictures made, cheerfully donate a dollar to Mr. Matthews and utter no complaint—being reasonable creatures.

So eagerly sign up for their first edition of *Sights and Insights*, realizing that the volume is not delivered gratis. However, could anyone ever fargy the unwaged, almost incredible, expression on their faces when they learn that for the third time in one year the annual payment is due? After this paramount disturbance they become a suspicious, miserly tribe who put not their trust

in their fellow men, but look upon smiling invitations as cunning snares. It's the freshman who pays, and pays, and pays; and knows not the reason why!

—Not to mention the upperclassmen, who though they know the folly of being oft photographed naturally want to be in the picture when they are due to be. If they are unnatural they usually get in the picture anyway, through the strenuous efforts, not to say brutal coercion, of whoever is the high mogul of the club or team. The penalty for being a prominent person on the campus is to pay about twenty dollars for an Annual. Tell me is there nothing with that?

This letter is addressed to every—

body who is interested in the subject under discussion. My purpose is neither to criticize nor to enrage, but merely to bring about a much-needed elucidation. I have heard ominous, increasing, rumblings and grumblings—as of myriad voices questioning "Why?" "Wherefore?"

There must be some remedy—Other schools have found it, and surely we can if all of us will think constructively a little instead of destructively, as perhaps we have been doing. Why do our annual costs be a comparatively exorbitant price, and what can we do about it?

Anxiously awaiting a reply, or comment from anybody,

—Lucile Hassel.

Salem College!...
 YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET!
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AL JOLSON
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 The Greatest Picture of All Time
 Also
 3—ACTS—3
VITAPHONE VAUDEVILLE
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