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.....Laila Wright, '30
Associate Editor.....Luelle Hassel, '30
Music Editor.....Elizabeth Andrews, '29
Literary Editor .....Lessie Phillips, '30
Sport Editor .....Sara Efird, '31
Local Editor .....Edith Kirkland, '31
Local Editor .....Kathleen Moore, '31

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Mgr. .....Isabelle Dunn
Asst. Bus. Mgr. .....Eleanor Willingham
Adv. Manager .....Jessie Davis
Asst. Adv. Mgr.....Eva Hackney
Asst. Adv. Mgr. .....Elva Lee Kenerly
Asst. Adv. Mgr.....Elizabeth Allen
Circulation Mgr. .....Carolyn Brinkley
Asst. Circ. Mgr.....Mary Norris
Asst. Circ. Mgr. .....Elizabeth Ward

REPORTERS

Marjorie Siewers
Millicent Ward
Mary Myers Faulkner.

PARAGRAPHICS

It is again reported that we are to have a new gym. This rumor we have with us always like the poor and the potatoes in the dining room.

S. Carlton got herself into an embarrassing situation by mistaking Miss Stipe's door for an exit. Our advice to her is: be nonchalant, walk a mile, and reach for an old Chesterfield.

This department has started a priceless collection of rare objects. It now includes an unusual lipstick, a person without a cold, and a Junior without something to sell.

WE'RE PROUD OF IT!

Yoo-hoo, Upperclassmen—*Sophomores*, Juniors, and Seniors! At last we have gained this long looked-for (in vain, we thought) and long aspired-to chance of saying just why and how, and what we think of you. But you'll be surprised when all is said and done!

In various issues of the *Salemite* during the year the following headlines have appeared: "Sophomore Week Proves Trying Ordeal for Freshmen," "Freshmen Afford Delightful Entertainment for Upper Classmen in Sophomore Court," "Advice to Freshmen," "Fear Not the New," etc. Such things as a picture of a crabby old man, who looks as if he could bite nails into two parts, with "The Above Represents a Freshman's Impressions of the Sophomore Judge," under it, and a big blank space which was supposed to be representative of a Freshman's thoughts, were quite suggestive. We were very much hurt when some of the returns from the Freshman student government exams (which, by the way, we had labored over for two long weeks) were brought to light in the college paper. We were razzed, ridiculed, hazed, abused, and bullied.

Another issue of the *Salemite* says: "The first thing about being a Freshman is to realize that you're actually one of these queer little things." We've surely been made to realize it, Sophs—by such things as making up beds, washing hose, sweeping floors, hopping across the streets, and wearing our hair in pigtails. But we didn't mind fulfilling the tasks imposed upon us; in fact, we really enjoyed them, and we hope that we were good sports, for we tried to take our dose gracefully.

Besides all the aforementioned cruel deeds of the tyrannical Sophs we also remember all their good deeds. What a good time they gave us at the Sophomore party, and what worth-while lessons they taught us! The Juniors, our big sisters, and the Seniors have been good to us, too. In fact, we like you all, Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores—but we're still proud of the fact that we are Freshman.

AND INCIDENTALLY—AN EDUCATION

In a Winston newspaper there recently appeared a symposium of reasons why the students of Ohio University accounted themselves as "among those present" at that college. Simple, human reasons, all of them—because "the rest of the crowd went," because "Dad wanted me to have better educational advantages than he had," because "it was the thing to do," and we wonder how these reasons might apply to the student at Salem.

From random observations we might surmise that one-sixth of the students of our college seriously peruse their textbooks with a view of ennobling their lives through intellectual development and through experience in pertinent discussion with greater minds. This one-sixth leave college with minds sharpened and keen to battle the problems of life, with a sense of having justified four years of young life and hundreds of dollars of parental money, and with an enviable poise and surety which comes only through association with culture and experience in leadership.

But what of the other five-sixths, the portion who drift serenely past open doors of opportunity? Carelessly they glide through college and through life, with care-free smiles they elude the subtle problems of life, heartlessly they scatter the hard-earned money of their parents, and always they deceive themselves with the thought that their futile attempts at education lists them among the *haute monde*.

Are you spending four of the most precious years of your life in a determined, erudite pursuit of knowledge, or are you giving no thought but to experience the pleasures of college and to receive, incidentally, an education?

WHO'S WHO
IN THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Officers:

President—Anna Preston, Charlotte, N. C.
Vice-President—Sarah Graves, Mt. Airy, N. C.
Secretary—Mary Virginia Pendergraph, Mt. Airy, N. C.
Treasurer—Mary Elizabeth Pinkston, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Student Council Representatives:

On-Campus Council—
Martha Delany, Charlotte, N. C.
Mary Mitchell Norman, Mooresville, N. C.
Pauline Schenherr, Pennsylvania.

Off-Campus Council:
Mildred Biles.
Mary Heston Martin.

Cheer Leader:
Daisy Litz, Tazwell, Virginia.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet:
Mary Elizabeth Meeks, Rocky Mt., N. C.
Winifred Nicholson, Arlie, N. C.

Debaters:
Anna Preston, Charlotte, N. C.
Margaret Brenecke.

Flag Custodians:
Martha Pierce, Weldon, N. C.
Anna Macon Ward, Stoneville, N. C.

Captain of Basketball Team:
Marian Turner.

Editors of Freshman Salemite:
Mary Heston Marton, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Sarah Graves, Mt. Airy, N. C.
Martha Pierce, Weldon, N. C.

Freshman Tennis Champion:
Martha DeLaney.

Swallow This Pill!

"No, Superior Beings, we do not think that Napoleon was defeated at the Battle of Tippecanoe because X plus Y equals A minus B divided by 2 plus C, but we do think that the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores—well, never mind what we think. You aren't to be blue, dears, nor quite as green as we were, but we hope to turn you red enough to make up for both. Now that my after dinner speech has been made, (The absence of the dinner is unaccounted for! Tch! Tch! Tch!) we shall proceed with the Bull Session or the Hen Party or the Rat Meeting (choice of two). Nominations are now in order for the Princess of Pills. This young lady must be beautiful in the way a crab is beautiful and have about the same characteristics and leap. It is essential that she be addicted to the use of 'Mother Sills' Seasick Pills,' else she will be useless for our advertising purposes. Do I hear a suggestion from the floor?"

"Mr. Head-Rat, I nominate allimaC noreB."

"Don't call me 'Head-Rat,' you rat-head—ah—pardon me, Ikey, but do you think allimaC suits the part?"

"Most assuredly, Mr. Head——— President. She has all the necessary qualities. Have you never noticed how crabbily she turns her back on the audience when she makes an announcement? According to the latest bulletin of the Quack Doctors' Association of Oskibowwow, Wisconsin, this action is due entirely to constant consumption of aforesaid pills. In addition to this attraction, she has that 'come-and-kiss-me-quick-before-I-die' air, which is most appealing in a country lass of her hefty type."

Mr. Lounge-Lizard, I insist that my candidate be recognized."

"Mr. *Chairman*, if you please or don't please! Who are you backing?"

"This extraordinary female needs no stump-speeches, for she is the original nub although not quite the first preferred stock in blondes. She uses 'Mrs. Perkins Pink Pills for Pale People,' which have a much more apparent result than those of Mother Sills. Do you follow me, gentlemen? She is a Mellin's Food Baby raised on Campbell's Soup and love, and, in her capacity as chief executive of our demented Big Sisters, would be a flawless Princess of Pills."

"Will you be willing to swear, if necessary, Mr. ————, (what is eiddna's beau's name, anyway?) that it was not the glue on our pills which gave her lock-jaw?"

"I will even go so far as to assert that our pills have reduced her in height at least two and a half feet and caused her to swallow her voice."

"I hardly think that necessary, young squashbokic. You do not fall far short of placing our superior product in the class of the patent medicine ————. What did you call me? Blackhead, *indeed!*"

"'Blackhead,' I said, 'Blackhead!' Don't accept one of these infernal blondes; select my illustrious candidate. She is stern enough to portray the condition of a person with a recently swallowed pill in her anatomy, and the dignified way in which she swats a volley ball shows the stuff she's made of (one day last Juvember she skinned a big piece of 'the stuff she's made of' off her ——— (continued next week). You are to understand that enaJ is an individual. She's a good judge of pills but a very poor one of underclassmen—eh! Freshmen? That makes no special 'never mind' though, as her judgment isn't her most prominent feature and will never show in the picture. Of course, she is the ape's only rival when she's trying to look inspired, but we need a plain Jane for our purposes. Shall we make it unanimous?"

"Since I am the unfortunate person who is to choose between these 'Flaming mamies,' I have decided (with misgivings and apologies to the English Department) to sink into the arms of Morpheus and awake in the arms of Saint Peter. I am uncertain as to the best way to reach this end—no, that end—anyway, *my* end. Suggestions will be kindly received and as kindly disposed of. As I was saying before I died—ahem I mean *spoke* of dying, it is a colossal task to choose the Princess of Pills from her (How many upperclassmen are there? I done gone 'n forgot) sisters who are equally well-fitted for the position.

I hereby decree that each of the creatures, classed as Srs., Jrs., and Sophs, shall from henceforth and even forevermore retain her significant title of Her Uncouth Highness Princess of Pills; and that the Freshmen shall live happily ever afterwards—at least, until the upperclassmen finish this paragraph—then, may their souls rest in peace!"

SAL TO EM

Dearest Em:

It breaks my heart to write to you. This letter probably means the end of our correspondence. Never will I be able to look you in the face again. Never will we raise whoopee again. Oh! Oh! Oh! As Lady Macbeth says, all the perfumes of Arabia can never wash this from my soul. Long have I pondered on how to break the news. Oh, this is killing me! How can I tell you? I can't do it!!! Yet I must brave myself for the attack. Never will you love the old school again. Never will you consider it an honor to have graduated from it. Never! Never! Never!

Mary Brewer goes to Salem.

Forgive me,

—SAL.

The Freshman class has one hundred, twenty-four members. The students of Salem College come from many different sections. North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, West Virginia, Mississippi, Connecticut, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kentucky, New York, and West Indies are represented.

The Freshman Class wishes to extend its thanks to the editorial staff of *The Salemite* for the privilege of editing this issue of the college newspaper.

Did You Know That---

1. Nonie Riggan was on time for gym on the fourteenth of January, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, A. D.?

2. Mary Johnson didn't get a phone call last night?

3. Adelaide McAnally was unable to make an announcement on February 21st because there was no chapel?

4. We saw Marion Bloor downtown the other day without Doris Shirley? But we'll have to admit that she looked like a lost dog.

5. Lillyan Newell forgot her socks last Wednesday morning?

6. The major production of the Pierrette Players for next year has not yet been decided upon, for Mary Brewer has not yet picked her part?

7. During this week for the first time throughout the year, Dot Ragan has gone around with a "pleased-with-the-world" expression on her face?

8. There is no use to try to use Clewell telephone from seven to eight every night for Hazel's talking to her "Billy"?

9. All the chairs and doors and fountains are dated, but the girls never are? (Except a few).

10. Lillian Tucker has lost her hat?

There is a club in New York devoted to the laziest men in the world. Any attempt on the part of a member to hurry is punished with a fine. One day a member was seen driving by the club committee at a fast rate of speed. Summoned before the committee he excused himself by saying that he was too lazy to take his foot off the accelerator.

A. & P. Store
ALWAYS READY TO MEET THE NEEDS OF
Salem College Girls
Just around Corner

Welcome Salem Girls!
WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU IN OUR STORE
ANCHOR STORE
"WINSTON-SALEM'S SHOPPING CENTER"

THE BEST IN TOWN
Robert E. Lee Barber Shop

A NUTRITIOUS, WHOLESOME DELICACY
Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
Made of fresh, sweet cream and choicest fruits are used in all fruit cream.
GET SOME TODAY FROM YOUR NEAREST DEALER

TRUELOVE'S HALF PRICE ON DRY CLEANING
Work Called for and delivered to any part of the City at these prices
By giving you personal service we think the service you will love will be "Truelove's"
TRUELOVE CLEANING WORKS
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
330-332 S. Main St. Phone 1047