

# The Salemite

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

So long as faith with freedom reigns  
And loyal hope survives,  
And gracious charity remains  
To heaven lawly lives;  
While there is one untrouled tract  
For intellect or will,  
And men are free to think and act  
Life is worth living still.  
*Tbid.*

### SPENDING LEISURE TIME

The question was asked one college student a few weeks ago, "How do you spend your spare time at school?" The girl addressed shrugged her shoulders and replied, "I have none to spend—it is all filled up." Of course we know this was a very exaggerated statement, yet it brings to mind the question of what we do with our spare moments.

A great number of students do not avail themselves of many of the opportunities college life offers because they say they do not have the time. College life is not so overly crowded with academic preparations that the student does not have some vacant hours. During these hours it is possible for her to do many of the things she would like to do. When she is asked to come out for athletics or take part in class activities she will more than likely find time if she is interested. If spare time is not all spent at the drug stores, up street, or talking with friends it can easily be used to accomplish something worth while.

Habits formed in college are habits formed for life. If we form the habit of using our leisure time in the most profitable manner this habit will prove to be a great help if we have to work for ourselves. Not all work and no play, but the right kind of play is the slogan to be practiced.

She (after a quarrel): "Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go this instant."  
He: "I have one last request to make before I leave you forever."  
She (sweetly, oh, very sweetly): "Well, what is it?"  
He: "Before I go, would you mind getting off my lap?"

## SAL TO EM

Em Deah:

After the letter of last week, beautiful in its sentiment and remarkable in its structure, I hesitate to write as commonplace letter as mine usually are. But, as many things happen around here, I need to get some of my mind.

Early in the morn until late at night, something is always happening. I say early, because I distinctly remember that on last Monday morning, in spite of the deluge outside, one of our brave flag bearers braved all, rose early and after a few hurried bites, went to the post of duty. And alas, for the poor dear, the "powers that be" denied her the joy and privilege of flying her flag.

So many of us are sore as strained muscles can make us. Those of us who saw "Rio Rita" and, incidentally, the woman who stood on her head and walked round herself, suffered tortures, I assure you, that woman was to be admired even tho she had no backbone. Anyway, we are sore yet because of attempts to show those who didn't see her, how she did. But, just what she would make me quite sure.

I believe I mentioned something about "late." You'd know what I meant if you could see all these Seniors coming in so late at night. Of course, I'm not writing of what happens while they are out; I only mention their coming in. Some of us think these seniors are the Sophomores and Sophomores, and perhaps a Freshman party, for surely the results of the Seniors were perfect.

We're still in the dark as to what grade Edna Lindzey is in. I think Mr. Campbell on his bacteriology class. Poor man, she certainly keeps him busy. She is, indeed, an austere instructor.

I really must run along. Think I'll take in a class or two today. When you've nothing much to do, sit down and enjoy yourself thinking of

—SAL.

## Volley Ball Games

The volley-ball games will begin Monday night at 6:45. At this time the Juniors will play the Sophomores and the Seniors will play the Freshmen. The winners of all these two games will play each other Wednesday night to decide the championship. These volley ball games promise to be fast and furious, for not only have the different teams been practicing for several months, but they have also observed teams outside the school. Last Tuesday night about thirty Salem girls made a little trip to give M. C. A. (chaperoned?—of course!) to see the Winston Y. M. C. A. volley ball team play the Kannapolis one. The game was an unusually good one. Could it be that the players were inspired by the unheard of audience of thirty college girls? At any rate those same college girls received many good points from the game, and if you notice any spectacular serving or driving in the games Monday night you may be sure the girl's interest was directed entirely on the volley ball players.

We should like to predict who will win, but we couldn't do that. Each team is endowed with its shining lights, little and big. The only forecast that we can make is going to be one struggle Monday night, and that one is going to be continuous. We can give some warnings, however. O Freshmen, you think you are good; you are loving cup in basketball, but—beware of that old "what-you-may-call-it" serve of Ann Hairston's. Sophomores, you think you can handle the ball, but—what are you going to do with that bomb that Margaret Sells slashes over the net to the floor? Juniors, you think you are warm on the volley ball floor, but when Ruth Carter gets hot—what is that going to make you? And lastly, O mighty Seniors, you think you are big, but you are going to feel mighty little when you face Maxton Turner. Take heed, all you classes, and on your toes for Monday night at 6:45!

## BOOK REVIEW

SON OF THE GODS

Up until the last chapter, *Son of the Gods* promised to be the most unique book of modern fiction. Its characterization was more than unusual; its plot, not new, but handled in a most extraordinary way. It keeps one soaring with interest to the very last minute then drops with such suddenness and impossibility that one can hardly get up and straighten out the wrinkles.

Sam Lee is the fascinating son of an old, wealthy Chinaman. He is 40. He is 4'7" tall, weighs 125 lbs., born in San Francisco, brought up in New York and given every advantage that it is possible to give to the most fortunate young American. Because of his superior education, his wealth and his old father's social position, Sam is an outcast among his own people and yet, being yellow, he is hardly acceptable in white social circles. Yet he looks very American with only slight Oriental traces. He falls in love with a rich American girl who returns his affection until she learns of his history. She publicly insults him and retires to have a nervous breakdown because she is unable to disregard her love for the really fascinating Sam. Sam is disgusted and turns toward the Chinese to forget. So is the age-old race question set up and, almost, we hope for some settlement. Then reading farther we at least become satisfied that the author will realize the futility of the thing and leave us with a really satisfying, rather dramatic tragedy. But he does nothing of the sort; he only has the fairy godmother in the person of Irish Eileen, to come in and definitely prove that Sam is no Chinaman of noble birth but an American changing left on the doorstep of the venerable Lee Yung who raised him as his son. The one, tiny, treacherous feature of this ignoble ending is that Sam realizes that the knowledge he degraded the opinion of his real ancestor. If you read the book, I would advise you to shut it at the beginning of the last chapter and decide on your own ending.

## Ain't It Nice?

Ain't it nice, these brisk days to get up at seven and skip, actually skip, over to breakfast, ain't it nice? Ain't it nice maybe to get up at six—five, say—and hike around "up hill and down dale," just 'cause you feel that way?

Ain't it nice too at eight-twenty-five to be ready and listening for the old chapel bell—so you can rush right in and sing loud psalms of praise?

Ain't it nice sometimes to catch an eight o'clock class—to pay glad attention—to answer with vigor?

Ain't it nice to dash over to Anderson's where Rob Roy, Rick, Lou and dear Mabel are waiting impatiently to cater away with just you?

Ain't it nice to grab the old bat and swing at the ball, to run energetically round the field—in this lovely March wind—to the tune of a ball whizzing through the air which may not hit you on the shin, and then again it may?

Ain't it nice to wear a sleeveless dress to classes and sit next to the window in the breeze?

Ain't it nice to study these days? Isn't the very atmosphere academically inducing?

Ain't it nice to crack the near-ice and jump in for a lively swim or maybe to dally on the edge of the pool dipping your toes—oh, ain't it nice?

Ain't it nice to walk up town and shop all the afternoon? Even if you can't find anything to fit or match, ain't it nice just to do it?

Ain't this old weather nice anyway? Ain't it nice to be active and working?

Ain't it nice—huh? No, it ain't! None of it is. But I can tell you what is. Pull your old window down to stop that March wind from howling back your toes further down, and with a blanket or two just dream on—on till noon even.

Dream about summer—no classes—the moon in July—dream about nothing, ain't it nice? Nice to be lazy—not lazy but dreamy just because it's Spring. Now ain't it nice?

Somebody grab a spoon and bring on the sulphur and molasses! (And ain't dat nice?)

## INTERESTING PROGRAM GIVEN IN MUSIC HOUR

(Continued from Page One)

and is still the greatest of its kind. It was formerly customary among great composers to improvise cadenzas to the concertos which they wrote. Today, however, the cadenzas are written out.

A good motion picture organist must be able to improvise. He must be able to change the tunes which he plays as the picture changes. Each tune must merge into the next one without a definite break. The different tunes played must, of course, be illustrative of the changing moods of the picture. This use of the art of improvisation is the most recent.

In speaking of improvisation the question arises: "How is it done?" It is done in many different ways. The player must think quickly in terms of music. He must translate into music his own mood or emotions. People who play by ear improvise. Many people, however, pretend to improvise who actually do not. They merely find something to play and play it. The player must give the composition unity. He may build phrases and sentences from a small musical thought of only a few notes. He is not compelled to play to the end of the piece, however. He may put the theme into another key, turn it around, or go away from the original idea, though he just always comes back to it in the end. In this way he uses the three part form of composition. He should work the piece up to a definite climax in order to make it interesting. Some composers take one motive and never get anywhere with it. It is merely repeated again and again in a slightly different form. This has been called the "wall-paper pattern" composition. The composition cannot be too unified or too varied.

After delivering this interesting address on "Improvisation," Dean Farrell played some delightful illustrations. He used motives given him by various members of the audience in most of his selections, but at the end of the program he used the privilege of choosing his own theme. The audience was so

delighted with the charming result that it demanded another selection which when rendered was more attractive than any of the preceding ones.

## To the Freshmen

The regular Salemite staff was delighted to have a vacation last week. Also, we were delighted to see the fine spirit in which the Freshmen returned to the Sophomores good for evil, in the true Christian manner. Particularly were we impressed by their repeated manifestations of good will toward wonsankind, and especially toward the dear Sophomores—who lovingly and tenderly guided them through the first months of their college life. We are all glad that the dear Freshmen are fond of us, aren't we, girls? And don't forget, Freshmen, self-appreciation is a desirable quality. Don't depreciate your virtues. Of course modesty is all right in its place, but too much of it . . . you know!

## The Sahara

The true Sahara is a great desert 'hot stretches, a bare and dead world of its own, all across Africa. A strange world it is, for it has mountains, valleys and plains like the living world, save that nothing grows to cover the bare ribs of the earth, and nothing moves, but the great winds, and now and then the wandering Arabs.

The desert is of four sorts, the rock desert, the desert of dry salt lake beds, the desert of flat sand 'dod down by sage and cactus, and the desert of the moving dunes of—*Eunice Tjeltjens, in Child Life Magazine.*

"Do you know the subject of the first slow motion picture?"

"No."  
"Two Scotchmen reaching for a old check."

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