

# The Salemite

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!"

We'd make with joyful wing  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring."

—John Logan.

"A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singseth a quiet tune."

—Coleridge.

### Renominations

Elections for the five major organizations are over, and every one is satisfied. Each organization has for its leader a strong, capable, and trustworthy girl, who is fully prepared to meet the duties which are soon to be hers. The student body is to be congratulated for having these girls for the leaders of the 1929-30 school activities.

Soon will come the nominations and elections of class officers and leaders of departmental organizations. It is to be hoped that as much care and caution will be shown in these elections as in the previous ones. Realize that your class president represents your class and you, and that the progress and success of this or that club depends on your choice of leader.

Apparently there has been much unnecessary wrangling and fussing over the nominations for council representatives. Why does this happen? Why are meetings called for the purpose of renominating? Something must be wrong, for this has never been necessary before. Certainly no girl feels particularly flattered to be nominated at the first meeting, and at a second meeting, called for the expressed purpose of re-nominations, to be among those omitted. If careful thought and consideration were given at the first meeting, the second would be unnecessary. Therefore, let us take care, and have no more re-nominating.

Mr. Hopper (rising from table): "Shall we dance this fox-trot, Miss Flopper?"

Miss Flopper: "That wasn't the orchestra starting up—one of the waiters just dropped a tray of dishes."

## HOW 'BOUT SPRING FEVER?

Spring fever! That most terrific of all intoxicating maladies is here with all its symptoms! And how do we know—we hear some inquiring nuth on the rear seat ask? Along about February and March as the first breath of spring (quite trite, its true!) breathed its fragrant atmosphere upon the population of Salem, we saw everyone coming to life again after being asleep all winter, like the little groundhogs. Every little thing seemed to have a new interest to us for we knew that "When winter comes can spring be far behind?" We grew very ambitious and even resorted to studying our lessons day by day for awhile. We even took a jovial interest in soccer, volleyball, baseball, and all other sports. Even going to gym was a pleasure. (Ye Editor, protect this poor weak one from the brickbats of the Sophs and Fresh, 's 'tious plait.)

But this general ambivalence gradually wore off, and a new feeling—of dependence, or laziness, or Spring Fever, shall we say?—crept over us. That is how we know that spring has really "come"! Now we are gradually encumbered with the desire to sleep all the time, to lie on "nice" soft blankets on upper campus and listen to the birdies sing, and to smoke a few Murads thus showing our indifference to the world in general, rather than to study or to knock a few baseballs across the road. The following bright remarks uttered by students must be accredited to something, so let's pack it on spring fever.

"If you don't stop having hysteria I'm going out and pick some wisteria."

And: "I'm going to my room and run over the World War; it won't take me two seconds."

None of us knows exactly what spring fever is—all we know is that we've got it, or rather, it's got us. This is the best definition we can find. Spring Fever is a funny feeling that creeps all up and down yo' spine and acts on yo' moving machine in a sorta silly manner. If you don't believe you know what this fever is that we've been talking about, just see if this little poem doesn't fit your mood to a T. If it does then you are just another victim of Spring Fever:

"I wish I was a little rook,  
A-sittin' on a bill,  
Doin' nothin' all the day,  
But just a-sittin' still.  
I wouldn't eat,  
I wouldn't sleep,  
I wouldn't even wash,  
I'd just sit still a thousand years  
And rest myself—  
B'gosh!"

### "Heat Lovers" Cause Bad Flavor in Milk

Richmond, Va.—A course for bad flavors in milk, that does not seemingly endanger health, however unpleasant to the palate and bad for the milkman's business, was announced at the meeting of the Society of American Bacteriologists here recently.

This source is bacteria known under the name of "heat lovers," because they ferment only in considerable heat. If pasteurizing containers in a dairy have to stand more than thirty minutes waiting for milk, the heat lovers may develop, so fast do they grow.

### Had Use For It

Above them the waterfall thundered down in a mighty rushing torrent.

"A pity to see all that going to waste," remarked one of the little party of tourists to another who stood watching.

The other cordially agreed, and added as an afterthought: "I suppose you're a civil engineer, like me?"

"Oh, no," he replied blandly; "I am a dairyman in a rather a big way."

## JOKES

Absent Minded Dean (knocking at St. Peter's gate): "Come, open up here or I'll throw the whole bunch out."

"How's your wife coming along with her driving?"  
"She took a turn for the worst, last week."

"Why do Scotchmen buy all their canned food in small cans?"  
"Less waste."  
"How so?"  
"They don't have to throw away so much can."

Louise: "Don't football players have their suits washed?"  
Dion: "What do you think the scrub team is for?"

"Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall I do?"  
"Here, use my cigarette lighter."

"Hey, Percy, you took the wrong medicine—you drank the horse liniment."  
"Oh, dear me, what an ass I am."

"Do you drink?"  
"No."  
"Then hold my quart while I tie my shoestring."

Plenty of It  
She: "Naw, I don't go to college, and I'm proud of my ignorance."  
He: "Well, sweet thing, you've got a lot to be proud of."

Sue Jane: "What makes you so loathe, Alice?"  
Alice McRae: "I've been talking thru a screen door and strained my voice."

Mr. Flip: "What's the matter with you? Anything wrong with your back?"  
Mr. Flop: "No; my wife made the shirt I have on, and I have to walk this way to fit it."

Passenger: Vat time does de train leave, you say?  
Agent: 1:50.  
Passenger: Make idel 1:49 and I take it.

Adam (to Eve): "Good heavens! These women! Always ruining something. You've gone and made salad out of my Sunday suit."

My idea of a dumb man is one who opens a shooting gallery in Chicago.

"Do you think it will stop raining?"  
"It always has."

"Mama, George Washington must have had a good memory."  
"Why, son?"  
"Because everywhere I go I find a monument to his memory."

Barber College Yell.  
Cut their faces,  
Rip each jaw,  
Leave their faces,  
Raw, raw, raw!

Sergeant: "Have you any scars on you?"  
Recruit: "No, but I can give you some cigarettes."—Exchange.

"Clara Bow's not so individual."  
"Howzat?"  
"Four out of five have IT."—Exchange.

Sambo: "What fo' yo' name yo' baby 'Electricity, Mose'?"  
Mose: "Well, mah name am Mose, and mah wife's name am Dinah, an' if Dinamose don't make electricity, what does dey make?"—Exchange.

"What's that thread tied around your little finger for?"  
"Oh, that's to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember."—Exchange.

Jenks: "You say you don't know what love is?"  
Speck: "Why of course I do. It's the tenth word in a telegram."

## Rides 90 Miles Each Morning to His Class

Seattle, Wash.—When Raymond Jauregui is graduated from the University of Washington he will be fully prepared to catch the 7:48 train for the office. He might well be said to be majoring in commuting.

Every day he makes a 90-mile trip to an eight o'clock class and he is always on time.

Jauregui lives in Tacoma. When he leaves home in the dark of morning, he takes a 30 minute street car ride; then boards a train and comes to Seattle and takes a street car to the campus.

"I study on the train," he said. "Nobody disturbs you."

It was believed Jauregui holds a national record for distance traveled by a student.

Where Home Fires Are Burning  
Magistrate: "You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife."  
Diminutive Prisoner: "No, sir, I am not a deserter; I'm a refugee."

Inventor: "Suggest something that the world needs for me to invent."  
Friend: "A portable parking space."—Life.

## Island of Heligoland Slowly Crumbling Away

Heligoland.—This little German island, English North sea outpost until 1890, has lost 13,000 square meters swallowed up by mountainous waves when recent fierce gales caused havoc along the west European coast as far as Norway.

The damage done here and to the neighboring East Frisian island chain has led the Prussian survey department to appoint a commission to make a scientific study of the whole coast line to ascertain if there is any dangerous acceleration in the gradual subsidence of the German North sea shores.

It is known that the whole coast is sinking, but only at the rate of about ten inches in the last 100 years. Coming investigations are expected to show whether the sinking process calls for extra precautions.

Idea for the ideal talking movie—Calvin Coolidge playing chess.—Life.

Bum (picking up cigarette butt on the street): "That's how I keep my figure, Bill. Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."—Life.

## Auditorium

### THEATRE

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—In—

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