

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"From hence, ye Beaties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er
retraced,
And be with caution bold,
Not all that tempts your van-
dring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful
prize,
Nor all that glitters, gold"
—GRAY.

"It is better to be a fool
than to be dead."
—STEVENSON.

PARAGRAPHS

We congratulate Misses Mary Miller Faulkner, Sally Hunter Ball and Margaret Vail on entering secured positions to teach next year.

A campaign for males is in order now that the Juniors have SENIOR PRIVILEGES.

Let us mourn. We hear that our Christmas holiday for the ensuing year will last only two weeks, in stead of three as heretofore.

Oh, the incoherencies of man! It is right that on our campus an innocent inhalation of mild and delightful aroma (preferably Camels) be regarded with horror, as one of the cardinal sins, on a par with the dishonorable and immoral practice of cheating?

When is there going to be an appropriately full moon so that Mr. Campbell can at last entertain the dubious seniors at the long-promised and eagerly anticipated steak-fry? (Page back! Luna!)

We invite your sympathy. Imagine trying to compose paragraphs during a hectic season of notebooks, term papers, entertainments, recitals, baseball games, spring dances, and other distracting "dongs."

We know that Miss Foreman and all of the budding psychologists went into ecstasies over Miss Agnes, charming guest of Miss Mary Duncan McNally, who exhibited for their observation this week diverse infant reactions, native tendencies, emotions, and instincts. Having interviewed her personally, we couldn't blame them.

FEMALE ORATORS

In beginning our editorial, we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness and thankfulness to Mr. Joseph Addison, deceased editor of the Spectator, for furnishing a topic for us to editorialize upon, and for supplying a few suitable thoughts and words in the absence of our nonfunctioning brain. Also to Pablinus Vergilius Maro (merely Vergil to unsophisticated minds) do we accord our sincere thanks and deepest appreciation.

Along with Mr. Addison, we wish to divide all female orators (that is, of course, all the feminine sex) into three types: (1) Gossips, (2) Gossips, and (3) Gossips. (Ed. note: this is written by a member of the female species, who, by the way, is not sourced on the world nor bitter against her sex.) We are all gossips, so we may as well admit it.

Our sister is to be Gossip, many apologies if we depart from the subject. Gossip—the term applied to jabbering about your next-door neighbor, talking about your best friend behind her back, taking a slight suggestion (for you know that where there is smoke there is some fire!) and magnifying it until you are sure that so-and-so is "just terrible." A gossip is a term which may be applied to Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle who knows before you do that you're going to have fish for supper, and that your sister is already secretly married.

Gossiping is very destructive even when it is not meant to be. We call our friend, Vergil, to our aid in pointing out the destructiveness of Gossip or Rumor:

"Rumor goes through the great cities swifter than any other; she increases by motion and acquires strength by moving. A monster which has more watchful eyes, gabbling tongues, and open ears than anyone knows. By night she does not close her eyes in slumber, and by day, she sits, a spy, on the lofty towers—a messenger of falsehood and error rather than of truth."

Coming down to earth and to Salem campus again after our lofty flight into the realms of the immortals, we find that even here on Salem campus we have that "messenger of falsehood and error rather than of truth." Having nothing else to entertain us except the pleasant occupation of studying we resort to talking about each other, for instance, how much better the girl across the hall would look if she wouldn't wear a pink dress with that red hair, how many times her roommate has borrowed toothpaste from us, and how highly indignant we get when somebody told us that Flora got a box that looked like food and didn't ask us to have some. Mr. Addison half-way professes to believe what the Irishman said: "A woman's tongue must be glad when she's asleep, for it has not a moment's rest when she is awake." Let's show Mr. Addison, Mr. Vergil, and the other ancients that we, here on Salem campus, can get rid of gossip and can substitute for it truth and sincerity, their own virtues.

VOICES

Oh, speak again and drop your words like stars
Into the dark pool of my restlessness
What music is there like your voice
to still
These many voices calling me apart,
The sound of far winds beating on my heart.

Oh, speak but once that I may close my ears
To siren voices from enchanted lands,
Let me see but you that I may not see
Each white sail starting to some distant harbor
Where restless sounding seas beat evermore.

Forever in my ears are sounding
Of sea-birds winging over silver seas
I would be gone, but yet I cannot
be gone
These ceaseless calls to life I have
not known
If your own music stills each over-
tone.

—The Chronicle

SAL TO EM

Em Dear: As for as though I should be "soaring amongst the clouds which are borne thru the sky on sweetly perfumed zephyrs," and if it weren't for the existence of unromantic school life, I'd most likely be dreaming in "the great arch of heaven." For truly we saw a bit of fairy-paradise in May Day, which was unsurpassable in its beauty. Everything—the day, the people, the ladies of the court, the beautiful queen, the dances, all, were as nearly perfect as one might ever hope for. Our only regret is that everybody we know didn't see it, for it was indeed very impressive and beautiful.

But, getting to less fanciful—the I'm sure, no less beautiful subjects—we are having the "Davidson Dramatists" with us this week-end. Our own "Tish" Currie will act with them. They are presenting "The Taming of the Shrew," and one wonders if the attempt is to be made at taming "Tish." Be that as it may, and quoting Dr. Willoughby, we shall have the opportunity of seeing "Tish" as a "true young lady." It's time, 'cause you know how rowdy that sister of her's is!

Loyalty! That word describes some Salem students to a "T." My dear, if you only knew how many lofty comrades we have! Some bought tickets to the sophomore picture and then didn't go; but they bought them, all the same! Now, isn't that loyalty for you—or is it the result of the unflinching persistence of the threatening Sophomores? One hardly dared refuse to buy a ticket, and one was hardly courageous enough to offer, meekly, "I've bought one, already." What sales-ladies these hold, had sophomores would make!

Dearie, some of us know now how well' look in heaven. Whether this is a true picture or merely a work of fancy, I know not; but celestial forms are becoming to some of this "heavenly host." Witness the picture carried in last week's "Salemite." Observe the buxom attendant who bears a facial resemblance to Miss Myers Falkner. I tell you, it's "a hale and hearty look" who flit on under the shining light of the cherub Hassell.

'Tis time for this to stop. There'll be only a few more letters, for—oh joy—we've only a few weeks more here; but there'll be some more, as here's threatening.

Doubtlessly yours,
—SAL.

OPEN FORUM

THE MOST PRESENT EVIL

Everything was going along according to its usual routine on Tuesday until about ten o'clock when a young lady entered a room and began quietly distributing brown books which everyone seemed to be clamoring for. Several minutes later could be heard echoes of "I'll swear," "damn," "drum," and many other such unladylike expressions. Only seniors seemed to be their carefree selves. Oh! and Little Green who's going to New York next winter, didn't look very worried either.

On the second page of the Salem College Catalogue appeared these words: Thursday, Dec. 19, 1929—Christmas Vacation begins, 4:45 p. m. Friday, January 3, 1930—Classes begin at 9:00 a. m.

In spite of this we noticed that school begins and closes as usual. Now what, may we ask, has happened? Is this extra week of school to be devoted to term papers, parallel reading, quizzes, or worse? Won't we have fun next year with no Junior Hall, no cuts, and a week less vacation?
—Elizabeth Ward.

Proud Father: "Let me tell you sir, the man who gets my daughter will get a prize."
Hopeful Candidate: "I say now, that's exciting. May I see it now, please?"

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Beginning today and lasting until May 25th, there will be an Art Loan Exhibit of worth-while pictures by well-known Artists in the Pilot building at the corner of Fourth and Poplar streets. Salem students are cordially invited to attend.

Students, don't forget that today is the last day for filing summer school slips and registration cards in the registrar's office.

Dr. Rondthaler will deliver the commencement sermon of the year at Summerfield High School Sunday, May 12, at eight in the evening at the invitation of Supt. A. C. Metz.

The college riding meet will be held this afternoon at three o'clock or the lower athletic field.

Dr. Anscombe will deliver the Commencement address of the Stoneville High School at Stoneville, N. C., Sunday, the twelfth.

Monday the college Sophomores will entertain the Seniors at tea at the home of Mrs. Joseph Fletcher or West Fourth street.

The pupils of Mr. Schofield will give a recital in Memorial Hall at 8:15 Monday night.

The History Club will meet Tuesday night at 6:45.

At Expanded Chapel hour on Wednesday, Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse will speak on "Vocational Guidance."

The Mathematics Club will meet in Ailee Crowell Campus Living Room Wednesday at five o'clock.

On Friday night in Memorial Hall a recital will be given by Miss Sallie Hunter Ball, pianist, accompanied by Miss Mary Cash, organist.

On Friday afternoon, May 18, members of the Salem Saddle Club will enter the first Winston-Salem Horse Show at the Fairgrounds.

The members of the Sigma Delta Sigma society have elected their officers for 1929-30: Agnes Pollock, president; Alice Caldwell, secretary-treasurer; Annie Koonce Sutton, Pan-Hellenic representative.

The officers of the Theta-Delta Phi sorority for the ensuing year are: Lucile Hassell, president; Elizabeth Allen, secretary-treasurer. (Pan-Hellenic representative to be chosen later.)

The PICTURE TELLS the STORY

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A PATTERN IN SHADOWS

Out of the darkness of the high vaulted cathedral stole the sound of soft music from a great organ with golden pipes. Only a few tapers flickered around the altar, fashioning fanciful shadows on the stained window panes. In the lofty caves a light summer breeze rustled like some unseen presence, ghostly and evading. The music came again—low and passionate, as if the soul of the man whose fingers trembled over the manuals was being drawn out through those pipes that vibrated in the vast dome like slender beams of sunlight.

Down in the darkness sat a man—alone. Tiny beads of perspiration dampened his forehead, and he clutched the back of a bench with dirty, calloused hands. Now the music came to him like the whispers of a man to the woman he loves, and the intruder shut his eyes, loosening his hold on the bench. Now it was signaling like the wind through tall pines by the sea in the dead of night. One taper at the altar burned low; finally the flamed died silently, and the shadows nearby merged into blackness. The music pushing its way through breathless space, reached the man in the darkness, fragile as moonlight. It was like a dream of music. He put out his hand as if to feel the softness of the sounds which floated around him.

Shadows of darkness and dreams of soft music—wind in the caves and wavering candles somewhere in a blurred mist. The bitterness that gripped the heart of the man flickered out like the altar taper, leaving him weak and exhausted, and there on the lonely bench with a smile on his lips—he slept.

The wife of a certain bishop was very ill, and required a serious operation. As she recovered from the anesthesia, she was heard to murmur: "Am I in Heaven? Am I in Heaven? No, there's John."

"Do you suppose, that plastic surgery would help my face?"
"No."
"What, then, would you suggest?"
"Blasting."

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