

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Time shall unfold what thought cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shall them deride.
—Shakespeare.

"If you are not happy you must have an evil conscience."
—Stevenson.

PARAGRAPHS

Edna Lindsey and Jessie Davis are hereby granted their touching plea that they be allowed the privilege (?) of appearing, in print, before the public eye—and before the ensuing Commencement. Oh, it's a pas de quoi, Edna.

Anna Preston is certainly burdened with blue ribbons and the equivalent thereof—a Freshman, at that! Come on everybody, let's give this little girl a hand. (As "Texas" Guinan might say).

In fact, Charlotte, N. C., is fast producing a remarkable array of athletic problems. Regard Modest Martha, pride of our track meet, who inspires our open-mouthed admiration. (Note: Dr. Oswald Goodlin, painless adenoid operations, \$95.00, 2000 W. Fourth St.—Adv.)

You might be interested in the furor created recently at the University of North Carolina by the anonymous publication of a scandal sheet, titled *The Yellow Journal*. You may obtain details of the episode from room 202, Junior Hall.

We had a Junior say she was going to get restricted so that her unpopularity would be less noticeable. No, in spite of the damaging evidence you are wrong, it was not us. Guess again.

We trust that Those-Who-Are-In-Authority will resist any possible impulse to cleave to past customs, whatever sentimental attachment they may have for old regulations, and will make amendments for the coming school year governed by an unbiased consideration of the petitions presented by the Student Body.

One, two, three; concentrate on examinations!

PASSING OUT

Tee-hee, we fooled you. This is merely our Farewell Address. Read it and weep, we say—smiling through the tears that gladden becomingly on our luxuriant lashes.

Mary Lib Leeks just came in and begged to be given honorable mention for being able to wiggle her nose like a rabbit. (She will catch you low in ten lessons. See terms in our Catalogue, page 2001.)

We are all in pieces, that is, torn asunder by the conflicting emotions that you've heard so much about. Whether to be dejected, morbid and inconsolable at the prospect of the impending doom—or to be exuberant, and you know just oh so glad to think of what then; that is the up and down of it. Glad one minute, and sad the next. That's us. And how about you?

Oh, girls, dear Everybody, how are we going to survive the next two weeks? Everything is topsyturvy, shilly-shally, willy-nilly, oogle-woogle; and we walk along—old Unconscious personified—thinking foggly of What Is to Be and If So How.

But there is no rest for the weary, and we drag ourselves up to the next hurdle with broken toes and bloody eyes. Weakly we clutch at a twig and try to pull ourself over the high hedge; we have almost reached the top . . . now the twig breaks and we fall to the dirt with a heavy thud and a low groan. Ob, Gunga Din, of pal, of friend . . . won'tcha give me a drink out of that canteen? . . . Jus' some cool, cool . . . And bind up my poor sore toes, and give me my cocoa. Will ya? D. T., Epizootics, fic, fic, foe, fum.

After all this noble effort we find it impossible to be attractive tonight. The environment is strangely uninspiring, and to be frank—we have nothing to inspire anyway.

Please accept our sympathy, encouragement and blessing, and let's drink a toast: Here's to bigger and better vacations!!

Faculty Interference

A warm May night, a full moon shining through young leaves, scents of flowers, and a murmur of voices from two girlish figures outlined against a great white bush. With arms interlaced, they stood gazing at the moon, their backs turned to the lights of the dormitories and their minds far away from the college world, at least, from the feminine part of it.

"Oooh!" breathed the blonde, "what a night for meditation."
"Call it meditation if you want to but I don't agree," sighed the brunette. "It's nothing less than a crime to keep a person tied up in an ole college on a night like this. Just imagine speeding along in a cute little roadster with the top down all bundled up in a warm coat and—"

"Who with?" queried her companion.
"Oh, that makes no difference. I could love anybody right now."

Another long pause broken only by long sighs directed to the man in the moon since he was the only man in sight.

"Judy," murmured the blonde, "this is just like the picture show. Don't you know the heroine stands in a beautiful garden longing for her lover and suddenly he steps from behind a tree or bush and—oh!"

"This is as lovely as any garden," whispered Judy, and there ensued plenty of trees and shrubs. Suppose we try it."

Without words, but with mutual understanding they started to act upon the suggestion, a suggestion which was never completely fulfilled, for from somewhere, from behind the white bush came a muffled laugh. They looked at each other, not bothering to finish the sigh, hesitated a minute, then with one accord raced back up the hill to college life, laughing wildly as they ran. The brunette fell blindly over a bench, got up and ran on again.

A May night, a full moon shining through young leaves, a scent of flowers, and two faculty members behind a great white bush in gales of laughter over the consternation of two silly college girls.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The annual swimming meet of the college will be held at 2:00 on Monday afternoon.

Salem College's entry in the Horse Show, sponsored by the Women's Club of Winston-Salem, begins at one-thirty this afternoon, May 18, at Forsyth County Fair Grounds.

At six o'clock this evening the Juniors will entertain the Seniors at a buffet supper, held at Forest Hills Farm, Clemmons, North Carolina.

Full rehearsal for the commencement cantata will be held in Memorial Hall at eight o'clock on Tuesday and Thursday, May 22 and 24.

At the invitation of Principal J. O. Rogers, Dr. Anselme delivered the commencement address at Old Town Consolidated School on Wednesday, May 15.

Sigma Omicron Alpha will meet Tuesday evening at seven o'clock in the campus living room of Alice Clewell Building.

The Science Club held its last meeting on Friday night; and elected officers and members for next year. (It was impossible to get results of election before going to press.)

Mr. Campbell, senior adviser, will entertain the graduating class at a steak fry on Monday evening at six o'clock. The probable place for the party is at the Y. M. C. A. comp, near Winston-Salem.

The Pierrette Players will meet Thursday evening at six-forty-five in Alice Clewell Building.

Senior examinations are scheduled to begin on Saturday, May 25.

Dr. Rondthaler will deliver two commencement addresses during the next week, one on Tuesday evening at Morven High School, and the other at Siler City High School on Thursday evening. Also, at the invitation of Superintendent J. F. Lowrance, Dr. Rondthaler will deliver the annual commencement address at Selma High School on Sunday, May 19.

Magic Land

The land of dreams come true is the land of magic, the land of sunshine; for no sorrow nor trouble nor exams are there—it is a land of love and light; for there exams have never been. This land is a beautiful one—the skies are always blue, birds are singing, flowers are blossoming, and light breezes bring in whiffs the most beautiful music anyone has ever heard. It is an enticing place where one likes to go when there are lessons or other hard things to be done.

The road to this land of magic is rough and tangled to some, but for others it is an easy road. Dreamers are the ones to whom the road seems easy; other material-minded people never reach this land of enchantment, for they can never cross the line of understanding. But to dreamers the way is easy; a dreamer just sits down in a nice, comfortable seat and leans his head back upon soft pillows, closing his eyes. Almost at once he may hear the tinkling of tiny bells, and the bright, fresh smell of live green things enters his nostrils. Soon he really enters the magic land; then a soothing feeling passes over him and he is at peace with the world. Finally, however, he has to come back from that far-distant world and re-enter the World of Exams and other Material Things. But the most beautiful land in the world to the weary "cramped" person is the land which we all love—the Land of Thought, or, in other words, the Land of Dreams Come True.

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."
"Iceland," wrote Willie afterwards, "is about as large as teacher."

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The person who so kindly accommodated Mary Neal Wilkins by filling her hat box with books last Friday night before she left for Chapel Hill may call at room 202, Junior Hall, to receive the books and thanks for such a noble service.

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