

The Salemite

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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

Our greatest strength lies close to the point of our greatest virtue.
—William L. Bronell.

Trouble is a sieve through which we sift our acquaintances. Those who are too big to pass through are our friends.
—William L. Bronell.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There is nothing by which men display their character so much as in what they consider ridiculous.
—Goethe.

PARAGRAPHS

Hail, hail! Vacation time is here! Rejoice, ye over-worked creatures, play for a week, and see what happens!?!?!
* * *

From all we hear, we gather that Pat is trying to make an excellent combination of "the Bugs" of the campus and the Y. W. Social Service Group. Not a bad idea, Pat!
* * *

Ye Paragraphers notice a big improvement in the "little things of life" on Salem campus since Lucy Currie's attractive features have been weekly appearing on the scene. For instance, more potato salad.
* * *

Ye Paragraphers think that a course in "How to Disguise Your Finger Prints" would be an interesting new course at Salem, especially for these here "Society Girls."
* * *

Native: Are the fish biting?
Weary Angler: I don't know. If they are, they're biting each other.
—College Humor

Paul—Are you going to kiss me good night?
Eve—Mercy, no! That's the last thing I'll do.
Paul—All right, then what'll we do first?
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WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

Heigh ho, everybody! No, this is not Rudy Vallee but your honorable co-editor of this week coming on the radio. If this article is in *The Salemite*, you will know that we, or somebody, finally got the paper out this week. But if you don't see this article in *The Salemite*, you will know that *The Salemite* did not get out this week. Anyway it's a struggle for two inexperienced nit-wits to edit a weekly paper—our weekly paper. Lucks against us anyway, or maybe it's the weather. The whole editorial staff of *The Salemite* (minus ye Editor-in-Chief Kirkland) surrenders its scholastic and literary achievements this week and journeyed infirmly-ward. In fact, we would have made this an "Infirmity Issue" if it hadn't sounded too bad coming right after last week's Hang-over issue. Lucy's got a mighty bad cold and can't even featuarize. Marian's about given up the ghost, but Daisy Bud and I, being young and ye editor's temperatures are so high that it won't do to publish them. Please sympathize. We would request that all of you, Dear Readers, send roses, and we are afraid the Infirmity won't be our address by Saturday. However, if you still desire to send them, American Beauties are our favorites. Our address is Room C, Society Hall (All brick-bats, rotten tomatoes, etc., will not be acceptable).

When the Editor told us of our new job, we fainted dead away. When we came to, the bright idea struck us that our co-ed, Broadway Staley, might render effective assistance. But he, intentionally or unintentionally, has succeeded in dodging us on all occasions, and there was no help coming from the youngster, or you will be trailing the homework path for many hours are past, and not on your own free will, either. "I think she's a Council member. She looks exactly like one, anyway." I live in torment. I, with my overwhelming curiosity, my forever-enduring inquisitiveness, and my mind muddled for gossip, have to do without all the choicest bits of news; I miss all the campus frolics, college cut-ups and so forth that I always see in those fascinating color moving-and-talking pictures.

THE CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN RUSSIA

Christmas is the most loved holiday in Russia and Russian people love and know how to celebrate holidays. Even till now many customs, usages and ceremonies are preserved, counted by centuries, some taking their origin in the olden days of paganism. But the Christmas customs are funny, but dear to us. Customs make interesting and merry the holiday of Christmas.

Christmas in Russia is a holiday of youth. It starts on Christmas Eve the sixth of January, about six o'clock with the appearance of the Bethlehem Star, which helped the wisemen to find the place where Christ was born. Then begins the service in the churches, which are all decorated with Christmas trees and burning candles. At that time of the year the ground is covered with deep glittering snow, that cracks under the steps of the hurrying passers-by. Sometimes little sleds fly by like wind, with merry laughing drivers. After the Christmas holidays, everybody hurries home for dinner. That day under the tablecloth we put hay in remembrance of the fact that Christ was born in a simple manger. It starts on Christmas Eve, signifying that Christ is with us. Any stranger, any traveler that is not at home on this great day may enter and dine with the hospitable master and mistress. The dinner is a feast without meat. A special meal is made, called "Cutuya" made of grain, honey and nuts. Cutuya is made only twice a year, on Christmas and the day of Baptism of Christ.

After dinner the Christmas tree lighted for the first time. Even now in some houses little colored candles are used instead of lamps. It is more simple, but perhaps more sweet, for the custom of lighting the tree came from the time when every body brought to the new born Child

NOTICE

This week's issue of the Salemite was edited by Sara Graves and Eleanor Idol. In order that a more thorough knowledge of the technical details of this weekly publication may be gained by those who will have the honor, and incidentally the work, of editing the Salemite next year, the Senior members of the Staff are giving them an opportunity for practical training. All different intervals the paper will be published under the general direction of one or more Junior Staff members, with the idea of preparing them for their future efforts.

ON LOOKING LIKE A "STEEGE"

It isn't much fun, I can tell you—looking like a "Steege." You may think I'm complimenting myself; maybe I am. If I were a "Steege," somebody made the remark that I looked like one, I would be highly complimented. But, not being one of those highly-ferocious, much-to-be-respected animals, I don't relish the idea of appearing to be what I'm not. (I always did hate hypocrites.)

Anyway, it seems that I'm honored for the rest of my life. Every time I make an appearance on a scene there are instantaneous, provocative (to me) whisperings: "Sh-h-h-h. Here comes." "Hush! A "Steege" is appearing on the scene."

As the youngster, or you will be trailing the homework path for many hours are past, and not on your own free will, either. "I think she's a Council member. She looks exactly like one, anyway." I live in torment. I, with my overwhelming curiosity, my forever-enduring inquisitiveness, and my mind muddled for gossip, have to do without all the choicest bits of news; I miss all the campus frolics, college cut-ups and so forth that I always see in those fascinating color moving-and-talking pictures.

Not only are my mere acquaintances my enemies in this respect, but also my seemingly best friends. The acquaintances gathered in gossiping groups look on me with suspicious eyes, stop talking when I join them, and the good gossip is forever lost to mine ears. Even at midnight in the sanctuary of my best friend's room in the midst of an untruthful truth meeting, the confessor always looks at me suspiciously, and I have to cross my-heart-and-hope-to-die that I'm not a Steege before she will confess her dark and dirty deeds.

It must be my physical appearance that causes all this needless trouble for others and useless agony for me. That's all I can figure out. I don't think that I have a Steege complexion. If I do, it is deeply hidden, or else entirely undeveloped. Therefore I end this epistle, which is not a political plea for membership on our student self-government board, but is a sad and doleful request that the people take me seriously, and not for what I am not. So, if you know any good campus gossip, just step right up, whisper it trustingly into my ear, and thus help to lighten the burden I seemingly am doomed to carry forever and aye.

VERSE

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate: I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
They are not long, the days of wine and roses
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.
—Ernest Douvon.

BIRTHDAY LETTER TO AMY LOWELL

Commemorated birthdays bring to us too poignantly that supplyingly nasty fact of increasing age, and so let's forget this is to be a birthday letter, and say it is one in celebration of a very special holiday. I can never conceive of you as growing old, Amy. That would be an impossibility for you. I can imagine your living on for centuries with those smiling eyes of yours seeing all the warmth of life forever.

I frankly admit I do not like writing this letter to you. I should much rather be eating breakfast with you in that cozy room you have made me love—that room "in the breakfast washed sunlight" where "the fresh-fast table is decked in white." While "the coffee steam rises in a stream, clouds the silver tea service with mist, and twists up into the sunlight." I should like to spread yellow butter over crisp, brown toast, and make you tell me funny, whimsical things so that I might laugh softly.

I am a little bit bored with commonplace people who understand nothing of the things of the heart. Many of them question that "A stack of butter pats" could scream, flutter, call: "Yellow! Yellow! Yellow." They even suggest that you should have written "bath children in the slums taking showers under firemen's hose instead of about the sun lit water in a morning bath. I have stamped and raved, and then I have laughed. What is to be done with a world of literalists, advocates of progress, and squelchers of dreams? I suppose you were accustomed to them. I should like having you here with me now—we should stand on the court-house square, and you could smoke one of your black cigars.

Tomorrow you will be counted as one year older, but I shall know and you will know that time really makes no difference. Just as before you will be "Proud to feed the pavement" and still you will "smell the stars." Perhaps some day the meaning of these words of yours which is incomprehensible to the minds of logical men will seep into their dull souls. Then we shall laugh softly together.
—Dell Landreth.

FROM FIREFLIES

Let not my thanks to thee
Rob my silence of its fuller
honage.

There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of company,
I seek thy company so that I may
sing.

The tapestry of life's story is woven with the threads of life's ties
ever joining and breaking.

My clouds, sorrowing in the dark,
forget that they themselves
have hidden the sun.

Love is an endless mystery,
for it has nothing else to explain
it.

Listen to the prayer of the forest
for its freedom in flower

The fruit that I have gained forever
is that which thou hast accepted.

TIS BETTER THUS

Burroughs—"I asked you for a loan of \$10. This is only five."
Lenders—"I know it is, but that's the fairest way—you lose five and I lose five."

Autoist (to pedestrian he's just run over)—Here's a ten spot. I'll give you more later.
Fetters—"What's the idea? I do not choose to be run over on the installment plan!"

"That chap is with Ruth again."
"They say he is a ronder."
"Yes, almost every night."

HIGH LIGHTS AMONG THE FACULTY'S VACATION

Several members of the faculty took interesting trips to various parts of the country during the Christmas holidays. It is interesting to note that some of them went in their own trust cars. One of them might steady, the airplane, while still others resorted to the tried and sturdy means of transportation—the train.

Miss Hazel Horton Read with Miss Letitia Currie, aided and abetted by the former's bouncing young Ford, struck out pioneerlike for the sunny southland. Miss Read went from Salem to Davidson on Christmas Day to pick up Miss Currie and on the next day, the three started west enroute for Florida. One night was spent at Atlanta, one in St. Augustine, and one in Miami. One of the most interesting sights to be seen on this trip is the famous Bok singing tower in Florida Bay, and the "Cuban" towers, the most wonderful collection in the world, and was built in the last two or three years. A German was brought over from the other side especially to give the concert. These concerts are given for an hour on two days a week. Miss Read said that they luckily happened to hit upon one of these days, and heard the most beautiful music ever heard, and a truly de luxe tour, stopping only at the swellest of hotels both coming and going (there must be a catch in that somewhere). The entire trip took about ten days, and everything was sunshiny and rosy and what not until the fateful town of Lumberton was reached. There as they rode along the river with the moon over the sea, Miss Currie and Currie and Lizzie Ford came to grief. Lizzie was mighty tired after the long journey, and with a sharp "bang!" and a gentle spig, she sank into the Atlantic waters, and a blanket. It took only a short time to restore Lizzie to her complacent rotundity and the trip came to an otherwise uneventful close.

Another member of the faculty has a brave and sturdy heart, Miss Lettich, on the Saturday now only a sweet memory, strode boldly out in the night, leaving the airport, and "caught" an airplane for Washington, D. C. This was at 8:45 and at 11:45 she was in Washington—rather quick work. Something like the flight of the "Cuban" was her stop at Charlottesville, Va. When asked about her trip Miss Lettich said, "The plane was a seven-passenger bi-plane, in which until the stop at Charlottesville, I was the only passenger. At that time, a student at the University of Virginia climbed aboard en route to New York, and, as the plane was only a few miles from Washington, it was dreadfully, but there was no motion, and I was able to write a note (an absolute impossibility in a bus, and usually on a train). To me the landscape below was the real attraction of the entire trip. It reminded me of an old-fashioned quilt, quilted in perfect regularity. The snow on the ground had sunk into the ridges and furrows, and the whole view from the plane was one of perfect symmetry and beauty." Miss Lettich is planning an airplane trip from here to New Orleans in June, and this flight was by way of a trial and also a preparation. The flight to be made in June will take about twelve hours, and necessitate an overnight stop in Atlanta.

Miss Lettich and her family went to Florida for the holidays. Miss Lilly spent Christmas in Coconaut Grove with a friend, and Miss Forman and "Wendy" traveled all around, seeing things and going places. Miss Riggan and Miss McAnally took a flying trip—however, not in an airplane—to Philadelphia for the entire trip. The entire trip covered only Thursday to Monday morning. While in New York, these two ladies went to see "Lysistrata" and "Green Pastures," two of the most important plays of the current season.

So it seems that the thing which is now being done is a trip to Florida in a Ford, or if you are "speedy," you jump on various points
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