

The Salemite



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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

It is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's Creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God's, to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier—more blessed, less accursed. —Carlyle.

When I forget to smile my face is a liability. —William L. Bronwell.

Beauty does not lie in the face. It lies in the harmony between man and his industry. Beauty is expression. When I paint a mother I try to render her beautiful by the mere look she gives her child. —Jean Francis Millet.

PARAGRAPHS

Have you noticed the relieved expressions on the faces of the Seniors now that the bids for Junior-Senior have at last appeared on the scene?

It's a great life, if you don't "Week-end."

Well, spring is here, and young man's fancy turns to thoughts of the things girls have been thinking about all winter, according to the State Technician.

Ye Paragrapher could almost write an inspired article on "Sunshine — the Answer to Maidens' Prayers" after last week-end.

These people you see walking around the campus with the swelled heads and high-hats are merely the Juniors in the midst of their newly-acquired Senior privileges.

The new officers have begun their work for the year 1931-32. Luck to them!

SHIP AHOY!

Yea, Seamen, ship ahoy! and other maritime expressions. Last week, Y. Excellent Pilot Kirkland, Midshipman Carson, and their lusty crew were attacked by the pirate crew of the run-runner "Graduation." Good Pilot Kirkland was so overcome at the thoughts of the near approach of the schooner "Graduation" that, without much ado about anything, she lost her wooden leg (which is identical to John Silver's); therefore, the goodly crew surrendered, because of the force of adverse circumstances, on Saturday, May second, in the year of 1931 at twelve bells. After a long, naily successful cruise, Pilot Kirkland honorably surrendered the good ship, Salem, to her captors.

We, the inexperienced Pilot and Crew, take the helm of the good ship Salem with a feeling of inadequacy, but with a will to accomplish, and a desire to find the real gold hid in the treasure chest in far-away Arendia.

On the masthead you will find the names of the crew of The Salem for the year 1931-32. These hearty seamen have been selected according to their ability; no other standard has been used in the selection.

Before we shove off, it is fitting that we disclose our plans for the year's cruise. Here are the details of our map. The members of this crew are your representatives, and this ship is your paper. The primary duty of this paper is constant consideration for YOU, the student body, who make publication possible. The front page is for your successes and failures in campus life, and for your enlightenment in respect to things that are going on around you. The editorial page is for informal talks that will show the more human and more real side of life on campus, and will try to solve its problems. The "Open Forum" is for suggestions; the Society Column, Sports Column, World and Intercollegiate News, Announcements, "Features," and "Week-end Travels" — all are for realistic, true-to-life contact with the complexities of student life.

If we depart from the above ideals, we are lowering our good yellow and white flag and are "histing" the black pirate flag over our well-built ship. Please criticize us if we show signs of "histing" the pirate flag. As some other editor puts it, "Without your criticism we cannot progress. Criticism is solicited and suggestions for improvement of the paper are always welcome."

And so, as we push off, we set sail on an unknown sea, bearing the yellow and white banner of Salem, in quest of the port of Arendia and the treasure-chest filled with gold, which is the success that we are eagerly seeking. We need your good-will as our compass, for we shall have to steer aloftly the ship in its course and dig hard for the treasure chest. We are asking for your co-operation in the coming annual cruise. Once more, leave ho! Ship ahoy! The journey's begun. —John Masfield.

A FREE-FOR-ALL

What do you like on the campus? What do you dislike? What is your own personal "gripe" and what cure can you suggest for it. In general, what could be done to make your college better in any way?

There's a little heading for a column in this paper called "Open Forum" — it is dusty with age and neglect. If you have only criticism for any phase of college life — send it to "Open Forum." It is much better to have the criticism and give others a chance to solve your problem, than it is necessary to fill out a summer school registration blank also. If you are not expecting to return to Salem next year, then fill out a withdrawal blank which may be secured from the Registrar's office. Students failing to comply with these regulations will be charged a late registration fee.

MOTHER'S DAY

For twenty-two years a people everywhere have celebrated Mother's Day as one of the most significant holidays in all our festival calendar.

Mother's Day is not a tool for wholesale use as many holidays are. It is entirely a personal matter—a personal celebration—a personal thanksgiving. Your own observance of Mother's Day cannot be determined by the world at large, but it is to be a humbly thankful expression of gratitude for the very institution of Mother—for the present or the past existence of a personality which embodies the fibres of life's sweetness, its dearness and its fineness. If you love your mother, tell her so. She will always like to hear it. We should be very humble on Mother's Day in personal and individual recognition of a day by day sacrifice, a day by day selfless, a day by day which reaches a strong tender hand out of the present or out of the infinite to comfort and sustain. Someone somewhere has said:

"A mother's love! If there be one thing pure Where all beside is sullied, That can endure When all else passes away— Surprising human deed or thought, It is a mother's love."

Just think for a little while on Mother's Day about your own mother. The day does not call for stupid sentimentality, for mere gushing, or for shallow extravagance. It calls for an humble and sincere appreciation of the purest personalities God ever made on mother's. Mothers don't push their way into the centre of things, and demand attention. Their light does not shine in starting spurs. Theirs is the steady serene glow in the darkness. Their presence gives us the joy, and their love gives us the peace that is nearest the God-like. To us falls the loving recognition of the patient, understanding, devoted soul we call—Mother.

"SEA - FEVER"

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by, And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking, And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray day breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied; And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying, And the flung spray and the brown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the sagrant gypsy life, To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife, And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-sever, And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over. —John Masfield.

REGISTRATION

Spring registration week is May 11-16. This includes everybody except seniors and business students. If you are returning to Salem College next year, secure a registration blank from the office before Wednesday, May 13, make out your course of study, secure the signature of your advisor and return the card to us by Friday, May 16. As your advisors are just as busy as you are, do not wait until the last minute to make an appointment—do it at once. If you expect to attend summer school, it is necessary to fill out a summer school registration blank also. If you are not expecting to return to Salem next year, then fill out a withdrawal blank which may be secured from the Registrar's office. Students failing to comply with these regulations will be charged a late registration fee.

MISS ZINA VOLOGODSKY ADDRESSES STUDENTS

(Continued From Page One)

one ship merely because it did not glitter. This same coin happened to be a platinum piece which dated back to Catherine II and supported the Vologodsky family when later they were refugees in China. Mr. Vologodsky was invited to prison with a motive. Soon afterwards the Bolsheviks left, taking with them their booty, leaving behind them a city filled with helpless people. Immediately following this, not being entirely subdued, the courageous Siberians began reconstruction by instituting a government known as the Siberian Government, at the head of which was a Council of Ministers. Mr. Vologodsky was invited to become the Prime Minister, and regarding the physician's orders (he had been in very poor health), he accepted, anxious to offer himself for service to his country. This government was later replaced by the Directorate, at the head of which were three men chosen from the former Council of Ministers.

The feeling against war was universal. There was neither the food supply, the ammunition, nor the financial means to support an army, but protection of some sort was necessary, since the Russian army was needed at the European frontiers of Russia. The Japanese government was willing to offer the support of its army on condition that the new government was proved stable. But even this was not sufficient to keep down the Bolshevik uprisings which were becoming more frequent and more serious on matters. Mothers don't push their way into the centre of things, and demand attention. Their light does not shine in starting spurs. Theirs is the steady serene glow in the darkness. Their presence gives us the joy, and their love gives us the peace that is nearest the God-like. To us falls the loving recognition of the patient, understanding, devoted soul we call—Mother.

By this time Mr. Vologodsky's health had given way. He had resigned from office three times, but his resignation had not been accepted. He had been working at an average of twelve hours a day, and if he had continued at that rate, he would have become a permanent invalid. The fourth time he resigned, his resignation as Prime Minister was accepted. As a reward for his distinguished service he was given the title "The Honorary Citizen of Siberia," a very high honor.

The conditions around Omsk had by this time become frightful. The food supply was cut. The electric plant was burned. Every day hundreds of wounded soldiers were brought from the battle field a short distance away. People were starving everywhere. The rationing was only six pounds of meat at fifty dollars a pound, and other foods were just as expensive. The great crisis came on January 1, 1920 when everyone who could find any means of escape fled. That very evening the city was overrun by the Bolshevik army.

Mr. Vologodsky sent his family ahead to apparent safety, but he himself remained in a neighboring city in case there was any way in which he could help Siberia. Later, however, realizing that it would be best for them to die together, he sent for his wife and daughter. The dangers encountered on this trip were innumerable. The expensive automobile of the Prime Minister was literally matched from them along with all their baggage. He and his wife were unable to find Mr. Vologodsky arrested. He had not tried to escape by changing his name and living incognito, and when the arrest came he surrendered himself without struggle. His soldiers were so amazed at his conduct that they set him free. Soon he was rearrested by a man who formerly had been one of his good friends. Immediately upon being freed he sought the various consulates. After being refused at the French and Czechoslovakian Consulates, he was received at the Japanese Embassy. As soon as the Japanese promised also to take him out of the country under the protection of the Japanese flag, he sent a note to his wife and daughter asking them to meet him at the station on a certain day. When Mrs. Vologodsky read the note, the day had already passed. But with characteristic hopefulness she took Zina to the train immediately and found that it had

ELIZABETH ALLEN CROWNED QUEEN OF THE MAY

(Continued From Page One)

moment of time to Merrie England and Sherwood Forest. Across the stream Little John, impersonated by Lucie Martin Currie, was seen jauntily surging along. Just as he reached the foot-log and was on the point of crossing, he was stopped by the shout from none other than Robin Hood himself, played by Edith Kirkland. Each demanded to cross first, and forthwith a mighty fight ensued on the log with Robin Hood landing on his back in the creek to the surprise of all. However, that brave lad was soon on his feet and, recognizing true worth, initiated Little John into his band of merrie men without delay.

They were interrupted in their frolic by the arrival of the Sheriff of Nottingham, played by Adelaide Silverton, and as they crept off into hiding they heard him proclaim a great May Day festival for the people of Nottingham. In disguise then, the outlaw band went into the city and mingling with the crowd, joined in the festivities. There was a dance of the villagers and of the village children. Maid Marion (Thelma Stortz) made a joyous entrance and was crowned Queen by the Sheriff, after which she very graciously danced for her subjects. In return, they staged a mighty bout between two of their youths and a pair of Robin's men who were unknown to the crowd. The poor Queen was unable to see because of the excited crowds, and sent her faithful elf, Shadow-of-a-Leaf, (Mary Virginia Pendergraph) to inquire around in the breach to report events to the Sheriff. When called to the dance of the Foresters, followed by the dance of the Cows and the Milkmaids. Last of all came a great shooting match in which Robin Hood carried off all the honors. In reward, Queen Marion presented him with a golden arrow and, being curious to know on whom she was bestowing honor, demanded to know his identity. Surrounded by his merrie men, he edged toward the forest, then turned, snatched off his disguise, and shouted "Robin Hood!" fleeing through the woods with the shouting villagers in hot pursuit. Satisfied with the outcome, Queen Marion and her court gracefully withdrew, marking the end of the ceremony.

not yet departed. The Bolsheviks, suspecting that the Japanese government was offering protection to Russian refugees had seized the locomotive. After numerous delays the Japanese train reached Harbin, China.

Since it was not yet safe for Russian refugees near the Siberian border, and needing the money, the Vologodsky family went to Shanghai where Mr. Vologodsky practiced law quite successfully. When the court closed here the entire family went to Tientsin, to Peking, and finally to Harbin again where Mr. Vologodsky obtained a position on the Chinese Eastern Road. In 1925 when the administration of the railroad was taken over by the Bolsheviks, all of the Russian emigrants lost their jobs, including Mr. Vologodsky. In October 1925 he died, having given over his entire life to the welfare of Russia.

Zinaida, or better, Zina, has since then been living with her guardian, her father's best friend, and her mother in Harbin. Friends had at first planned to send her to Germany to school, where she has an adopted brother. Since last year she has been here in Salem and has won for herself the love and esteem of every one.

FLOWERS MOTHER'S DAY Sunday, May 10th WINSTON SALEM FLORAL CO.