The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Sarah Graves
Managing Editor .. Mary Louise Mickey
Associate Editor ..... Margaret Johnson
Associate Editor .... Dorothy Heidenreich
Feature Editor ..... Beatrice Hyde
Feature Editor ..... Susan Calder
Feature Editor ..... Elinor Phillips
Poetry Editor ..... Martha H. Davis
Ass't Poetry Editor ..... Isabella Hanson
Music Editor ..... Mary Absher
Society Editor ..... Josephine Courtney
Sports Editor ..... Mary Ollie Biles
Local Editor ..... Mildred Wolfe
Intercollegiate Editor Miriam Stevenson

REPORTERS

Phyllis Noe
Elizabeth Gray
Martha Binder
Margaret Long
Mary Miller
Zina Vologodsky

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Kathleen Atkins
Mary Drew Dalton
Mary Penn
Carrie Braxton

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager .. Mary Alice Beaman
Advertising Mgr. ... Edith Claire Leake
Asst. Adv. Mgr. ..... Ruth McLeod
Asst. Adv. Mgr. ..... Grace Pollock
Asst. Adv. Mgr. ..... Mary Sample
Asst. Adv. Mgr. ..... Isabelle Pollock
Asst. Adv. Mgr. ..... Emily Mickey
Asst. Ad. Mgr. Mary Catherine Siewers
Circulation Mgr. ..... Sarah Horton
Asst. Circ. Mgr. ..... Ann Shuford
Asst. Circ. Mgr. ..... Elizabeth Donald

LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Acquire new knowledge, whilst thinking over the old.
—*Confucius.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted.
—*Cervantes.*

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stand
Than when we soar.
—*Wordsworth.*

He is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.
—*Wordsworth.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.
—*Shakespeare.*

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd
What oft was though, but ne'er so well expressed."
—*Pope.*

PARAGRAPHICS

Since the Washington exhibit has been on display, there have been more than six hundred visitors to our library. We want to thank you, Miss Siewers, for your kind and co-operative efforts in it.

Since Mr. McDonald has represented Salem at Washington, and sat on the platform right beside representatives of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Dartmouth, we're beginning to realize just what kind of a school Salem is. Let anyone try to get ahead of us.

Judging from the self-satisfied expression on Dr. Rondthaler's face he must have believed himself to be the president referred to in "The President's March" which Dean Vardell palyed Sunday morning. We're sorry, Dr. Rondthaler, but isn't life after all one grand disillusionment?

IRON GRATINGS

President Chase of Carolina has made the astonishing statement that there are boys at the University who are going hungry and are even living in garages to remain at school. It is sad news to learn in what plight the present financial situation places some students of our neighbor college. Admire their pluck as we will, it is plain that such conditions are unfair and deplorable. Why should an ambitious student have to live in a garage simply because his bank failed or the stock market crashed? He had no part in the faulty organization of the economic structure. He is due an education.

Then comes the thought that Carolina is experiencing what is happening to every community in the land. With the greatest injustice misfortune has fallen on honest people, and no one knows why. Perhaps the greater unfairness would be avoiding this world depression.

Salem has strong walls and heavy iron gratings, which seem to shut out the wrold. Though financial troubles do harass the president, we students are safe enough from worry, to say nothing of hunger or cold. This safety has brought a warm feeling of security, of care-free happiness—and narrow-minded smugness. While we are thankful for our good fortune, we might bother ourselves with this question: Since we are in college to train ourselves to face the affairs of the world, would it be to our advantage to come more directly into contact with them now; or is it better that iron gratings give us the security we need in training our minds? At least we ought to look through the bars from our nook of the world to see how the rest of it is living.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR

The celebration of the Chinese New Year which comes in the first days of February is a great event for the natives and these days are glorious days for all.

The Chinese scholars don't get any holidays now and then as we do. How would you like to go to school every day of the year from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon? The little Chinese do, even in summer. But when February approaches they are happy—for they shall get a vacation of a whole month!

For several weeks in advance every body prepares his house for the celebration and when the actual day of the New Year comes every one is at one's best. For several days every shop, every school, every court, is closed. The windows are covered, the doors are locked and a red card is placed on the middle of the door with inscriptions on it, wishing you the very merriest and happiest New Year. From inside comes the native music—the sounds of trumpets, flutes, harmonicas, wind pipes, and many native instruments! It is the voluntary orchestras of clerks and employees driving the evil spirits from the doors of the houses. The musicians start early in the morning and finish late in the evening, but even then there is great danger. The gods are wiser than men, their ears are keener, if they hear the people going to their beds, they will creep in the house and bring malice and unhappiness on the heads of the family. Even the stone Buddhas, sitting honorably in the front room, with sweet insence burning in their honor, can not help men these days. The noise frightens the evil, but the fire chases it away. At night when all the lights are turned and the city looks like a

(Continued on Page Four)

PARAGRAPHICS

It seems that the Seniors wanted to have a good thing last and that Dean Vardell wanted to get a bad thing over. At least, that's how it appeared to us when Dr. Rondthaler announced "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as the processional.

Members of the *Salemite* staff are wondering just how many people will be saying *di rect* from now on.

Pity the person who was born on February 29. To make matters worse, 1932 happens to be a red-letter depression year.

POETRY

FIRST OR LAST (Song)

If grief come early
Joy comes late,
If joy come early
Grief will wait;
Aye, my dear and tender!

Wise ones joy them early
While the cheeks are red,
Banish grief till surly
Time has dulled their dread.

And joy being ours
Ere youth has flown,
The later hours
May find us gone;
Aye, my dear and tender!
—*Thomas Hardy.*

FAINTHEART IN A RAILWAY TRAIN

At nine in the morning there passed a church,
At ten there passed me by the sea,
At twelve a town of smoke and smirch,
At two a forest of oak and birch,
And then, on a platform, she:

A radiant stranger, who saw not me.
I said, "Get out to her do I dare?"
But I kept my seat in my search for a plea,
And the wheels moved on. O could it but be
That I had alighted there!

"I LOVE ALL BEAUTIFUL THINGS"

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honored for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Although tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.
—*Robert Bridges.*

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

—*W. B. Yeates.*

THE BELL

It is the bell of death I hear,
Which tells me my own time is near,
When I must join those quiet souls
Where nothing lives but worms and moles;
And not come through the grass again,
Like worms and moles, for breath or rain;
Yet let none weep when my life's through,
For I myself have wept for few.

The only things that knew me well
Were children, dogs, and girls that fell;
I bought poor children cakes and sweets,
Dogs heard my voice and danced the streets;
And, gentle to a fallen lass,
I made her weep for what she was.
Good men and women know not me,
Nor love nor hate the mystery.
—*W. H. Davies.*

Week-End Travels
In the Realms of Gold

Undset, Sigurd, *The Son Avenger*

The Norwegian authoress has exhibited her realistic and potent abilities as an authoress in The Son Avenger. This novel, the last book of the trilogy, *The Master of Hestviken*, is a stirring and convincing portrayal of Norwegian life and customs.

Olav Undunsson, the father of Cecilia, the foster father of Bothild and the pretended father of his dead wife's illegitimate son Eirik, although an honest well-to-do farmer is so tyranical and lacking in human understanding and sympathy that his children's lives are very seldom other than hellish existences. Eirik mistakes the affectionate glances of Bothild and makes very sensual advances only to learn later after her death that they really loved each other. Then Eirik enter a convent, Cecilia is married to the unsuitable Jorund who is later murdered. Eirik fails in convent life and later marries the leman Eldrid. Many complications ensue and finally Cecilia is happily remarried, Olav dies, and Eirik passes away in the arms of one of his church brothers while Eldrid has joined a convent.

Vegra, Morselli, Lopez, Piandello, *Plays of the Italian Theatre*

The five plays of four representative Italian literary figures deal with such people as shepherds, seamen, a lion tamer, giggling girls, false women, and a sophisticated singer. A brief biographical sketch explains the author of each play, expounding some of their chief theories, varied view points and wide eruditions. Most of the plays exhibit deep insight into the lives of the characters while all are touched with cynicism and irony. "The Wolf Hunt" is weighty with a mysterious sort of atmosphere and suspense is created through the swelling of an intense emotional scene between the woman and her paramour who is a coward. All in all this collection speaks well for the Italians, and even though Italy has never had a truly national theatre it has clever authors and productions worthy of countries with a national theatre.

Chesterton, G. K., *"The Flying Inn"*

Chesterton must have had a hilarious time while writing this brief novel or rather novelette and just as glorious a time is afforded the reader. In the characters of Captain Dalray, Humphrey Pump and Ivywood one is led into many paths of amusement. Emphasis cannot be placed on the plot. The soap box orator who would have it that every thing English is worse than any thing oriental or any thing that is good in England can be traced from oriental origin is amusing. Besides the characterization, full praise must be alotted the author's descriptive powers and unusual expressiveness.

SALLY HIX

Leap Year Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Hix:

I am just a young rural girl unused to the wiles of the city, and would like some advice about love. Recently I met a man who proposed to me on the first date, but he has not been back to see me since. What must I do?

Still worrying,
Pat.

Answer: Pat, there is nothing you can do now; you must have accepted his proposal. That's why he hasn't returned. Let that be a lesson to you.

Dear Miss Hix:

How would you go about proposing to a lawyer? I have been waiting for weeks for leap year to come, and now that it is here, I am bashful.
Wanna Mary.

Answer: That is a hard question, since a lawyer is clever at evading a direct answer. Try getting on your knees. If you are too bashful for that, just look into his eyes and stutter.

Dear Miss Hix:

I am a very attractive girl, but the boys just don't come around but once. I use listerine and Life Buoy, and therefore I know my personality is guaranteed. What do you suppose is the matter?
Spaq.

Answer: Try Hoyt's perfume.

Dear Miss Hix:

He and I have lived on the same street all our lives, but only this Christmas I really learned to know him. I call him my "Christmas Carol." How can I keep his love?

Anxiously yours,
Mary B.

Answer: You are lucky that this is leap year, and he'll say "yes" to everything. Be careful what you say in telegrams.

Dear Miss Hix:

Life has become unbearable since Henry stopped sending me flowers. Though he used to send them every Sunday, he even forgot Valentine's Day. Do you think he'll remember Easter?

Sadly,
Grace.

Answer: Don't worry about Easter, but keep the date in mind continually. Decide what kind of flowers would match your Easter frock, and use mental telepathy. He might send pink roses if you didn't drop a hint.

Dear Miss Hix:

I am in the midst of a desperate love affair with one of the town's most successful insurance agents. I love him and wish to marry him. When is the right time to propose?

Yours,
"The Cutest One."

Answer: Take out a short time policy, and make him sign on the dotted line.

Dear Miss Hix:

Do you think the old knee position is the best to adopt while proposing?

Just for curiosity,
Babe.

Answer: A great deal depends upon where you are. It would be impossible in a car or in Alice Clewell. If you can do it gracefully, try proposing with your knees on the soft carpet in Louisa Bitting. It should be inspiring.

299 Alice Clewell Building,
Salem College,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Mister Leap Year:

Please help me get a boy friend. As you see from the address I am down here in Salem College and can't get out, which is very inconvenient and boring to a girl like me. The girls here are very nice as a whole but my roommate is kind of dumb and at night when I get tired of her I think it would be nice to have somebody I could depend on to call me up.

You know, this phone call business has gotten to be serious around here. The girls, especially those on the third floor of Bitting (that's a dormitory here), just love to get calls and keep the line busy. Of course, the conversations I've listened to being carried on were sort of silly but being rather intellectual myself I think I could do better than the average if somebody would give me a ring.

Then I want a good looking fellow to go out with now and then. I've looked over about all they have in the sitting rooms of Clewell and Bitting and nothing I saw there suits me very well. Maybe its good I

(Continued on Page Three)