

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 Josephine Courtney
Managing Editor Dorothy Henderson
Associate Editor Elmer Phillips
Associate Editor Patsy McMillan
Literary Editor Susan Calcutt
Literary Editor Courtland Preston
Lead Editor Martha Binder
Music Editor Mary Ashler
Music Editor Eleanore South
Sports Editor Elizabeth Gray
Sports Editor Mary Ollie Bliss
Sports Editor Margaret Long

Cora Emaline Henderson
Lucy James
Lois Torrence
Selestie McManmy
Gertrude Schwalbe
Virginia Nall

BUSINESS STAFF
Business Manager Sarah Horton
Advertising Manager Mary Sample
Asst. Adm. Manager Ruth McLeod
Asst. Adm. Manager Isabelle Pollock
Asst. Adm. Manager Grace Pollock
Asst. Adm. Manager Claudia Fay
Asst. Adm. Manager Mary Delia Irvin
Asst. Adm. Manager Caro McNeill
Circulation Manager Lois Williams
Asst. Circ. Manager Ruth Mae Jones
Asst. Circ. Manager Mary Frances James

LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY
This minute that comes to me
over the past decillions.
There is no letter that it does
And now, What behaves well
In the past as behaves well
Today is not such a wonder.
The wonder is always and
Always how it comes to be
A man man or an infidel.
—Wall Whitman—

PARAGRAPHS

When the big crash came in the dining-room, there was a somewhat heated discussion over what caused it. Miss Stockton blames it on Dr. Rondthaler for putting up and down the library on Sunday mornings with weighty footsteps. Then Dr. Rondthaler insists that Miss Stockton loosened the plaster by moving tables. Won't they stop their quarrelling? It might have been an earthquake.

Who is Josephine Collette? If anyone can solve the mystery, the staff will be grateful because she writes clever paragraphs. She left a manuscript written in bold, black script in the office basket. If she must do things like that, the editor does not promise to keep it off the press in any form she chooses.

We're glad to see the Juniors established in Society Hall. The first night they were there, one of them fell down the steps and from the evidence of various onlookers we gather she was not too pleased with the set-up down there. In the near future Society Hall plans to have a house-warming and miscellaneous songs combined. Then don't throw away that old pair of your roommate's curtains.

It is rumored that Miss At was directly responsible for the deplorable state of the weather during the first days of the week, because she had been dissatisfied with the arid condition of the hockey field for two weeks. Please, Miss At, doesn't your grass need a little more sunshine?

CAN A GIRL UNDERSTAND POLITICS?

It is breathtaking to think how critical is the portion of history through which we now are living, this very day and in this very city. The ideas of society are changing, and who knows but that the organization of society will be undermined as a result of the broad thinking which political and economic conditions force upon men and women. And today is critical history, as vital and serious and, withal, thrilling, as any war we now discover. Do we, college women, realize what is taking place in the world outside our campus, and are we at all concerned about the settlement of great civic questions? Do our lives consist of a schedule, a cream of soups, a movie, and an ice cream soda?

Probably when Paul Revere roared over his horseback, his famous warning, the people who heard it never once believed Mr. Bassett would record it in his textbook, nor did the audiences of the Lincoln-Douglas debates realize that their heard would cover after after-page in historical records. Neither do we think that coming generations will study chapters concerned with "The Great Depression." Certainly they will not study the most serious disaster that the country has known since the Civil War. But college students are not totally unaware of political conditions, nor do they fail to note movements to improve our troubles which do not exist. Would a group of totally frivolously minded girls flock to a meeting of the Young Democrats or America or applaud and endorse the movement of the National Economy League? Salem girls did just that, proving that they were interested in the coming elections, that they did read the papers, and wanted to be further informed about matters of government.

As it is said, are incapable of realizing the seriousness of such a situation as confronts the nation today. If realization means worry, the saying is true in a measure. But if realization means understanding causes and results, the desire to do one's share in bettering conditions, and the ability to keep informed about politics, the college woman asserts her ability on an equal plane with her college brother. The question is whether she will make use of her ability.

THE FACULTY RECITAL

Salem should feel fortunate in having in its Music Faculty two such fine virtuosos as Charles G. Schiefel, Jr. and Ernest Leslie Schofield.

Surely no one of the large audience could have gone away from Monday night's concert without a feeling of having been lifted far above the things of every day life, without an inspiration to do something fine himself. Mr. Schofield was at his best. He has never produced more beautiful tones than those in "The Rose of Alandale." His other songs demonstrated his remarkable technical range. Miss Violet Tucker, his accompanist as well as an artist in her field, Mr. Vardell's program ranged from the classic school through the romantic and impressionistic to the very modern.

This concert, in which Mr. Vardell played a number of his own compositions, linked Salem College with the Folk Music Bureau of the University of North Carolina of which one of its main purposes is to encourage the composing and performance of original manuscripts by living young American composers. It is a rare opportunity to hear a composers' own interpretations.

The admiration of certain students for the new assistant in the education department has been surprisingly dampened by the dispatch with which that young man gets down to work.

The Salemite staff will please consult the bulletin board in Main Hall on Monday for an announcement concerning a meeting, probably Monday night.

THE PLASTER DESCENDS

The recent catastrophe which occurred in the dining-room was a great shock. Why should a ceiling of many years' standing choose this year to fall upon a room full of tables set for lunch? Mr. Thornton Wilder, author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, might call it an unpropitious omen, signal of fate, or prophesy of dire disaster. However, we call it damp weather and soft plaster, plus a deal of hard luck.

To Miss Stockton, the capable dietitian who began her work at the college only a few weeks ago, belongs much credit for efficient management of the emergency. Within three hours after the accident occurred she had contrived to arrange tables in the little dining room and the day students, make necessary changes in kitchen arrangement and serve a delicious hot meal. It is a marvel that anyone could be so efficient. The students promise their co-operation through the days of inconvenience which will follow the fall of the ceiling.

OYSTERETTES

Did you ever sit down, either in a quiet place or a noisy one, and think of nothing but oysters? No, neither I except the night before biology exam. My dears, that night was a revelation never before had I fully appreciated the value of these little, slick, enclosed creatures. Day after day they lie on the bottom of muddy rivers or salty inlets all unknowingly. Appalling ignorance! Think not hard of them for all they know they might as well have been eard in a rain barrel or even in a bath tub. They have no sense of humor; they have no appreciation of art; and most of all, they have no earthly idea that they have caused the manufacture of oysterettes.

These indescribable discs of delight, language-eating oysters without oysterettes! Oysterettes are to oysters as frames are to pictures, as envelopes are to letters, as corned beef to cabbage, as announcements are to shop notices. They are words (word, in this case) indispensable. Just so are personal comments indispensable to college life. Be in demand! Be among the first to do mail oysterettes weekly. This is my advice. We wonder if Mr. McEwer has as yet found Miss McKinnon's twin sister!

Week-End Travels In The Realms of Gold

"Much Have I Traveled in the Realms of Gold"

We have been working for over two weeks. During this week-end, why not take a journey to strange, enchanting places? We can do this while sitting comfortably in our own rooms. In *The Carolina Loco-Country*, a book published by its own which loves and tries to preserve the negro spirituals, we find ourselves surrounded by the romance of the melodious old Southland. We see the country from Indian days to the present time, but especially do we see the negro as a musical individual. Through the dreamy pines and Spanish notes, we hear his low, musical voice singing the old spirituals. In the last section of the work are some of these songs with both words and music.

From South Carolina, we leap across the sea to Russia, Irina Skarlatina, who last year in a Y. P. M. talk told us of many of her adventures, we travel from the Revolution-born Russia of 1922 to our own country. She sets forth her amazing adventures in her late book, *A World Begins*. Weak from imprisonment, she leaves her native land, travelling through Germany, near her mother's grave, to England. In Soudan she finds work translating some documents. While in England, the exiled countess secures a position as a French teacher for a family in the United States. With anxious eyes, the Russian girl turns toward America. At first conditions are very unpleasant, but, finally, she begins making friends. At last she meets and marries her "perfectly charming American husband." For her a new world begins.

If we know something of a person's life, we are more likely to appreciate it. Richard Specht has written an intimate account of Johannes Brahms' life. By reading the book, we are able to see the little things in the great German composer's life as well as the big things. Many of his works are analyzed in a very feeling way, making the reader see the very soul of the artist. Brahms is no longer a name, but a living personality.

Members of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals
A World Begins Irina Skarlatina
Johannes Brahms Richard Specht

POETRY

WHO LOVES THE RAIN

"Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes,
Him will I follow through the storm.
And at his heart-fire keep me warm,
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

SOME SCHOOLS ARE QUICKLY FORGOTTEN

(Tune: Vagabond Lover)
For some schools are quickly forgotten
As a gnat with the end of the year
But some you remember
Like last glowing embers
Making our memories dear
For we're full of joy here at Salem
And happiness reigns here supreme
And we know that someday
We'll come back to her
The school of our high school
day dreams.

Everybody's famous "Heigh-ho, everybody, heigh-ho," has been changed as far as most of us are concerned to "I owe, everybody, I owe."

Aren't you crazy about the Wee Blue Inn? So are we. So was somebody else who calmly asked for beer and pretzels! Do be considerate—forget the beer, and see B. P. McLean about the pretzels. She's liable to have plenty to tell you. I never have seen her when she didn't.

Here is a brand new query for Sigma Omicron Alpha:
Resolved that it is easier on your nervous system to hit your elbow than to bite your tongue.

"AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS ANNA"

When I was told that for my Salemite assignment I should interview Miss Anna Butner, I was delighted. Often I have met her in front of the Sisters' House and have seen her, in hallway but a sweeter working in her garden or sitting sewing in the garden of the Sisters' house. Also, I have caught glimpses of her inviting room and have wished to go in.

One rainy night this week when I knocked at Miss Anna's door, she called to me to come in. She was sitting in a rocking chair by her radio, from which came the soft rhythmic music of a good dance orchestra. All of you have seen Miss

Anna, and many of you know her. She is rather short and stout, and wears her soft grey hair parted in the middle, and smoothly combed back to a knot. The night I interviewed her she wore a neatly tailored dark silk dress, at the neck of which was fastened a cameo pin.

When I told Miss Anna why I had come, in a perplexed but not at all unappreciative manner, she said she thought all that was over: Dr. Rondthaler had been to see her, had asked her all sorts of questions, and had talked about her in chapel; there had been an article about her in the daily paper. After showing me the clipping from the paper, she said she didn't know what else to say, had nothing else to say. Interviewing was new to me, and I knew no questions to ask. One doesn't want to ask questions to Miss Anna, however, for her natural, amiable manner makes one feel at home. Presently she did say that of course she had always liked Salem, and that she had plans and that the school and faculty come and go. Some grandchildren of girls she knew when she first came to Salem have recently been students here.

It is said that you can tell a great deal about a person by her room. In Anna's case, the room tells us much about her. Her living room is rather small, and it is well filled. In one corner is a couch which is heaped up with comfortable looking pillows and large pillows with crocheted back covers, smaller ones with gay ruffles, every conceivable kind of pillow. A radio is in another corner of the room, and the other furniture consists of several tables and comfortable chairs. Shaded lamps make a soft, cherry light in Miss Anna's room. At the window are white ruffled tie back curtains, and on one of these is pinned a pink and gold crepe paper butterfly. I have noticed a corner in Miss Anna's window as I passed by on the street, but this night she said she had put him to bed. Among many pictures on Miss Anna's walls, I noticed several family pictures, a large sampler, and some mottoes which showed a happy and sound philosophy. A Bible, one or two flower catalogues, and a Polyantha gene were among the things on her tables and shelves.

Miss Anna kindly allowed me to take home and copy the clipping about her from the *Travis City Sentinel*. Which will appear in this issue of the Salemite. When I returned it she said there wasn't any use to fix up anything about her, but it is just like she wanted to. It is delightful to meet one as happy in her work and as chery in her way of living as Miss Anna.

FROM THE "TWIN CITY SENTINEL"

"Nearly half a century of continuous and loyal service with any institution is a meritorious achievement and such was the acclaim registered by Dr. Edward Rondthaler in the Tuesday morning chapel assembly at Salem College, when commenting upon the record of Miss Anna Butner who became associated with the housekeeping staff of that college in 1880."

On the 19th of September, 1886 Miss Butner, then a girl of less than 20, arrived at Salem Female Academy from her home in Bethania, to assume duties with the housekeeping (Continued on Page Three)