

# The Salemite

## THIS QUESTION OF SALARIES

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# OYSTERETTES

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association  
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE**  
\$2.00 a Year : 10c a Copy

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

He whose aim is his own happiness is bad;  
He whose aim is the good opinion of others is weak;  
He whose aim is the happiness of others is virtuous;  
He whose aim is God is great.

—Talbot.

The soul would have no rainbow, had the eyes no tears.

### PARAGRAPHS

News from the Underworld—  
Thirteen out of fourteen smokers in the green room are freshmen. If anyone can offer an explanation, please drop it in the basket of the room across the hall. Can it be the increasing wickedness of this young generation that sends these young things to puffing on Camels, or are the upper classmen walking their mile to reduce?

A couple of freshmen have called themselves "angels of mercy" on Thursday afternoons and delivered the laundry to every room in the senior dormitory. That is the proper attitude, and it can't be found twice out of a crowd of a thousand freshmen. Keep it up, girls, and soon day you may be laundresses.

Katie (if you don't know who that is, you are fired like the night watchman who didn't know the name of the president of this college) and its wearing spectacles. Katie got eye strain making history posters.

In his most dashing manner Mr. Oerter rushed to eye doctor and thrust into the hand of that amazed young lady an envelope labeled: "Put it in the Salemite. This is almost as good as the 'alumni kiddie' we once had repaired." Inside there was a few cleaners' bill to "The Scar Pin Club" for cleaning seventeen arm bands. Wonder what the cleaners thought those bugs were.

In the last issue of the *Salemite* an anonymous contributor to the Open Forum was much perturbed over the idea of salaries for editors and business managers of student publications—a measure that was advocated in the resolutions passed by the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association. She declared that the honor and pleasure of serving in those offices was sufficient recompense for the long hours of work that are necessary for the jobs. To quote the letter: "A person who is bribed never gets anywhere, and what is this other than bribery?"

First of all, we wish to correct the idea that a salary is a bribe. The idea back of the resolution is that since the offices of school editors require more time and more work than other campus positions, they deserve to have salaries. It was supposed by the association that such recompense would materially increase the number of publications through the increased incentive to work for the position and the greater responsibility to the student bodies.

However, the wisdom of the resolution seems a little doubtful. A search through the exchange papers which are members of the N. C. C. P. A. reveals a great number of successful editors championing freedom of the college press, but not one concerning the salary measure. The Duke *Chronicle* vaguely mentions that such a step would "obviously be desirable." No editor who does not already receive a salary wants to be paid—or least no editor is asking for a salary. This may be due to faculty censorship of editorials, which unfortunately exists in some colleges. It may be due to hesitancy and modesty on the part of the editors. The most probable explanation is that most college editors realize that their publications are not financially able to pay salaries and that they themselves would not wish to accept money for their services.

The question of whether the job deserves the money is beside the point. Those students who are editors for large publications which have a wide circle of readers, receive salaries, and rightly so, because their papers or annuals or magazines can afford it. The *Salemite* cannot afford it, and at present the sentiment of the student body and of the staff is against it. Therefore, the issue is dead for the time being. The far more important resolution of freedom from faculty censorship for every campus publication deserves our greatest attention.

### OPEN FORUM

The students of today are the citizens of tomorrow. College girls should learn more than book lessons. Educators are accused of being the most uninformed and uninterested people in the world in respect to political and economic questions. They do not know the chief issues of the nation and the world. They are not interested in government.

People say that Hoover has been a successful president. How could he be successful when his plans have not been heeded? He offered a disarmament plan and no one listened to it.

What party are you going to belong to? The one that your family has always supported? Are you going to vote for a man because of the party rather than for the principles for which he stands? Are you going to be an intelligent voter?

When you say that you are in favor of the repeal of the prohibition amendment, do you speak from conviction? The law is good in itself. Prohibition is not a failure.

The Associated Press reports that Europe has been more interested in the American election than ever before. Britain, France, and Germany hope to profit if the Eighteenth Amendment is done away with. They want the American beer trade.

What do you think about it all? Be an individual. Don't be just one of the mass. Think.

### GRANDMA'S REVERIE

Tell you what I did when I was a girl? It has been many years, but some things I remember as clearly as if they happened yesterday.

When I was about six years old my mother put me on the train in charge of the conductor to go to an aunt in Morganton. I just about dusk on the outskirts of the village, some Yankee soldiers captured the train. I don't know what would have become of me if some old gentleman had not taken me to his home for the night and delivered me to my aunt the next day.

I can still hear the regular clump of my father's boots as he marched down the road in a gray uniform. My mother stood at the doorway waving him out of sight, forever perhaps, yet she never cried. Soon after he left a troop of Yankee soldiers camped at our house for two days. They stole our hens, our meat house and took my mother's silver. When they left, one soldier rode away with my only real red fastened to his horse's bridle.

When I was ten my mother moved to Fayetteville and sent me to Salisbury to live with my uncle. I traveled in a stage-coach through muddy roads and a few miles of a splendid new plank road.

Uncle Willie had the great brick house there across the street. The white on the wall on this side shows where his green-house was built on. At one time he had fifty canaries loose among the flowers. He traveled all over the world, getting the canaries in the Canary Islands and acquiring Mike somewhere in his voyages.

Mike? He was a monkey, of you see who plagued the life out of me then and later when I was five, young lady; he poured out my best perfume. His favorite past times were plucking chickens alive and nursing a kitten which he finally killed by his kindness. Up there in that old tree he kept hidden a bag where he hoarded the pennies people gave him.

You want to know about grand-father? I met him in Uncle's back yard when we were children. We played through the fence to play together. Here is the first love letter I ever received, one he wrote me when I went to Fayetteville to visit. We had just as good times as you young folks have, with our parties, stoves, and moonlight hay-rides. In those days I was not allowed to go to the post-office and rarely could I walk alone on the street. The boy used to carry us across the muddy streets on stepping stones. When I was Robert graduated from Davidson I wore his regalia proudly but we quarreled over some silly thing and did not speak for two years. Then one day he came back and asked me to forgive him. I did and we moved over here just across from my girlhood home.

### HOMESICK

Their work was nearly over. For twenty-four hours the black laborers had been loading bananas from the hold of the barge to the hold of the fruit steamer. The sweat was a gleam on their ebony skins as they rhythmically threw the bunches, huge ten-pound bunches, of banas over their heads in an unending procession. They stood about four feet apart, and as one threw a bundle, the next in line would catch it in his hands, his arms raised above his head. Then with perfect poise and balance he would turn and toss the bundle on. As they worked, they sang, and an absolute rhythm heaved the weighty bundles into the ship. They had worked while the glare of the tropical sun on the calm blue water of the Caribbean had been blinding, and now, as the sun was a gleam most high in the sky, and the Southern Cross plainly perceptible in the heavens told them that their day's work was almost ended.

As they began to empty the barge, they sang more lustily and passed

along the bundles even more rapidly than before. The tired muscles were almost strained to the breaking point, but with supreme effort they continued unhesitating until the last bunch had been laid away in the hold of the *Managua* for its eight-day trip to New Orleans.

The two boats were lying side by side—the one a white banana steamer, and the other a barge that had come from Rio Grande filled with bananas. Behind them lay Man of War Cay, a crescent shaped coral island. It seemed framed by the dazzling reflection of the brilliant tropical moonlight on the waves that were lapping on the whitened beach.

In addition to the cargo of forty-five thousand bunches of bananas, the steamer loaded four passengers, one of whom was a little American girl who was leaving her parents for the first time to go to school in the United States. She had spent the entire day gazing at the barge—the huge red and white looking barge. The half-naked laborers, the almost inebriate coolers passing to Bluefields who were hanging over the railing talking to the crew of the steamer—all this for her was the last link between herself and home. Finally the two boats moved noiselessly apart.

The tired crew on the barge were singing "Draw Me Nearer, nearer." The harmony of their voices became fainter and fainter. Gradually the singing became like an echo, and the lights on the prow of the barge had dissolved in the shadowy distance. They were going back. They were going nearer a far nearer—home.

The moon shone imperceptibly on. The pulse of the engine of the big white steamer was beginning to vibrate. Except for the lulling throbbing there was complete silence. No, one who listened intently would have heard the muffled sobbing of a little girl alone in a stateroom.

### NO SENSE

Less Sense: (Letting his fingers fondle the shelly surface of his newly acquired Jackfield teapot when More Sense enters.) How fortunate that you have come! Isn't this a beauty, and to think that it dates from 1760. I always contend that it is gratifying to be able to appreciate the real thing.

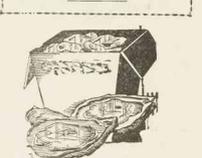
More Sense: (Slightly irritated.) By the hellish shade of Lucifer! Why don't you apply some of your appreciation to real antiques as I do? I'll wager you that the Dative Case is more valuable and more aged than any Alcora porcelain or Tang horse that you may possess. Its antiquity is traceable through countless centuries.

If there were no dative case Rosensbaum could not have sold that piece of nuisance to you. Confucius, pardon the degradation, could not have presented his philosophies to the people. Browning could not have written "To Asolands"—assuredly, he may have written the poem but never to Asolando. How could Cicero have written letters to Terentia? How could Horace have dedicated odes to Maecenas without the dative case.

Think what the absence of the dative case would have meant to Greece. Without it how could Miltiades and his forces have defeated Darius and his Persians? 't'w Macnevo? Sappho may have lived but never at Lesbos.

How fatuous are those who fail to recognize true values. Eye could not have given the apple to Adam and—

Less Sense: Yes, you are quite right, and if it were not for the dative case the opportunity would not present itself to me to show to you the way that leads from my home.



Please take special notice of the latest dormitory rule—It's posted on the bulletin board of Alice Clewell—"In case of illness report immediately to the infirmary." In this case, the infirmary should have been filled last Tuesday. Don't you think?

To those of us who really do have serious purposes and aim to do things worth while, but who often find ourselves failing, it will be a comfort to think that Alexander spent seven entire years on a mere wild-goose chase. That is really the truth.

The most beautiful and peaceful sight in the world is a small sail boat drifting on sparkling blue water. To see even a picture of this gives me a feeling of absolute trust and overwhelming calmness, and a true appreciation of beauty. I can hear the continuous and yet not monotonous lapping of the waves against the side of the small boat and the occasional clapping of the sails as the winds force them out, and then, slacking, let them relax for a moment, only to catch them on the rebound and aid the small ship to cut her tiny way across the fathomless waters.

One of the most socializing elements in the world is the two-faced changeable, yet durable and appreciated object the umbrella. The King of England on a rainy day carries the same kind of umbrella as you and I. They are all wet!

An epigram may well be likened to a bee—short and sweet with a sting in its tail.

Sit alone in front of the grandfather's clock in the living room of Louisa Bitting and shut your eyes. Then come tell me what you thought about it. It has a surprising effect upon the old brain, girls. Try it out.

### ENGLISH PROFESSOR GIVES READING LIST TO PRESS

(Continued from Page One)  
Although she is not in favor of the "fifteen minute a day" type of education, Dr. Willoughby is in favor of a book on hand to pick up in the intervals of regular duties. "Whether" books be regarded as a means of escape, or as a means of extended experience, such books as these would be the means of an enlarged horizon and a richer life."  
BEST TWENTY-FIFTH CENTURY BOOKS

- Compiled from 60 Lists
  - Old Wives' Tale—Bennett.
  - Forsythe Saga—Galsworthy.
  - Kim—Kipling.
  - Swim—Massfield.
  - Ethan Frome—Wharton.
  - Jean Christophe—Rolland.
  - Jays Head—Hergeshaimer.
  - Spoon River Anthology—Masters.
  - Poems—Rabkinson.
  - Call of the Wild—London.
  - Outline of History—Wells.
  - The Virginian—Wister.
  - Joseph Vance—De Morgan.
  - Poems—Frost.
  - Son of the Middle Border—Garland.
  - Growth of the Soil—Hamsun.
  - My Antonia—Cather.
  - The Dynasts—Hardy.
  - Green Mansions—Hudson.
  - Poems—Rabkinson.
  - The Four Millions—O. Henry.
  - Riders to the Sea—Synge.
  - Daughters—Lewis.
  - Beyond the Horizon—O'Neill.
  - Man and Superman—Shaw.
- Further lists will be published in the *Salemite*.