

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

COME WITH ME TO THE HEIGHTS

Come with me to the heights,
And I will show you all of Life
and Beauty.
You will be thrilled with joy
divine;
You will be moved to run—to
jump—

Yes, and even to fly!
You will be filled to the brim
With love of living
Your soul will be near to bursting,
ing.

Even as mine.

For it's good to live!

Easter Saunders.

IS THIS HOCKEY

Does Ghilan Hall play hockey with so much exuberance that when she returns from the field she has to anoint her "tender white feet" with Jergen's Lotion? Is it being peculiar that Marie Garrett always wants to play goal guard? No, she's only looking out for her knees to see that they keep warm as the wind rushes over the rolling plains—(?)

Is it customary when a person is told to hit the ball which is coming towards her at a terrific rate of speed, to drop her stick, fling both hands above her head, and yell "O.K.," as did Lucy Gulick Rogers? When one plays in a hockey scrimmage is it permissible to race down the field with the stick over one's shoulder, not unlike a fugitive fleeing from justice, as Mary Penn did? Have hockey sticks turned into wooden horses to be ridden by Jean Burroughs and Rebecca Harrison? Are all referees as carefully timed to blow their respective whistles simultaneously as Susan Calder and Alice Stough? Does "off-sides" mean to clear the whole field and stand outside as a group of spectators? Does Margaret Ward's head at all resemble a hockey ball?

Whether or not these are facts, figures, or rules, they have been unanimously adopted by members from all four of the classes of Salem College.

This is fine, girls! We knew you were original all the time; keep it up, and some day your originality may prevail to such an extent that you will have a whole new game known as "Skeeditanddaddle."

PARAGRAPHS

Congratulations and appreciation for their work and achievement go to Miss Atkinson, to Nina Way Credle, to the teams and the subs. To the rest of the glad hands to the winning and add another one. Nor do we forget another one. Nor do we forget Miss Stockton!

It seems as if Thanksgiving yawns will last until Christmas and Christmas sleepiness until mid-terms, when black coffee may waken drowsy eyes.

And what is this we're hearing about the faculty members' entertaining each other by telling questionable jokes at after-dinner coffee Sunday afternoon. Students interested should ask Mr. McEwen his favorite bovine joke, and faculty members wishing to be well-informed next Sunday afternoon? Students of Buccaneer from the second floor of Louisa Bitting.

If a sufficient number of patrons insist, the *Salemite* will publish a list of birthdays for the benefit of our dining-room singers! How unfortunate are those who were born in the summer!

THE ALL-HAILEM VARSITY

Has anyone noticed the remarkable team that the Mickeys have transported to "Ye Olde Hockey Hole" on those notable occasions when other teams have dared to meet the valiant Seniors? The team as a whole is so strong that the lack of five or six of the eleven players is scarcely noticed.

Of course, some few of the players such as Noobie, Shocky, Baby, Jo, the Mickeys, Katie, Mac or Ghilan, are a little insignificant to merit this press notice, and it is to the indispensable players that we will raise our song. We humbly beg to add these congratulatory words: those columns in all the leading newspapers devoted to the skilled and farsighted hockey minds of our local heroines.

Who will ever forget Tommey's debut? The ball was rushing to ward her. She heard the shouts of James and Julian. She must command the respect of the ever-present musical terms. Without a moment's hesitation she threw back her head and warbled the opening measures of Beethoven's Concerto in B Flat. Orpheus himself could not have done better. The ball stopped entranced and began to dance daintly from side to side, disregarding all the blows of hockey sticks. Tommey had saved the day.

On the front line was Josephine Salemite. After she had dropped a curtsy and pirouette once, with toes pointed, she tripped toward the ball. It was too much! In a second the ball had vanished.

Another time the ball was approaching Wanna McGuggins. Her mind was lost in a labyrinth of diminished fifths and habens corpses. The ball gazed into her eyes and whispered, "Wanna!" The word recalled her from the depths of sixths and sevenths, but the tone was so loving that she did not have the heart to stand in the way.

Can anyone ever duplicate the skill shown by Louise Insights? It was a critical moment. The crisis was at hand, but she did not falter. She stared into the face of the ball. "Hold it for the time being," she cried. "Don't move. Blink the lips and wet the eyes. One . . . two . . . now once more . . ." But once was enough. The ball had fled.

Margaret Johnson, more familiarly known as Harmony Mag, ran up to the ball and promised to show it her baby niece. For the rest of the game the ball followed devotedly by her side. The charm had worked. Here's a hand, Harmony Mag.

Could the team exist without its perennial six-footer? We dislike mentioning it, but up to this time Dorothy Mathematics has done little to earn for herself a place in the squad. Now, we are proud to say,

MUTTERINGS

"Just let me tell you about my music lesson!" expostulated Jezebel as she flounced into Stella's room and flung her weary bones on a rumpled bed.

Stella, who was slouched in a chair with her feet holding down the desk top, took another bite of half-rotten apple and mumbled, "Quiet down, sister, while I give you the latest on the Reynold's case."

Little Jezebel's spirits were not to be downed so easily and she burst in raptures while uttering non-colonial phrases such as: "Very nice scales; Oh! I love that man—the bush ought to go like Bum-de-de-De-Bum;—Miss—", the only thing wrong with that is the mistakes."

Stella endured this until her overwrought nerves completely collapsed and she bellowed forth, "Shut up, Jezebel. If you're really interested in a music lesson, I'll give you an earful. You should have heard me singing along like I had some holy inspiration. Yes sir, and my "A" and "O" exercises clicked off without a single try it once more, Miss—Oh, Jezebel, he's the cutest man! If I knew as much as that man—"

"You make me tired!" cut in Jezebel. "Why, this morning he sat and rocked during my whole lesson. And when I played my new piece he didn't even tramp up and down the floor. Now, just try and beat that."

"Well, Jezebel,—I guess I'll have to tell you, I got a new German Song this morning, and I'm to sing it next time at Music Hour. Don't you mind, though. You'll get to play before year's out."

"Oh, come on, next, and let's strike out to the show. What I need is relaxation."

she had paid all her back debts. With an evil glint in her eye she strode toward the unprotected ball and whispered something unprintable about inflectional tangents and fourth derivatives into the ball's horrified ear. Petrified by the threat of waking some morning in a plan or minus infinity, the ball followed without wavering.

Merri Siewers, with customary poise and ease walked majestically to her position. In the presence of such cool sophistication the ball became embarrassed. It blushed and with shifting eyes sought a means of escape to regain its composure. All in vain! Merri had given it an inferiority complex.

And so, the Bitting Gazette takes great pleasure in offering these players as All-Hailem Varsity players. We feel sure that their names will go up in posterity (not in smoke) as the hokey stars of the South.

I thank you!