

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"And as for Thinking interfering with action, that is using one word in two senses. It is not Thinking that interferes with action; Thinking decides action. It is hesitation in thought that interferes with action; it is paralysis in Thought that interferes with action like that weariness of the mind, wherein, tune goes on buzzing in one's head."—Hilaire Belloc

PARAGRAPHS

This brief rest between term papers and exams is the only thing that is saving our lives. One set of dark circles on top of another, plus a case of after-Christmas slump would make every girl on this campus look like a ghost. And that is spite of Miss Stockton's whole wheat muffins!

The bobbed hair craze has struck the campus, and many a head long weighted down with pins feels freed.

"Willow, Weep for Me," croons a Guy Lombardo fan, while she gazes at the forlorn looking willow tree in front of Bitting. "Shih," whispers the willow, "I can't sympathize when I haven't any leaves?"

The strictest attention in regard to dining-room decorum is rather an earnest of order and good manners. Department at the table had become rather unalike, and it did need improvement. Even if the system of checking to be sure every girl is in her proper place seems to place the emphasis upon where she eats, the real intention is to insure that her etiquette is correct. If a girl eats at her assigned place, then of course she will not put her elbows on the table.

MUST SALEM JOIN N. C. S. F.?

The Salem student body feels completely justified in sending a delegate, Mary Katherine Thorp, to represent the school at the National Students' Federation of America, which convened in New Orleans during the holidays. There she received valuable ideas from representatives from other institutions, which she passed to the students here. New ideas bring new life to a school and also progressive innovations.

It is not generally known on the campus that Salem College is not a member of N. S. F. A., and that Katie Thorp was merely an observant delegate. While she was received and entertained as cordially as a member representative, she could not vote on any question or upon the officers. Just as Anna Preston, who last year was an observant delegate at the convention at Toledo, she could receive suggestions and make contacts with outstanding collegians, but she could in no way be assured of the support of N. S. F. A. in carrying out the program of her own campus. It is impossible for Salem College to take a prominent part in the meeting.

Because affiliation with a national organization should not be made hastily and because it involves some conditions, Salem has first attended and then Katie to the conventions to find whether membership in the organization is worth while. Soon will come the time—and probably within a few weeks—when the school will decide whether or not it should become a member. As far as can be discovered outside the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Stee Gece Council, there has been no fault found with the N. S. F. A., and the only reason for refusing a non-voting membership against joining every organization of students which formed itself for any purpose—obviously a bad habit for any school to form. This, however, is the biggest of all student federations, and its very importance demands consideration.

"Why join the N. S. F. A.?" asks a report directly from the convention, and immediately answers the question for the benefit of all students. Subsequently, the reasons stated are these:

1. A member college becomes at once a school of national importance.
 2. To the delegates and thence to the students that conventions give a broad view of student activities the nation over. Group discussions enable each school to have a hearing on its own particular problems.
 3. It keeps the colleges in touch with current student activities through the Federation publication and weekly radio programs.
 4. Student opinion on national problems are observed and presented to the nation as the opinions of non-voting, thinking youth.
- Most of the prominent schools of the South and East are members, and many from the West have joined. Several very prominent colleges that have recognized places among educational institutions have not joined, probably for some reason. So far Salem has fared very well without membership, but if joining would be beneficial, she should do so.

Within a short time the Council will put the question before the students and submit to an "aye" and "no" vote. If the voting goes across as smoothly as usual, the "ayes" will vote by virtue of pure ignorance on the question on the part of the voters, who are too timid and too polite to disagree on a subject of which they know nothing. This subject is far too important for such thoughtless treatment.

Every Salemite must now begin to inform herself of what the N. S. F. A. is and what it would mean to the school to become a member. Articles will be published in the *Salemite*, open forum letters on the subject will be gladly printed, so that there will be no reason for blind voting when decision day arrives.

IN DEFENSE OF A RAINY DAY

I hope you aren't one of those persons who gets up on a rainy day, slams down the window, drags out her oldest dark brown dress and doesn't stop moping and groaning until the sun shines again, who doesn't go down to see that show because "It's so messy sloughing around in the rain." If you are, you just won't like this at all.

I adore rainy days. There's an endless string of things that I delight in doing then more than at any other time. In the first place, I don't slam the window down. I leave it up so I can hear the rain. In the second place, I'd much rather wear a red dress than a brown dress. Why do you just won't like this at all. I adore rainy days. There's an endless string of things that I delight in doing then more than at any other time. In the first place, I don't slam the window down. I leave it up so I can hear the rain. In the second place, I'd much rather wear a red dress than a brown dress. Why do you just won't like this at all.

It is really the best part of a rainy day. I like to look on an upstairs window and see millions of lights twinkling through a soft mist. I like to see the rain fall to the shiny pavement and send little bubbles bouncing up. Last of all I like to be lulled to sleep by the steady falling of rain on a tin roof.

PIERRE MEETS A GENERAL

The afternoon was damp and grey with stubborn clouds which refused either to lower their raindrops or to give way to blue skies. There was no friendly sun to play with shadows among the forest trees and out in the open meadow; there was no fresh warmth such as a June day should have brought to the hills of Northern France.

Something was wrong; Pierre Legros, the little shepherd lad, sat in a small green meadow just outside the straggling village of St. Lambert and wondered what it was. He was perched on a long smooth rock such as one finds in the river country near the banks of the Seine. Just outside there was an essay of his small flock of sheep grazing peacefully within the radius of a quarter mile. The brownness of his skin, burnt by wind and sun during long hours of shepherding, almost matched that of the stone beneath his thin but staunch little legs which were now pressed to support his slender weight. His hair curled up in his earnest little chin and yellow curly hair tossed carelessly back from a smooth forehead, he gazed thoughtfully about.

What did it mean—all this passing over the ordinarily lonesome road from St. Lambert to Beaumont, the whisperings and tears of his mother and sisters when he had left them last morning at the cottage, the arrival of more splendid soldiers than all his childish mind could have pictured in its wildest flights of imagery, and the steady distant rumblings in the west such as the cart wheels used to make when Pierre, accompanied by the excited father, would drive to market before he went away? All these strange things had been happening during the day which had now worn on to early afternoon. To be sure, mother had explained that this was war, but to one who is eight years old and to a glorious thing about which one should not cry as he had foolishly done. It means swords and guns, drums and trumpets, horses and cannon, but Pierre was missing all this. He had been forced to stay inside the house while various companies of soldiers filed by, and when he had been following them he had been told to stay close to the house and watch the sheep. Now there was only the noise of battle three long miles away to remind him of what he had seen and to arouse greater longings in his breast as he sat gazing wretchedly before him.



WHY THEY ARE VICTORIOUS

Once, having succeeded in getting behind the heavy doors of a Korean temple, stealthily we read the forbidden book of the Testament, where heroic adventures and legends of the past are recorded. The sacred book revealed many mysterious doings and many a secret. It became known to us why Chinese, Koreans, and Manchus retreat at the sight of their yellow brothers from the islands, who call themselves Nipponese, or those who reach for the sun.

It was long ago, so long ago that the story is not even known to most of the people, and just occasionally one hears an old man with a white beard tell to one of his grand-children, who is seated on his knee. It was so long ago that even the turtle, which lived over 300 years couldn't tell you the truth. It was the time of ferocious wars. The wars in Korea among different tribes, wars on land and for women. The people were not mild and soft hearted as they are now, no, then men were heroes and the women beautiful.

One of the tribes was losing many a battle and had to pay with the skins of its lads and their young men and for women. The tribe gave to the victors that the people feared of never being able to recover their glory and strength. Their mourning was great and the children then weeps sadly, while the brave women went silently about their work.

In the morning of the next day the wise men of the tribe were called for a council. They stayed on their feet for an hour.

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Suddenly, however, Pierre's eyes caught new fire and he jumped up excitedly. Running to a higher rock, he was soon on top of it looking eastward where he could see lines of uniformed men approaching. "What fun he cried to himself, he began to whistle joyfully. On and on they came directly toward the boy's restless figure; some were on horseback and others on foot, hurrying past in a steady line. He began to bleat in their fright as they huddled together around the shepherd lad who, however, paid no heed to their attention, so intent was he in gazing at the approaching columns.

Yet he did not stir from his post on top of the rock; such is the awe of even the boldest before the spectacle of armed forces. As if rooted to the spot he stood, every muscle taut with excitement and expectation. Soon the leaders of the troops were within a few yards of him and one of them, a swarthy little man quick in speech and movement, addressed him with a friendly smile. "Hello, 'reepoy! Do you know the best way across the river in muddy weather?" "Why, sir," came the almost breathless reply, "I believe you'd best go the way my father takes his sheep tomorrow. Down this way," as he pointed southward, "towards Beaumont and Maransart, and cross over below there. Then you'll be out of the forest, too, and soon come to Planchetou where we sell our sheep."

With a swift jerk of his horse's reigns the questioner was off at the best of times, and once more, and Pierre stood gaping after them, still dazed by the glory which had come very close to him. Little did it matter to the French lad that they were hostile Prussians—to him they represented merely soldiery, a boy's highest ideal of achievement; little did he care that his directions would lead him to the defeat of Napoleon and of an Empire—a general had asked him, Pierre Legros, the way across the river!

SHADOWS

The loveliest things in my room are shadows. On one wall there is a green vase from which hang graceful shoots of wandering jew. As I look at it now, I see a clear shadow of a few shoots of the green vine on the wall. The shadow is prettiest, however, in the morning when the vase and wandering jew make a dull grey, delicately outlined silhouette on the side wall.

On the sunny day when the gentle wind stirs the foliage of a tree, don't you like to look on the ground and watch the shadows of the leaves twinkling and dancing with the sunshine? Again, the leaves in themselves are beautiful, but they lack the juvenousness and twinkle of the shadow leaves.

For the past few years I have played golf, and on the golf course I've noticed particularly two shadows: One of these, the moving, circling shadow of a bird flying overhead, reminds one of the "birds" which children delight to draw. The other shadow is strange, and I do not understand it. All of a sudden tremendous, straight, broad shadow comes sweeping toward you and way beyond you. In a few minutes either it is gone or you stop noticing it. Perhaps it is the shadow of the wind, but neither of these explanations seems satisfactory.

If we may become a bit moral, are not the "shadows" of a person what make him beloved of us? We may admire a person in a cool sort of way and feel very far from him. We love the one whose shadows are constantly dancing in and out among us—the one whose shadows reach us. We admire the college leader who is efficient in her duties in a businesslike way, but we love the college leader who besides being efficient seems to care about the people, great and small, around her. We respect the teacher who has a splendid knowledge of her subject and who presents it in an intelligible and attractive manner, but we love the teacher who seems really interested in each one of us. Some people are self centered souls who cast few if any shadows. Others, while strong and happy in themselves, spread gay and twinkling, sometimes proteing shadows on all with whom they come in contact. Let us cast shadows!



Can you wait for tonight? For me, it will be one of the biggest moments in my life. My faculty has been working hard, girls! Let's get over our last quarter and give them a big hand. They aren't such a bad bunch!

Please don't forget that exams are coming soon. Please are very easy tonight to overlook. And another thing, Sophomores, be sure to get your Englishes straight! Last year I studied all night for my composition exam, and had to take my literature exam the morning following, unprepared because I had mixed my threes and fives.

If you want a good laugh, ask Bett Stough about peanuts. Talk about deaf people!

In about four months you will have the privilege of seeing the best looking Senior Class that has ever graded the stage of Salem College. They are a grand bunch of girls. If you don't know them, you are missing half of your college life.