

The Salemites



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Stained glass windows make the light
Like songs of beauty from the sun
Life could shine through us
Like that
You and me and everyone.
—Rebecca McCann.

It is good to have Anna Preston back again for a short time. Some how things run more smoothly when she is around.

Caught: Marion Hadley stuffing the ballot box on election day. She was trying to elect some dame by the name of "You Great Big Beautiful Blue-Eyed Baby."

Mr. Higgins is expert at roasting peanuts in a very scientific manner, with the shells still on. There is another mystery of modern science. Now, in spite of all the crucibles, microscopes, and Bunsen burners, the sight of Mr. Higgins brings to our mind the good old tune of "Pea-nut Vender."

Though the Marionettes caused a great sensation, one had quite as much fun from their performance as Dr. Heidenreich and Dr. Rondthaler. Dot turned into a regular trouper, operating the diminutive puppet curtain, while Dr. Rondthaler, sitting in the audience, could be heard above everyone else.

PRESIDENT-TO-BE HUNTINGTON

To the newly elected president of Student Self-Government, congratulations! Congratulations are also due to the students who elected her for their choice of a girl so capable, and to the students who will be here during her administration. Never has there been a girl so interested in St. Gee work, more capable, and more energetic in working for the school than Georgia Huntington. Thinking through the qualifications that have been mentioned for a campus leader, she seems to meet every one of them in a most satisfying way.

Every year the job of St. Gee president becomes more difficult and requires more time, work, and strength of personality than before. However, if she takes her job conscientiously, seriously, but not too strenuously, it offers the greatest opportunities for service at Salem College.

Huntington has the support of the students because they realize that she is fitted for the office. Early election gives her an opportunity for intensive training in the work before she goes into the office. Mary Salem looks to her to carry on self-government at its highest peak, adhering to the sound principles and making progress.

HOW TO MAKE A FRESH-MAN THINK

The editor of the *State Technician* sees evidence that freshmen are doing some thinking by the theories they write for English. Such subjects as "Possible Improvements in Student Government" and "The Greatest Sham in Civilization" and "The Greatest Sham at Salem College" brought penetrating criticisms and valuable suggestions which the attitude of new students toward old freshmen have gained something. Freshmen have gained something through thinking about the subject and student government officers can learn a great deal from the composite opinion of the first year men. With a refreshing vision very different from senior cynicism, these freshmen see possibilities for improvement as time goes along.

This is a new idea in English themes which might be exploited by members of the English department. While such subjects could not take the place of a sensory description or a word picture of the academy by moonlight, these should be a place with student problems. If freshmen can be made interested in their school organization, if they can be led to investigate systems of extra-curricular activities, and if they can be influenced to think for themselves of the advisability of the present proceedings, an amazing lot of new thought would become evident on the campus.

Seldom does a teacher at Salem resort to hopelessly trite theme subjects like "The Most Exciting Day of My Life." Topics vary from descriptions of the taste of garlic to a picnic under apple blossoms. In this variety series of subjects campus questions ought to be included.

NAMES ARE NOT NOMINATIONS

Concerning the new system of elections which is now being used, there has been some misunderstanding of the fifth clause of the plan, which is posted and was published in the *Salemites*. Clause 5 is worded thus:

"Any member of the student body shall have the privilege of submitting to the Nominating Committee further names, provided they are submitted in writing not later than the day following the posting of the nominations, and are endorsed by twenty-five members of the student body."

It should be understood that further names does not mean nominations. While a petition from the student body receives careful consideration by the nominating committee, it is a recommendation and not a nomination until that group presents it as such.

MUSIC STUDENTS INVADE PADEREWSKI'S PRIVATE CAR

With trembling and excitement, barely covered with a bit of poison learned from frequent appearances in public, Nancy Ann, Mary B., Wanda May, Lois Irene, Tommy, and Rosalie made their way through the crowd of people that surrounded the "Ferdinand Magellan" to pay a social call on Ignace Jan Paderewski. Though the mob, who only dared to stand in awe and respect before the private car in which the renowned master lives and travels, told them that they had not a chance to catch a glimpse of the man himself, Mary B. let them wait with Nancy Ann bringing up the rear. Right up to the door they went, until they saw the white cap and brown face of the clerk, who looked at them through the window of the car. "Is this Paderewski's car?" they asked, so that they would not be contradicted.

They were jerked in staccato, with an accent that Wanda calls Portuguese and Mary B. calls Brazilian. He was at least, a foreigner, and a friendly one. His cordiality was given sign to the nearer. "But you can't see Paddy," he warned them, "because he's dressing for lunch, an' atsa fact." With his characteristic "atsa fact" he ended every statement. The manager, Mr. Fitzgerald, came to the car door, and, evidently being well impressed with their appearance, invited them into the car. He repeatedly told them that there was simply no chance of their seeing Paderewski. By this time they were rather reconciled to that disappointment, after the clerk's warning, after Nancy Ann saw through a window the face of the master, clothed in a bathrobe, and considering that the hour was about one-thirty. They entered the private car, which was arranged like a well-appointed living-room. All eyes were turned toward the Steinway Grand, the most imposing piece of furniture in the car. Above the piano hung medals and awards, beside the piano were cases for instruments, under the piano was a rug, and about the piano stood the awe-struck Salem music students.

"He is in here," Mr. Fitzgerald apologized, with no women along. One at a time they were introduced to the other members of the crew, all of them foreigners except the manager, Joubert, transportation manager, was the oldest of the troupe. He was secretary to Paderewski in Poland when the great master was premier, and since then he has faithfully traveled with him. Joubert, who holds a Ph. D., has served as transportation manager for other illustrious concert performers, including Hoffmann, Schumann, Caruso, and Levisky, and he was decorated by the Legion of Honor. Of the company he was the "ladies' man," and he was particularly attracted to Tommy's Strakasek was the most entertaining, the one who seemed most delighted to have them visit the car. "He just fascinates me to death," Lois whispered. So long did he talk and so much he insisted that they stay, that before they realized it, they had stayed an hour and a half in the car. Irene was supremely happy to rattle off Portuguese with the car, and was delighted to find someone who could speak in his native tongue. Then the valet appeared to announce lunch, most politely, but with an implication that visitors should be leaving. Strakasek, in the most cordial manner, accompanied them to the door, where he produced a pocket camera and announced that he would take their pictures. Thrills followed thrills, to have one's picture snapped on the steps of Paderewski's private car. In turn, Mary B. took the picture of Strakasek, who promised to mail them to Salem when they were developed. Over and over Strakasek declared that he was delighted with their visit. "Paddy will tease us tomorrow," he said. Then he motioned toward the window.

There stood Paderewski in the dining-car, clothed in a smoking jacket. While Strakasek threw kisses with his finger tips, the master waved and bowed.

MARCH WIND DOTH BLOW

Mr. March Lion paced triumphantly back and forth and back again. "Quit shaking your mane in my face," January sneezed peevishly. "Here I am trying to get a little sleep before I tote another New Year in, and you have to blow your lip in my ear. Better sit down and stop puffing or you'll make your debut like a lamb again this year."

"The mighty March Lion roared savagely. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down," he raged in January's frozen ear. "I'm tired of waiting on Lane Dame February. Why, she's the only really sawed-off, shriveled-up, hammered-down month in the lot of us, and she dares to keep me waiting."

"Here she comes," he snarled little March Hare excitedly. "Let's get going, you big old Windy Lion, you." "It's about time you got here!" March Lion thundered across the calendar strip at the foot of February. "And a lukewarm mess you made of it, too. Not a single snow did you manage. Hurry up! It's my time now. Hurry—ugh—ugh—"

March Lion swallowed his chewing gum," shrieked little March Hare. "Come quick, January, April, anytime. Slow down, February, pulchere. March Lion can't take your place till we've got the chewing gum out of his wind pipe."

But, to the dismay of all, Lane Dame February, with a glowing blade of revenge in her eyes, took a sudden squirt and whizzed off the calendar.

Horror of super-horrors! There was poor helpless March Lion left behind with a huge wad of chewing gum stuck down on his wind pipe. What to do? With a stupor, March Lion tried to dislodge the sticky stuff, and, casting one withering look at Lane Dame February, he snickered at the thought of the calendar dame, he blew to the calendar something like his usual cock-sure ferver.

MICKY MOUSE NOSES AROUND

Tells What He Knows

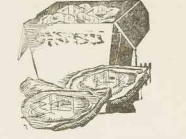
I, Mickey Mouse, have been hanging around Salem College for the last year, trying to get an inside view of the place. Several times I've been seen resting upon the front of Mary Penn's sweat shirt or Claudia Poy's ditto. I hang on a certain lady's bag, or sometimes slip on the girls from a wooden image of myself which may be on a desk. Often at the show when I'm not too busy on the screen I look out of the corner of my eye at the college girls. When it is not appropriate for me to appear as myself I travel incognito, anyway. I'm always nearby and after a year's visit on the campus I feel like Fr. Pathe on the screen and all know all.

I have seen lots of funny things happening around here but the funniest one was when Mary Adams Ward, blinded by the bright sun, came into the hall and seeing a small light haired figure leaning over, she rubbed her hand through the curly hair and said, "Well, Jimmy Nall, how are you like we are living over the circus messed up?" There was no answer, not even a hit back. Mary Adams regained her sight and saw the kneeling figure of Mr. Burge fix.

I would have had a grand time peeping in on the college if it just hadn't been for two insults. I didn't kick about Mr. McEwen making pets out of his wind, even though they are distant cousins of the Mickey Mouse variety, but I do regret the fact that Mary Louise's and Emily's last name is Mickey. I wonder if there could have been any chance of getting those names changed some time soon.

I've seen styles come and go while I've been here and I've seen girls get fat but none get thin. I remember last year how it was the style for girls to put brooms and dust pans against the doors. When the victim opened the door the next morning if the dust did not thoroughly awake the noise awakened her and

OYSTERETTES



If the wind would just blow in tons are over, we may surely realize that what is going on its way. Congratulations, Georgia, you are a swell girl in more than one way. We are confident that Salem Student Government will pass on from one good pair of hands to another.

Sometime when you are out of jig-saw and cross word puzzles, try to sit still long enough to figure out the meaning of the last dream you had. That will keep you busy for a while.

If the wind would just blow in the right direction, it would be a much trouble to walk upstreet and back.

Don't start talking about how short this year has been. It's a sign of old age.

Frankly speaking, this is very hard on the brains at 6:50 in the morning. I'll stop feeling the system, and let you go right ahead reading the next article.

served as an alarm for the rest of the hall. Now the style has changed to pouring colored ink into the bath tub of a person bathing. This does not account for the red finger nails, though. Dr. McEloughly, Mrs. Rondthaler, and Miss Lawrence started this fad and the boarders dutifully took it up to keep from hurting anybody's feelings.

Time and again I have seen girls who say they make A on cooking mistake finely ground art gum for crumbs of caramel candy. I've seen Fanny Lambert's gold fish die and I've seen Carl's glass picture and pincushion got covered with four days to a hundred and seven. Last year I heard girls say they were "k-k-razy" over a certain boy, this year they say they're "k-k-razy" over a certain boy. Mary B. is still "k-k-razy". Mon dieu, I've seen and heard too much! Ek, ek, ek.

—Mickey Mouse.

ARTISTS' MODELS

Take heed—all eye makers of Palmolive - school - girl-complexion-soup, all eye manufacturers of golden glint - have naturally - lovely - hair-shampoo, all eye advertisers of Rosebud-beauty-rest mattresses! There are faces and figures moving about unnoticed on Salem campus which would do you a lot of good on bill board or magazine cover girls in the shade.

However, there are a few of us who are saving ourselves for the pencils or charcoal or point brushes of the real eye-seekers—the people like Norman Rockwell, E. M. Jackson, Rose O'Neil, James Montgomery Flagg, and others, who are quite choosy about whom they draw—but whose landscape is sure to find its place on the front of the most popular magazines and opposite the best stories in every month's publications. These artists have created certain types of girls for themselves and their pencils, and have done them so perfectly, that nearly everybody recognizes in these imaginary figures the artist to whom they belong.

Even our beautiful school of what is beautiful Salem College wishes to make the following contributions to these most famous of judges of American beauty. If they will please step forward they will receive a few brand new Salem models who will gladly pose for future illustrations.

To Mr. Norman Rockwell, most of whose handwork appears on the covers of the Saturday Evening Post (Continued on Page Three)