

# The Salemiter



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**LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY**  
"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
When neither is attended, and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season's season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!"  
—Merchant of Venice.

**PARAGRAPHS**  
The first day of spring came and went without a remark on the subject from Dr. Rondthaler. At chapel a Salemiter reporter sat on the edge of her seat with pencil poised, ready to catch any word that might fall from his lips, and she was disappointed.  
  
Hearing about the Aurora dance reminds us of a May, 1929 issue of the Salemiter, which was half covered with a cut of Aurora and her maidens arriving in a chariot. Instead of the original heads, the maidens had faces of the new Salemiter Staff, and the paper waved streamer heads. "A New Dawn at Salem." That was back in the good old days, when the cost of cuts was a small matter. It was only four years ago.

## OYSTERETTES



Dr. Ansonbe and Dean Vardell had a rather rare conversation in Chapel Thursday morning, didn't they?

Before taking your first plane ride, consult Katie Thorp. She can tell you almost anything you want to know.

Wasn't Sosnik's lovely to us last night? I wish all of us had enough money to buy something from them.

Sometimes when you think about it, go up and congratulate Dr. Courtney on the Salemiter. She has one of the hardest jobs on the campus.

We all wonder how many of Wanda's wedding plans to believe!

I hate to think how soon our Senior Class is going to leave us.

The project on which Mr. Higgins is working has made a good start. The collection of snakes fills quite a bit of space on the cabinet shelves. Let's all help in this science work. Look around at home, Easter and see if you don't have something to contribute.

### POTERY FOR SPRING

Wednesday was poetry day, the every beginning of Springtime, wreathed about with music and happiness. Skies and wind and sun and earth breathed joy, reflecting it glad hearts and faces. It was time for the willow tree which marks the entrance of the Garden, low campus, to wave delicate branches hung with lacry leaves in the wind. To the south and west of the fish pond grass was fresh and green, revealing a brown-white patch of withered grass on the north. That was strange, for just below it the athletic field gleamed like a mammoth emerald. Tree buds like jewels studded the limbs of maples and elms, and a bright, chilled warmth of sunshine beamed upon girls on the lawn and the walks.

Wednesday chapel began with the reading of five poems written by Salem students. They were beautiful in thought and phrasing, and almost perfect in poetic form. It was delightful to know that such talent existed on the campus. And how pleasing it was that they should be read on this first spring-like day!

They came more poetry, not in verse or rhyme, but in audible rhythm, as Dr. Rondthaler delivered a Lenten address. It was a speech which defied recording in words, for half its effectiveness lay in the life of his head and the gestures of his hands. Long shall we remember the fingers of Dr. Rondthaler, which impress ideas on his listeners better than words. Sometimes the stately fingers beat a blunt accompaniment to beautiful measured phrases. Sometimes they represent nations, sometimes friends, armies at battle, conflicting ideas, converging opinions, or the merging of circumstances in one stupendous crisis. With his expressive hands, his scholarly thought, his apt words, and his devoted heart, Dr. Rondthaler made of his address a poem of beauty, strength, and truth.  
  
Next week the freshmen have charge of the April Fool issue, with Celeste McClammy as editor-in-chief. Look out! It may be printed upside-down.

## INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS

**The Gamecock:**  
Faculty Cited by Students of U. S. C.  
A petition signed by 250 students from all classes and departments of the University of South Carolina was recently drawn up as an expression of appreciation and gratitude of the University faculty. The petition was drawn up by the members of Alpha Kappa Gamma, national honorary leadership sorority, and was turned over to the dean, Dr. E. W. Bradley to be read at the next faculty meeting.  
The letter said in part: "Due to a realization of the manner in which they (the faculty) have heartily supported the institution during a time of great crisis, we do hereby desire to join in a simple expression of appreciation and gratitude to said faculty—"

**The Parley 'Go:**  
Converse Gets Extra Day for Spring Holidays  
Spring holidays at Converse have been extended from six to seven days so that one day's classes may not be repeated and another slightly. The President, Dr. Geathens, expressed a desire that no cuts would be taken either before or after the holidays.

**The Apollonics:**  
Candidate for Mardi Gras King Announced  
The opening of the campaign for the election of the king of Mardi Gras, an annual fête at Agnes Scott, was held by the presentation of original skits given by the four respective classes. The four candidates pre-

sented were: Elizabeth Foreman, Freshman candidate, introduced as King of Auction Bridge; Carolin McCollum, Sophomore representative, as King of Grease; Polly Gordon, Junior candidate as King of the Blues; and Jule Bethia, Senior, as King of Jig Saw Puzzles.  
The votes cast a penny a piece and no one person can vote more than 500 times. The successful candidate will select a classmate as a queen and the other three candidates and their ladies will be members of the court.

**The Pinnacles:**  
Banner Elk, N. C.  
Journalism Class Plans Paper  
A Journalism class in Journalism at Lees W. Raroe College, has started a competition for places on the staff of the *Lees M. C. News*, a student newspaper issued in the past.

## BREEZY FASHIONS

"O Wind, Since Spring Has Come, You Must Come From Behind."  
The wind is quite an artist when it comes to deciding, year in and year out, century after century, season upon season, the fate of the well-combed woman. It is this wind which interfered that the wind is the creator of all our latest fashions (pun: Say "latest fashions," now say "ladies' fashions." Approximately the same—now laugh). Patou and his French counterparts who design frocks and hats and shoes for all of the elite in Hollywood and the four hundred in New York are only employees of a higher power—the four and fickle winds of Heaven.  
A long, long time ago, in fact when the world was very young, even this all powerful wind had to blow carefully so as not to disarrange the scanty leopard skins that our fore-mothers used for wardrobes.

After that, however, it began to cut around quite persistently and to whip the shirts and hats of the old fashioned ladies into enormous sizes and grotesque shapes. During the Revolution, when they seemed to be a perpetually rising wind, from the ground up. It inflated the heavily flounced petticoats into rounded balloons, and piled white curls like snow on the tops of fashionable heads.  
Then it changed. It decided to come at the civil war ladies from the front. At this angle it filled out the poke bonnets and teased the ruffled hoop skirts of the young girls and even skipped around in time to help support the huge bustles on the other side of their stiff backed mammas. But, in time, it grew tired of wasting bits of its energy on skirts. So in the gay nineties, when the hats of Mrs. Dorcas and the Gibson girls were having their hey-day, the wind shifted its position again and began to descend upon these beauties from above. Their hair puffed out in so-called "rais" on their foreheads; and when hats were called for, they were wide and broad brimmed and covered with plumes in order to keep the down-current of wind from tampering with the long straight lines of their dresses.

And you know the slogan of today, "The wind must be coming from the back." O, what a changeable fancy this fashion dictator has! It sneaks up behind us, shifts our hats into a rickety, over the eyebrow angle, and keeps the lines pretty close to our figures (if school girls still have figures).  
The Spring wind may appear to be satisfied for the present, and will probably continue to blow against our backs for the rest of the season. But it will change again soon. And this much you may depend upon: Pretty soon, now, the wind will get tired of working itself to death making up intricate new fall, and winter and spring fashions and will burst out into a fit of summery impatience, whipping off all of these silly ruffles and puff sleeves and fly-away hats from us, it will leave us astonished, yet unashamed and undorned in our—bathing suits (all those who were expecting birthday suits, go to the foot of the class).

Imagine Miss Lawrence's embarrassment when a naughty word appeared in her alphabet soup.  
Mr. Higgins: "Come, come be a good dog—where's that missing bone from the French Peasant's skeleton?"  
A certain girl returned her engagement ring by mail and marked it "Glass, handle with care."  
Jenny Nall: "You see, Miss Lights, today's my birthday."  
Miss Adams: "And your roommate gave you a cake."  
"What is she trying for at college, an M.A.?"  
"No, an M.R.S."



## Week-End Travels

*In the Realms of Gold*

*"Much Have I Travelled in the Realms of Gold"*

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, World's Greatest Missionary  
In Person and Books

In order to catch the true significance of Dr. E. Stanley Jones' nationally renowned works: *Christ of the Indian Road* (1925); *Christ at the Round Table* (1928); *The Christ of Every Road* (1930); *The Christ of The Mount* (1931), one must have some knowledge of his underlying ideas. Dr. Jones, an evangelist to the high castes of India since 1907, was elected Bishop of the M. E. Church in 1928 but resigned to continue his missionary work.  
"What we are trying to do," says Dr. Stanley Jones, "is to give India Christ and to let them interpret Him through their own genius and life. If the East can show us something better than the Christ God we sit at the feet of the East. One of the first things that amazes us as missionaries is a basic fact of life. The missionary enterprise believes in people, apart from race, birth, and color. There are no permanently inferior peoples. There are undeveloped races, but there are untold possibilities in every human personality."  
Dr. Jones, by his sympathy and understanding, and by the magnetic charm of his own radiant experience has won the privilege of presenting Christ to India's educated classes.  
He has said very frankly to India: "I do not make a special drive upon you because you are the neediest people of our race, but because you are a member of our race. I am convinced that the only kind of a world worth living is a world patterned after the mind and spirit of Jesus. I am therefore making a drive upon the world as it is, in behalf of the world as it ought to be, and as you are a part of that world I cannot. But I would not be here an hour if I did not know that ten others were doing in the land from which I came what I am trying to do here. We are all in the same deep need. Christ, I believe, can supply that need."  
*Christ of the Indian Road*, which has been translated into twelve foreign languages and over 600,000 copies sold, is to quote Dr. Jones, an attempt to describe how Christ is being naturalized upon the Indian Road. He has let the non-Christians themselves largely tell the story of the "ilent revolution" in thought that is taking place in India. This book does much to answer such questions as: What is the missionary trying to do? How is he trying to do it? Is it worth doing? And, Has he any right to do it?  
In *Christ of The Round Table*, Dr. Jones has set out the dominant aspects of religious life and thought as it appears to men of the most varied experiences, special care being taken to present it as it appears to Orientals.  
Dr. Jones feels that there are three great elemental needs of the East and West: An adequate goal for character; a free, full life; God. While he examines the meaning and contents of other religions in order to emphasize what is true in them, he shows how Christianity may complete all that they lack of truth or power.  
At the Round Table of the nations, according to Dr. Jones, "three kinds of imperialism are speaking with an Christian account, Political Imperialism, Financial Imperialism, Racial Imperialism, and they are throttling the voice of the gospel that would speak out of the hearts of these nations."  
In *Christ of The Round Table* the centrality of Christ is emphasized with an abundance of illustration and vividness of exposition that makes the book not only a vigorous apologetic of Christianity but an attractive appeal to people of their faith."  
Jones, Dr. E. Stanley  
*Christ of The Indian Road*  
*Christ at the Round Table*