

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Are you men never to know what words are?

Sometimes I wonder if this be the world we live in, or the world that lives in us.

A played-out world, Although that world be ours, It had best be dead, There are worlds enough to follow.

How many lives must a man have in one to live him happily?

From "Lancelot" by Edwin Arlington Robinson

PARAGRAPHS

On Monday night at 8:15 in the ball room of the Robert E. Lee Hotel, the Mozart Club is presenting in recital Wilton Angel, winner of the Atwater Kent National Radio Audition for 1932. Admission will be 50c — Salem girls are particularly invited to be present.

The Seniors had their first exam this morning. I guess they feel the end is drawing near. I wonder how it feels? Wednesday they began sitting in the center of the dining room. They seem to be having quite a bit of fun.

Wednesday morning, May 24, at expanded chapel, the clothing class of the Home Economics Department will model some of the garments which have been made during this semester.

Can you give us any information on the following young gentlemen— Mr. Waring, Mr. Abernathy, Mr. Homer, Mr. Britt, Mr. Webb, Mr. Chauncey, and Mr. McCoy? Please report any knowledge of the above young men to Miss Riggan.

Thursday evening, The Latin Club had a picnic out of town. They all ways have the best food of any body!

EDITORIAL

If you didn't feel at your best Wednesday when you came out of chapel, something is badly wrong! It takes a personal talk from a personal friend such as we had Wednesday to make us realize the opportunities which we are wasting, and the overwhelmingly joy of knowledge which we are missing by confining our thoughts and our interests to our own college walls.

Think seriously of the times through which we are living. After all, we have started back up the hill and very, very few of us are worse off in disposition or health for what we have lived through. Yes, as students, have been thanked for our cooperation during this unusually trying school year. Are we worthy of these thanks? Let's see what we can do really to deserve praise. What say?

THE ART EXHIBIT

We're sorry for any of you who didn't go to the Art Exhibit. It was the work of the North Carolina Professional Artists' Club, and was brought to Winston-Salem by the Junior League. We were ignorant and didn't know that there were so many distinguished artists in North Carolina. A particularly pleasing part of our experience was the discovery that in spite of our ignorance of any technical knowledge of art, we could be wonderfully excited by many of the exhibits.

The "status" dreams of color by Louis Vorhes made us think we had been transported to the ancient pleasure dome in Xanadu, or perhaps, were wandering with Eudymion through the iridescent land of gems. Also, we "would have aimed eternally" to own some of the formal flower designs by Gene Erwin—the "Dahlia's," "Gardenias" and the rest. We wouldn't have been surprised if Dr. Collier Cobb or Horace Williams had spoken to us, so well had the artists captured those delightful moments.

The portrait of James J. McLean keeps haunting us. Particularly did the provocative study "From the Bread Line" get under our skin. That face is a more effective treatise on selfishness and inhumanity than twenty articles on economic readjustment.

We were proudest of all of the color sketches of Salem by Gene Erwin, and of Bill Pfohl's etchings, copies of some of which we can see at Mr. Snavely's and are going to buy if he rather essence, shoes and stamps are taken care of.

Those of you who because of lassitude, time papers, or chronic ornateness did not get to the Robert E. Lee Tuesday or Wednesday night, please make up your mind that if next year offers a like opportunity you will not be among the foolish virgins.

TABLE MANNERS

This is not Emily Post on "How to Hold Your Knife and Fork." That is merely a mechanical detail. Table manners go deeper than that. Have you ever thought of the things you do at a table, something you take off in your home and only put on when you go out?

Our home dining-room for nine months of the year is the college dining-room. Do you come straggling in to dinner at the home of a friend, ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes late, pull out a chair, flop into it and begin gulping down food? Are we interested in the conversation or do we apply ourselves solely to eating? Do we laugh at the clever jokes of others or at our own, or do we sneer and look superior? Can we talk about something besides the cat we cut up in zoology or the crayfish we played with in biology? Do we have to be punched in the head to pass a plate which our neighbor has held faithfully for five minutes trying to attract our attention?

It is not a question of knowing but of thinking. Do we just eat, lay our knife and fork together on the plate and let it go at that? If we do, is it enough? What do you think?

Home Economics Juniors Entertain Administration

Six Course Dinner Is Served To Guests

On Wednesday night the Juniors who are majoring in Home Economics entertained at the Practice House. Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, Miss Lawrence, Miss Lokes, Miss Slocum, Miss Blair, and Mr. Oerter were honor guests.

The menu was as follows:
Fruit Cocktail
Consumme Stuffed Olives
Creamed Asparagus on Toast
Crown Roast of Lamb Potatoes
Baked Tomatoes Buttered Rolls
Heart of Lettuce Salad
Strawberry Ice Cream
Coffee

Y. W. NEWS

The "Y" is sponsoring a diminishing tea to get money to send a delegate to Blue Ridge. The tea is started by one person who invites three other people in for an informal hour with the understanding that each of those three people will bring a dime and will invite two other people to tea. These groups of two invite one other person so that soon everyone in school will have taken part.

Don't forget to come to the circus Saturday night. You will have all the thrill you had as a child in going to a circus. Everyone is going to come in costume and have a rip-roaring good time.

On last Sunday night, May 14, the Vesper Service was held out of doors on the steps in front of Dr. Rondthaler's home. The first hymn was "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," then a short scriptural message was read by Mary Frances Linney. The next hymn was "The Spacious Firmament on High" which was followed by a simple prayer by Erika Marzetta. The service closed with the singing of "Savior Agnus Tu Thy Dear Name" and the "Y" watchword.

ACADEMY NEWS

I can still see astonished people gazing at the bus as it sped noisily past last Friday night. The freshmen and juniors made enough noise in their attempts at singing to wake the dead. You see the freshmen had revolved the thought of another tea added to the long list; so they decided to be original by taking the juniors to the play, *Green Stockings*.

It is necessary to say that everyone enjoyed it (and Miss Knox) immensely? And to add to the fun the juniors found a wonderful feast awaiting them in the social room on their return. Then another party! No one could get out to Mary Lou's farm quickly enough. Let great big southern Dr. Rondthaler arrives in time to tease the girls about talking so much (he shouldn't have talked).

You must not be surprised if you see the Academy lights burning late this Saturday night, for it will only mean that the junior's pajama party for the seniors is hilariously going on. And too, you must be sure to be which is played next Monday. The baseball picnic will be the following Saturday. Meanwhile everyone is looking forward to commencement—and vacation.

All college girls who are members of the Academy classes of 1929, 1930, 1931, and 1932 are cordially invited to be present at their alumnae luncheon on June the second. There are sixteen Academy girls attending Salem College. The Academy wants each girl to come to the Award Program at twelve o'clock in order to see what her successors have accomplished and to stay for her class reunion at lunch which will be served promptly at one-fifteen o'clock.

Will each girl please notify the Academy of her acceptance if she has not already done so?

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Yellow and purple pansies nodding in the sun — spring is really here. Dr. Rondthaler's... and speaking of spring I've got that well-known fever, left over from last year's flu, hum, two more weeks. What's this about Salem attending the Kappa Sig house-party in Davidson last week-end? — Some girls are just too... I guess I'll have a quiet week-end sleeping... Nope, that English note-book is due and Dot and I have to play off our tennis match... The freshmen kinda had the juniors flocked on this Green Barn Cabaret business—it was fun, say way... Our new officers have been shining in their home-town papers... Who sent in those notices, anyhow?... Mademoiselle, pour quoi avez-vous pas prepare votre... Shakes, hey you! Turn that radio down and quit yelling! How d'ya expect a guy to study? Study... with that good-looking moon going to waste?... For no reason at all, that reminds me of the "Y" circus... Zina she's starting off with a bang... so is Georgia — a case the first day... Seems that Susie had to write the Salemite last week. You have our sympathy, Susie, we got out a paper one week... These Juniors are making a lot of racket about senior privileges and seniors in Biting for next year... Next year... wish I were going to be right back here in old Salem... What's that? Hallelujah, of course... if she doesn't stop showing someone's finger to throw a shoe at her some morning... Oh, boy, the Home Ec. students are going to make it in class... now we would have to listen to a speaker... "Get up!"... what do you think I am? It's midnight—go away!... "Eighteen" Move, woman, I gotta dress and eat.

SORORITIES ENTERTAIN THEIR SENIORS

On Saturday night, May 13, Beta Beta Beta entertained for Misses Mary Catherine Siewers, Mary Katherine Thorpe, and Margaret Johnson. A color scheme of red and black was carried out in decoration and menu. Each honor guest received a shoulder corsage and a small pencil with B. B. P. engraved in gold.

Other guests were Misses Mary Susan Donahill, Frances Grace Pollock, Miriam Stevenson, Elois Paulk, Ann Shuford, Ann Taylor, Beth Norman, Isabel Pollock, and the following alumnae, Misses Virginia Williams, Edith Lokes, H. Hoffman, Ann Meister, and Winifred Fisher.

On Friday night, May 19, Alpha Phi Kappa entertained for Misses Louise Brinkley, Josephine Courtney, and Mary Figgins, and Mary B. Williams. A color scheme of yellow and black was used. Each honor guest received a corsage and a framed sorority card.

Other guests were Misses Georgia Huntington, Sarah Horton, Susan Calder, Cokie Preston, Virginia Nell, Marie Louise Fuller, Dorothy Moore, Martha Neal, Babbie Way, Jane Williams, Chaeleyn P. Rachel, Carroll Ann Kern, Frances Adams, Elisabeth Gray, Betty Tuttle, and Misses Dorothy Thompson and Edith Kirkland, Alumnae.

Both of these banquets have been held at the home of Mrs. J. P. Campbell at 812 Overbrook Avenue.

Tonight Delta Sigma Delta will entertain for Misses Matilda Mann, Nina Way, Credle, Elizabeth Priece, and Mary Priece. A color scheme of lavender and white will be used and corsages will be given each honor guest.

Others present will be Misses Katherine Lanster, Marion Hadley, Ann Elizabeth McKinnon, Annie Zue Maye, Margaret Ward, Margaret Wall, and Mrs. Bill Simpson, Mrs. Whit Davis, Miss Alice Caldwell and Miss Emma Barron.

This banquet will also be held at Mrs. Campbell's.

Tuesday night at The History Club, Miss Gantman and Miss Ferguson gave very informing lectures on the economic question. It is a shame that more Salem girls do not hear these talks.

OPEN FORUM

Mumble, mumble, mumble, buzz, brrrr. Do you know what that is? No, it's not Mr. Curfing in math class, though it sounds like him, instead it's someone making an announcement in chapel. Of course, we have no way of knowing whether they are calling a meeting of the "Fernex-la-bonche" Club or the "Y. Z. Z. coming or even inviting "everybody to a meeting of the "poorer" class." They are speaking in the unintelligible language of inaudibility. Nor are students to blame entirely; the faculty also are guilty. Many of their communications in chapel, and some of their speeches too, are inaudible to their audience, especially those in the back of the hall.

There is an old saying in school used to scold the those of us who talk too loudly; "Lower your voice to a shout." This isn't bad advice for one who would be heard in chapel.

When the United States Government passed the law which gave its citizens the right to freedom of speech, just what did it mean? Unfortunately I'm afraid it meant general speaking and not individually carried out.

College education consists of self-expression as well as exclusive technicalities, and self-expression is the key to freedom of speech. Can you say that we have this so-called freedom of speech on Salem College campus? No, I'm afraid we don't. If our views are somewhat radical, then everything is done to suppress their views.

Then too, common decency plays a great part in this trait, for if a person talked exactly as she felt at times, there would certainly be many people's views. When freedom of speech is exercised—unless it happens to run parallel with someone's else views, you are accused of having the wrong attitude, or something equally as ridiculous.

Lots of people are thoroughly convinced that there is plainly no privilege of this kind evident anywhere. This is my own opinion—after all everyone has a right to free opinion and you might call this a form of "speech freedom".

Why shouldn't we wear coats. After all, we can't wear them upstairs, and who's going to see us or care if we wear them across the street?

CAN YOU READ?

The starving beggar does not have to be plead with before he shall eat, but if he is fed, he will eat. It is not perhaps so much that books bring new things to one's mind as that they arouse and bring to light unknown portions of the mind which make them so essential in any life.

A lover of the best books is never, as so many Habbits think him, a contrary, a seining, or a free, but the lives of others which they have known how to transmit to him. And in seeing their truth he sees a reflection of his own and recaptures it for a short while.

It has been said that any man who has learned an art in his youth is never wholly poor; and this is also true of the man who has learned the love of an art in his youth. And it is not this possible for every man who lives. It need not of course apply solely to a love of literature but this is an art which is peculiarly suited to more people than almost any other, for the medium of literature is universal.

Perhaps it is a futile thing to be like Richard Jefferies when he said that he wished to be a follower in "that small band of initiates who, from time to time, have succeeded in bringing mankind the precious gift of life," but in giving it to mankind they renew that gift for themselves.

As for those people who evade their own needs by saying that they do not have enough to read, they are neither honest nor truthful. There is always a time and a place in any person's life for anything he really wants to put in it.