The Salemite

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EDITORIALS

The Salemite welcomes everyone to Salem. We know that those of us who have been to Chicago and those of us who haven't have all enjoyed this summer. And we are looking forward to a grand winter of work together.

During the summer several of the Alumnae have subscribed to our paper. We thank them. We did not get quite the number that we had hoped during our campaign, but we are well pleased with the ones who did subscribe.

Salem is glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Downs and son. We hope they'll like us.

Aren't we missing Mrs. Rondthaler? There is really no one who can take her place here, and we wish her a quick return to health!

Notice how beautiful Main Hall looks! All the painting, the improvements on the athletic field, and the work done at the Academy are appreciated by the students.

Don't worry about Society Hall! Mr. Vardell has promised to take care of it!

Hello everybody. This is station S.a.l.e.m.i.t.e broadcasting. Gee! but we are glad to see you. How does trat old song go—something about "Hail, hail, the gang's all here". Well, you are a jolly looking bunch—sun-baked and sprinkled with freckes. From all appearances the summer must have been a grand success. But whoopee! aren't you glad to feel the old campus sod underneath your feet again?

Who is that I see peeping around the corner? A freshman, eh? Dodging Sophomores already. Come on around, freshman. Everybody's glad to meet you, to greet you, and fete you, because it's "you" that brings new aspirations to our campus.

"Good morning, dear teachers, we're all in our places with sunshiny faces."

Four years ago the present seniors were scared and dumb little freshies who sat in the middle pews at chapel, stood at the wrong moment, sang at the wrong time, and tried to enter the ranks of the senior line. Today they have attained that senior dignity and march to the opening exercises with heads held high (to retain those tasseled caps). What a difference a few years can make. One class succeeds another and pushes it frrther out into the sea of eternity. Such is progress!

The dumbest joke we've heard:

Jane Williams: I fell off a fifteen foot ladder yesterday.

B. P. McLean: Why weren't you killed?

J. W.: Oh! I just fell off the second step

PIERETTES ON PARADE

Huzzah! Huzzah!—and yet again, Huzzah! Three loud and lusty cheers for the Pierettes. No acclaim is too great for the girls who compose the Dramatic Club of Salem College. First and fittingly in this group of ambitious and promising actresses, let's consider the Madam President of 1933-34, herself, Miss Elois Padrick. A versatile Pierette, she comes from way down South where, as a toddling yet budding young star, she wanderer with a footlight in each hand spouting line after line by the hours without missing a cue.

Immediately upon her arrival at Salem, her dramatic ability was realized and appreciated. The dark eyed beauty from Florida refused to be typed. Her versatility would make even the Great Bernhardt nod in approval. In play after play Madam President Padrick proved beyond a doubt her ability to portray memorably any character from a slender, will-o'-the-wisp of a fairy to a haughty, chill-blained snob. She so convincingly lives the varied parts which she plays that her audiences hate her one month and love her the next. None of us can forget her interpretation of Ethel in "Peg O' My Heart" or of Chrysothemis in "Electra".

We're looking forward to what she has for us this year by way of enter tainment. Katharsisically speaking, our emotions are ready and waiting to be purged. Best luck to this year's leader of the Pierette's as they pass in revue.

AN OPEN LETTER

Dearest Soolsie:

Well here I am back at Salem after all; but I can't say how long I'll survive. In the first three hours up at Camp Hanes yesterday I collected a scarlet sunburn, a huge bee sting, and a five inch scratch. Three cheers for the glorious out-of-doors!

But sure 'nough outside of that I've had the grandest time this summer. Simply must tell you about the exciting place we went to up north. It was terribly late or rather early in the morning, after the dance when Dana asked if I didn't want to go to a "speak." Naturally, being an innocent country lass, I was all set. Well we went around in the darkest, worst looking street you've ever seen. We parked the car and started up to a horrible black, dirty building, just inside the door there was a man, who mumbled ferociously between clenched teeth something about a stair case. The polite Dana made me go first and did I ever fall up those steps? Couldn't see a thing and they were all full of lakes up top, way down at the end of the hall was the most sickly lamp. We went after it with a vim all the same and pushed all the buttons we could find. Some lady yelled at us through a hole sort of mad like. But we tried to impress her with our dignity or wealth or persistence, so he finally buzzed and let us in. The place was darling, though lousy with drunks. I was so mad though 'cause you know I just hate beer and since Dana wouldn't let me have anything else I had to sit an eat dry pretzels.

Surely hope you had as grand a summer. I'll write you all about everything soon. Till then,

Yours.
Toolsie.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY PFOHL GIVE SONG RECITAL

On Saurday night, September 9, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pfohl gave a song recital at Memorial Hall. Mrs. Pfohl, who has a beautiful contralto voice, was formerly Miss Elizabeth Rondthaler. Mr. Pfohl is a baritone.

The program was as follows:

Gia il sole dal Gange.....Alessandro Scarlatti
Star vicino.....Salvator Rosa
I'll Sail upon the Dog Star.....Henry Purcell
Over the Mountains (Old English).....arr. by Roger Quilter

Gesang Weyla's.....Hugo Wolf
Der Musikant.....Hugo Wolf
Die Nacht.....Richard Strauss
Allerseelen.....Richard Strauss

Chanson de Route.....Paul Puget
Infidelite.....Reynaldo Hahn
Chevauchee Cosaque.....Felix Fourdrain
Mr. Pfohl

The Time for Making Songs Has Come.....James H. Rogers
Little Pickaninny Kid.....David W. Guion
Hills.....Frank La Forge
Mrs. Pfohl

An Old Song Re-sung.....Charles T. Griffes
May, The Maiden.....John A. Carpenter
Three for Jack.....W. H. Squire
Mr. Pfohl

I Love Life.....Mana-Zucca
Mr. Pfohl and Mrs. Pfohl

Mr. and Mrs. Pfohl were accompanied by Miss Dorothy Thompson.

FROM PAST EDITOR

Things happened at Salem last year—things you wouldn't expect to happen, things that made last year distinctive and, as last year's class insists, a aeyr that will never be forgotten. Don't you dare forget it, you bold, bad Sophomores, you love-sick Juniors, you stately Seniors. Freshmen, you sweet collegians with a verdant air, take note of what can happen in the course of a year, and be prepared for anything.

There was the time the clock stopped, and nobody knew the correct time except Mr. Oerter. Once in Lower Campus a huge tree crashed to the ground in a storm, giving everybody who looked at the place that feeling that you have when you lose a tooth: vacancy. Then, the dining-room ceiling fell beneath the tramping of the library book worms, and the college had to take their meals at the Wee Blue Inn. Remember how that demoralized our table manners? In winter grapefruit was put on the breakfast menu. In spring the most dignified of the Seniors bobbed their hair. All year the weather obliged us for every occasion: snow for Senior caroling, sunshine for May Day, and perfection for the Greek play.

There never will be another year like last year, and who wants one? We couldn't stand another bank holiday any more than we could understand why zinnias bloom in the spring. (That is worn threadbare, but I feel self-indulgent.) This will be the greatest year that Salem has ever had, of course, because this dear old school is 162 times as great as it was162 years ago. To keep the events of this year to tell to your grandchildren or to gloat over in your reminiscent moods, you might keep a file of *Salemites*. (They are usually kept on the left side of your bureau drawer, under a stack of pajamas.)

I like the thought of once more having a jumble of my words printed in the *Salemite*, knowing that someone else will read the proof. It gives me a chance to wish all of you the best of luck. I hope that every Freshman passes the handbook test and English I. (They are easy, really, but you have to be serious about them.) My big wish is that all your plans wil be sound and all your undertakings successful.

Jo Courtney

BEING ON THE SALEMITE STAFF

The happiest person is not the idle man, but the man who works and loves his work. The members of the Salemite staff are made happier through their work for and their assoiation with the paper.

Being on the staff of a college paper is not all play. Often an article must be crowded into an already too busy day. Sometimes a trip to town must be given up, a movie missed. Occasionally a girl—maybe she is one who has an inferiority complex—says that the editor "picks on her", giving her more work to do than she assigns to the other staff members. Even a college paper can not have perfect harmony in all of its work.

These seemingly unpleasant things enter in, yet they are minor. The girls love the "Salemite" and are proud of it. They like to give of their best to it; they feel that their paper carries with it the Spirit of the school.

The school paper has a wide circulation. It reaches places that otherwise might not be reached by Salem. There is a great responsibility connected with the work; the paper must be made the best that it possibly can. No one must fall down even one week. The articles must be decently written and in on time; the paper must be set up and proof-read; it must be distributed to the various rooms and mailed to the subscribers. The editor must always be alert to new ideas; she must learn to know each member of her staff so that she can give suitable assignments. No one must work for her own glory, but for the paper. There must be a great deal of co-operation.

There are standards which must be held. Each person on the staff usually meets the requirements. There is no pecuniary reward, yet every girl gives all that she possibly can to the paper. She loves her paper; she loves the work that it demands of her.

Something else to think about during classes on hot days:

Try saying this outloud, under your breath:

Sheffield shoes should suit snooty students.

Papilloma Pollock's favorite:

I can paddle, canoe?

POETRY

FOLKS AND ME

It is a funny thing but true,
That folks you don't like don't like you.
I don't know why this should be so,
But just the same all of us know
If I am "sour", friends are few;
If I am friendly, folks are too.

Sometimes I get up in the morn
A-wishin' I was never born.
I make of cross remarks a few,
And then my family wishes too
That I had gone some other place
Instead of showing them my face.

But let me change my little tune
And sing and smile, then pretty soon
The folks around me sing and smile
(I guess 'twas catchin' all the while).
Yes, 'tis a funny thing, but true,
That folks you like will sure like you.

Lucile Crites

LARKSPUR

It is dusk
and in my garden
a group of slim girls
in blue frocks
stand on tiptoe
reaching for the pale young moon.

—Syvia Meech

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

—Lowell

THE FREEDOM OF THE MOON

I've tried the new moon tilted in the air
Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster
As you might try a jewel in your hair.
I've tried it fine with little breadth of luster,
Alone, or in one ornament combining
With one first-water star almost shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please.
By walking slowly on some evening later,
I've pulled it from a cratet of crooked trees,
And brought it over glassy water, greater,
And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,
The color run, all sorts of wonder follow.

—Robert Frost

If theres any moon tonight
What good will it do?
I don't want the moon,
Cause there isn't any "you".

"To the dreamer who can work,
And to the worker who can dream
Life surrenders all things."

"Education is the release of man from self."

Proverbs 18:24—A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.

"AND ONE FOR THE LITTLE BOY—"

Black sheep, black sheep, have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and returning yesterday?

Have you any magic wool to blind the yet-to-be
And for a little while return the long-ago to me?

The quiet, and the happy, and the lovely and the slow
Unburdened days of dreaming in the sunny long-ago,

The hawthorne and the bluebell and the willows in the pool,
A thousand dusty barefoot tracks behind the shingled school;

The walnut and the sumac and the meadow roads that led
Through golden day to dusky eve and lantern time and bed.

Black sheep, black sheep, have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and re turning yesterday?

Have you any magic wool that will return again
His treasures to the little boy who lived down the lane?

—Bert Cooksley.

TO THE SENIORS

"Hail to thee, blythe spirits!
Seniors thou never were before."
but Seniors thou shalt be for nine months if thy sweet and gentle manners canst find soft spots in thy professors' hearts, and if thy brains wilt be inspired by divine intuition in exams as of yore!

We who are not getting ready to don our caps and gowns find ourselves wondering many things about you. We wonder if you are still at heart the juniors who giggled in chapel, who enjoyed a midnight feast, who were rough-and-ready and hard to lick in the Hut. We wonder if you have trouble in keeping your caps balanced at the right angle. We wonder if, in Bitting, isolated from our observation, you ever slide down the halls, sing in the shower, have bull sessions in the wee hours about life and love. We wonder how you passed freshmen math. We wonder what you think of us as you calmly survey us in chapel from your lofty perches. We wonder all of this—but perhaps some of us who have two, three, or four years ahead, are wondering more seriously what the sum of four years in college will mean to you—and to us. What have you gained in this interval of your life when you are shut in a little world that is bounded by the college campus and where you have been, for the most part, free from and, but responsibilities pertaining to school, where you have been sheltered and taught to avoid pitfalls by others who have gone before you? What tools have you discovered, will you discover this last year, within yourself with wits to work when most of you will face the problem next June of living, and making a living, for yourself? What weapons have you prepared with which to fight a world of realities that isn't planned for your especial benefit? What interests are you developing that will continue after the friendships and activities of school life have been removed? How familiar and adaptable will you be with this job of being out individual and get a part of the whole of this world-community in which you, and we who are behind you, must live? We are wondering about you, and ourselves!

But we have great faith in you, Seniors! By your many mistakes (which we are inpudent enough to suggest you will make), we shall profit! If your high heels trip in your gown while making a stately entrance on the stage, we shall wear lower hels! If your weighty problems fail to make you grey-haired, we shall undertake to solve them, too. If your last year here can be full of fun and work, of excitement and despair, of dates and long hours with French idioms, of parties and quizzes,—and yet you live to graduate, we shall aspire to be seniors! Here's luck, here's love, here's health, here's wealth to you!

HOW TO KEEP FROM GETTING HOMESICK

Object: To tell how to keep from getting homesick.

Given: A girl, Susie, who has never been away from home.

Data: A school—with only a limited amount of week-ends.
Old girls— who pester you by trying to give you a good time.
Lessons—which inflict themselves upon you.

Method: Take the girl, Susie, who at the time is beginning to feel queer pangs—hard to locate—and to swallow rising lumps in her throat. In comes her big sister who tries to take her to a banquet. Susie demures because she is afraid the girls will remind her of home and she feels that she knows no one there. However, she goes because her big sister waits persistently, and she really has a good ome.

The next day classes begin. Again she feels lost and gets to several classes late, but she has some lessons to do. She must find the book store and purchase books. She is afraid she will see a sophomore, because every college is said to have them. Nevertheless she must go; so she ventures out. It isn't so awful as she supposed, and she sees two drug stores, a post office, and a cleaning establishment across the street with several promising young men draped around in front of them.

Susie gains courage and ventures out more and more. She becomes acquainted and has no time to think of home.

She uses her two week ends to go to Carolina and Davidson.

Conclusion: Susie uses all her opportunities to go out and thus becomes acquainted. She finds so much to do she can't find time to get homesick.