

# The Salemite

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## EDITORIAL

The North Carolina Collegiate Press Association could have great influence on both collegiate and non-collegiate publishing and news paper work. However, as the association now stands it is not influential. The Association is officer representative of every type school in the state, and it is represented in the best colleges throughout the state. In spite of this representative membership, the association is not functioning as an association. The blame should not be placed entirely on the officers, although if they could really get an idea of how to try to make the association a success, they could certainly make the organization influential.

Two week-ends ago the N. C. C. P. A. had its fall convention at E. C. T. C. in Greensboro. The students at Greenville were delightful hostesses. There was a banquet Thursday evening, a theatre party and a football game Friday afternoon, and a dance Friday evening. This was a good party, and entertainment, and the delegates enjoyed it. On the other hand, the majority of collegiate papers in North Carolina do not have money to send delegates to a "fun" convention. We need to learn constructive things about our work. The business sessions at the convention taught us absolutely nothing. We didn't get ideas about our work which we should have. The individuals who were representing publishing companies, in this a collegiate convention? It seems to me that publishing houses could pick another time and another place to put in their bids for business. We can't blame their representatives. If the students allow them to monopolize their weekly college papers, why shouldn't they do it?

It does not aim to sue anyone. E. C. T. C. The "fun" things can be cut about the convention at Salem last spring. It is simply the fact that the N. C. C. P. A. as an association only in name. The convention next spring is to be in Raleigh. Can't we make it more than a mere amount to something?

Freshmen girls who are flunking their French are seen every day raving over "Buddy" Down as his father holds him in his arms. They say: "Uh-eh-cho-cho. You're da cunsty thing we eva see. Uh-eh-cho-cho." Now is the way to pass a French course, or are they showing us?

Ask Marion Hadley about writing birthday letters to married men. She sometimes wonders about you, Miss Hadley.

## EDITORIAL

What did you think about last 11:00 o'clock to 11:02 o'clock last Saturday morning? During these two minutes the Salem College rang continuously. Each person on the campus was to stop and try to think for herself or himself just exactly what Armistice Day meant. There were some of us who were so entirely forgetful and unaware of the value in character-building that small things like this play in our lives, that we neglected to stop when we were doing much, less to have any serious thoughts. There were others of us who will not soon forget the solemnity and the almost spiritual significance of our thoughts during those two minutes. The flag was lowered to half-mast; students and faculty members were seen all over the campus standing still, some with bowed heads; there was a calm and quiet atmosphere everywhere. One could not help standing in awe of the significance of Armistice Day and in thinking of the thousands and thousands of men who, even as they died for their country, died for small things like this play in our lives. We realized the absolute folly and unprofitableness of our lives, and overlapping this thought came this—we seem to see the silliness of men killing each other as they die. There is mere lack of anything else to do, yet we do not realize it enough to put an end to war. We could never again be blown, torn and gazed to nothingness?

Do a future war enter your thoughts? Who was fighting whom? Was there war between Cuba and Germany? Between the United States and the rest of the world? Between the laboring class and the capitalists in the United States? Between the rich and the poor? It is not too late to do your two minutes of thinking even now.

## WORLD PEACE

November 11, Armistice Day, commemorates the end of the war which was to have brought world peace forever. But can peace be gained forever? This is a delicate question, for peace must be earned by peaceful methods. The child, even before he starts to school, should be taught to give other people their part of the time and to co-operate with his family and friends in their interests. The children of school must be taught the utter uselessness of war, must be revived to portray them as they are, as boys and girls, and not as glorified warriors, and practices and not glorified civilized activities. The people must be educated to think in terms of international questions with open eyes, and not to believe everything that they read in the newspapers and magazines without some definite proof of the published facts. The public must get its knowledge from a variety of sources and not depend upon only one or two papers. Only proper education can give the people the truth between the nations can bring world peace.

Living is a funny thing. No one can be unto himself, yet he is always to himself. The person is apart; there is no way by which he may really know another person. There is no way for any one else to know him. Each lives a separate life. But none must withdraw unto himself alone. He must consider others. His mind must be open to the world, and try to bring happiness to others. The person who thinks entirely of himself can never be truly happy. The person who gets away from himself and sees the view points of others finds an idea of himself. The world goes on and leaves him behind. He is out of tune. He is discarded. The backward-looking person does not stand in the right relationship to society. He is selfish; he is self-conscious in the present and others are not so conscious of himself. The whining, baby-like person is selfish. He wants to be made to feel. The conceited person is selfish. He holds himself above others.

While in college, the students must learn to live with others if they have not already done so. Here a person must try to find his place among their turns, and naturally they raise a great clamor when night falls and the meeting has to be adjourned. They know their speeches by heart, however, and if you should not meet them, they would be glad to repeat them tomorrow. And that goes not only for the members of the presidents, but for all the other mammas of this or any other student body.

## SALEM PLAY HOUSE THE "MADAM PRESIDENTS"

By Annie Street Wildo Characters: Mrs. Hattie Huntington Mrs. Hadley Mrs. Calder Mrs. Leake Mrs. Lasater Mrs. Stough Mrs. McNeely Mrs. McKinom And other mammas of other presidents.

Mrs. Bishop Rondthaler (Dr. H. E. Mamma, and therefore, the Chairman of the meeting). Scene: A Mammas' meeting, at which the ambitions, activities, and cute sayings of the various campus presidents are being discussed. They are discussing the fact that Mrs. Rondthaler is forced to call the meeting to order with several raps. Mrs. Rond: "Now ladies, one at a time, please. I'm sure we will all have a chance at the floor, if we will each take about three or four minute talks. The subject of these talks each other as they die. There is mere lack of anything else to do, yet we do not realize it enough to put an end to war. We could never again be blown, torn and gazed to nothingness?"

And, of course, considering the fact that my little darling is President-in-Chief of the College, my talk will be first on the program. Ladies, even when my Howard has a tiny, bald-headed baby, he was a lover of flowers. . . . and so forth, for thirteen minutes she discloses the color of her hair. Next on the program is a talk by Mrs. Huntington.

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## SALEM STUDENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO PRESENTED AT COURT WORK IN THE LIBRARY?

A most astounding bit of news has just been revealed to the press. During the past summer a number of Salem girls, sponsored by Miss Chrysanthemum Blum, made a trip to Europe on Eugenia McNew's private yacht, the "Star. On their way arriving at the harbor of Chicago, Mesopotamia, the party was greeted by a most interesting and well-informed messenger delivered to the group a royal invitation which read:

"The King and Queen of Mesopotamia summon to appear at their court the members of E. McNew's yacht party in consideration of the removal of the forehead party and in order of the royal family to pay homage to them."

A royal guard accompanied the group to the castle which they gradually entered on their hands and knees. For the gala occasion Miss Blum wore a brown wool rabbit's hair dress, and carried a hat the size of a thimble. Miss McNew wore her habituelle costume which consisted of a sleeveless white sweater, her hair styled in a bun, and a pair of gold curls were caught into a single bunch and tied with a baby-blue ribbon.

Other distinguished Salem girls who were presented to court were Miss Mary Ollie Biles, wearing a remarkable dress which was picked up at the seamy; Miss Rebekah Hillyard in a new, mile green coat suit; and Miss Melrose Hendrix, donned in a stunning brown dress with a mustard colored sash. Next in order of presentation was Miss June Morris whose Grecian beauty caused the King to wear a crown. She was restored to consciousness just in time to greet Miss Eleanor Watkins who in our most daring costume, she enticed into the happy family of horsehoe pitchers.

The party was entertained at a feast of champagne and the luxury of plate for every three people. A noteworthy feature of the dinner was the first-drawn imported liquor, by means of which the people conveyed the food to their mouths. After the feast, the King, at the request of the king, the vocal selection "Three Blind Mice," after which the party returned to the yacht and enjoyed a square meal of "hot dogs."

## PLUTO COMPLAINS

Hadesville, 3757 Torrid Avenue Saturday 13, 1933

Dear Editor: I'd like to horn in a sizzling comment on the article which you published through the Salemite to the effect that if you publish this letter I'll make things uncomfortably hot for you and your staff. I'm not in ghostly gear, I have crossed the River Styx. The mention of "Styx" hastens me to the editor's office to get a pretty hotmail. Yet Mr. McEwen's and Mr. Carter's seems to be good too. Mr. Orter has can't be found elsewhere, they're so beautiful.

Anyway you know that if, morning, noon or twilight, any of the men on the faculty are misplaced and can't be found elsewhere, they're so beautiful. On all his classes Mr. Downs sits tilted backwards in his chair swagging his feet—end there those poor girls sit holding their breath for fear he will fall, and gulping every time he sneezes. He can't keep his feet from falling business, because Mr. McEwen did it last year. Do be careful all you good teachers.

Joey is not in things; it is in us. When Narcissus died, the pool of his pleasure changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, because the green tresses of the woodland that once weeping through the pool and they saw that the pool had changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, they looked at the green tresses of the hair, and cried to the pool and said "Wo do not wonder that you should mourn in this manner for Narcissus, so beautiful."

"But, was Narcissus beautiful?" said the pool, "I know better than that he ever pass by, but you he sought his own beauty, and he was looking down at you, and in the mirror of your waters he would mirror his own beauty."

And the pool answered: "But I loved Narcissus because, as he lay on the grass, he would look in the mirror of his eyes I saw my own beauty mirrored."

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.—Frank Crane.