The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-in-Chief.....Susan Calder
Assistant Editor.....Sarah Lindsay
Assistant Editor.....Miriam Stevenson

Associate Editors—
Mary Penn Gertrude Schwalbe
Mary Absher Cortlandt Preston
Mary Ollie Biles Kathleen Adkins
Martha Binder Elizabeth Jerome
Elizabeth Gray Mary E. Reeves

Special Reporters—
Virginia Garner
Cora Emmaline Henderson
Sunshine Kirby
Eugenia McNew
Elizabeth Torrence
Jean Patterson
Martha Moore
Sara Ingram

BUSINESS STAFF
Business Manager.....Isabel Pollock
Advertising Manager...Jane Williams
Exchange Manager...Ruth McConnell
Susan Rawlings
Margaret Ward
Dorothy Courtney
Ruth Dickieson
Agnes Brown
Ann Taylor
Circulation Manager..Martha Schlegel
Asst Cir. Mgr......Florence Ledbetter

EXTRAVAGANCE

(Editorial Reprinted from the TULANE HULLABALOO)

Students present a curious complex of nature; they come to college, invest considerable sums in tuition, fees, books and many other educational expenses, and then refuse dividends when the university endeavors to pay.

These same students would not think of investing in a banking institution which was thought insolvent, nor in stocks and bonds which they knew to be worthless, nor in an outworn automobile. Yet in their university outlay they do much worse than any of the above. The hard-earned cash of someone else is given them for the advancement of their culture and training. From the time of payment of fees, etc., the university, through its professors, and in the classrooms, libraries, and organizations, begins repaying the investment.

But it is not uncommon to hear students boasting of having passed a ocurse, frequently by the smallest possible margin, with little or no study. Or to hear students speaking of "crip courses" and how many they carry. In short, their investments and the funds of someone else mean nothing to them.

Possibly no other outlay pays the dividends of the college one. A great appreciation of the values of life, the understandings of fellowship, the joy of a trained intellect and the knowledge of association with the past are all for the taking for college students.

The students who refuse these gifts and boast of it, at the expense of parents or guardians are the worst kind of parasites. No university should have room or attempt to have room, for them.

What do you think of the way Ethel Barrymore spoke to the members of the Philadelphia Lecture Assembly? Here is a portion of her speech to the ladies,

"I don't know why we bother to speak to you. Miss Le Gallienne and I do you an honor to be here at all. You don't know anything. You don't understand anything. You don't appreciate anything. You never have known anything and never will."

Those are rather stinging words, aren't they? A great number of us have wanted at some time to express ourselves thus, but after we hear it done, it doesn't sound very good.

The Japanese consume an average of 82 pounds of fish annually, per person.

"CHRISTMAS IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

The air is cool and crisp and a festive spirit prevails. Christmas, the greatest of all days, is not far off. The streets are decorated with brightly lighted trees. Shop windows are filled with gift suggestions. Crowds throng the streets, all laughing and happy, their arms loaded with bundles. Tiny children may be found with faces pressed against shop windows gazing longingly at a large doll or a pair of skates; others are examining the numerous articles in the toy shops. At night they dream of toy trains, walking dolls, and huge candy canes. Holly wreaths appear in windows. Everyone walks with a lighter step. The smell of cedar, red candles, Christmas cookies—all assure us that that long-awaited day is not far distant.

CHRISTMAS

O star that blazed forth o'er Bethlehem in the night,
And guided the shepherds by its light,
To the Saviour—the way of Truth and Right;
Send down thy rays once more, clear and bright
To drive the darkness from our sight.

And angels that on golden harps did play,
While the whole world slumbering lay,
And sang of brotherly love and a peaceful way;
Grant that our voices may
Blend with yours in song on this Christmas Day.

Sara Ingram

A BOUQUET

Along with the beautiful posies that are being showered upon our well beloved and deserving Mrs. Rondthaler, the day students have requested that a particularly large and imposing mental bouquet be thrown to an equally beloved and deserving proxy for the president's wife—Miss Riggan.

From the very first day of registration, the cheerful little office on the second floor of South Hall has been a place of consolation for day students' complaints and tales of woe. The encouraging word and guiding hand awaiting them there is an unlooked for source of joy. Day students have begun to swell with importance for now they have a dean all to themselves—one that was snatched right from under the noses of the sorrowing boarders. Their loss has been our gain. This lady in question fits right into our life as though she had been there all the time, making us wonder how we ever got along without her. She's not directing our work (feature Miss Riggan as overbearing!) but she's behind the scenes with a suggestion here and a helping hand there that really hits the spot.

The day students themselves, who now more than ever before feel more a part of the whole college, wish to take this opportunity to express their gratitude to one of Salem's greater heroines.

A WHOOPEE PARTY

On the return trip from Chicaro Mesopotato, E. McNew's yacht, *The Wee Star*, anchored in the Dachcorn Harbor just off the coast of Anilorae for the purpose of throwing an unchaperoned "whoopee party." Miss Ginger "Pepper" Harlowe (bette known to Salem as Stephanie Newman) gowned in a transparent bronze mesh evening dress, which was tightly fitted and had no back, charmed her audience with the rendition of the recent torch hit "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." Miss Elizabeth Jerome moved emotionally (not psychologically) in an exquisite interpretation of a recent Hindu dance, *The Gidhani*. The Mills Ensemble coming direct from a two year run in Pfafftown gained a great deal of favor with their presentation of the different types of clogging. The ensemble was composed of: Greta Stimson, Marlene Click, Polly Hallman, Zazu Topp Blum.

SALEM PLAY HOUSE

CHRISTMAS VERSES THANKSGIVING

Main Actors—Santa Claus, Turkey-lurkey—two boxers

Scene: A boxing ring—the rope surrounding the ring is made of silver tinsel; the gong which will sound for the battle to begin is a dinner bell; the towels with which the contestants are being fanned are huge linen nap kins covered with gravy spots and cranberry stains left over from last Thursday. The referee is a short man, about two weeks long, dressed in haste and confusion, with a school book under his arm, and with his mind entirely taken up with the antics of the two boxers.

Time: for the fight to begin.

Dinner bell sounds—

Turkey-lurkey comes steaming in—he is a magnificent bird, piping hot, and looking capable of throwing his opponent into a fit of severe stomache ache.

From the other side of the ring jumps Santa Claus. He is also piping ("the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth") and also looks ready to give his opponent, if Santa has opponents, even more than he is expecting, whither that be a red wagon or two bundles of switches. Before entering the fight, he removes his stockings, and gives one to Turkey as a challenge.

Santa Claus:
O! haughty bird,
I've always heard
You praised as high
As I can fly
But that's absurd . . . .

Turkey-lurkey: (twisting up his left wing for a hook to Santa's chubby cheek.)
"You little runt,
I'll make your front
Feel more like rocks
Than a bowl of jelly
When once I'm inside
Your little round belly.

Santa Claus:
"Come let's begin!
I know I'll win
I'll give you a socking
To match that stocking,
And when I'm through
They'll hang up you
Along with the stocking
And holly, too
On Xmas eve
Beside the Hu."

Turkey: (Alas, he knows that this is true,
His crimson beard turns white with fright
When he senses the nearness of Xmas night).
"I'm Turkeye, the paler lad,
And I used to be bold and bad;
But on Thursday past,
I breathed my last;
And lost my life
With a carving knife . . . . ."

Santa:
"So now you're a bluff,
And not real stuff?"

Turkey:
"Ah! Once I was the jolly toast
Of many a groaning pantry shelf,
But now I am only a boney ghost
Of my beautiful crisp-brown former self.

Santa (weakening—he can't take it!)
Come, referee,
Count one, two, three
We'll end this fight,
But not by night
I can't wait lay
This brave turk-ay
He was a good bird on his day—
Just put him away
While I hold sway."

Turkey (voice heard from a distance of about a week ago):
"Until another Thanksgiving Day.

Santa:
"That makes me king
Of the boxing ring."

So laying a finger aside of his nose,
And bowing to the audience,
And thanking Miss Willdoo for this early publicity,
And giving a nod,
Up chimney he rose—
But not before he had put back on his stocking, which may be called hose to rhyme with rose and nose.

Closser Googe, with Claudette Mc Mahon as leader.

A sudden scream caused the members of the party to rush to the lower deck. There they found Meta Hutchison being chased around by a little white rat in a two by four clothes hamper in which she had stowed away. The excitement was too great for "Red" Lashmit. She fainted gracefully and was carried into the library where Miss Chrysanthemum Blum was writing her 1936 almanac. Because she was unable to work further, on the almanac she invited all members of the party into the dining saloon where Miss Eugenia McNew, the hostess, presided over a large punch bowl containing the stimulant of the evening. She was assisted in serving the warm milk and zweiback by Miss C. Blum.

AN OPEN LETTER

Skeletown
December 4

Dear Editor,

I've been clanking my chains impatiently for over a week now just itching to the narrow to tell the Salem girls what an entertaining and enlightening evening I spent strung up on that sheet at the hockey banquet. With my supernatural insight I saw things that the mortal hockey fans eating and drinking with such gaiety failed to notice. Ten to one, you didn't see the way that dizzy blonde, Martha Veale, with the queenly carriage, kept glancing with a love light in her eyes, first towards the door, and then at the Big Ben concealed under her napkin. Yes, indeed, I knew the cause of her impatience. Miller, old pillar, was pacing restlessly up and down in the Alice Cewell living room about that time.

You were too busy playing glutton to notice that model of prudence and slip a note to a certain well-known gentleman on Salem campus. You'll never belive me when I tell you what that little missive contained. My dear, she wanted to borrow his belt! At least that's what she said. Quite an original and subtle way of engaging in a little tete-a-tete on the side, n'est ce pas? Ask Jane how to rope 'em in, or, rather, belt 'em in—she knows.

Did you miss Hadley's little faux pas, too? (You've gathered by this time that for a skeleton, I'm decidedly proficient at French phrases. We speak any number of languages, even Pig Latin, in Skull and Crossbones County.) Well, to get back to Hadley. She hopped Miss Lawrence in the shins under the table, and Miss Lawrence had completely forgotten to wear her shin guards to the banquet. You see, Hadley didn't know that the Dean played tennis instead of hockey when she was a budding young athlete.

These few little sidelights are mere inklings of the repertoire of unknown facts about your schoolmates that I have at my commands. However, I'll keep mum, because I can't be picking the bone with too many of the Salem women at the same time. I simply can't spare another bone for picking purposes, as three of my best ribs are gone already.

Yours,
Bozo Bones

P. S.

All my boney buddies in Skeletown are simply up to the skull with jealousy over my Salem "S." I'm the most popular beaun on the campus.

THE CLASS OF 1933

The following news from *The Alumnae Record* concerning last year's Senior Class will be of particular interest to all girls who were here last year.

From the members of last year's class we hear the following news: Florence Aitchison, Eugenia Johnson, Louise Mock, Charlotte O'Brien, Mabel Reid, Louise Sides, Mary Lillian White are teaching in Winston-Salem; Tommye Frye is teaching at Booneville, N. C.; Mary Katharine Thorpe is teaching in Pries, Virginia; Josephine Courtney is teaching in Collettsville, N. C.

Ghilan Hall is taking a Business course at home in Burlington, N C., Elinor Phillips is working for her teacher's certificate at the Teachers' College, Clarion, Pennsylvania. Edith Jones of Martinsville, Virginia, business classs 1933, has a good position in her home town. Elizabeth Correll is assisting Violet Hampton, 1933, in the Cafeteria at Woolworth's, Winston-Salem. Nancy Ann Harris is teaching piano in Winston-Salem. Mary Louise Mickey and Margaret Johnson, both with the B. A. degree are continuing their work at Salem, toward a Bachelor of Music degree in 1934. Emily Mickey is specializing as a nurse and companion, working particularly with diets.

Adelaide Silversteen is studying voice in New York under Mr. Edgar Schofield, brother to Mr. Ernest Leslie Schofield, head of the voice department at Salem. Mary Catherine Sievers is employed at Sosnik's Department Store. Mary Stockton is assisting her sister, Blanche Stockton, 1924, Dietitian at Salem College. Josephine Walker is working in the Salem Book Store. Rosalie Smith is teaching music privately at her home in New Bern, N. C.; Mary B. Williams is director of the Wilington, N. C. High School Glee Club, and hopes to open a private studio. Naomi Stone has a stenographic position in Charlotte, N. C. Marjorie Petree of the Business Class of 1933 is employed in the Bond Department of Wachovia Bank & Trust Company, Winston-Salem. Dorothy Heidenreich is keeping house for her father in Durbin, North Dakota.

Pauline Setzer, Ruth Crouse and Wanna Mary Huggins are married. Carol Glenn of the Business Class has a position with the Prudential Insurance Company in Winston-Salem.

WHILE I WAS IN THE HANDS OF A PERSON

I am only a pencil, but you really don't know how badly I am treated sometimes. I was in a nice box in the school store when a little girl came to the counter and asked for a pencil. The clerk picked me up gently in his hands and gave me to her. She grabbed me and flew down the stairs.

The next thing I knew I was in her mouth! How horrible it was to get all wet! I certainly was happy when she took me out of her mouth and began to write. She said I didn't write very well. She rushed me to the pencil sharpener. Oh, how those blades did hurt! Oh, I am in her mouth again, but this time she is biting me with her teeth! Oh, how it pains! I wish she would stop.

My! Wasn't I happy when she lost me? She looked and looked for me, but she never found me. I am behind a chair, and I can see everything just as plain as day.

Henrietta Caldwell, 7B

A THERMOMETER

I am a thermometer. I work hard to tell the children how hot or cold it is. My tongue moves fast. Sometimes when it is too cold or hot, the children come to me and stare for a minute or so. The radiator is my partner. If he doesn't do his part, I can't help it.

Glenn Joyce
7B

The above papers were selected from original work done by seventh grade pupils being taught by Katherine Lasater. The work was considered worthy of note.

MODERN CONTINENTAL FICTION

This book list is the second installment of the book list prepared by Atwood H. Townsend of New York University. Dr. Townsend's list is called "The Students' Guide to Good Reading."

Barbusse, Henri—*Under Fire*
The outstanding French novel about the stupidities and horrors of the war.

Baum, Vicki—*Grand Hotel*
Varied hotel guests whose lives reach a dramatic climax in two nights.

Colette—*The Gentle Libertine*

Feuchtwanger, Lion—*Power*

Feuchtwanger—*The Ugly Duchess*

France, Anatole—*The Red Lily*
Unforgettable revelation of Parisian society and of the heart of a woman.

France, Anatole—*The Rotisserie of the Queen Pedauque*

France, Anatole—*Penguin Island*
An outline of history in the form of an amusing satirical romance.

France, Anatole—*The Revolt of the Angels*
A delightful satire of scholarship, theology, and human weaknesses.

France, Anatole—*Thais*

Hamsun, Knut—*Hunger*
Distressingly frank but convincing picture of a young writer starving.

Ibanez, V. B.—*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*
The cataclysm of the World War dramatized by a popular Spanish novelist.

Mann, Thomas—*The Magic Mountain*
Mann's novels are internationally famous. This is probably his best.

Merejkowski, Dmitri—*The Death of the Gods*

Merejkowski, Dmitri—*The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*

Merejkowski, Dmitri—*Dmitri, Peter, and Alexis*
Final volume of the trilogy including "The Death of the Gods" and "Da Vinci."

Proust, Marcel—*Swann's Way*
—*Within a Budding Grove*
Proust's almost actionless novels have been called "the greatest prose of modern times" because of their rich detail and subtle psychological insight.

Remarque, Enrich Maria—*All Quiet on the Western Front*
The agony and futility of war as seen by the common soldier in the trenches.

Salten, Felix—*Bambi*
An exquisite story of a young deer's life in the Danube forests.

Sudermann, Herman—*The Song of Songs*
The story of a beautiful girl, her ideals, and her temptations.

Undset, Sigrid—*The Bridal Wreath*

Undset, Sigrid—*The Cross*

Zweig, Anton—*The Case of Sergeant Grischa*
A Russian prisoner ground to death by the German military machine.

"Billy" Philpott is at home in Rocky Mount. Henrietta Redfern of the Business Class is employed in her home town, Monroe, N. C. Other members have not been definitely heard from.