The Salemite

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COOPERATION

Often on and off the Salem campus, we have heard discussions on the cooperation and the friendliness between Salem students and faculty. Say what you please, it is unusual. In many institutions the students talk about the faculty and the faculty talk about the students, but they never try really to make friends with each other. Here there is a definite interest on the part of teachers in pupil activities, and a special interest on the part of the students in faculty activities.

This interest was manifest to a great degree on last Saturday night at the Sophomore Ball. Mr. Campbell and Miss Vest as King and Queen of the Campus were a definite example of student admiration and interest. The contest was open to the entire student body and the faculty. Votes during the entire week tendered more to faculty names than to student names. However, there was great competition, and the Sophomores are to be greatly commended for their excellent idea for making money and having a good time at the same time. The pennies didn't seen much when they were spent for individual votes, but when they finally amount to $50 they seem a fortune. The Seniors advise the Sophomores to save this until a time when they really need it. It will come in mighy handy.

IS THIS FAIR?

Morning of all mornings when I had an aisle seat on the back row in chapel when I could have propped my arm on the arm of the seat and slept peaceably for an hour, Mr. Vardell had to dismiss Y P. M.

KING ALBERT

Albert the First, "the hero of the whole world," as he was acclaimed by our Congress in 1919, was democratic to the last degree in his tastes and sympathies. He was first of all a man of duty and in his heroic performance of it, the love and admiration of all nations have been won. By this valor, which ignored perils, he placed freedom and glory on his own land.

The King was a man of the heights. He gave himself over supremely to the welfare of his people and with his keen insight, practical sense, and tact shared the hazard as the honor during the perilous years following he World War. His venturous going was quite in character with his heroic living. Throughout his life he dared all for freedom; he came to his death seeking the freedom of the mountains. He died on the heights, the heights of the mountains, and the heights of his country's love and high esteem.

ON OUR SOCIAL LIFE

During this year, in particular, since sororities are not at Salem, there has been talk about a lack of social life. Of course, there are many sides to this question. Some hold that each person should be able to make her own social life. Others believe that a person's social life depends entirely upon the number of parties and dinners she attends. When you come right down to the facts, a person's social life depends on herself, but there must be a certain amount of entertainment to make one feel that her social life really is social. We all love to dress up in long dresses and trail about. Some of us won't admit it, and others raise a terrible fuss when the real work of dressing starts, but the desire to appear as a lady of leisure and pleasure is inborn. I believe in wearing what you want to when you feel like it, but there are those who wouldn't wear a dinner dress to dinner unless everybody else did, even if they were literally dying to do it.

In order to help solve the problem of when one should dress up and appear to be one of the four hundred at Salem, the *Salemite* has a suggestion to make. This is a suggestion, not a command; and you may take it or leave it. We, however, feel that the suggestion is wise and, that, if followed, it will lead to new enjoyment here.

On next Monday evening there will be a music recital by advanced students and on Monday evenings beginning very soon after that, graduating recitals will be held. Salem has a grand music department, but some of her A. B. and Science students don't seem to realize. And now for our suggestion: Don't you think it would be nice to dress for dinner on the nights of these recitals and then go over to Memorial Hall? We guarantee that you'll have an enjoyable evening. Just let lessons go; take your time eating—most of us eat dinner in about twenty minutes—and then go enjoy music. If you don't want to wear a long dress, just put a clean collar on your Sunday dress and you'll look grand.

Monday night we can tell by looking at you whether you read the *Salemite* and whether you like your problems solved. This is really a good suggestion. Try following it Monday night.

LIMELIT

The limelight is flashing rather slowly this week, for the operator, "due to certain difficulties," is somewhat under the weather — weather which caused "certain difficulties" (or were they?) in Salem's routine for two or three days. 'Twas evidently weather fit for a king, however, judging from sights seen in Kernersville, Sunday night about nine o'clock. A curious collection it was—a secretary, a king, a singer, a teacher,—'n' I couldn't tell what else—marooned under shelter of a filling station—looking for water—they told me!!!

More things happened Sunday night, too—trouble is, we can't prove anything. We do know the following facts, however—Miss Lawrence was stranded out at Miss Covington's the lights were out all over Salem; there were dates in Salem parlor—all of which, my dear children, should give any of our more imaginative genii sufficient background for a lovely bedtime story—Any who peeked in on "M. S. and A. T. in Bitting Monday night might be able to spice the story up a bit—'Nuff said here—

Funny thing happened to a certain tall blonde freshman basketball star last Monday. She just couldn't go to gym, and she hated like everything to bother with going to the infirmary—'twas impossible to take a cut, so she chose the infirmary—and was later informed that there was no gym on Monday!!—Wotta life!!

Was quite surprised to see the number of gentlemen who turned out for the Sophomore ball Saturday night and was even more surprised to see Dean Vardell tripping the light fantastic to the strains of that horrible, disgraceful jazz!! Truth is, this humble writer was mawbly surprised, and very, very much relieved to note the full attendance, generous voting, and high spirit prevelent at the whole affair—and we hope to make the ball an annual event. Do I hear a second to that motion?

Jus' can't get over Susie Calder's growing popularity with these animals called Cherokees—Don't mistake my labeling them animals — 'cause they're about the highest class creatures of their species in town, I'm told.

Well — no news — no scandal — no gossip—'n' the other lights are back on—so out with the limelight.

SALEM PLAY HOUSE

By Annie Secret Willdoo

Time: Last Monday Night
Seen—by candlelight.

Miss Lawrence (talking over the telephone—only there wasn't any at the time above stated): "You say you can't get back at all tonight?"

Weekender: "No ma'am. The roads are too slick—trees are down all along the way."

Miss L.: "Can't you come on the train?"

Weekender (happily): "No, my mother thinks it's dangerous to travel on the train when there are no signals running—No, I can't possibly get back till tomorrow or next day."

Non-weekender from the dormitory, (rushing into the office): "Miss Lawrence, ya' got any more candles wandering around loose? I've just gotta have one more!"

Miss L. (distractedly to inrushing non weekender): "I can't allow but one to each room—I'm sorry."

Voice over phone (only remember—there wasn't really any phone): "What's that, Miss Lawrence? Only one to a room? I have to share my bedroom with my sister. Isn't that all right? And I was going to invite Mamie to spend the night, too . . . . . "

Miss Lawrence (to weekender on phone): "Oh, yes, of course, I wasn't talking to you. Of course you may have just as many as you want in one room!"

Non-weekender (grabbing hands full of candles and starting gleefully out of the office): "Thanks, Miss Lawrence, Gee you're swell."

Miss L. (to Non-W.): "Come back here, girl, I want to talk to you" (straight back here this minute!!"

Wk-er (over phone): "But, Miss Lawrence, I told you—I can't possibly—If you want me to, I'll get mother to talk to you—here she is, wait a minute—"

Miss L. (to girl with stolen candles), "That's selfish — you shouldn't grab. You know everybody has to have one!"

Puzzled girl's voice (over phone): "Miss Lawrence, what are you raving about? I'm not grabbing her. She's right here beside me—Naturally I realize everybody has to have one but I can't see that that has anything to do with mine talking to you for a minute over the phone—that's not selfish. It's just common sense. Wait just a minute till I call her—here, mom."

Girl with candles: "Now, Miss Lawrence, it's this way—we haven't but one little tiny candle, and a crowd of us are trying to crack nuts in our room. We can't even see whether we're eating the paper or the shells—" (paper shell screams—pitiful!)

Miss L.: ("Nuts!"

Mother's voice (over phone): "Daughter, what kind of a dean is Miss Lawrence? She shouted, "Nuts!" as soon as I picked up the phone—"

Girl (takes receiver from her mother): "Nuts to you, Miss Lawrence! Now mother, you can talk."

Miss L. (horrified): "Why, what do you mean? Don't you know you shouldn't talk like that?" (aside to girl with candles—sternly), "Put down when you have in your hand, and go straight to your room!"

Mother's voice (astounded): "Put down what—?!? my soul, the woman's demented—"

Miss L. (still to girl with candles): "And remember, it's neither nice nor fair to take what rightfully belongs to someone else—even if you intend to keep it only for a night or two."

Mother's voice (now thoroughly angry): "My dear woman, my own daughter certainly belongs to me—and I'll keep her at home as much and as long as I see fit." (Slams receiver down in Miss Lawrence's ear—)

Miss L. (in daze—speaking of the recent grand slam): "Well, I'll be . . . . shut up!"

Girl (still with candles—meekly): "Yes, ma'am—only I didn't say word one." (Exit with candles.)

So life goes on uninterroptedly at Salem—just as it has ever since 1772 even during those "glazy days" we had late in February, 1934, when the leaves came tumbling down, round our heads, and we ate supper at 5:30, and didn't do our lessons because the lights were out, and told ghost stories and played murder instead.

SAID THE FLY TO HER FLYLETS

"Now all you little dears gather round," began Granny Fly, in perfect Mrs Lindsay Patterson tones, "and I'll tell you about the marvelous trip I made to Chapel Hill once with the gym teacher and six young girls from Salem College. Oh, it was a glorious adventure, children, and this is the way it happened:

"I was tired of buzzing around the ceilings in the Sister's House, waiting for Spring to come, so when I heard Miss 'At' talking about going to Chapel Hill to a concert and a basketball game, I decided to tour along, too, and have some fun. So, dears, I flew down and found the most extraordinary hiding place in the fold in the top of her brown hat—and stick there I did! Yes-sir-ree— until we returned to Salem at two o'clock in the morning!

Well, I slept until we reached Chapel Hill and woke up only when we were under the brilliant lights in the Carolina Inn. Then I edged over to the top of 'A's' hat—I saw little Mary Penn staring with her eyes and mouth wide open—why, dears, you would have though she was seeing Sir 'Shorty', with buckler and sword, coming toward her. As she gazed raptly at the tall, handsome, romantic-looking (yes, that man might have been a Polish lover!) middle-aged man coming down the steps, Betty Tuttle cried, 'Why don't you ask Joe? for his autograph if you're so interested in him?'

'Oh, Betty, how can you dare to be so unladylike as to have the audacity and the presumption to call that great celebrity by his first name! I would not dare to speak to him—why that would destroy the romance!'

And that poor little dear simply gazed with her heart in her eyes until the handsome and celebrated pianist strode from the room.

Frances Adams wanted to rush off to the game, but a summer sale of white shoes was evidently being held somewhere on the campus, and 'Bushie' and Janey, broke as they were, were so interested in the bargains that they could not be pulled away. Why, honestly those two children recognized every pair of white shoes that walked into that inn, and they rushed up to seize the wearers of the little white numbers and began to talk animatedly to them, completely ignoring the other girls in the party. The surrounding throng of boys soon grew so large and the other girls became so jealous that Miss 'At' was forced to drag the entire group off to see South Carolina simply whitewash North Carolina.

The game didn't interest me particularly—after all, I was just a fly on a hat—but the girls had a wonderful time. Jane Williams found a perfectly grand looking man with dark eyes—and, what eyelashes, my dears! They were simply marvelous! But Jane—nice child that she is—let pensive Betty talk to him instead. (Betty) couldn't find a single red-haired man anywhere. Mary Penn fluttered her babyish eyes at the stranger on her right because he was short and small and looked romantically sad—but soon she remembered her first loves—a college lad and that tall handsome pianist—and she day dreamed—even though it was night—during the rest of the game.

And now, little flylets, I must tell you about Miss 'At'. She nearly went wild over those tall slim, handsome South Carolinians. Why, I doubt if she' recovered yet from that game and her amazement at the way those lanky boys took to their heels and pranced down the court. One fair young hero shot basket after basket, first with one hand and then, quite as easily, with the other. Miss 'At' certainly had a grand time at that game—and that's not all—But then:

I know something I shan't tell Ten little flies on a sugar shell! Anyway I really can't tell you all that happened thta night, my dears, because those six girls are still trying to find out about Miss 'At's' mysterious date, and they might over hear me—and I certainly don't want 'At' down on my head!

Oh, children, I almost forgot to tell you about Frances Adams and Dorothy Moore I was absolutely shocked and surprised at the way they acted during the game. They actually laughed and joked with a man who was proletus vappa! (You who know your Latin as good children should, will recognize that term. Thanks, Mr. Horace) I guess they haven't been out much. Then Dot was absolutely boisterous at the concert. She woke me several times as she was giving fifteen rah's and a ray for Mr. Lhevinne, and she had cold chills (from excitement, no doubt) all the rest of the evening.

Well, dears, that was some trip—I slept all the way back, but I was so cold I was glad to creep back up to the ceiling and rest, and I haven't been off on any such tour since But oh, my dears, it was such a marvelous adventure! And now, children, finish your supper and let's fly off to bed."

TARZAN AND THE ASPARAGUS TIPS

(Continued from Last Week)

Dear Miss Blake,

The fireman's act didn't work because I couldn't entice anyone to push Nancy (that's her name—Nancy, Nancy Blake. You two have something in common.) out of the window, and, besides, she's aggravated me so much of late that I might decide not to catch her, at the last minute. Nor did my Tarzan number go over so largely, tho' my mating call was rich and mellow, with a throbbing undertone of manly sincerity

Our sheik has departed for Hollywood, praizallah. However, he persists in sending flowers and his latest photo every day.

You couldn't miss my bedonair, little queen on even the most crowded of subways She has green-grey eyes that smile even when she's angry or hungry, and tantalizing black, black hair. I've never been able to decide whether it's curly or just promiscuous. But, after all, a detailed description isn't necessary. You'll certainly know her if it's ever your good fortune to cross her path.

Pray for me like a pal, asshe's promised to say yea or nay tomorrow.

Tremblingly,
Timothy

P. S. The wan and weak employees might go out and buy a milk shake on credit, because I'll send a check tomorrow, but whether for the ring or the bracelet remains to be seen.

Dear Miss Anna,

Enclosed you will find the check for $275.

I'm the happiest man alive. Our mutual friend and adorable friend Nancy has actually managed even a fervent "Yes," so mamma's wrist will go unadorned.

She's gorgeous! Hope you don't mind my raving, but since you've taken such a sympathetic interest in my future happiness, perhaps you won't mind my infringing upon your kind attention a little longer.

To continue—she's a glorified edition of Claudette Colbert, with the vivacity of Hepburn.

Time out, while I swing a mashie, and work off some of my uncontrollable exuberance.

She's perfection itself, except for the fact that she insists upon growing ehr fingernails to ungodly lengths, and the fact that she must have asparagus on toast every morning for breakfast. Don't worry, though, I'll soon bend her to my indomitable will with my giant strength.

Good-bye and many thanks,
Tarzan Hale

Dear Miss Blake,

I suppose you're bowled over with surprise at hearing from me again. No doubt, you've entirely forgotten that I exist, as it's been over a month since you received my triumphant good-bye letter, thanking you for your generous advise toward forwarding my matrimonial aspirations. Yes, Nancy and I were married—or rather, I were'.

Upon arriving home tonight, I found a curt little note from her, announcing her exit from my life forever. Whether she's gone to worship at the shrine of that cow-eyed, second-rate movie idol, or to assist the aide-de-camp of the Secretary of Navy, I don't know.

Again, I ask you, what would you do?

Forlornly,
Timothy

Dear Mr. Hale,

What thinkest thou I am? A yogi sorcerer, or something? Even the omnipotent D. Dix would have trouble diagnosing your marital ailment and prescribing the proper remedy, without knowing the cause, or causes, which brought on Queen Helen's, or Nancy's, or what have you's walk-out.

Far be it from a humble secretary to pry into your unhappy wedded past, but I must probe in order to prescribe

A. Blake

(To be Continued)