The Salemite

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FOR NEXT YEAR

Every four years our country votes for a president and campaigns are carried on in nearly every little and big town. Clubs of all kinds are formed and certain men are boosted by their parties. We ourselves are full of enthusiasm over our party's man. When someone asks us to what party we belong, we proudly name one or the other. We follow our leaders. There are some people whom we all can and do truly admire. These are the non-partisan voters. They vote for the man, not the party. These people realize the full value of having the best man to lead. They do not struggle to get a large following ic cent the man of their party, but they consider the welfare of the people as a whole and choose the best man in the United States. They are being fair with themselves as well as with others. They would rather see the betterment of an entire nation than see the placing in office of a weakling to follow where his party leads.

Soon here at school we will be facing elections. Presidents and other important officials must be chosen. The smoothness and strength with which student activities will be carried on next year depends on the kinds of leaders selected now. There are in school numerous groups from which some girl will probably be nominated for an important office. If there is someone else who is not quite such an intimate friend, but who is more capable, why not vote on her? After all, it is our own good time we may be hurting, so lets be non-partisan and put in our vote for the best man!

EYES

Our eyes are peep-holes to our souls
Windows to our minds.
Like the key unlocking the door of a
great wondrous room—or
A story told without a word.
Some tell of a heart like the delicate
sweetness of a fresh spring bud
Some sad as the strained efforts of
a dying bird or
Snappy like the hateful prong on a
steel trap or
Dull, sick with a tired cramped soul
Or narrowed from bitterness of a
dissappointing world.
But better, the quick bright eye of
the open mind eagerly grasping
life.

Mary Ollie Biles

EDITORS

Editors this week are Elizabeth Gray and Mary Elizabeth Reeves. They have taken complete charge of the paper.

PERSONALITY PLUS

Miss Anna Preston will be in Asheville, Gastonia, Charlotte, Concord and perhaps in a few other cities next week attending alumnae meetings. We are always interested in the alumnae meetings she holds in different sections of the country during the year and in her follow-up meetings later in the summer. During the year she talks particularly to high schools. She started these alumnae trips in October 1932, and has gone from Miami to New York, West Virginia and Tennessee, stopping at points between her main sections.

She might well be called "Personality Plus," because she is one of Salem's most beloved and attractive personalities on or off the campus.

In Wilmington last week the Alumni branch voted to send flowers to Miss Florence LeGrand, an alumnae who has spent twenty-five years in the Old Ladies Home. Miss Preston asked her if she should like to see a movie. Miss LeGrand said, "Yes, because I haven't seen them." Miss Preston found out later that she did not mean she had not seen the latest shows, but that she had not seen a movie since she came to school at Salem. The woman was impressed by the movies and appreciated the thoughtfulness of the Wilmington girls.

Curiously enough, Miss Preston calls her means of locomotion "to and fro"—*Solomon*". A wise name we think, for such a capable little car. And, although there is a hunk out of the back fender, a hole in the windshield that looks like a bullet hole, a candle crack on the windshield, six parallel splits in the side window, the front bumper's cracked in two, and the motor has fallen out two or three times, she actually gets there. Believe me, we're for you, Anna!

LIMELIT

The limelight would have to flash here and you to gather news about everybody last week-end, 'cause at least a third of the school deserted us, and those remaining here behaved quite nicely—too nicely to help me out any—Can't say that about those who went places, however, Rachel Carroll, f'instance, attacked a poor, defenseless, sleeping man, with a piece of candy, on the train, too. Glad he must have suffered. They say he jumped six feet when he opened his eyes and saw Rachel there, poised, weapon in hand, ready to spring. It turned out that they both sprang in opposite directions, and the car was in an uproar.

Nice fashion show we had Saturday night—Gave Mr. McEwen a chance to make up for not gettin' to be in the coronation ceremony last Saturday night—And while we're on the subject of the fashion show, allow me to answer a most peculiar question that has been pelting me right and left since Saturday night—There was no significance in the playing of "Pudin' Head Jones" when a certain person walked out on the stage. 'Twas purely accidental—believe it or not.

She would like to know how Margaret Sears rates dates in Miss Lawrence's private parlor—why Garrett didn't go to the fashion show and why she risked L. C. with Goodman Sunday afternoon (better watch that, Garrett)—what character from Shakespeare was Beverly Moore supposed to represent Saturday night—why M. Ward didn't wanna tell her secret Sunday night—who Baxter Moore's girl is—why and how Martha Neal sprained her ankle Sunday night —how Lib Rankin, Agnes Brown, Beth Norman, four boys and the baggage got back from Davidson in one car without excess baggage — how June Brazelton can capture three pictures of Fred Bahnson and a special from Huber Hanes all in one day—!

Can any body answer those—?—The limelight gives up—!!

MRS. REYNOLDS HONORED

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, donor of the Louisa Wilson Bitting Building, has recently been appointed vice-chairman of the national committee on Constitution Hall for the national society, Daughters of the American Revolution. Salem girls, all of whom are particular friends of Mrs. Reynolds, wil be greatly interested in this appointment.

CROUSE-WALKER

Saturday before last at the Home Moravian Church, Miss Margaret Elizabeth Crouse was married to Mr. Gayland Walker. Mrs. Walker was graduated from Salem and later took work at Columbia University. Only intimate friends attended the wedding. Mrs. Walker's only attendent was her sister Mrs. T. C. Guerrant, Jr., who was a member of last year's graduating class.

SALEM PLAY HOUSE

By Annie Secret Willdoo

THIS WEEK THE SENIORS SPEAK OF A KING FOR SPRING

Seniors: "Who's gonna win—win?
Who's gonna win—win?
Who's gonna win—win, now?"
Underclassmen: What do you mean by all that "win—win, now" stuff?
M. Sample: We mean who's going to be the Senior King of the Week. That *now*" shows we're not getting into anything of a permanent nature. This is just to be a contest—by the week.
A. Shuford: By this scientific method of selecting the best-looking beau of the past week, we will no doubt lure into the contest and also into Louisa Bitting bigger and better contestants. Smart, huh?
Zina V.: Bigger and better—and more of 'em!
Underclassmen (astounded at the strategy of their elders): What are you going to do? Vote on 'em?
A. Stough (presiding with difficulty over exciting meeting): Yes. But first each senior can bring up the name of her favorite man-of-the week. Then with a little tearing of hair and gnashing of flashing teeth, we'll decide on the one with the most sterling qualities—those in his pocket counting doubly in his favor.
Gr. R. Huntington (being diplomatic): And after we've chosen our King, you can choose yours. Next week the Juniors can discuss the idols of their hearts, then the toughy sophomores can talk over the eligible yeggmen and gangsters among their acquaintances, and finally the bewitching blond babies of the college can choose for themselves a dainty little prince. From these four classes of heroes, Salem may be able to select her one and only "Gibraltar of Masculinity" (to use the language of the Sea-Hag).
Underclassmen: And we'll all gather round him in a circle and crown him with daisies. We'll let him fly to the east, and fly to the west and fly to the one that he loves best."
Seniors, disgustingly confident of their power over Gibraltars of Masculinity: We'll soon see toward which class his young fancy turns!
Und. Cl. (with their thumbs down): " " " (I can't spell razzberries as it was then rendered.)
Zina V. (haughtily): We haven't elected him yet. Let's get on with the voting.
Seniors: Underclassmen, please retire until next week.
As underclassmen march off stage the Seniors chant:
"Out goes the bad air—In comes the good!
Voices off stage: Thspputtffssurbf (you can't say I didn't try.)
End of Act I

Seniors have finally gotten down to the business of the day.
Zina V.: May I suggest for the King of Spring, Mr. Winfield Blackwell of Winston-Salem and U. N. C.
A. Stough: Any objections to Mr. Blackwells name?
Zin'a (hurriedly): He's tall and black haired and shiney eyed—a regular "Polish lover" type.
All: Blackwell nominated unanimously.
Jane McK.: I'd like to mention Mr. John Allen, also of Winston-Salem.
Alice Stough: Qualifications?
Anne McK.: Drives automobile nicely—especially to Raleigh and Durham and back.
Alice S.: Do I hear a second to Mr. J. Allen, promising young driver of automobiles?
K. Lassiter: I second.
F. Hill: Mr. Chamberlain would be a nice one to put under the daisies, I think.
All: Candidate number three, Mr. Chamberlain.
B. Welburn: Mr. Duncan's my man.
K. Lassiter: May I raise a "Tiny" voice in behalf of Mr. Bahnson?
A. Stough: A second for Mr. Tiny Bahnson?
A. McK. (turn about's fair play, I guess): I second Mr. B.'s nomination.
M. Sample: What about my boy Hutchinson? His head would look swell under a crown.
A. Shuford: Now, I'm in a pickle. There are so many boys to be considered—I'm sure the boy I name will be elected—just look how easily Mr. Campbell was elected at the Sophomore Ball. Didn't I start him on the up grade? Let me see—I'll have to be careful, I believe I'll say Mr. Bagget. You know him don't you girls?
Girls: O. K., Annie. But don't change your mind on us like you did on the Curlee-Campbell affair.
Ruth McL.: Can you suggest people from out of town?

EDUCATIONAL TEA

"Won't you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to her flie(s),
"Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy!"

(Note: It was really Dr. Willoughby talking to her Education 26 class. Time: One February afternoon during class period, from 3-4. Place: Dr. Willoughby's study.'

And the flies walked in . . . .

"Now make yourselves at home, girls. But don't think we aren't going to have a lesson. I'm sure we can drink tea and recite at the same time. Miss Lasater, will you please pass the plates . . . . don't spill the tea either . . . and give the principal parts of the verb drink.

Miss Lasater (stumbling around with the aforementioned plates, struggling *not* to spill the tea and to listen to Miss Calder who was telling her what to say): "Drink, drank, drunk . . . . and I'm just before drinking my tea if I ever get any."

"Oh, Dr. Willoughby, that reminds me of something," cries Miss Holloman gayly. "Somebody must have been drunk or something. Did you read about yourself in the *Salemite* the other week? You mistook George Washington for Agamemnon. Ho! Ho! That was funny."

"No levity, please, Miss Holloman. Remember this is a class as well as a tea party . . . Miss Calder, can you give five rules for teaching mischievous boys to spell correctly? Ah, her mouth is full. She's excused from speaking this time . . . Well, Miss Binder, what have you to say on the subject?"

"Uh-um-uh-I had to work so hard on my short story for English 7 that I didn't get around to English Methods last night."

"Um"—deep frown and piercing look from Dr. P. V. W.'s eagle eye.

"Goodness, she must be writing a masterpiece," murmurs Miss Holloman. "What's your story about?"

"It is good" retorts Miss Binder "My hero is named Gerald and he's a very slangy individual. I have him in a situation, however, and can't get him out. What must I do . . . you see, it's this way . . ."

"Girls, girls, where are your manners? This is an Education course, not a short story class! Miss Lasater, how would you spell 'all right'?"

Miss Lasater, struggling again: "a l r i g h t!"

"Go to the foot of the class! That's all wrong. Remember when you spell all right a l r i g h t, you're ALL WRONG. Write theword correctly fifty times and hand it to me tomorrow."

Miss Lasater, struggling again: "a l r i g h t!"

"Miss Adkins, do have another chair. I want you all to be comfortable, but don't go to sleep there in the sun. Spell somebody else, as you move."

"A c—a c—a c c o—a c c o m—a c c o m o d a t e?"

"Well, at last! I'd begun to think we would be here all afternoon . . . Miss Binder, can you spell separate?"

"S e p—s e p—s e p A r a t e! Never forget your PAR and your MAR in sePARate and gramMAR and you can teach English!"

"Nice child!. Give her the extra tart please, Miss Lasater. If Miss Kapp were here, however, there wouldn't be an extra one. Now who will have another cup of tea?"

. . . Silence . . .

"Come, come, girls. There is enough for all."

"I'll take some," giggles Miss Calder. "I just *love* tea."

"Ah, another Englishwoman, Miss Calder, I'll give you an A on general principles . . . By the way, spell the two principles and distinguish between them."

"Uh-uuu-er-Ouch, I burned my tongue . . . this tea is too hot—and oh, there's the bell! We had a lovely time, Dr. Willoughby . . . you come to see us sometime. Good bye."

Seniors: Sure—distance lends enchantment.
Ruth: Well, last weekend I dragged a nigger out of the wood pile—.
Seniors laughing and laughing' cause they know he's a white boy all the time, and a cute one, too. Down he goes, all unsuspecting, for King of Spring. If he wins, he may be found scalping Indians somewhere halfway between Maxton and Lumberton.
All (Struck with a single thought): What about Herbert? Susie's too shy to say anything.
Alice S.: Let's nominate him for his constant support of the Senior Class.
Miriam S.: And Windy—I take it for granite (people used to "take things for granted", but we Salemites are more concrete so we take them for granite) you've got his name down.
Izzie Pollock (solemnly): There's a man up at V. P. I.—
Beth Norman: No doubt, Isabel—
Now which shall I take? My Saturday, or Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday man? To avoid outside conflicts, I believe I'll say Mr. Campbell. (dramatically) Once a King, always a King!
Alice S.: Time's up. From this list of names from which we may or may not be able to peacefully choose our king. If we do, we'll announce his name in the next issue. At that time the cow-eyed and curly-haired Juniors will discuss the objects of their lovesickness.
Seniors: Make your dates carefully this week, Juniors. If they're going to be published, they've gotta be good!!!
Author's note: (If any fault is found with this method of filling space, the victims must remember that one runs out of fantasies after a while and must get down to realities.)

SALEM ACADEMY ENTERTAINS AT TEA

The faculty and students of Salem Academy entertained their town patrons and friends Tuesday afternoon February 27, from 4 to 6 o'clock. The living room was attractively decorated with cut flowers carrying out the purple and gold color scheme.

The guests were received by Mrs. Howard Rondthaler, Miss Mary Weaver, Miss Elizabeth Zachary and Miss Charlotte Jackson and the following student representatives: Miss Kathleen Madden, Knoxville, Tennessee; Miss Margaret Wood, Canton Georgia; Miss Dorothy Everett, Brevard; Miss Ruth Greene Asheville; Miss Mary Elizabeth Walston, Winston-Salem; Miss Josephine Gribbin, Winston-Salem.

Other members of the faculty who assisted in receiving were, Miss Margaret Murray, Miss Jess Byrd, Miss Dorothy Knox, Miss Laura Summre, Miss Georgia Watson, Miss Hazel Wheeler, Miss Virginia Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Gillespie.

The tea table was presided over by Miss Helen Vogler and Miss Fannie Stokely, Newport, Tennessee president of the Senior Class.

MISS CASH GOES TO RALEIGH

Last Saturday Miss Mary Frances Cash, who is treasurer of the N. C. chapter of the American Guild of Organists, attended a meeting of this guild in Raleigh. She was accompanied by Miss Helen Fuller.

THE NEWSPAPER HABIT

Do you have the newspaper habit? Is there something lacking to you in a day if you fail to read—or at least glance over its headlines—the front page of the morning paper? Did you feel cut off from the rest of the world when the papers came out Monday morning? Or were you merely concerned with the slippery condition of the walk that leads to Main Hall?

History — great history, different from any our nation has ever known—has been made in the last year or two, is being made every minute. Do you know anything of it, with the exception of a capital lettered Depression that cut down umercifully your allowance and a vague notion of NRA and SWA and a few more significant letters strung together?

I am that almighty of almighty, a college sophomore. I thought I knew —well, any freshman can tell you what we sophomores think we know. But my family certainly embarrassed me when I was home last week-end. Daddy remarked that it seemed terrible about all those army pilots. I said, quite superiorly, "Oh, you mean the ones who are flying the mail now?" (Hadn't Doctor Rondthaler told us all about that a week ago in chapel?)

Mother's comment shook me out of my complacency. "It seems to be a wholesale slaughter."

And then I made an awful blunder. I said, "Who's killing them?"

Daddy looked at me queerly for a moment and then laughed. "The Chinese," he said. "Just killing them of right and left."

I blushed and vowed then to start reading the papers. After all, thirty years from now I'll probably want to tell my children about this period I've lived through, the Depression that I've actually experienced. And tomorrow I may be in contact with someone who wants to discuss, not the Kings of England nor why Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost", but the news of today, current history. We may say that older people are 'way behind the times, but at least they know what is going on. And most of us who are in College don't!

Why not try reading the paper every day and finding out about things that are happening every minute? Why shouldn't we be from the World instead of just one place in it? Why not get the newspaper habit? It's a good one.