The Salemite

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MEMORIAL DAY

The custom of decorating the soldiers' graves originated in Columbus, Mississippi, where the women decorated the graves of both the Union and the Confederate soldiers. In May, 1868, General John A. Logan, then commander of the Republic, innaugurated the hope that it would be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remained to honor the memory of those who died. The feeling of both the North and the South concerning Decoration Day has found expression in Finch's beautiful poem, *The Blue and the Gray.*

Memorial Day has now become not only a day of remembrance of our sidiers who died in defense of their country, but of our friends and relatives who have gone before. The flowers we place above their graves are outward expression of the love and esteem we have for them. While for many years we had only soldiers of the Civil War to hold in loving remembrance, we now honor the memory of those American soldiers who died in the Spanish-American War and also those who died in the World War. The day is now a legal holiday throughout most of the states. Because flowers bloom earlier in the southern part of the country, an earlier date is usually observed there. May 30 is the day observed in the North. April 26 is observed by many southern sates; North and South Carolina have designated May 10 as Decoration Day.

Among the tributes to the fallen heroes of the wars, is one by W. T. Sherman:

"We know that all over this broad land this Memorial Day has been dedicated to the beautiful custom of decorating with earth's fairest and freshest flowers the graves of the patriotic men who died that we might possess in peace a united country and a government worth having. The fragrance of these flowers rising to heaven from such altars can not but prove an acceptable peace-offering at the throne of Him who holds in His hands the destiny of all people."

Henry Ward Beecher has expressed a similar tribute:

"Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn down, and the rivers forget to flow; till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrances.

LIMELIT

Several new faces have been caught by our spotlight during the last week. Among them are the bright and shining countenances of some of our hitherto shy and retiring co-eds. These gleaming personalities appeared in striking array at the I. R. S. affair at the gymnasium Saturday night. And did you hear what the melodious creatures had planned to do? I was told that they had congregated over at Gooch's drug store at eight o'cock with a well-constructed plot to crash what they though was to be a dull and gloomy hen party (—'til they came to the rescue!!). Imagine their chagrin, embarrassment and disappointment when they found that they didn't even hafta crash!! Once they were established, however, they received what was probably the grandest rush of their young lives. The suave and mustached surgeon-to-be became so involved that he couldn't even elope (to the campus) with his post-grad lady-love. The little blonde cherub from the music department found a number of the fair high-school guests fighting for honors from his shrine. And the gentleman of the faculty—!!! We pause to wonder if even Garnelle's rushes at Davidson could compare with Mr. McEwen's rush Saturday night!! I had a time counting three every time I wanted to break—and the fifth or sixth time I broke on Mr. Curlee, he asked why I hadn't been around before!! You can take that for a slam on me, or his memory—or as it was meant—an indication of Arlee's popularity.

Back to the co-eds—they tell me that a famous Salem violinist—well, we'll call it admiration—for a certain Sophomore piano major—and—tho' I found later that it was nothing serious, I was completely floored when I saw another musical co-ed trip into the balcony Friday night with an intellectual blonde (yeah—*both*) day-student who is particularly brilliant in English lit. and Psychology.

And speaking of the Davidson concert, it seems that Cokey's prediction concerning the Davidson finals and sitting on the front row was quite effective. Anyway, there was a goodly collection of would-be aspirants lined across the front bench.

We wonder where Francis Hill Norris got that mamoth courage she been flaunting around this week-end. Could that have any connection with Allan's appearance at Salem Sunday night. And while we're wondering, let's wonder when I'm gonna stop this rambling and figure my harmony. And now that I've stopped—let's wonder what exciting tricks you children can think of to do for the benefit of this noble column. Do I hear any excitement being aroused? There's no use to waste all this electricity flashing on empty spaces.

THE JOURNALISTIC SLANT

A has-been college editor, at present teacher of the fifth grade in a mountain rural school, lays aside the red pencil and grade book to reflect on a subject more pleasant than uncorrected test papers. It was just a year ago that my thoughts were centered about headlines, editorials, and balanced front pages. This present life of school bells and lesson plans is a far cry from the ambitions with which the *Al-Cri* once inspired me. I wonder if my eight years of newspaper work in high school and college will ever prove useful to me, a graduate. School teachers read newspapers; they don't write for them.

Air castles of sensational writing that I once cherished have been exploded by the TNT of reality, and the depression has crushed the remnants. Yet I find myself grateful for my newspaper experience, though I be a school teacher the rest of my days.

Journalism gave me Journalistic Slant: the particular attitude toward events and personalities that only a journalist possesses. While a poet may gloat over his superior ability to see beauty in rain drops, an artist over his eye for color, I can find interest in mere incidents because they are news. Instinctively I form leads and headlines for them in my mind, until my day spreads into rows of galley type.

Journalistic Slant makes heroines of my two brave pupils who row across a river and travel seven miles to attend school. It delves into the history and folk lore of my locality. It keeps me alert to my surroundings. Very concretely, it caused me to buy a second-hand typewriter instead of a new winter coat.

Even though I never write another column of copy, the fact that my hands (and ears and elbows) have been stained with printers' ink has permanently given me journalistic Slant. The attitude is priceless.

—*Josephine Courtney.*

REVELATIONS OF A CRYSTAL BALL

Of course you thought that the crystal ball which Magician Jane Rondthaler carried in the May Day pageant was a fake. Well, you were wrong, for it was the genuine think, guaranteed to see all and know all for those who say the magiv words. A certain nosey cluck on Salem campus, while fooling with the mysterious globe the night after the pageant, happened to mumble the correct syllables, and did she get results!

Before her astonished gaze, one vision after another of her schoolmates passed with amazing clearness in the magic ball.

First appeared a vision of Zina Vologodsky, who, still bedecked in the jeweled costume of Catherine the Great, had slipped back down on lower campus to the deserted stage. She was doing her dance again for the benefit of a certain Bob Dunn, well-known man-about-town, who watched the performance in rapt adoration.

Next came a vision of Rachel Carroll seated in a rumble seat with a handsome blonde Yankee. He, poor soul, was struggling nobly to teach her to pronounce his name correctly, and she, meanwhile, was explaining that the porcelain filling in one of her front teeth hindered her efforts.

Then, came a picture of Lesley-pie Cobb, famous photographer and lover, attempting to make Ghandi Nall, still clothed in sheet and mustache, stand motionless long enough for him to snap her picture. But the disguised and disgusted blonde in question, insisted upon turning her head at the crucial moment to look for a star, while she murmured audibly,

"Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
Wish I may, wish I might
Have a floated dope tonight."

Next in the ball appeared a vision of the beauteous May Queen, herself, trying with fiery eloquence to penetrate the worshipful trance into which Mr. "Turk" Holderness had fallen the moment she had appeared in all her queenly glory to ascend the throne, and out of which state he seemed unable to snap.

Then, followed in quick succession, a number of interesting visfons, but perhaps another reporter with her lime light will disclose those revelations of the crystal ball which we must omit for lack of space.

SALEM ALUMNAE RETURN

Many of the Salem College Alumnae were here for May Day. Among these were the following:

Mary Mitchell Norman, Mooresville, 1932; Nina Hoffman, Mount Airy, 1932; Edith Claire Leake, Mount Airy, 1932; Eleanor Idol, High Point, 1932; Mary B. Williams, Wilmington, 1933; Wanna Mary Huggins, (Mrs. Charles McAnally), Leakesville, 1933; Louise Williams Love, Business class of 1929; Nina Way Crotts, Washington, N. C., 1933; Matilda Mann, Whitakers, N. C., 1933; Sara Bell, Charlotte, 1927; Jennie Wolfe Stanley, Charlotte, 1927; Lucille Reid Page, Leaksville, 1926; Mae Hairston3, Wenonda, Va., 1927; Anne Hairston, Wenonda, Va., 1929; Ruth Hairston, Wenonda, Va., Academy Virginia Martin, Mt. Airy, 1930; Sara Graves, Mt. Airy, 1932; Loren Boone, Greensboro, 1929; Elisabeth Transou, Greensboro, 1927; Martha Dortch Belote, Goldsboro, 1928; Sara *Cri*, Davidson, 1933; Mary Louise Fuller, Lumberton, 1935. Mary Louise Fuller, Lumberton, 1935; Elizabeth Allen Armfield, Asheboro, 1931; Eva Hackney Hargrave, Lexington, 1931; Ella Raper Timberlake, Lexington, 1927; Rachel Phillips Hayes, Lexington, 1927; Nona Raper, Lexington, 1929.

A PROMISING MUSICIAN

Kenneth Bryant, who assisted Frances Suttlemyre in her graduating recital last week, was given a high rating recently by the National Music Supervisors Association which he attended in Chicago. He has sung numerous times in Chapel Hill and Salisbury. At present he is singing in the Reynolda Church choir. He is a native of Winston-Salem and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bryant.

VESPERS

In Vespers on Sunday evening, May 6, 1934, Dr. McDonald talked on "Character and Personality." His talk was one of the most interesting ones we have heard this year. He pointed out how essential it is to have character, and what a great asset it is for one to have a good personality. If you are not attending Vespers regularly, think what you have missed by not hearing Dr. McDonald, and come next time.

HAPPY LANDINGS

(*Lucy Martin Currie*)

A low throb filled the blackness of the night. Instantly the restless tossings on the bed ceased, and the anguished form of Miss Janet Simpson darted across the room to the window seat. With one hand she deftly pushed up the window screen, while with the other she snatched up a filmy white scarf, lying in readiness on the sill, and waved it wildly out into the air. Then, leaning far out until her tight little pig tail swung over one flannoled shoulder, she fixed her rapt eyes on a red speck that moved steadily across blue space and whispered softly, "Happy landings, Rock! Happy landings!"

Life and love had left Miss Janet Simpson severely alone. She was, as the whole town agreed, an old maid at birth—cut and stamped. And she herself, from the time when at fifteen she had peered weak-eyed at the world through horn-rimmed spectacles till the time when she received a gold watch in recognition of her thirty years of faithful service in the filing office of the Hinson Department Store, had elevated her boney nose and had snorted loudly at it with disgust at the mere suggestion of anything bordering on sentiment or romance.

Not long after the incident of the watch, however, Life set out on an unexpected stunt flight. To be very brief about it—Miss Janet fell in love. There were no half measures about it, either; she was in just as deeply and completely as any little seventeen year old girl. It happened this way: the town of Anson, surprisingly enough, was included in the new air mail route, and each night at 2 A. M. the air mail zoomed over. Naturally everybody was wildly excited over the forging of this very modern link with the outside world. Always the conversation topics of any gathering wheeled around the mail plane and its pilot with an inevitable regularity. As was to be expected, Miss Janet humphed and snorted in her usual manner about the whole excitement. Then one day an article appeared in the paper paying tribute to the pilot—"Rocket" Ransom he was, "Rock" for short. And as Miss Janet read of that blue-eyed, fair-haired boy who through wind and snow, rain and fog piloted the plane alone and unafraid, her breath quickened and something seemed to squeeze at her starved old heart. That night Miss Janet, against her better judgment, sat up for the plane, and each night after that 2 A. M. found her at the window. That tiny red speck, riding high in the lonely dark, came to hold for her all the romance and youth and breathless adventure that Fate had choked out of her life. There was no doubt about it, Miss Janet was in love.

The good people of Anson knew nothing about it. Perhaps a few noticed a kind of wonder in Miss Janet's near sighted eyes, an abstracted dreaminess in her manner. One or two even went so far as to comment about the unmistakable signs of sicklyness in her leathery face. But old maids are notoriously unproductive of excitement, so for the most part people went their casual ways and soon forgot any mild wonder that may have been aroused.

Miss Janet, however, was living at last. She passed through the day like a sleep walker—her secret lugged to her heart. At night she tossed restlessly on the bed till the time for her rendezvous drew near and then listened breathlessly for the first throb of the motor. With it began the few brief moments when there was no one in the whole world but Rock and herself—he sped on through the night by her love and pride.

Tonight, as always, Miss Janet followed that red spark with excited, proud eyes. Long she waved the white scarf—as jauntily as any flapper maid of tournament days. As she opened her lips for the last "happy landings" however, a scream forced tis way out instead. The red spark had faltered, steadied, faltered again and then had shot with the speed of a falling star to the earth. An instant burst of flame on the northern horizon marked its landing.

Next morning, citizens of Anson, hurrying north to view the wreck and the charred body, discovered another gruesome tragedy. The body of Miss Janet Simpson, clothed in a long flannel night gown, hung grotesquely just inside her bedroom window. Tied tightly about her neck and to the curtain rod above was a long filthy white scarf.

(NSFA)—Approximately one-third of all students attending Columbia University are receiving scholarships to aid them in financing their education.—Johns Hopkins News-Letter.

ACADEMY HOUSE PARTY

This past weekend while we were busy with our own houseparties, our "sisters" across the way were entertaining also.

The girls arrived on Saturday in time for lunch. After lunch there was a ride through the city, then a swim, then May Day, a picnic supper, and last, but not least, by any means, a dance.

Sunday the girls went to church and Sunday afternoon most of them left to go back home. I'm sure the girls had a grand time and we hope to see some of them over there next year.

A list of the girls is as follows: Julia Preston, Washington, D. C.; Peggy Christian, Washington, D. C.; Lily Robertson, Wilmington, N. C.; Peggy Davis, Wilmington, N. C.; Sara Beall, Charlotte, N. C.; Elizabeth Hatcher, High Point, N. C.; Carol Stewart, Raleigh, N. C.; Betty Scott, Burlington, N. C.; Cramer Percival, Fayetteville, N. C.; Catherine Johnson, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Jane Norwell, Salisbury, N. C.; Evalyn Snivley, Winster Haven, Fla.; Mary Thomas, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mildred Parks, Asheboro; Margaret Foard, Lenoir, N. C.; Betty Waldron, Greensboro, N. C.; Annie Lee Pritchett, Davidson, N. C.; Margaret Old, Norfolk, Va.; Margaret Smith, Coopers, Va.; Nancy Clarke, Franklinville; Mary Grier, Charlotte, N. C.; Polly Guerrant, Galloway, Va.; Virginia Baxter, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Turner Willis, New Bern, N. C.; Lucretia Davidson, Charlotte, N. C.; Margaret Deems, Berlin, Md.; Sally Dennis, Berlin, Md.

SPORTS HO!

Spring brings with it a call for the out-of-doors and for activity. Several sports are now well under way in and around the campus.

Next Friday afternoon at 4:00 the Annual Riding Meet will be held at the riding ring. Riders will be divided into first and second class according to experience. Besides the cup, there will be awards for the winners of each class. Those entering are: Grace Carpenter, Elizabeth Gray, Morgan Hazen, Jane Brazelton, Josie Chase, Jannette Hughs, Florida Graves, Billy Stroud, Lucille Klein, Lucy James, Julia Lee Little, Martha Ledbetter, Janith Jackson, Babbie Way; Nine Henderson, and Mary Stewart. To ride, is not the only essential qualification for a riding meet —spectators are especially invited.

Several weeks ago there was an ad on the bulletin board inquiring about a tennis tournament. McArn is to be congratulated in her finding of the "lost". Last fall Cornelia Maslin and Mavis Bullock were the victors in the freshman semi-finals while Marian Hadley and Margaret Wall were the winners in the upper class tournament. The champion of the campus still remains a question. The line-up for the spring tournament is as follows:

Singles— Maslin vs. Wall; Tuttle vs. Pollock; Scales vs. Reece; Ward vs. Bullock; Graves vs. Marx; Nolan vs. D. Graves; Rawlings vs. Hadley.

Doubles—Sharp and Schwalbe vs. Bullock and Fraley; Best and Scales vs. D. Graves and T. Graves.

After poring and sweating over your studies, come down and take a good old refreshing swim. You may even get credit as well as jolly good fun for this. Cordlandt Preston is in charge of the pool and is glad to help you—from beginning to learn your first kick to high brow and fancy diving. Go down to see her some time. Her hours are: 2:30-3:30—beginners; 3:30-4:30—Academy girls; 4:30-5:30—Advanced swimmers.

(NSFA)—To finish every course offered at the University of Minnesota, working at the rate of 17 credits per quarter, the average man would spend 503 years.—Aquin.

(NSFA)—Censorship of *The Daily Cardinal* and a purging of dangerous, "radical" elements from the university administration and faculty at the University of Wisconsin has been demanded by the alumni association of that school. The group seeks the removal of all persons of liberal leanings on the staff of the *Cardinal* and would like a paper handled by a "backwoods mentality". — Syracuse Daily Orange.

VOTE OF THANKS

To Mrs. W. G. Jerome and to Mrs. M. L. Pollard, mother and grandmother, respectively, of the well-known "Libby", we wish to extend a thousand thanks for invaluable services rendered. To them, the College owes a great part of the success of the May Day pageant, for they voluntarily designed and made the beautiful and attractive costumes worn by the numerous characters taking part in the play.