

The Salemite



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Let us be glad that our bodies can run about freely over newly green fields. Let us be glad that our minds, too, are free to run about and play with any subject we choose. We are not, like our grandmothers, leered up tight in corsets and convention. We are youthful hockey players, and the cool stinging wind is in our faces. We are standing in the strong challenging wind of education. In both fields let us run forward, laughing, shouting in excitement, panting with exertion! Let us always run forward thus, following whatever interest may be before us at the moment, as we have followed the hockey ball, and have tried with all our might to drive it into the goal. Let us not make of living a stuffy, old-age, misty-room, occupation, but rather an exciting, breath-taking chase which requires all our skill and strength.

SONGS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

MISS ATKINSON

Winter and springtime—winter and fall!
Who is our teacher of all kinds of ball?
Nobody else but our own dear Miss "At."
Though we were softies in days of old
She can transform us to athletes bold
She's magician, is our Miss "At."
When her praises we are singing
And we don't know what to do
She can set our colors to flying
With a rip, ray rah and sis, boom bah
She's always cheerful, never gets glum
That's why we sing to our own coach, Miss "At."

DR. RONDTHALER

Tune: Sentimental Gentleman
He's a staunch and stately president of Salem, Salem,
Princely to the ladies all the time
When he walks around, round upon the campus, campus,
Bells up in the tower start to chime
Now, hear that wind a-howling,
Snow is falling fast,
Says our prexy smiling, "Spring is here at last."
What a royal chap, with cane and cap
We love him, love him
Best of anybody anytime!

ROUND AND ABOUT WITH THE FRESHMEN

Davidson was well represented here this week-end. Ask Lelia Williams how it is possible to make so much time as to have four dates in a day and a half with two boys. Another thing what about the young gentleman who ate with Eleanor Matheson. She's another one of these 'power-houses' (S. P. U's. to the Seniors).

Chapel Hill had its share of our fair damsels at the openings. Question Idaliza and Peggy if it isn't great to dance to the tunes of Isham Jones in the arms of University boys.

If anyone finds a mickey mouse strolling around, direct it to room 205, Alice Crowell Building, since there is a collection of such animals there belonging to Miss Mousie Woodruff.

Mildred Troxler went to Burlington for the week-end. She must have had a marvelous time attending dances, dinner parties and the Carolina-Deuk game. Then too, all of her high school class mates were home from college and a lovely reunion was had by all.

Kathryn Bellamy, Rebecca Boden-

DR. HINSHAW TO LECTURE TO PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

Dr. Clifford R. Hinshaw, Professor of Psychology at High Point College, will be the speaker at the November meeting of the Salem College Psychology Club on Monday evening. The meeting is scheduled to be held in the Recreation Room of Louisa Wilson Biting Building, on the Salem College Campus. Dr. Hinshaw will speak on a topic connected with the subject of Mental Hygiene. Visitors are invited to attend this lecture.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT SUNDAY VESPERS

On Sunday night Vespers will be in the form of a special Thanksgiving service. Mrs. Rondthaler will be the speaker.

"We can't borrow our way out of debt, says banker. Europe did it.

heimer, and Mary Margaret Johnson were spectators at the Carolina-Duke game Saturday.

The rest of the Freshmen, who remained at the college Saturday night, had oodles of fun over at Louisa Biting in the recreation room.

SHADOWING SOPHS AND JUNIORS

Some were happy and some were sad. Meaning—some went to Carolina and some did not go to Carolina to see the Carolina Duke Game!

Nanny Miller went down to the game, and spent the week-end with her sister in Greensboro. Then there was poor Virginia Gaddy and there was also poor Lib Rankin the two staunch Dukers who went down to Durham for Saturday and Sunday, they went to the game and I hear they are "sort of" sad! Better bet on the good team next time, you two!

Three rousing cheers, Lou Freeman did go to the game and to Raleigh. I hear she had much fun and so did Marianna Redding, who went home and to Carolina.

Ethel J. was unlucky about not getting down to the game but her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Seary Highsmith, and her brother, Seary, came up here Sunday.

Garnell and Jo Klutz went home, to Salisbury for the week-end.

Reckon V. T. had fun being in her brother's wedding Saturday? Now, what do you think?

Nancy McNeely got brave and took Aggie B. home with her this past Friday. Aggie what's "C-ool-ee-ee" like?

Many other home-goers were: Mary F. Hayworth, Bonnie J. Shore, Jane Crow, Bessie L. Bray, and Tee Little.

While I was stretching my neck out over the crowd at Carolina, Saturday I saw Mary Lou Haywood, Mary Snipes, Con Maslin, and Jeanette Sawyer. It seemed as if they were all having the time of their lives!

As usual, Marianna Hooks, Etta Bert, and Lucy James took off for Carolina. Much fun as ever girlsies?

Mary Lib Reaves went down to the game and spent the week-end in Chapel Hill.

Mary Nelson Anderson spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

SENIOR RUN ABOUTS

The Seniors were well represented at the Hill by Cokey Preston, who had the "most grandest" time, Margaret Ward, who had "swell fun," and Bobby Way, who got knocked up quite a bit but enjoyed her week-end all the same!

Martha Neal's mother was here for the week-end.

Grace Carpenter went over to spend the week-end with Nancy McNeely, and Julie Lee Little went home for the week-end.

Annie Shuford was here on Saturday and Sunday, and was the same ole Annie!

Fanny Hill's ear! it is a dream, and all of Salem would like to own it, but Fanny says no, she likes it and so does Allen! Her daddy gave it to her when she went home for the week-end.

Virginia Bailey visited Dot Moore on Sunday.

DR. WILLOUGHBY MISSED

Students and faculty join in sending love to Dr. Willoughby. Since she has been in Charlottesville due to the serious illness of her mother. She herself met with an unfortunate accident. Lying in the hospital in a plaster cast, she still maintains her quizzical sense of humor, and writes that she is doing as well as can be expected despite the fact that she looks and feels a great deal like a mummy. In view of her absence, we might answer that we are also doing as much as we can without her, although we feel ourselves to be not mummies but dummies. Dr. Willoughby's address is c/o Mrs. Helen G. Eastman, Norwood Avenue, Charlottesville, Virginia.

HOCKEY GAMES OF ENTIRE SEASON REVIEWED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
good yelling. Miss Shorty Biles umpired the game.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN GAME

Monday, November 12, marked the third game of the hockey series when the Freshmen beat the Sophomores 2-0. Tiek Fraley's "three sneers for the Sophomores" swelled to tears when Willena Couch made two goals for the Freshmen in the first half; but it changed to cheers when the Sophomores showed more fighting spirit in the second half.

TIED!

The fourth Hockey game played on Tuesday, November 13, was a scoreless tie between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors kept the ball near their goal during the greater part of the game, but what with Margaret Wall's hiding the ball in her shin guards, and Jane Williams' blocking the field, they were unable to make a goal.

PLAYERS DISPLAY SKILL, ENTHUSIASM AND INDIVIDUALITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
Brown, McNew, Lowry and Hendrix Two determined heads met when Bullock and L. Torrence made a contact on the field one day. And you couldn't do without your ball-chasers. Watkins, Hutchison, and Huggins. Florida keeps the junior's faces from becoming Grave for she does not permit a ball to be buried in her well-guarded goal. The juniors are a stubborn set.

Seniors, seniors, rah! rah! rah! For the team of a graduating class you have shown your true metal. Wall displayed real guarding technique. No person who had trained for years could have surpassed the work done by the super-goal guard at Salem. Vaughn's calmness permits her to hit ferociously every ball that comes her way. Carroll's strength and persistence win for her many a hard-fought argument. Fine's queenly majesty causes players to bow down to her as they pass. Tuttle is a life-saver with Ward, Higgins, Jerome, Gray, McLean and Neal as life lines. No one would think a queen could make as prominent a show on the athletic field as does Preston. And who would think that Jane Williams would destroy all a ball's dignity by sitting on it? But with all their athletic ability, minus their faithful cheer leader, Penn, where would the Seniors be!

Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors—hard fought battles, courageously won! More power to you!

FRESHMEN GAIN PLACE IN FINAL GAMES

One of the most exciting hockey games of the season was between the Seniors and Freshmen, Monday, 19th. It was this game which was to determine which class would play the Juniors for the Championship in the final game.

Players on both teams must have realized the importance of this game, for every one of the twenty-two players played hard.

Dusk settled and still the players fought on. Then suddenly from about forty yards a freshman, Willena Couch, carried the ball right into the goal before anything could be done about it.

Thus at the end of the game the freshmen had won, the score being 1-0. So! To the Freshmen went the opportunity to play the Juniors for the Championship!

ROSE BAMPTON'S RECIPAL

First of Series of Civic Music Association Concerts

Rose Bampton, celebrated contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a beautiful concert, Thursday evening at the R. J. Reynolds Auditorium. The program was the first of the Civic Music Association Concerts for the year 1934-35.

POETRY

"If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know this is poetry. These are the only ways I know it."
—Emily Dickinson.

AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run.
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy stove?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring?
Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

AUTUMN

The music of the autumn winds sings low,
Down by the ruins of the painted hills,
Where death lies flaming with a marvelous glow
Upon the ash of rose and daffodils.
But I can find no melancholy here
To see the naked rocks and thinning trees;
Earth strips to grapple with the winter year
I see her gnarled hills plan for victories!
I love the earth who goes to battle now,
To struggle with the wintry whipping storm,
And bring the glorious spring out from the night
I see earth's muscles bared, her battle brow,
And am not sad, but feel her marvelous charm
As splendidly she plunges in the fight.

—Edwin Curran.

THE SHEAVES

Where long the shadows of the wind had rolled,
Green wheat was yielding to the change assigned;
And as by some vast magic undivided
The world was turning slowly into gold.
Like nothing that was ever bought or sold
It waited there, the body and the mind;
And with a mighty meaning of a kind
That tells the more the more it is not told.
So in a land where all days are not fair,
Fair days went on till on another day
A thousand golden sheaves were lying, there,
Shining and still, but not for long to stay
As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and go away.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson.