

The Salemite



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EDITORIAL

If the word "Christmas" should be made tangible, what sensory forms would it be likely to take?

Would it appear to the eye like a prancing reindeer, an old man in red flannel and fur, or a box wrapped in shining cellophane and gold ribbon? Would it resemble a simple sprig of holly, or a glistening tree covered with tinsel?

What would Christmas taste like if we should suddenly find it in our mouths? Would it contain the flavors of ambrosia and fruit cake and wine? Or maybe the taste would be that of turkey, or raisins, or peppermint candy.

What would be the odor of Christmas if miraculously the word should go up in vapor? Would it smell like a crackling log fire, or like a room full of cedar trees?

Suppose Christmas should sound in our ears. What would that sound be? Sleigh bells, perhaps? Chimes on a cold night?

Or if the precious word could be held in our hands, what would be the feel of it? Would we touch it gingerly as we do our brand new presents from which the crackling wrappings have just been torn? Would it feel like an exciting gust of snowy wind against a glowing cheek?

"Christmas," if made material to almost any Salem girl, might take the beloved froms she is accustomed to seeing or hearing or tasting or feeling or smelling every year at this season.

The word might appear hanging by an almost invisible cord over Dr. Rondthaler's head in Memorial Hall, swaying ever so slightly—an enormous, radiant, many-pointed star.

The sweet word might give off an odor of warm melting beeswax, and it might taste like thin crisp Christmas cookies.

Perhaps the sound of the Christmas word would be like the sound of a very high, very clear and supremely sweet soprano voice singing a well known carol.

And it would feel, oh, it would not feel like a new present just opened. It would feel rather like the firm, well known and loved clasp of a friend's hand—a hand which we have not touched for a whole year, and one which brings with it warmth and companionship and great joy!

THE SENIORS RAMBLE ON

Thanksgiving's over and all Seniors finally back and accounted for, though Margaret Wall and B. Way had to stay a little longer than the rest. Since said Seniors have worked on the lads away from this vicinity, seems as if they all decided there are fertile fields right here and since Christmas is very, very near, they certainly have been throwing out the line—Miss Lawrence's record in the office is quite revealing as to why certain Seniors are whistling all the day. Florence McCanless still has that broad grin. My, my, must be a good doctor, and Dot still seems to be Curlee. The Presbyterian dinner brought about an almost havoc, but the Seniors rallied and gathered the lads in Bitting building. Certainly was hard on the others who were not Presbyterians. Some of these little freshmen have certainly been looked at and casually asked, "Did you enjoy the dinner Friday?" Rachel Carroll is still looking for a dinner dress—she forgot, we have a swanky party after Thanksgiving. Anyone who will oblige, please call second floor of Bitting. There are very definite plans floating around for the holidays. Underclassmen, if you need any advice just run over to Louisa Bitting. Europe is most

FRESHMAN BUBBLES

Marianna Castle received a "special" Sunday morning and no foolin'—the stamp was inverted!

It looks as though the home-town boys are rushing Laura Emily. At least that's the way things looked Sunday night.

Ginger Piper was in unusually high spirits Sunday night after her caller left. Why shouldn't she be when he brought her a box of sweet chocolates.

Mary Margaret Johnson's mail has increased decidedly since she returned from the holidays. We wonder just who is back of all this.

Everyone on first floor thoroughly enjoyed the Christmas Carols sung by Virginia Lee, Idalizer, Margaret Briggs, Frances Cole, and several other girls Sunday morning.

Ann Lincoln: "Oh, grand! A letter from home."

Grace Parker: "Let's go out and spend it!"

certainly in the air and no doubt many mas and pas will be worked out of a graduation present. O, well, that's what one learns at college—how to get something from somebody.

SHADOWING SOPHS AND JUNIORS

Christmas spirit is all over and around both the Sophomores and the Juniors. There is one of the loveliest little cedar trees, decorated with colored lights and silver, on first floor, and no matter where you turn you will surely meet a student singing the Christmas songs we all love!

The Torrence sisters, Lois and Libby, had a guest, Martha Loftin, from Gastonia for the week-end.

Jane Crow's mother from Mocksville was here Sunday night to attend Christmas Vespers.

Lib Gant, now a student at W. C. U. N. C., spent Sunday with us and stayed over for Vespers.

Little Jo Whitehead went out to her aunt's for a birthday dinner.

Lon Freeman had a guest from down in the eastern part of the state!

Mary Lib Reaves visited her brother, who is in the hospital in Mooresville, on Sunday.

Greensboro attracted McArn Best and Lucy James over the week-end.

Ruth McConnell spent Saturday and Sunday in Lexington.

Mary Nelson's mother visited her Sunday and she also attended Vespers.

I noticed quite a few young men in the dining room Sunday night, and I am sure that my eyes were not the only ones gazing in that direction!

SNOW DESIGNERS

"It's here," the voice spoke softly into my ear. "I saw the first flake fall. Come, I'll show you."

Tumbling back the covers, I slipped from my bed and crept through the dark hall, following a tiny flicker of light in front of my face. The light rested on the window sill; I looked closely and saw a tiny red-clad figure carrying a lantern the size of an acorn.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a snow elf," he beamed. I and all my friends are here to make the world beautiful."

"But you are alone."

"Look," he replied.

An amazing sight met my eyes—thousands of lights were flying through the air. Suddenly I was standing in front of the big cedar tree across from Alice Clewell—but the decorations on that tree! On every limb was a red elf, busily catching the falling snow and skillfully placing it on the green branches. And as they worked they were singing and whistling "Jingle Bells."

I would have stayed longer had I not been wafted to the arch between Main Hall and the Sisters' House. There, sitting on each swaying spray of ivy was a gnome clad in yellow, arranging the snow in the curve of each ivy leaf.

But outside the dining room, on the edge of the roof, were not elves, not gnomes, but fairies! Fairies—with white dresses made of spiders' webs and covered with twinkling frozen dew drops! Catching each drop of moisture on the roof, they were swinging down, stretching the drop into a long, glittering icicle.

They were everywhere, these little creatures, and they were masters of their art for "We have been working here for years," my guide said.

Perhaps a foolish dream, I shrugged the following morning. But as I walked from place to place, I saw the splendor of the snow-covered trees, the beauty of each skillfully decorated nook and corner. I could not help remarking, "I wonder where they went and if they'll be back soon."

McLEAN TO GO TO BOSTON

The Student Council voted unanimously to send our President, Margaret McLean, to the National Student Federation Association Meeting in Boston between December 28th and 31st.

Our wisdom, whether expressed in private or public, belongs to the world, but our folly belongs to those we love.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

DUKE:

Dr. William McDougall, head of psychology department at Duke made his first public address of the semester on November 27 in the law school building. He spoke on "The Problems of Progress." An open forum discussion followed his talk. He is known not only in America, but throughout the world for his works on psychology. He is a staunch contender of the theory that a continued environment has effect on animals creates habits.

The following is a list of his internationally known books: "Psychological Psychology," "Social Psychology," "Pagan Tribes of Borneo," "Psychology," "Body and Mind," "The Group Mind," "Is America Safe for Democracy?," "Outlines of Psychology," "Ethics and Some Modern World Problems."

The Student Government at Duke is planning to purchase 15 receptacles for campus litter to improve the neatness of the grounds about the university.

Duke Chronicle.

MEDICAL COLLEGE, VA.:

The library has become State-wide. In 1932 when the library was moved into new quarters the college issued a bulletin entitled "An Invitation to the Profession." Requests for books, periodicals, and information are coming in more frequently and hardly a day passes that the library doesn't ship one or more packages. The library pays the outgoing postage and the borrower pays the return postage. The Va. Med. Monthly co-operates by printing lists of M. C. V's new books.

It (the library), is prepared also to look up references and information on almost any professional subject.

Sing Sing's Black Sheep football team plays in discarded Notre Dame uniforms.

Freshman engrossed in tracking down a Staphylococcus placed his head in the flame of a Bunsen burner. What a torch of Knowledge! It seems to me, however, I've heard that green things never burn, if there's a breath of life in them to adjust the vacuum.

SONGS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

And climb our apple tree
Shout down our rainbarrel
Slide down our cellar door
And let's be jolly friends,
Forevermore.

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail, hail, the gang's all here
Never mind the weather,
So we're all together.
Hail, hail, the gang's all here
It is great to meet again.

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
Just forget your troubles
They will burst like bubbles
Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
We're a Jolly bunch I'll say.

Voice over Louisa Bitting telephone:
"How are you this evening,
honey?"

Senior: "All right, but lonely."
Voice: "Good and lonely?"
Senior: "No, just lonely."
Voice: "I'll be right over."

Mr. Campbell: "What's a skeleton?"
M. J. Wall: "A stack of bones
with all the people scraped off."

Nothing can bring you peace but
yourself.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives a shining
lamp,
And departing leave behind us
Future heads for postage stamps.
Yellow Jacket.

All human glories are only gilded
bubbles and must not be fancied
metals.

POETRY

"Poetry is the presentment, in musical form, to the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions."

—John Ruskin.

MARY TO JOSEPH

This fear has sat within me,
chilled and numbing
This fear has been upon me, from
the start,
Since first I told you of the
Angel's coming
And of the Child that lay beneath
my heart.

It was no easy thing to under-
stand
And not by word or deed have you
reproved me
But Joseph — Joseph — when
you took my hand,
Did you believe me, even as you
loved me?

Sara Henderson Hay.

JOSEPH TO MARY

Mary, beloved, if I have wounded
you
With clumsy silence, or with tardy
speech,
It was because my heart was slow
to reach
Beyond the limits of its mortal
view!

Not that I doubted you or loved
you less,
But it was hard to face the wink-
ing town,
And a man's pride is difficult to
down,
Whatever faith he may in truth
possess!

How many nights I watched you
as you lay
With this the Holy Child upon
your breast—
What anguish shook my heart
from day to day!
Oh little Mary, have you never
guessed
That I, who would have died to
spare you harm,
So feared to clasp you with an
earthly arm?

Sara Henderson Hay.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR MY GOD-CHILDREN

The Wise Men left their country
To journey morn by morn.
With gold and frankincense and
myrrh
Because the Lord was born,
God sent a star to guide them
And sent a dream to warn.

My life is like their journey
Their star is like God's book;
I must be like those good wise
men

With heavenward heart and look,
But shall I give no gifts to God?
What precious gifts they took.

Lord I will give my love to thee,
Than gold much costlier,
Sweeter to thee than frankincense
More prized than choicest myrrh;
Lord, make me dearer day by day,
Day by day holier;

Nearer and dearer day by day
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my "glory, glory"
With angels clad in white;
All "glory, glory" given to
Thee

Through all the heavenly height.

Christina Rosetti.

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM?

How far is it to Bethlehem?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star?

Can we see the little Child,
Is He within?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in?

May we stroke the creatures
there,
Ox, ass, or sheep?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep?

If we touch His tiny hand
Will He awake?
Will He know we've come so far
Just for His sake?

Great Kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught;
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

For all weary children
Mary must weep.
Here on His bed of straw,
Sleep, children, sleep.

God, in His Mother's arms
Babes in the byre,
Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

Frances Chesterton.