

The Salemite



Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
\$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

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"Extra! Extra! Sophomores win Basketball Championship!"

If you Sophomores would like to have this dream realized and to hear those words shouted on the street, don't sit in your rooms hoping you can win without flickering an eyelash. The "hut" invites you to practice five days a week. Tuesdays and Thursdays have been set aside in special commemoration of the Sophomores who went out to practice last year but won't do so this year. Miss "At" has tried gallantly to teach the triangular defense to the two Sophomores who managed to come down at the same time; but common sense and geometry tell me that a triangle must have three sides. So at five o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays, Miss "At" is going to undertake to coach all the Sophomores who are going to mob the gym from now on.

There was a time when we could be lazy and get by on the excuse that we were adolescents, but "time and tide wait for no" adolescent and here we are in the year 1935—grown-up young ladies with no excuse available.

You will have to admit that when you get in the midst of a basket ball practice game you have so much fun that you forget you are fulfilling a duty to your class.

Pollyanna says that it is not too late for the Sophomores to practice up and come out on the top. Fellow-classmen, there are headlines three inches high dangling before our eyes. Let's get to work.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE

Among the foothills of The Western mountains
My boat idles gently on the flow-in stream,
And in the lengthening shadows of the sunset
The sail seems to flap of its own accord.
The water is no longer in restless motion.
My boat is moored by the green rushy bank.
The moon slowly rises over the edge of the lake
And a soft light diffuses the silent world.

—Chang Chi.

There was a young lady named Neal
Who was "up in the air" a great deal,
Till suddenly there came
A Texan aeroplane,
Which landed on her flying field.

FROM MY DIARY

Tuesday, January 10.

It was really June in January today. I went down on lower campus and sat on the stone steps where I could see "Class Memorial, 1896" with my left eye and "Class 1933" with my right. A soft wind was drifting through the branches of the towering spruce tree. It twitched the brown leaves on the ground and made the ivy leaves quiver. But the sun! It was so very warm. I turned to look at the ivy growing on the gray stone wall, and there I saw—but I'll keep that just for me to remember. Over each tiny spider web, stretched across the leaves, the sun was sending little dots and dashes of light! A message for me. Everything was so peaceful and quiet that I scarcely noticed the tinkling tones of the piano at the Academy, the shrill tone of a telephone, the clanking of dishes in the kitchen, the rumble of cars passing on the highway.

Rising, I walked down the path at the left. The corner of the wall under the big "Breath of Spring" bush reminded me of a little garden I once built in the woods near home—in the spring. I walked between the box wood bushes—they rustled like taffeta. There was a rush of whirring wings, I turned and saw a red bird.

I retraced my footsteps. Regret my few stolen minutes? No, gaily we ran up the steps—my singing heart and I.

EXAMS NO HINDRANCE

The girls are still on the merry-go-round with exams. Just around the two week corner—but who cares about such little trifles as these, when we can go out or have somebody in? Sophomores are making time go by in manners that follows through this line . . . Tick Fraley was seen in the parlor with a young man and later I just by accident! happened to see her name on the sheet in the office saying she was riding with some Mr. until 5:30. Beverly Little went to Greensboro with an escort, why for? I really can't think of a reason! Virginia Gaddy is getting to be one of the best little blonds, she has been to church about four times in the last two Sundays with Mrs. Bagby and the family (son Howell included!)

The second floor troupe was out on duty Sunday afternoon Martha Nolan, Frankie Meadows, Jo Klutz, and Margaret Sears rode until the supper bell called in their troupe! Mary Louise Haywood had all of the highlights her way this week by attending the much talked about Glenn Grey dance at the Robert E. Lee Friday night. Many a sigh was made on "the first star bright" that night to go to the dance, but I fear no one believes in the star wish any more, except Mary Lou! However, first floor was in an uproar of excitement when Frances Cole and Lou Freeman called the hotel and asked to speak to Kenneth Sargent, but his secretary said he would give the message of our thanks to Mr. Sargent for singing "For You" for us.

Goodness me, what popular seniors! Betty Tuttle got the best thriller of them all when Harry came all the way down from Washington City to see her Sunday night when she was all dressed up in a new black dress with lovely, fetching, white colors and cuffs. I heard one of her worshipping Freshmen say—"Betty looks like a doll!"

Tragic episodes are many but the one of Dot and Jo. up on third was a headliner. These two made bets that one could eat more than the other and as a result, Saturday night they weren't in such high spirits.

With the Sophomores in such a lead the Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors have done nothing of particular importance except the few mentioned above.

Most of the folks seeking higher educations are sadly in need of the lower.

SOPHOMORE PORTRAITS

H. Jo Whitehead—Rocky Mount's fair cup cake. A lady of innumerable talents. However, to shine more brightly in her category than any others. The arts of whistling and writing poetry are unquestionably hers. Who will ever forget the night when.

"Until next Friday night
We'll cease all this strife,
And never again shall we fight."
came forth? Truly a genius. Leader of that bright and shining class of Sophomores. This alone would prove her renown. Also a master at training rats. She has them eating out of her hand, but she refuses to capitalize. Ask her if she likes chocolate mint cakes and who won the contest. An invincible guard in basketball. Theme song—"Jimmy Had a Nickle."

Tick Fraley—A prodigy at the piano. Isn't that the rarest thing! May be known by her nonchalant, unconcerned air. Also the hair streaming in the breeze. Well known in the vicinity of Guilford County for her frequent appearances at dances in Greensboro, High Point, and Sedgewick, where, to quote one smitten young swain, "She goes to town." Fluent conversationalist in French. Ask her about Les Miserables. Plays with the same indifference mentioned before, but the results will nigh reach the divine. A tennis player of no mean ability, a granite goal guard in hockey, and anything you want her to be in basketball. Theme Song—"Blame It on My Youth."

Lou Freeman. We are informed one morning with a beaming smile that "six people from Windsor were killed in a wreck near Wake Forest. Isn't that terrible?" We agree. Truly a belle of the Old South. Males grovel in the dust at her feet. Oak Ridge, Carolina, Wake Forest, Hargraves, and now Davidson pay homage to the queen. Also does right well for herself at a dance. Friends were informed the other day, "One thing certain, nobody in my wedding is going to look any better than I do." We believe it. Although she does have some good-looking friends. Sister Pearl should be found. Did you know Alice Virginia was going to Bermuda for Easter? Watch the red streak. Theme Song—P. S. I Love You.

Mary Lou. One of our star day students. Superlative student entertains Mr. Campbell in biology lab. by comments on last night's concert or vocal renditions of latest song hits. Is envied among us because she actually went to the dance Friday night. Always unworried, and we might add, unhurried. Never at a loss for anything to say. A much-to-be-desired-trait. Interesting, popular, a "cute girl." Theme song—"I've Got an Invitation to a Dance."

Ethel J. Highsmith, Fayetteville's pride and joy. Ethel's such a sweet girl. So nice to old people. Known chiefly at the moment for her unbelievable power—namely that to cause the Navy to fall hook, line, and sinker to the extent of a ring, a picture, and what not. Doesn't do so terribly at a dance either. Is a little too quick for most of us. Always on time for classes. Packs awfully well. Never forgot anything. Has a vile temper. Easily irritated. Dances badly. See the picture of the Navy. Oswald looks too sweet. He learned about Santy Claus. Ask her about the message received from a certain J. D. McLean. Poor Henry. Theme Song—"Anchors Aweigh."

No race is over till the last yard's run,
No game is ever lost—until it's won,
A fire is never dead
While the ashes are still red,
Nor the sun set in the skies until
The day is done.
—Margaret Pedler.

Too often reciprocity means doing things to the other fellow you would rather he wouldn't do to you.

A STEIN, BUT NOT OF BEER

"A little away
And a little away
Everything away
Everything and away
Everything and away
Away everything away."

Hey, wait a minute I'm not going away yet. That's just a poem (?) by Miss Gertrude Stein. Please don't be frightened. The fact is that the girls on first have suddenly become very literary-minded on the subject of poetry (again?). This means, of course, the poetry (ditto?) of Gertie. And, my dear, it's all on account of a letter. The recipients of the said inscription (a certain group of gals who spent the Thanksgiving holidays in a certain mountain town) were thrilled practically to death, for although this document contained a great deal of raving about town topics, the said women were most interested in the following luscious bit a la Stein: Thought I'd drop a line
Feeling fine, real fine
Everybody's fine, family fine,
Weather is fine, for you I pine,
Pine tree, tree, Joyce Kilmer,
Dig a mine, still feeling fine,
Gertrude Stein.

Miss Lilly very willingly submitted her book "Contemporaries and Snobs" to the course, and I'm sure she hopes the study of this "New Barbarism" will show us girls what it is to be barbaric for she has already said that chewing gum in class was anathema to her.

This movement has had a serious effect on the minds of some students. For instance if Miss Cole wanted to buy some crackers from the "Y" Store this is what she would probably say:

Crackers, crackers, Graham crackers, Graham crackers, Graham, North Carolina, Elizabeth Moore, more Crackers, Polly wants a cracker.

Miss Stein's style has also been referred to as the "babble" language and since it is about as comprehensible as baby talk, the name suits it very well I think.

In her recent essay "Composition as Explanation," Miss Stein remarked:

"After all this, there is that there has been that that there is a composition and that nothing changes except composition the composition and the time of and the time in composition."

There was a lassie of N. S. F. A. Who could pronounce Barnes the right way
And you should hear her stutter
And get all in a flutter,
When it isn't done just in that way!

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

Have You Heard?

- Abe Lincoln—"Who stole my turkey sign."
- Grace Parker—"Aw Ann, shut up!"
- Elizabeth Moore—"Drat it!"
- Sissy Lee—"Goodness Gracious!"
- Jane Williams—"Lelia!"
- Martha Binder—"Bokey is coming!"
- Miss K. Smith—"As a matter of fact . . ."
- Mr. Campbell—" . . . and in addition . . ."
- Dr. Rondthaler—"Hymn number 676"—(Faith of Our Fathers).
- Miss Lilly—"You're excused."
- Miss Lawrence—"See me at one-thirty in the office."
- Procter Mary Hart—"Sh-h-h!"
- Mr. Curlee—"The product of x and y is equal to xy times o."
- Dean Vardell—"I want to remind you . . ."
- Miss At—"Do you think you look like Mae West?"
- Miss Leftwich—"Now, are there any questions girls?"
- M. Cassel (in lab.)—"Come here, Mr. Campbell."
- R. Brame—"I've got to chaperone again!"
- Dot Hutaff—"Keep smiling—ha, ha!"
- Miss Stockton—"Clear—clear to everyone?"
- Gannello—"Honestly—"

CHAPEL NOTES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

about joining Christianity and work. Had Christ been a rabbi, Christianity would have been something different. It was fitting that He should have been a carpenter because His followers are working men, and the workshop was part of His training for He had to be a disciple and learn the lessons He would teach. Present tests are for future trusts, and if we are faithful today, we will be rewarded tomorrow.

MEN'S BIBLE CLASS SELECTS BAHNSON HEAD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE) carrying on "the program of co-operation with our fellow-men." He referred to the friendly relations of Moravians and Methodists.

John Fries Blair, retiring president, in his report, reviewed the work of the class during the past year. Other reports were heard from J. N. Plaster, secretary; Gilbert M. Cofer, treasurer, and I. H. Rider, for the relief fund.

Bishop J. K. Pfohl spoke briefly on the co-operation of the class with congregational work.

Paul G. Bahnsen was elected president of the class and Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler was elected teacher.

Sugar cake, coffee, and orangeade were served at the conclusion of the meeting.

DR. SOPH ADVISES

Dear Dr. Soph,
Where can I find the man I love?
Titter.

Dear Titter,
Go Westy, my friend.
Dr. Soph.

Dear Dr. Soph,
I am perturbed. Last week when I was dating the man of the moment and all was going well, in burst an old flame, around whose blonde head the halo of romance still glistens beguilingly. What shall I do?
Cokey, the Coquette.

Dear Cokey,
Even if you are burning up with love, never make a fuel of yourself.
Dr Soph.

Dear Dr. Soph,
I am lovesick. What would you advise?
Miserable Mariana.

Dear Mariana,
Try some Herb tea.
Dr. Soph.

Dear Dr. Soph,
They laugh when I swoon at the sight of pineapple. What shall I do?
Daffy Dot.

Dear Dot,
Just keep smiling. Ha! Ha!
Dr. Soph.
P. S.—You might try "bailing out" too.

There was a young lady named Jerome,
Who won much fame by writing a "pome"—
Her painting too, won power
"From the "Home Church Tower"
(The subject was Dr. Rondthaler's dome).

A WINTER NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale
My window-pane is starred with frost,
The world is bitter cold tonight
The moon is cruel, and the wind
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.
God pity all the homeless ones,
The beggars pacing to and fro,
God pity all the poor tonight
Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.
My room is like a bit of June,
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,
But somewhere, like a homeless child,
My heart is erving in the cold.