

The Salemite



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CHEERFUL CHERUB SAYS:

"My work just worried me today So that I couldn't do my best Until I had this lovely thought; The world can stand it if I rest."

"BE MY VALENTINE"

February may chill our toes but it warms our hearts because it brings three anniversaries of pleasant import. Lincoln's birthday is less of a patriotic occasion than it used to be and more of a time for cherishing the common human qualities. Washington's birthday too, reminds us of a figure who as years pass seems to gain in stature and kindness. Shall we be thought irreverent if, with these national heroes we rank Valentine, who slyly slips his special event in between their birthdays? In his honor there is no closing of banks, shops, and schools. No need. He is remembered at all hours of day and night from childhood through sentimental teens to old age.

Our first recollection of Valentine celebration was at the age when, having tired of the Christmas doll, we began early in January to haunt Kresses in quest of boxes of Valentines to be made. After many tedious hours we proudly exhibited the finished product—a gluey, dirtied lace heart with "I Love you" laboriously printed across its red surface. The real thrill was yet to come—the delivering. What was ever more fun than slipping up on a playmate's porch, hastily tucking the masterpiece of a missive under the door, and with a ring of the doorbell dashing away into the bushes?

Then came school days and the gaily decorated Valentine boxes stuffed with fancy, elaborately versed greetings adorned with plump, pink cupids and snow white doves. In those days our chief concern was whether or not we would get as many as Mary and whether or not we would get as many "bought ones" as the teacher.

Following were the serious days when we worried lest he would forget the Valentine and the days when we debated the advisability of sending him one and the propriety of signing it "Guess Who?"

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LITTLE-RED-RIDING-ON-THE-HOOD

Once on a time there was a man which had six daughters, one was named Face, and one was named Soap and one was named Charcoal. Now one of the little girls had such black hair that her father called her Little Red. The papa he wuz ride on a three legged bicycle and Little Red was ride on the hood so her pa was call her Little Red Riding on the hood. Now one day Little Red's mama was call her and telling her that her granma which lived in the valley on yon hill was sick and could not cook her some breakfast for dinner so little Red must carry her this basket of bucked for supper (they wuz related to the Goat family). So little Red was put on her little green ear muffins and start over the hill to her granma's in the vally and they wuz a old wolf (maybe it was the big bad wolf) awe-bing his way through the field and he was a-spide-r and he asked her, "Where am I going are you?" and little Red was a-telling him that she was carrying her granma a basket of buckets for supper on account of she was sick and could not cook her some breakfast for dinner, and when little unsuspecting Red got there she said, "Oh grandmaw what big eyes you have." "The better to hear you with my dear." "Oh grandmaw what big mouth you have." "The better to see you with my dear." "Oh grannie what big ears you have." "The better to eat you with." and he was going to eat her without even saying the blessing but just then a bird Admiral (I guess it must have been Admiral Bird), and hit the wolf over the head with a pole (I guess it was the South Pole). Now my children the moral of this story is that a bird in the bush gathers no moss. Nity nite. P. S.—And my last name ain't Stein.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY FEBRUARY 12TH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

always very polite. Abraham was forced to cut his expressions short because of the scarcity of paper in the Lincoln household. This lack was a style-forming factor which may account for the concise compactness of his later writings.

As a lawyer, Lincoln was no "hick." He rose to the front rank in Illinois. His common sense, his shrewdness, and his effectiveness before a jury won him fame. In the "Duff" Armstrong case, he successfully defended a murder charge by using an almanac to refute testimony regarding moonlight on the night of the murder. Lincoln was called in by the McCormick Reaper Co. when it protested against infringements of its patents. This case was tried in the federal court at Cincinnati, and while on this case Lincoln suppressed his feelings when snubbed by eastern attorneys. Later, as President, he appointed one of these—Stanton—to his cabinet.

In the election of 1860 Lincoln did not receive a single popular vote in ten Southern states. His own county in Illinois voted against him. He was chosen president by pluralities in enough states for electoral majority but as for whole popular vote, he was a minority President.

When he was forming his cabinet, Lincoln wished to include a representative from the South. He approached John A. Gilmer of North Carolina, but he was disappointed in this.

During the civil war Lincoln studied military works, all about strategy, campaign plans, battle plans, etc. In 1862 he considered taking the field himself.

Lincoln took no regular exercise as President. When under great strain, as he was during the Battle of the Wilderness, he could not eat or sleep, and black rings were noticed under his eyes.

Abraham Lincoln's mental relaxation was found in humorous stories and in the repetition of favorable literary passages. The poem "Oh Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," had a peculiar fascination for him. Laughter was an absolute need of his harassed mind. His

REAL PEOPLE

Miss Likes

People often miss a great deal in life by gazing across fields and mountains far into the distance—so far, in fact that they lose sight entirely of the beauty around their own door steps. Look around you here in our own Salem campus. Do you realize how many extraordinary persons there are right here living among us day by day? And have you ever considered how very little you actually know of many of the people among whom you live — of their experiences, activities, and interests?

One unusual person we should like to help you know better is Miss Likes. Many students see her only as a neat, white-uniformed, business-like, systematic, and efficient nurse at the infirmary. They appreciate her abilities and her services, but, somehow, they fail to see her as an individual who has lived a full and extremely interesting life.

After completing her training at Blessing Hospital in Quincy, Illinois, Miss Likes did private duty nursing in Quincy and at Wenatchee, Washington. From there she went to Seattle where she did post-graduate work in the Firland Tubercular Sanatorium. Not satisfied with the above fields of activity, Miss Likes spent one summer in Juno, Alaska, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Juno, according to Miss Likes, is a very pleasant town, similar to American cities, the Catholic hospital was an excellent one, and the summer season was extremely delightful. The flowers and vegetables were particularly luxuriant and beautiful throughout the entire season.

Throughout the United States, she spent some time in Johnston City, Tenn. at the tubercular sanatorium, and then she returned to Quincy varying her work by nursing at the State Soldier's Home. Following a stay at the Hopemont Tubercular Sanatorium in West Virginia, Miss Likes returned to Illinois again, Ottawa this time, where she was Public Health Nurse. After a period of nursing at St. Cloud Hospital in Orlando, Florida, she changed to school work at the same place.

Particularly interesting, as well, was her position as nurse at the Mountain Park Institute, Located some fifty miles from Winston-Salem, with which many students are acquainted. There and at Crooked Oak School near Mt. Bethel, Miss Likes rendered invaluable service both to the students and faculty of the schools and to the mountain people themselves. Through her excellent work in these two places Miss Likes became known at Salem, where she is now spending her fifth year.

Throughout her entire nursing career, Miss Likes has given her whole self to her work. Even on vacations, when asked she has willingly forgotten herself and filled in to help friends. Altogether, she is an extremely interesting and wonderful person—always ready and eager to help and sincere in her interest and desire to enter into the schools activities. Furthermore, and not to be sneezed at either she has a delightful sense of humor and her supply of stories relating to her work and experience is unusually large and varied.

JUNIORS TAKE FIRST BATTLE AS BASKET BALL SEASON OPENS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

G.
Bullock Torrence
G.
Council Brown
G.
Substitutes: Juniors—Wright.
Referee. Miss Biles.

enjoyment of rough jest is seen in his fondness for Nasby and Artemus Ward. His matter-of-fact secretaries had to endure a chapter from Ward as a preface to his reading of the Emancipation Proclamation in cabinet meeting.

SOCIETY

THE OFF-CAMPUS TATTLER

Carolina is going to be honored with the presence of several Salemites next week-end. Mary Louise Haywood and Peggy Brawly, for example, are going there for mid-winters.

Katherine Sissell has recently been elected sponsor for Sigma Pi, social fraternity at State College. She and Marion Mitchell went there some week-ends ago for mid-winters.

Miriam Sams departed last Saturday night by going to Greensboro for a Camp Yohnahlahsee reunion.

Ruth Norman will be spending next week-end at State College. Query: who comes to tawn to see her every week-end?

Ann Nisbet is going to play as a guest artist at Lenoir-Rhyne in the near future—of which more anon.

N. B.—Day Students: This is your column. Please fill it well.

JUNIOR JOURNEYS

Margaret Sears, Virginia Thompson, Jean Robinson, and Garnell Rainey pointed high this week-end—meaning they visited in High Point Saturday and Sunday.

Susan Rawlings went over to Charlotte to meet her family for the week-end.

Juniors were represented at the "Y" Conference in Greensboro by Martha Schlegel and Erika Marks.

Wilda spent the week-end at home—wonder if Harold had any thing to do with her visit?

Jo Reece had Aggie Brown, Nancy McNeely, and Madeline Smith out to see her on Sunday.

Etta Bert is having a difficult time deciding which Balnson, Freddy or Agnew, is better! While friend Marianna Hooks rides out on Sunday afternoon with a Mr. —.

Cordelia Lowery was out Sunday but her escorts name isn't known at the moment! Later date maybe.

SENIORS! EXTRA!

The 3rd floor of Louisa Bitting has become the knitting circle of Salem College. 7-9 of the inhabitants of said floor are going to dazzle the college on Easter with their "hand made" suits.

Was Pat heartbroken Saturday night when she couldn't accept a certain date? Yes, sir! Was she heartbroken Sunday because she could? No ma'am. You tell 'em, Pat!

Washington was the goal of Cokey and Bushie this past week-end. Be careful Cokey "Three times a bridesmaid . . ."

Babbie sure is glad she had her wisdom teeth while she was taking exams. Now she is hoping that two new ones will appear before final examinations.

Jane Williams sure did leave early Saturday afternoon! Wonder what the big attraction was in Wilmington—that even Mary Penn and Rachel Carroll should heed the call . . . !!!!!

We wonder what excuse Martha Binder gave the deans when she went out to Mrs. Long's! Yea, we wonder!!

Remember that saying "when the cat's away the mice will play!" Do you remember it M. Ward?

Jack Shaffner is still paying attention to Josie Chase in spite of a poor Sophomore's silent praver.

SOPHOMORE - FRESHMEN MERRY-GO-ROUND

They've had a busy week-end, those Freshmen and Sophomores!

Rebecca Brame spent the week-end at her home.

Helen Diehl was Mary Hart's guest over Saturday and Sunday.

Jane Boren spent Saturday night at W. C. U. N. C. and attended a camp meeting.

Marianna Cassell's sister, Margaret, spent the week-end at Salem.

Mildred Troxler got up at five o'clock Sunday morning in order to spend as many hours as possible at home.

Sara Katherine Thompson's mother and father spent the week-end in Winston-Salem.

Mary Coleman Henderson, Helen Preas, Eleanor Matheson, Frances Hodges Carrow, Helen Smith, Louise Alexander, and Idalyza Dunn went out to Mary Woodruff's Saturday night.

Frances Cole and Grace Parker went out to dinner Saturday night with Grace's cousin.

Tee Little, Mavis Bullock, Titter Daniel and Elouise Sample went to a High School Basketball game with Miss At Saturday night.

Martha Nolen and Frankie Meadows spent Saturday evening at Carol Glyn's.

Virginia McConnel went out riding Sunday afternoon.

Laura Emily Pitts went to Durham Sunday with her mother. (From an Alice Clewell window it looked as though there were three handsome boys with her mother).

Bessie Lou Bray, Frances Sally, and Jane Crow and three Juniors whose names don't belong here had supper out at Jo Reece's Sunday night. Bessie Lou had to rush back to Alice Clewell for a date which awaited her there.

Marianna Redding went out Sunday with her sister.

Beverly Little spent Sunday at W. C. U. N. C.

Lillian Smith's family came up Sunday.

It must be nice when someone comes all the way from Kingsport to Winston-Salem to see one. Eh, what? Helen Smith and Louise Preas?

Lou Freeman has added one more to her string of letter writers, one more picture to her art gallery of men. This latest addition is none other than Robert Donat, the hero of "Count of Monte Cristo." Could he have mistaken Lou for Joan Crawford? He singled out two other young Salemites for his favor, Lelia Williams and Louise Preas.

One pre-med. student in writing Mary Frances Hayworth sent her an aspirin to abate the shock of the letter. Mary Frances spent the week-end in the Infirmary. Did she take the pill or didn't she? That is the question.

Dot Moore's mother was here and so she has the up-to-the minute gossip on Curlee.

Betty Tuttle went home to Leaksville whereas Ann Vann and Julia Lee Little went to Greensboro to visit friends and relatives.

Sara Johnston couldn't even finish her supper last Sunday night—the reason being a certain Davidsonian!