

The Salemite



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IT'S A BIG MOMENT

She walks out on the stage, stepping carefully so as not to trip, and carry in her arms a lovely bouquet of roses. She smiles at the audience and seats herself deliberately. It's a big moment in her life. Her graduating recital is about to begin.

Suppose you were in her place. Suppose tonight was to be the climax to years of hard study, thousands of hours of practice, days and nights of work, work, work. You'd want your friends to be there in full regalia—to cheer you on, to encourage you, to make you feel that you were playing to a friendly, understanding audience. Afterwards, no matter how modest you may be, the reassuring words of praise from your friends and schoolmates would be music in your ears.

Then let's turn out for the graduating recitals. Some of the best music presented in Memorial Hall for the whole year will be heard within the next month. These programs are not selected haphazardly; they're good, and you'll enjoy them.

SALEMITE EDITOR 1935 PRESENTS PEN AND INK TO EDITOR 1936

In presenting the Pen and Ink to the 1936 editor of the "Salemite," Miss Cortlandt Preston made the following comparison:

"The 'Salemite' is like a growing child in that it requires an untold amount of attention. Sometimes it is docile and easy to manage; but on other days it becomes unruly and keeps people awake half the night. Like a child, it must have its face and neck and 'ears' kept spotlessly clean; and like a child it is often almost impossible to fill up, no matter how many jokes and articles have been fed to it by a desperate staff.

"In all these respects the 'Salemite' is like a child. But it also like a growing child; and the most important function of a growing child is to grow. The Salemite must not remain always a Peter Pan newspaper, an eternal little boy. Next year's paper should show signs of being a year older and wiser and more interesting than this year's paper has been. As Salem College advances, its newspaper must be come more mature, a more perfect expression of student opinion and

DID YOU KNOW THAT

No, of course I'm no gossip, you know me better than that. . . . H-m-m just look at Cokey yawn, and those sleepy eyes, bet she didn't have time to sleep at the Carolina Frolic. Say, don't those Little Sisters tour around though? They went home to Ansonville to spend Sunday. I'm not going to hush! Don't we have freedom of speech here, guess I know my geography. Never saw anybody so stupid, you'd never know a thing it it wasn't for me. You didn't even know what a grand time Garnelle, Jo, and Wilda had in Salisbury. No, goosie, that isn't Cokey's oldest sister, that is Mrs. Preston, she came down for May Day. Jack and Josie (mind you not Jack and Jill) ambled down to Roanoke Rapids for the week-end. Did you see Pat's mother and little brother Bob? Yes she was the one in blue—wasn't she attractive? Do you mean to tell me that Florence McCanness and Pauline Daniel went home and you didn't know it—you must be dumb. From what I hear the other fair daisies at May Frolics didn't have a chance when our own junior beauties Burt, Sue, Tick and Jean stepped on the floor. Wait'll you hear this—why were you going? You gotta hear this—didja ever, walking off as if she didn't hear me!

Anne Perkins went all the way to the University of Alabama last week to attend ye dances. She left Salem Monday and returned Friday and reports a "gorgeous time."

Happy birthday greetings, Mrs. Rondthaler. May all your birthdays be filled with joy and happiness.

A KING'S CREED—AND A SPORTSMAN'S

In the study of King George of England, esteemed as a good sportsman, there hangs a graven code which princes, premiers and many a humble servant have read and retained. It is in six parts, unornamented, unaffected and in simple English:

"Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game.

"Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.

"Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.

"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence.

"Teach me to win if I may; if I may not, teach me to be a good loser.

"Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor to cry over spilt milk."

And he who would live up to this stoic's Credo must come near to kingship.

A Trinity College (Hartford, Conn.), professor recently missed his first class in nearly 30 years because he thought Washington's birthday was March 23, and took a holiday.

Maid: "I'm sorry, but she said to tell you she is not at home."

Caller: "Oh, that's all right; just tell her I'm glad I didn't come."

a more broadening influence on student ideas.

The task of developing and guiding this growing 'Salemite' now lies in the hands of its new editor, Virginia Garner.

"I can and do give to her the ink and the pen with which to do the menial work of writing her part of the weekly papers of next year. It is with her own personality and interest that she must attend to its more urgent needs.

"I feel as though I should close by telling Virginia to be sure that the 'Salemite' drinks its milk and goes to bed early and says its prayers all next year. Instead I wish only to congratulate her on the fascinating problems which is now hers and to read with much interest her first issue of the 'Salemite'."

ROOM X

The minute you step inside a room you feel the personalities of the inhabitants. Before you are fairly over the threshold of Room X you can feel the activity of the two room-mates in the very air. Then you notice more concrete evidence of their activity in the way in which the ancient rag rugs sprawl on the floor and the rakish angle at which the radio aerial ascends the wall, only to flop over the window and ground itself to a wire dress hanger. Below the window stands a steamer trunk covered with an Indian blanket. Upon this trunk sit two oilcloth cats with smug expressions upon their shiny black faces. Beside the trunk is a small yellow table upon which there is a stack of photographs placed face downward. Above one bed a blue and orange pennant throws itself at you from the green wall. On the other side of the room North Carolina State College stretches its red and white banner the full length of the bed. The lavatory beside the dresser is dominated by a large box of Lux which doubles itself in a mirror above the glass shelf. On the inside of the door hangs a "Busy" and a calendar which announces that Orta S. Rogers sells life insurance in New York City. From the desk a small radio tells anyone who is interested that "The Words are in My Heart." Beside the radio there is a pair of book ends full of letters and a student lamp. On the shelves of the desk text books and novels jumble together in merry confusion. In the chairs on either side of the desk are two girls. It must be—it is, our good friends, Tweak and Lelia.

MAY DAY CHAPEL

Upper campus provided a lovely setting for May Day chapel on May 4. The program was held out of doors, as has been the custom for many years, and the students were given pansies while they sang "Fair-est Lord Jesus." Following the reading of greetings from former students, Miss Rebecca Hines sang, beautifully, "The Year's At The Spring" by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

Salem of today was linked with the past by the actual presence of Mrs. Brawley, formerly Miss Mary Harris, of Chester, S. C., who came to Salem in 1871. She had come for May Day after sixty-four years, and Dr. Rondthaler wittily remarked that he should like to see all the present Salem students at May Day in 1999.

Dr. Rondthaler made an appropriate talk about "Trees." He stated that trees are examples of adaptability, gentleness, patience, hope, courage, and service. In Helen Keller's words he said, "The tree of the field is man's life."

The stately Alma Mater was sung for the recessional.

May I marry your daughter?
What is your profession?
Sir, I am an actor.
Then get out before the foot-lights.

I'd like to be a college boy,
He lives a life of ease;
For when he graduates,
He does it by degrees.

COACH WADE Y. P. M. SPEAKER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
true in most activities of life.

"In conclusion, athletics teaches one to respect authority. In a game there are four participants. The lawmaker who makes the rules, the organizer of the team, the player, and the supporter of the team. No one person can do more than one of these things at the same time because he would be prejudiced, if for no other reason. It is necessary in the game that one respect the opinions of other people, even though one does not see the matter in the same light." In every activity of life, tolerance is necessary.

Dr. Rondthaler told Coach Wallace Wade that he had finished the first half of the game successfully and that we should expect him back sometime to make the final touchdown.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

She said, "I want us to think for a few minutes about the Cross—that self-same cross upon which Jesus Christ was crucified hundreds of years ago. If I could, I'd like to show you a picture tonight. It is in the late afternoon and the scene is a dark and lonely mountain called Calvary. There on that hillside stands three crosses. On two of them there hang two thieves, but on the other one there hangs the Son of God. Do you wonder that I use the present tense of the verb? Oh, I think one of the hideous things about that crucifixion is the fact that you and I console ourselves with the thought that we had no part in it; but didn't we have a part?"

Whenever we are thoughtless and neglectful of Him, He is crucified anew. There is a lesson of self-sacrifice, of supreme devotion, that we may learn from the cross. He came to bring joy and happiness to each of us as individuals, and to all of us as Christians. Our happiness depends largely upon our outlook on life. There is some good in everything and everybody, and if we try hard enough, we can see it.

Christ calls us to happiness, to conquest, and to love. "Love is the one thing that we can keep giving and giving until eternity, and still our store of love is undiminished. In giving it, we have it returned."

The speaker quoted that lovely passage from Browning's "Guardian Angel:"

"I think how I should view the earth and skies

And sea, when once again by brow was bared,

After the healing, with such different eyes.

Oh, world, as God has made it!
All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further might be sought for or declared?"

Our view of life is restricted and narrow because we vainly attempt to see it when we are too close to it. A wider, clearer view may be obtained only from the mountain's height, which we may gain only by the way of the cross.

MOTHER'S DAY

Next Sunday, May 12th, is Mother's Day. Y. W. C. A. Vespers will be given over to a program in accordance with the day. Mrs. Rondthaler will be the speaker, and there will be special music. Everyone is invited.

FRESHMAN COMMISSION ENTERTAINS

Members of the old "Y" Cabinet were delightfully surprised last week to receive invitations to a weiner roast, to be given by the Freshman Commission. When they attended the affair on Monday, they decided in a body that this was by no means the least of the accomplishments of the Commission!

Y. W. C. A. CABINET CHOSEN FOR 1935-36

Erika Marx, new president of the Y. W. C. A., has chosen her cabinet members from girls who have shown interest and ability in "Y" work. The officers of the Association have been elected as follows:
Martha Schlegel Vice-President
Mary Hart Secretary
Mary Louise McLung Treasurer
The chairmen of the committees are as follows:
Margaret Briggs Bulletin Board
Virginia Crumpler Community Service

Anna Wray Fogle Finance
Garnelle Rancy Industrial
Mary Frances Hayworth Music
Margaret Calder Publicity
Jane Crow Social
Arnie Topp World Fellowship
Agnes Brown Worship
Idaliza Dunn "Y" Room
Charlotte King Student Volunteer
Jean Knox "Y" Store

VIVE LA QUEEN

Queens are royal personages, seldom seen, but not so with our Queen of '35. She's different! And different in the sense that she's talented in so many respects that we wonder how she has acquired all these admirable qualities and developed them all to such a polished degree. She is one out of hundreds of so-called "queens" who really deserves her title.

Now, that her lovely blonde, curly head takes on an added and long-deserved crown of glory let's give her a hand. This royal personage of whom I speak is an accomplished authoress, who is not only editor of our college paper, but has helped to write two operas which were staged two consecutive years at salem namely: "Ring-of the Need-a-Lung" and "Robinson Trousseau;" capable athletic instructor, particularly swimming; is one of the most popular if not the most popular (and personally I think she is the latter); she is beautiful, alert, energetic, friendly, radiant personality, dependable, understanding, glamorous, bright, witty, original, lovely, charming and an actress—in fact, a wonderful girl. Need I say her name except to let it suggest courts, queens, kings, thrones and crowns—Cortlandt Preston. Again the voices of Salem rise to say VIVE LA QUEEN!

Here is the latest (we hope) absent-minded professor story. An instructor at Columbia entered the classroom, hung his cigarette on a hook, and threw his hat out of the window.—The V. M. I. Cadet.

"Now I sit me down to write
A column which will be a fright.
If I should die before the end,
Be glad the finish wasn't penned."

DR. MINNIE SMITH ENTERTAINS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
was a contest, "The Story of a May Day in Rome," celebrated by the gods, goddesses, and Romans. The winner, Eloise Baynes, was presented a Virgil birthday book, in which each of the guests wrote her name and birthday.

Those present were: Dr. Smith the hostess, Dr. Wenhold, Margaret Schwarze, Martha Binder, Emma D. Wargo, Eleanor Watkins, Eugenia McNew, Eloise Baynes, and Melrose Hendrix.

"Good Things To Eat"

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