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SPRING FEVER?

That infallible old weatherman, Mr. Groundhog, says that spring has not yet come. But could he for once be wrong? Looking around the campus, one might be led to say that he had.

Aside from Nature who is doing her part admirably, there are several very definite symptoms for example, already a few of the seniors are bringing out the beer jackets (now clean and freshly starched), which they packed away last fall when cold weather set in. The rest of us, though minus beer jackets, are definitely clothes conscious. Wool sweaters and skirts seem unbearably dull and monotonous. We begin to suffer almost nostalgic pains at the thought of light spring clothes. We pay more than usual attention to fashion magazines; and such problems as the length of skirts and whether to wear spring clothes to mid-winter dances are questions of momentous importance.

In class we test the patience of our teachers by staring vacantly out of windows while they vainly try to wedge knowledge into our heads. Romance is infinitely more tempting than math problems, and we prefer novels to more scholastic literature. Already that delightfully fatal languor is creeping into our blood.

It is only February — but could these symptoms mean spring fever?

—H. McA.

MEASURING ME

Sometimes girls get together and discuss a girl's qualities. They sing praises for a while and then — what do we call it? — "dish dirt." Let's each of us honestly measure ME.

"I make passing grades," you say. But what do you do for your friends, your class, or your school? Are you a good roommate; do you attend class meetings; are you interested in Salem. Do you try to be cheerful and likable, or can we really say you're a grouch? Mark a plus or minus by attitude.

"I do my work," you add. Be truthful — when? Do you procrastinate? If you are always late, people cannot depend on you. "Step-an'-Fetch-its" never quite get there and certainly are never leaders. Compare your ability and effort and see if you're giving yourself a fair chance.

MUSIC NEWS

DEAN VARDELL ATTENDS CONCERT

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra

Dean Vardell attended a concert, January 20, given by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra with Jose Iturbi, conductor. Dean Vardell's notes on the program, which was in memory of the late Maurice Ravel, are of interest.

- Symphony No. 6—"Pathetique" Tchaikowsky
Adagio, Allegro, Adante, Allegro, Vivo.
Allegro Con Grazia.
Allegro Molto Vivace.
Adagio lamentose.
- "Le Tombeau de Suite for Orchestra" Ravel
("The most original and exquisite orchestration.")
Prelude
Forlore —
"Marvelous Oboe playing."
Menuet
Rejaundos.
- Cavase (Pour une infante defunte) Ravel
- Bolero Ravel

MUSIC HOURS FOR THIS SEMESTER

The Music Hours for this semester will be as follows:

- February 17—
Students' Recital.
- February 24—
High School Students' Recital.
- March 3—
Students' Recital.
- March 10—
Appreciation Program.
- March 17—
Students' Recital.
- March 24—
Public School Music.
- March 31—
Students' Recital.
- May 12—
Appreciation Programs on Art Songs.

MUSICAL EVENTS OF INTEREST

- February 15—
Little Symphony, under direction of Thor Johnson.
- February 21—
Evening Recital.
- February 28—
Academy Recital
- March 1—
Richard Crooks, Civic Music Concert.
- March 12—
Children's Recital.
- April 4—
Orchestra Recital.
- April 11—
Graduating Recital — Ann Nisbet.

Missing from the Metropolitan so far this season are Gladys Swarthout and Rosa Ponelle. There has been no mention of their plans with the Metropolitan.

Monday, February 7 at 8:30 P. M., Carnegie Hall, Amparo and Jose Iturbi, pianists, presented a joint recital. The program was delightful.

One full fellowship for a course in conducting at the Mozarteum Summer Academy in Salzburg, Austria, this summer, is being offered to an American student by the Mozart-Gemeinde. The academy also offers one tuition scholarship in each following course: Harp, operatic acting, seminar in German dramatic art, seminar for scenery, and a master class for dancers. Applications for the fellowship to be sent to the Institute of International Education, New York, for the scholarships to the Mozarteum Summer Academy in Salzburg.

RADIO PROGRAMS

Saturday, February 12, at 11 A. M.

"I get along with others," you boast. Does this mean that you always acquiesce, give in, follow, and fail to assert your own thoughts? Please don't let even a friend cover up your personality. This is no radical declaration of independence but a call for individuality. Be the self that you and others admire.

—F. J.

IN A STEINISH VEIN OR BETTER LATE THAN EVER

Now I can always think up amusing things to say but I find that someone else has always said them first and everyone else knows that someone else has already said them first, but I know that this is the first time I've ever heard them and that they're new to me and not if I think them up by myself just because someone with the advantage of being born earlier than I was had the first opportunity to say them does not mean that I shouldn't get credit for the same originality as they—same except different, in that it is the originality of a different person other than the same person, however the originality is the same.

I'm afraid that you believe I'm only being modest and avoiding the truth for if I am I'm defeating my entire purpose in writing and what point would there be in that especially since it is recorded that a house divided against itself cannot stand?

That last fraction of a remark is known in literary circles as a literary allusion which must not be confused with the world illusion which means a man on a desert who is so thirsty for water that he thinks he sees water but he only sees illusion. At any rate one remark must pass as allusion as I have neither time nor space enough to do truthfully admit the mental capacity to deal with the school of thought which contends that the Bible isn't literary. I refer to the Bible because that is the source of the reference I made awhile back about the house that wouldn't stand, but going back to the school of thought, I confess I'm not even sure that there is such a school but if there isn't one I'm sure I don't know why not because in the history of literature there have been many schools about more nonsensical things than that, which is one funny point I've been leading up to and have finally uncovered although I'm sure that someone else discovered it before me but which I was determined to say and have said. To give my conclusion a fresh start this is where I come in and although to stay any longer would be

SCHERZO IN "BE SHARP"

- What name is given to a dreamy, pensive instrumental composition?
- What kind of opera has a serious text?
- What is the lowest female voice?
- Name a famed Scotch wind instrument of the reed class.
- Which voice part is next above tenor?
- Give the general term for a boat song.
- Which instrument is the bass of the oboe family?
- What is the term for a sprightly, humorous composition or movement?
- What is the name for a musical recitation in which the words are delivered in a declamatory style?
- What is a sailor's work song called?

(Answers on Page Five)

10:00 P. M., WEA — NBC Symphony.
Toscanini, Conductor.

Sunday, February 13, 9:00 P. M.
WABC Symphony Orchestra.
Fritz Reiner, Conductor.
Lauritz Melchior, Tenor.
WABC.

Rudolph Ganz conducts the Philharmonic Symphony. Young People's Concert. Soloists are Emma Boynet, pianist, and Saul Goodman, tympanist.

1:55 P. M., WJZ — Verdi's "Otello."
With Elizabeth Rethberg and Lawrence Tibbett.

"SEZ PEONY"

Dere Ma,

It shore has been a long time since I writ you, but we has been so busy at this place that we ain't had time to write nobody! Me and my rume-mate tuk our exams the best we could, but they certainly wuz awful xperiences. They wuz so bad that I stayed up til nerely 11 o'clock ever nite studying fer em, and thos somethin we Salem gurls never do! My report wuz purty good, being as how I succeeded in 2 subjects and didn't fail in but 3.

You shoulda seed us at the Valentine Maskerade Party Saturday nite! We had the whiz-banginest time I is ever had. All the gurls wore costumes and maskes and the boys jest wore ther tuxedys and maskes. The funny part about it wuz that nobody knew who nobody else wuz, so I never knowed who I wuz dancin wid. I had to wurk out some way to find Ezra once in a while so I jest tied a cowbell on his leg an turned him loose. I thot I wuz gonna be real different and wore a pesant dress, but by cracky, when I got to the dance there wuz some 15 or 30 pesants already there, and by the time they all kum, it lookeddanged near like a emmigrashon. I woulda bin krowned Queen of Harts, but the gurls who wuz selling votes wouldn't swap none of them fer the sak of pertatys Ezra wuz wanting to trade 'em. He said I wuz his queen any how, even if I didn't get to kum busting thru a crepe paper hart and have no silver crown put on my haid. Ain't he the sweetest thing!

We is opened up our new librarie and it is the finest bilding I has ever seed. There's one room that has the most pekulat name I'se ever herd. It's called the "browsing rume." Ma, do you know what browsing meane? I always thot that hosses browsed around when they wuz in the field, but I must be mistook kause I bet they ain't gonna let no hosses in this here librarie, no matter how quiet they promises to be.

I is got to go now since the gym lady is expecting me to praktise basket-ball. I ain't never played before so I don't no jest how to start it, but I has already buyed me a rubber ball and if you will send me that purty basket wid the pine kones and purple bow on it, I will be al-ready to go.

Luve an kisses,
Peony.

A CAPPELLA

Dear gals, the record came O. K. It nearly set us bawling To read the names your lily hands Upon the case were scrawling.

We heard the Alma Mater peal A greeting to its daddy; And all the time it seemed to say "Where is my wandering laddie?"

We hear the harp's celestial sound, We heard the organ flutin', And when she played that raris' chord We murmured "She's darned Tutes."

We heard your lovely wordless chant; We heard your classic Latin. Almost we saw the ropes of gold All wound about the satin.

"How far is it to Bethlehem?"— So sang the blonde young trio; And Mag and Anne with pathos sang And Katie sang con brio.

'Twas all so beautiful, it seemed That nothing could impair it. O how can one man stand the strain? O how can Clifford Bair it!

29 Strathallas Park,
Rochester, N. Y.
January 14, 1938.

not real yet it wouldn't be truthful for it would defeat my whole purpose in writing which reminds me of the time an English teacher asked a child to use "defeat" in a sentence and the bright saying of the child was: the cat jumped over the fence but defeat trailed behind him.