

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The
Student Body of
Salem College



Member
Southern Inter-Collegiate
Press Association

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-In-Chief Elouise Sample
Business Manager Helen Smith

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Music Editor Laura Bland
General Editor Alice Horsefield
Sports Editor Cornelia Wolfe

Assistant Editors:—
Florence Joyner

Mary McColl

Staff Assistants:—

Anna Wray Fogle	Helen Totten
Peggy Brawley	Emma B. Grantham
Helen McArthur	Margaret Holbrook
Sara Harrison	Sara Burrell
Mary L. Salley	Helen Savage
Betty Sanford	Betsy Perry
Katherine Snead	Frank Campbell
Elizabeth Hatt	

FEATURE DEPARTMENT

Feature Editor Maud Battle

Staff Assistants:—

Mary Turner Willis	Josephine Gibson
Mary Thomas	Evelyn McCarty
Cramer Percival	Leila Williams
Mary W. Spence	Betty Bahnon
Tillie Hines	Peggy Rogers
Madeline Hayes	

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Assistant Business Manager Edith McLean
Advertising Manager Prather Sisk

ADVERTISING STAFF

Peggy Bowen	Virginia Taylor
Rebecca Brame	Mildred Troxler
Virginia Carter	Margaret Patterson
Grace Gillespie	Jane Kirk

Circulation Manager Pauline Daniel
Exchange Manager Bill Fulton
Associate Exchange Manager Frances Watlington
Associate Exchange Manager Sybil Wimmer
Assistant Circulation Manager Elizabeth Piper
Assistant Circulation Manager Millicent McKendrie
Assistant Circulation Manager Christine Dobbins

1937 Member 1938
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representatives
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

"LIGHTS OUT"

Do you say "lights out" — when you leave your room? Or do you say, "I paid for my lights when I paid my tuition; so I'll just let 'em burn." Well, you did pay for lights on your tuition, but you paid for a reasonable amount and number of lights — not for an excessive "brightness." You don't need all your lights burning in your room all the time — and especially, when you're not even "at home." You're just running up a high electricity bill; and we really didn't promise to raise the electric company's dividends this year, did we?

Of course, you're not expected to turn out all your lights when you leave your room for a few seconds, but do let's try to remember to put them off when we go to class or to meals or anywhere for even fifteen minutes! Every little while of not using extra lights helps to lower that too-high bill, and every little bit of wasting lights sends the bill a jump higher. Let's cut down our extravagance and help Mr. Oerter balance our budget! When he has to pay \$100 more in one month this year for electricity than he paid in the same month last year for electricity, don't you think it's time we helped some to end that unnecessary expense? We don't want the tuition raised again next year; so, to solve this problem, put "that button" as you leave your room!

—S. H.

A DREAM FOR THE FUTURE

A dream for the future, yes. Every year Salem's May Day is attended by several thousand people, not only from Winston-Salem, but from distant towns as well. They climb up our periwinkle hill with much slipping and sliding, a task hard on the older people who after all their trouble find their seats anything but comfortable. How much more comfortable, practical, and beautiful 'twould be if the hill were terraced and sodded! The land, moreover, would be protected if it were laid out in terraces.

Such a project is, we admit, no small task necessitating no little expense; but it can be accomplished. Perhaps the best way would be to start a fund toward the realization of our dream.

—P. B.

AT RANDOM

FRAGMENT

What is poetry? Is it a mosaic
Of colored stones which curiously are wrought
Into a pattern? Rather glass that's taught
By patient labor any hue to take
And glowing with a sumptuous splendor, make
Beauty a thing of awe; where sunbeams caught,
Transmuted fall in sheafs of rainbow fraught
With storied meaning for religion's sake.

—Amy Lowell.

DREAMS

I do not care to talk to you although
Your speech evokes a thousand sympathies,
And all my being's silent harmonies
Wake trembling into music. When you go
It is as if some sudden, dreadful blow
Had severed all the strings with savage ease.
No, do not talk; but let us rather seize
This intimate gift of science which we know.
Others may guess your thoughts from what you say,
As storms are guessed from clouds where darkness broods.
To me the very essence of the day
Reveals its inner purpose and its moods;
As poplars feel the rain and then straightway
Reverse their leaves and shimmer through the woods.

—Amy Lowell.

SCHERZO IN "BE SHARP"

44. What is the name of the oval, ebony plate that is attached to the rounded edge of a violin body?
45. What term is applied to a short passage in which the brasses predominate?
46. Give the same for a special concluding passage of a composition.
47. What is an orchestral prelude?
48. In vocalization, what is a wavy, oscillating tone called?
49. What is the direction for returning to the beginning and repeating?
50. What is the knowledge of bells and bell-ringing called?

Answers: 44, chin-rest; 45, fanfare; 46, coda; 47, overture; 48, tremolo; 49, da capo; 50, campanology.

Berlin.—A total of more than 175,000 cyclists pass through Berlin's streets every day, according to details of a traffic census.

Daughter: Daddy, what is your birthstone?
Dad: A grindstone, I think.

ALL THE RAGE

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Some very rare postures are being practiced in Salem classrooms. Students have decided that sitting is the best way to develop the admirable hunch back of Quasimundo, the twisted limbs of the Crooked Man and the stiff leg of John Silver. There are the "Salem sprawl," the "school girl loll" and the "debutante slouch," quite popular with the lazy and sleepy girls. Most of the daring and fidgety experimenters are testing their teachers' nerves with the "prop" and a rocking chair perpetual motion fad. The more timid, fragile ladies slump and drape delicately to improve their clinging vine technique, which incidentally is all the go with the boys. Even a few girls have tried the stiff-leg roller chair variety for which one must imagine she is wearing casts on both legs and forget that she has knees to bend.

All the teachers are delighted with the restful atmosphere in their classrooms. Doctors and physical education instructors predict an increasing business in unkinking girls. Those who have tried the fad and especially those who have observed it find only one serious drawback — it feels better than it looks.

—F. J.

MUSIC NEWS

A little information has been given about Deems Taylor's new opera, "Romouncho." It is in three acts, has an original libretto, has its scene in the Basque country and makes use of Basque melodies.

Queer things have been happening at the Opera House. At a recent performance of "Don Giovanni" Ettore Panizza, ready to start the overture, suddenly looked down to find no score before him. As it was too late to look for the score, which is usually placed on the conductor's stand before he arrives, Mr. Panizza went through the overture from memory. A piano score was found, but did not help, as it lacked the acts. Mr. Panizza and Ezio Pinza (Don Giovanni) did not always know what the other was thinking. It was a trying evening for Mr. Panizza, and no one ever knew what happened to the conductor's score.

'Moral: Students of conducting learn scores. Suppose this had happened to you!

ROTARY CLUB ENTERTAINS SALEM GIRLS

Girls Enjoy Luncheon At Robert E. Lee Hotel

Tuesday at noon the Rotary Club greeted Salem College and Salem Academy girls whose fathers are members of Rotary Clubs in the cities and towns in which they live. There were twenty-one girls from the college and eleven from the Academy, guests at the luncheon in the Robert E. Lee Hotel.

Dr. Rondthaler introduced Miss Dorothy Hutaff of Fayetteville, college student, and Miss Molly Weeks of Winston-Salem, Academy student. These students in turn introduced the girls from their respective institutions.

Each girl, as she arose, gave her father's name and his classification in the club to which he belonged.

Attending were: College—Johnnie Moore, Betty Bahnon, Winston-Salem; Elizabeth Winget, Albemarle; Lucile Stubbs, Lenoir. Ruth Schneal, West Point, Ga.; Kelly Ann Smith, Monroe; Etta Walker Hill, Roanoke; Louise Norris, Durham; Frances Britt, Clinton; Nell Kerns, Durham; Frances Huggins, Leaksville; Germaine Gold, Shelby; Peggy Jones, Charlotte; Helene Straus, Tazewell, Va.; Emma Brown Grantham, Red Springs; Eloise Sample, Fort Pierce, Fla.; Frances Turnage, Ayden; Mary Thomas, Knoxville, Tenn.; Marjorie Powell, Edenton; Josephine Gribbin, Asheville.

Academy—Inez Tolles, Naugatuck, Conn.; Harriet Cunningham, Winston-Salem; Mary Sun Warnken, Winston-Salem; Betty Thomas, High Point; Nancy Northup, Winston-Salem; Helen Willis, High Point; Barbara Best, Summit, N. J.; Caroline Cauble, Winston-Salem; Anne Doerschuk, Badin, and Sun Bennett, Winston-Salem.

SALEM'S DATE BOOK

Saturday, February 26—"Cherry Blossom Ball" (Junior-Freshman dance).

Monday, February 28—Fashion Show at Montaldo's, at 7:30 p. m.; Academy recital.

Tuesday, March 1—Civic Music Association presents Richard Crooks, tenor, at Reynolds High School, 8:30 p. m.

Thursday, March 3—Music Hour, at Memorial Hall, 7:00 p. m.

TRAVELOGUE

Many of you have seen interesting places and people. We would like to hear about them. Perhaps it will be a strange, romantic place in a far-away land. Perhaps it will be an imaginative spot of which you dream. Perhaps it will be the garden in your own back yard. Perhaps it will be the funny little woman who sat down beside you in a bus. Won't you let us share these experiences?

A Lunch Hour View of a Swiss Alp

It was mid-summer. Somewhere deep in one of my pockets was a letter which described sweltering heat, electric fans, perspiration, and August lethargy. As I sat shivering in two heavy coats, a sweater, scarfs, galoshes, and wool mittens, however, temperature was unimportant. Winding up, up, and up all about me were gorgeous snow pyramids, the tops of which were lost in cloud banks. Here was a world all its own bounded on all sides by cold whiteness. The bus grinding up and around seemed very small in the midst of so much powerful immensity. The sun glistened and sparkled on the ice, making it here and there blue, green, gold, and always against white.

The brakes screeched and I met a snow ball full in the face. There was a picturesque Swiss inn, almost hanging to the side of the mountain. Inside, in the tiny hallway, I smelled hot soup, roasting chestnuts, and apple cider. In the dining room, by a large window overlooking the mountains, I sat at a small round table which was covered with a red checked table cloth. While Swiss maids, in their quaint Tyrolean costumes, served a delicious lunch, five Swiss yodelers in Alpine dress, sang and danced.