

The Salemite

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WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THIS?

Any day at Salem.

Dear Mother,

Next time you see me I shall be as thin as a rail, and through no fault of my own either. My quota of food today was next to nothing, although the usual large quantities of food were being brought forth from the kitchen.

It was my room-mate's time to get breakfast; so I slept late and then rushed down to the dining-room expecting to enjoy a surprise meal. It was a surprise all right!

"I didn't get any grapefruit, it looked so little and sour — and I knew you wouldn't want any of that mushy old oatmeal. It reminds me of —, well, you know what! And the eggs weren't cooked long enough, but here's some greasy bacon and cold toast. I'm sorry, but it's the best I could do," explains my room-mate. "You know, they ought to have more of a variety of breakfast foods here!"

Well, mother, by the time she had finished I was weakly agreeing that we should have steak and apple pie, too. But when I think about it, there are more different things to eat and larger quantities than we should go to the trouble to have at home.

When I walked in the dining room for lunch I was met by groans of "Oyster soup again, ugh! How can anybody like those horrible slimy things? Just think of all the dirt in their stomachs," and much worse remarks which won't bear repeating. "Let's go to the 'drug'!" You know how I adore oysters, so I bravely stood my ground although almost knocked down by the general exodus. When I was at last served I raised the spoon to my lips in happy anticipation, but the memory of those deprecating comments turned me green and I carefully replaced the spoon in the dish. I decided to try the sandwiches. "Please, may I have the potted-ham sandwiches?"

"You mean the dog-food sandwiches," corrected one of the girls. At the end of the meal she too supplied, "Oh, look what we have for desert, ten-cent-store-perfume cookies! Let's go, there isn't anything fit to eat! Everyone's through, isn't she?"

The whole table rose and so did I, hastily gulping a glass of water and wiping my mouth, because I was ashamed to admit that I have a secret passion for some of the foods they seemed to dislike so.

By dinner-time I was exceedingly hungry and had dressed long before the six o'clock bell rang. I did manage to eat a little something before the late arrivers came straggling in and I had to stop to serve them, but I wondered through the whole meal whether we were going to have a vegetable. When the maid was clearing the table I saw a bowl of spinach being taken off and moaned out loud.

"Oh, did you want some?" exclaimed the girl who had

TWELVE COLLEGES ENTER BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

Representatives of 12 eastern universities and colleges, selected by campus elimination meets, will enter the first annual Intercollegiate Bridge Championship at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York City this weekend. (April 26-27).

The tournament, which will be played in two sessions, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, is an invitation event and is sponsored by a committee of graduates from the various colleges.

The seven Ivy League universities and five women's colleges which will enter their best bridge pairs in the competition are Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Mount Holyoke, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Radcliffe, Sarah Lawrence, Smith, Wellesley, and Yale.

A permanent trophy has been established by the sponsoring committee and smaller replicas will be awarded to the two winners. In addition, each pair will receive a weekend in New York City with all expenses paid.

The Championship is not only the first bridge event ever held among a number of colleges, but it will also be the first tournament of any kind in which women's and men's colleges will compete on an equal basis, it was said.

COIN FRANÇAIS

A THEOPHILE GAUTIER (Sully Prudhomme)

Maitre, qui du grand art levant le pur flambeau,
 Pour consoler la chair besoigneuse et fragile,
 Rendis sa gloire antique à cette exquise argile,
 Ton âme a donc rejoint le somnolent du tombeau!

Ton corps va donc subir l'outrage troupeau
 Des ombres sans desirs, où l'attendait Virgile,
 Toi qui, né pour le jour d'où le trépas t'exile,
 Faisais des Voluptés les prêtresses du Beau!

Ah! les dieux (si les dieux y peuvent quelque chose)
 Devaient ravir ce corps dans une apothéose,
 D'incorrupible chair l'embaumer pour toujours;

Et l'âme! l'envoyer dans la Nature entière,
 Savourer librement, éparse en la matière,
 L'ivresse des couleurs et la paix des contours!

MATH CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

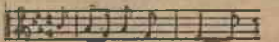


CATHERINE HARRELL

At the meeting of the Mu Alpha Theta (Mathematics) Club Tuesday night, Catherine Harrell was elected president for the coming year.

Other officers are: Eleanor Hutchison, vice-president; Wyatt Wilkinson, secretary; Barbara Whittier, treasurer; Doris Shore, assistant treasurer.

MUSIC NOTES



RADIO PROGRAMS

Toscanini conducts the NBC Symphony Orchestra at 10 p. m. Saturday.

Suite in Holberg Style Grieg
 Symphony No. 4 in A Minor, Sibelius
 Les Eolides Franck
 La Valse Ravel

Sunday afternoon John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic Symphony will play the following program:

Overture To The Marriage of Figaro Mozart
 Symphony No. 4, E Minor Brahms
 La Campanella Paganini-Dubensky
 Romeo and Juliet Tchaikowsky

ENSEMBLE SINGS IN CHAPEL

The Salem College Choral Ensemble under the direction of Clifford Bair sang at expanded chapel Wednesday morning. The Ensemble is composed of about fifty members, students from the A.B. and science departments as well as the music department.

The program consisted of the following numbers:

Domine Jesu Brumel
 Assumptio Est Maria Aichinger
 Sonata Op. 14, No. 2 Beethoven

Allegro
 Johnnie Moore, Pianist
 Sonata in D Handel
 Larghetto

Allegro
 Christine Dunn, Violinist
 Lament Wilbye
 This is the Day Byrd
 Introspection Salzedo
 Eleanor Welch, Harpist

Ave Maria Holst
 Listen to the Lambs Dett
 Becky Nifong, Soprano

MUSIC HOUR

Music hour Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock was a students' recital.

Danse Negre Scott
 Alice Purcell

In The Canyon Dennee
 Lucy Lewis

When Love is Kind Old English
 Jane Garrou

The Woodcutters and the Nightingale Godard
 Erwin Cook

Connais-tu (Migon) Thomas
 Marie Fitzgerald

What the Forest Brook Babbles Poldini
 Margaret Vardell

The Lass With a Delicate Air, Arne
 Juanita Miller

Idyl MacDowell
 Elizabeth Johnston

Caro mio ben Giordani
 Doris Highsmith

Prelude, Fugue and Chaconne Buxtehude
 Elizabeth Tuten

asked the maid for her drink instead of asking the hostess. "I didn't even bother to pass it because I thought nobody liked the horrible stuff!"

The girl next to her had passed back her plate with the request that I remove the piece of meat which she "couldn't stand." I thought every one knew that she should say nothing about food already on her plate.

Seeing my favorite pie, coconut, my disappointment over the spinach was somewhat lessened. O-o-oh, those first three bites were wonderful! Creamy and rich, with juicy threads of coconut running through them!

"I hate to say this, but don't you think this pie tastes like wet chicken feathers?" giggled one of the girls. The power of suggestion is great. We fled out of the dining room.

Would you mind sending me a box of food, as soon as possible so that I can eat in private?

Love, from your starving
 Daughter.

—B. W.

LET'S BE FRIENDS

Every day of our school year we have classes with day students; we see them on campus, we see them in the library, and we see them in the post-office and in the drug store. Even though we see them as often as this, there is a feeling not too friendly and cordial between a number of day students and boarders. Some pass each other without a slight "hello," nod, or glance. It is true that sometimes we are together only in class meetings or some other meeting, but there is always a constrained feeling as if there is a "gap" between the two groups of students.

The boarders are really anxious to know the day students better by whatever means open to us. There are some of us girls in both groups who are the best of friends, there are some who know each other well enough to speak, and there are those who don't exert themselves to the point of the least recognition. Let's all try in some way to fill this "gap," and make all the girls more friendly.

—B. H.

A PLEA FOR COMPARATIVE QUIET

The radio is a very remarkable invention. It brings entertainment to thousands of people. Since the electric record-player has been added, this entertainment may be chosen at will. Unfortunately the will of the owner of this amazing instrument is not always in accordance with that of her neighbors'. She may enjoy the nasal twang of a blues singer; her friend down the hall probably prefers the New York Philharmonic. It is just possible that somewhere on the floor there is an ardent jitterbug who, in spite of an overwhelming desire to dance, has some work that must be done. There might even be someone who has a headache and would like to sleep. These people exist, but their personal preferences are ignored by the owner and operator of the machine in question. She blithely plays her favorite record ten times in succession. She merrily leaves her pet program on at full blast—while she takes a bath. She must know that she does these things, unless, perhaps, she is deaf. But there is one fact of which she seems to be totally ignorant. There is, on most radios, a small knob, usually at the extreme left, which, of all things, diminishes the volume.

We think that someone ought to tell her.

—B. P.