

The Salemite

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THE OLD, LOVED THINGS

The old and the traditional comes into prominence in Salem chapel programs this week. Dr. Rondthaler's annual reading of the Christmas story took place as it has for many years past in the expanded chapel before vacation. Thursday another Salem conventionalism was upheld in the vote for the May Queen. Next Tuesday we shall enjoy as we have for many years a program of Christmas carols given by the German Club. All these combined with the beautiful stirring organ music and the Christmas hymns go to make these chapel presentations colorful, inspiring and memorable.

A FEW MORE DAYS

It has been impressed on us to remember the rules of the school during these last few days before Christmas holidays and to be careful about the smallest regulation. We should be particularly cautious as it is very easy to forget during the holiday excitement. If we do observe the requirements, then we can go home and have a wonderful Christmas and forget there are such things as rules and regulations.

—M. P.

CHRISTMAS 1940 A. D. —

"Peace On Earth, Goodwill Toward Men." Again at this Christmas season we are reminded of this ever-popular quotation. Again we take stock of the world conditions of today. Again we take stock of ourselves.

Certainly this Christmas we look for that peace with hopeless hearts. That peace has fled from a world embedded in the chaos of war and destruction.

Though chaos reigns around us we can keep the fire of peace burning within our souls. The hysteria of war cannot traverse the impregnable soul. There we can keep the feeling of peace.

By this precaution and self-fortification we can help remedy this world tragedy. Only calm thinking, sane action, and righteous way of living can divert the approaching monster.

Let us keep this in mind. Let us remember that America is the only remaining stronghold of peace. Let us keep it that way and reverently pray that soon we will have, "Peace On Earth, Goodwill Toward Men."

—H. H.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

Peut-être que beaucoup d'entre vous ont entendu la radio diffusion de la pièce qu'on a présentée l'après-midi du dimanche passé. Cette pièce était *Le Cid* écrite par Pierre Corneille. Puisque *Le Cid* est une des pièces les plus importantes et intéressantes de la littérature française, discutons-en les circonstances. Il ne s'agit pas ici d'une conférence sur la littérature mais plutôt des choses que toutes les jeunes filles savent déjà.

Avant d'écrire *Le Cid* Corneille n'avait pas eu de succès avec son type de tragédie, qui était essentiellement classique. Il a emprunté l'histoire du *Cid* à l'Espagne (*Cid* veut dire héros en espagnol); et dans la pièce il vait la question de l'amour et du devoir qui fait passer toute l'action et il y a beaucoup d'action dans la pièce.

Le Cid a été immédiatement accepté par la publique mais pas par les critiques littéraires; et il en a recoulté la fameuse querelle du *CID*. Mais enfin la beauté de la pièce a donné naissance à une expression flatteuse: "Cela est beau comme *Le Cid*."

IT'S IN THE STARS



You have a taste for gambling. Nothing in the world has more zest for you than placing bets on your own hunches — and you generally win! You are as intuitive as a cat. No one need tell you when there's a mouse in the corner. For this reason you are a life-saver in emergencies. You adore discussing people, but you're not a gossip. You have a philosophical bent of your mind which relishes character analysis. However you are not perfect, and your greatest fault is being too frank.

December 13 — December 20
December 13 —
Mary Best
Helen Vancannon
December 16 —
Betty Crook
Dorothy Davis
December 19 —
Jane Cannon
Eleanor Welch
December 14 —
Alene Harrison
Flossie Harrison
December 17 —
Ann Ewing
Margaret Ray

THEATRE CALENDAR

CAROLINA
Mon., Tues., Wed. —
"Seven Sinners"
Thurs., Fri., Sat. —
"Dr. Kildare's Crisis"

STATE
Mon., Tues. —
"Pastor Hall"
Wed., Thurs. —
"Hidden Gold"
Fri., Sat. —
"Cherokee Strip"

FORSYTH
Mon., Tues. —
(To be booked later).
Wed., Thurs. —
"My Love Came Back"
Fri., Sat. —
"Mexican Spitfire Out West"

COLONIAL
Mon., Tues. —
"Flowing Gold"
Wed., Thurs. —
"World in Flames"
Fri., Sat. —
"Return of Wild Bill"

BARD'S BOX

IF I HAD STARS

(Consolation on Christmas Shopping)

If I had stars instead of copper coins
I'd spend them all more lavishly than gold
I'd buy a moon the shade of lemon pie
I'd buy a fire to shut away the cold.
New tape to mend his broken pipes for Pan,
A rainy night, and benches in the park,
And rows of dreams put up in jars
Like jellies are . . . and one lamp for the dark.

And bright new words for all the rhymes I write,
A few old songs I'd like to hear again.
Some cups for tea, an amber shade or red,
A frosted cake for dinner now and then.
If I had stars the things I'd buy are many . . .
I can't do much . . . I'm shopping on a penny!

—Helen Welshimer, "Singing Drums"

RADIO PROGRAMS

Saturday, December 14, 1940.

The Masked Ball by Verdi. This is the second opera presented by the Metropolitan for its Saturday matinee. WJZ 2-5.

Arturo Toscanini conducts the NBC Symphony Orchestra. WJZ—9:35-11 P. M.

program
Symphony in D minor Frank
Ballade, Polnaise Viextemps
Nocturne, "Colombe" Franchetti
Second Rhapsody Enesco

CHANCE FOR EDITOR?

Judging from the conversation to follow, maybe our editor does stand a chance:
"What have you done," Saint Peter asked,
"That I should admit you here?"
"I ran a paper," the editor said,
"At my school for one long year."
Saint Peter pityingly shook his head,
And gravely rang the bell,
"Come in, you poor thing, select a harp,
"You've had your share."

COULD IT BE CHRISTMAS?

(The poet requests that his identity be kept silent, however, he couldn't object to our saying that —
From being at classes several times
He gets his information
A tall and dark professor, he
With legal inclination. —Ed's Note).

The attendance on class appears to be normal
And the teachers' lectures are prodigiously formal,
But the minds of the "students" are miles apart
Dreaming of loved ones who are close to their heart.

The library's chairs are little used
And the books therein are scarcely pursued —
Except, of course, when a paper long due
Must be hastily finished with a reference or two.

Out on the campus there is a continual clatter
Of exuberant laughter and holiday chatter,
Suggestions galore for the girls, and kids' toys,
But what on earth can we get for Dad and the boys?

Back in the room studies remain forgot
As into the session come Margie and Dot;
Around home, the boys, and sports, and dancing
The conversation revolves, amazingly entrancing!

Letters from home bring keen anticipation
Of parties and dances and other recreation,
And calendars are posted, marked with care,
Showing the days intervening between us and "there."

Thus, Time drags on, as though pulling uphill
With a heavy load and a lagging will;
'Til suddenly the crest, THE day, is at hand,
When — wish! One and all, they miraculously disband.

Now Time tumbles swiftly, headlong downhill
Rushing heedlessly, carelessly — just won't stand still.
The old year passes; the new year comes,
And good-byes are kissed in hundreds of homes.

Could it be — could it have been Christmas?

THE "Y's" WORK



As in other years, the Social Service Committee of the "Y" is giving Christmas baskets to the Burge family and also to the laundresses of the college.

The balloons used to decorate the gym for dance Saturday night were taken to the small children at The Children's Home.

In the "Y" room there is a Christmas tree, under which gifts, both old and new, are put which will be distributed to families by the "Y."

Patronize our advertisers — you've gotta shop somewhere!

NOTE

This week's Salemite was edited by Carrie Donnell, associate editor for 1940.