

# The Salemite

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## GIRLS — AND WHAT SOMETIMES GOES ALONG . . .

"Gossiping girls" — it simply doesn't sound right, does it? Yet today, gossiping has become one of the most common past-times of all girls. Since "news-budgeting" is heart-breaking as well as common we may do well to ask ourselves a question — What Makes People Gossip?

### Gossiping Makes Us Feel Superior

Each one of us wants to feel that she excels in some way. Most of us are not willing to pay the price of being superior whether as a swimmer, musician, artist or cook. So we seek short cuts. Talking about people is an easy way. For when we set ourselves up to judge other people and then to deliver our judgments, we have made ourselves superior to them. To say damaging things about others seems to parade our own goodness or skill.

### Often We Think That Letting People In On Something Makes Us Solid With Them

"I'm telling no one but you," Ever hear it? And then there usually follows something that need scarcely be said at all, perhaps something that will, however, hurt someone's reputation or feelings. We do this gossiping because we want a hearing and this seems to be an easy way to get it. Pitiful. For friendships built on swapping "juicy bits" usually end in bitterness.

### There is Drama in Gossip — Something Doing

Perhaps this is why a simple story will often acquire "trimmings" so rapidly. Each addition makes it more dramatic.

### Gossip Gives Us a False Sense of Power Over Others

We truly do have people at our mercy more or less when we gossip about them. Sometimes, when we feel life has been unfair to us, we can find nothing else to do about it, so we start out to get even by hurting other people. It sounds terribly cruel when we put it down in cold print. But then, most gossip is terribly cruel. Is the sense of power it gives worth the price it costs? Is it worth the price of sacrificing another's personality? A personality which might, incidentally, be your own?

—E. J.

## AS WE MOVE INTO NEW QUARTERS . . .

. . . Why not have the old dining room made into a room for dating? With some comfortable sofas, a nickelodeon, and maybe a ping-pong table, it would be an ideal place to entertain a date. This would avoid the stuffiness of the game room and the interruptions of the campus living room.

During the week the room would be delightful for relaxation between classes and for entertainment on rainy afternoons. Wouldn't this use of the old dining room benefit more students than any other arrangement?

—M. R.

## OPEN FORUM

### DANCES

Fall Germans, and mid-winters at Chapel Hill; Military Balls and Ring dances at The Citadel, June week at West Point; Pan-Hell dances at Duke and Davidson. There is scarcely a week-end that passes without many Salem girls hurrying about to these college dances. But how do Salem girls compare these dances with Salem dances?

Rosa Lee Kirby "I like Salem dances in fact I prefer girl-break dances 'cause I can dance with whom I choose."

Libby Nelson, "I don't particularly like Salem dances . . . I prefer Davidson dances . . . brass buttons make me sore."

Frances Neal, "If I get stuck at a Salem dance that isn't my responsibility; but if I don't get stuck that's my good luck."

Barbara Lasley, "Well, it all depends on the date whether the dances is good. In general, I like Salem dances."

Betsy Spach (the girl that really gets around!) "They (Salem dances) are awfully exciting with the snaking and stuff . . . and the announcers!"

Eleanor Glenn, "I love Salem dances . . . we need more boys for the Junior Jamboree."

Marian Norris, "Salem dances are fine and I like to bring my own date."

Betty Yates (the transfer from Duke), "Salem girl-break dances puts me in the boy's place and I like the Salem dances. But I do like boy-breaks better."

One brown-hair Sohp., "Only one thing wrong and that is—they are girl-break dances . . . boys just don't like them."

Four girls in Clewell, while eating fruit cake, gave me some grand ideas. They all preferred boy-break dances and they would like to try a boy-break dance at Salem. They would particularly like to have a card dance . . . As one girl said "I could at least know whom I danced with!"

A timid little Freshman ventured forth with "formal dances are grand, but the informal dances are punk."

Jinnie Linn, "Personally I prefer boy-break dances, but there is a certain atmosphere about Salem dances that I do like."

Edith Horsfield, "We don't have enough dances—perhaps one every two weeks. I should like to see a boy-break dance tried at Salem; however I don't think it possible."

## IT'S IN THE STARS



Our heart beats in sympathy for those born under this sign. Every fine, staunch quality is yours, but you don't get all the credit you deserve. You refuse to polish up your gold to wake a good impression. There's not one hour of pretense in your whole head.

You have much secret pride and a tendency to melancholia. You should cultivate the happier side of life, and play in a more carefree fashion.

- Jan. 10 — Jan. 16  
Jan. 16—  
Jennie Dye Bunch  
Jan. 16—  
Jill Nierenberg  
Jan. 13—  
Mary O'Keefe  
Jan. 15—  
Helen Simmons  
Jan. 11—  
Ethel Stevens

## BARD'S BOX

### OH, TO LIVE BEAUTIFULLY

Oh, to live beautifully  
For my brief hour  
As does a wayside flower,  
Unperturbed by the strange brevity  
Of time allotted me;  
Undisturbed by the overshadowing shine  
Of tree and climbing vine;  
Bravely stemming the wind and the beating rain,  
Bowing and lifting again;  
Within me some strong inner force as bright  
As a poppy filled with light;  
My feet firm-rooted in the earth's good sod,  
My face turned toward God  
Yielding some fragrance down the paths I know  
A little while . . . then go  
As a flower goes, its petals seeking the ground  
Without a cry or sound,  
But leaving behind some gold seed lightly thinned  
To blow upon the wind.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

## BOOK REVIEWS



### The Brothers Karamazov By Fyodor Dostoyevski

(translated by Boardman Robinson)

The Brothers Karamazov was the last work produced by one of the world's greatest writers. Hugh Walpole pronounced it "the greatest novel the world has yet seen," and no less an authority than Arnold Bennett has confirmed his judgment. It is not a pretty story. Few pretty stories came out of 19th century Russia. A country of inconceivable poverty and black despair on the one hand, of glittering wealth and complete degeneracy on the other; a country where nobody breathed but by permission of the Czar, it was completely rotten. This is the background of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The characterizations of the three brothers and their father are to be wondered at. No one but a great writer and a true Slavophile could have created such figures. Mitya, the spend-thrift, addicted since youth to wine and women; Ivan, the student and professed atheist, laughing at the world and tender, simple-hearted youth, overflowing with compassion for all man-kind. These are the brothers Karamazov, sons of a sensuous old sinner, Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov. Dostoyevski looked into the soul of each and bared it to us, showed us each one's struggle against life and why the outcome could not have been other than it was. This idea that man's destiny is determined by his intrinsic qualities often finds expression in Dostoyevski's work. This impression of doom coupled with the hazy, almost Oriental mysticism so typical of Dostoyevski would create a horrible depression in his readers were it not for his subtle humor of man's little failings.

It's quite impossible to explain the feeling that this great novel inspires. Who wants to? Read it. Read all of Dostoyevski. The man has that understanding, that wisdom of heart which we are always looking for that we may learn how to live.

—A. R.

### RADIO PROGRAM

SATURDAY—JAN. 11, 1941  
WJZ.—2 to 5 p.m.

Metropolitan Opera presents Verdi's "Il Trovatore."  
WJZ.—9:35 to 11 p.m.

NBC Symphony Orchestra Alfred Wallenstein, conductor.

PROGRAM  
Symphony No. 5 in B flat, Schubert.

Symphony Classique, Prokofieff.  
Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Sibelius.

## THE "Y's" WORK



### UP FROM THE CROWD

"Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,  
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;  
We look at the millions that make up the state,  
All equally little, all equally great,  
And the pride of our courage is cared.  
Then life calls for a man that is larger than men,  
There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement—and then  
There arises a man who is larger than men,  
And this man comes up from the cowed.  
"The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,  
The little small days of small things still go on;  
The world seems no better at sunset than at dawn,  
The race still increases its plentiful spawn,  
And the voice of confusion is loud.  
Then the Great Deed calls for the Great Man to come,  
Though the crowd, unbelieving, sits fearful and numb,  
But the Great Deed is done, the Great Man is come—Aye, and this man comes up from the crowd."

—Author Unknown.

## LE COIN FRANCAIS

Anatole France

Anatole France, un des plus grands écrivains contemporains, célèbre dans le monde entier, est né à Paris en 1844 et il est mort à Tours en 1924. Il appartenait à un group d'écrivains qui aimait beaucoup la science; par conséquent, il a montré une attitude fataliste. Il a étudié l'humanité et il a écrit des livres sur des questions politiques, sur des problèmes sociaux, et sur des questions philosophiques. Son savoir est universel, son style d'une merveilleuse perfection. Il excelle à manier l'ironie.

Anatole France n'avait pas de religion. Il était sceptique et pas Chrétien; il était plutôt païen. Parmi ses nombreux ouvrages, les plus universellement appréciés sont probablement: *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, et *L'Ile des Pingouins*.

SUNDAY—Jan. 12, 1941  
WABC.—3 p.m.

Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor.

PROGRAM  
Symphony No. 3 in G minor, Roussel.

Symphony No. 1 in D, Mahler.