

# The Salemite

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### STICK TO THEM

We have all heard, time and time again, "Keep off the grass," and "Walk only on the paths," but few of us heed these remarks. Indeed, most of us keep right on taking short cuts to the Science Building, to the Practice House, etc. We have a sufficient number of walks on the campus to make it unnecessary for us to get off of them. Of course, there are times when we might be late to lab, and just have to cut across the grass, or sometimes we might be late to meals, and are tempted to run up the bank, outside of Clewell, to get to the dining room sooner. But if everyone did that, how would it look? There would soon be a thousand little paths all over the campus, leading to no place in particular, and marring the beauty of it all. Let's show enough respect for the beauty of the school to stick to the walks from now on.

### WANTED

Freshmen and new girls, we're still inviting you to try out for the editorial staff of the Salemite. Don't think that you have to write a thesis or a masterpiece, but just let us read any little original composition that you may have on hand. When you are on the staff you can work in any field that you choose. Maybe you're a champion hockey player; then help us get an accurate account of the games. Perhaps you like music; then you can report concerts. You may write poetry, collect gossip take chapel notes or submit a feature. We need various types of girls with wide interests to make our school paper versatile and well rounded. Here are a few secrets that will interest you. All staff members this year get lovely Salemite stationery free, and we can have a copy of the paper sent to a friend each week. Now there are whispers too, about a party or dinner later this year.

If you are a winsome saleslady with an interest in the business side of the paper, your place is on the business staff. You don't have to write a theme for this. All that you have to do is to tell us that you're ready to collect ads, and we'll put you to work.

With an enthusiastic group of reporters and the many new ideas which she will obtain at the meeting of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association this week, our editor will be able to make our fifty-nine year old Salemite instructive and interesting.

A peanut stood on a railroad track  
His heart was all a flutter  
The 3:45 came rumbling by  
Toot! toot! Peanut butter.

Prof: "What part of speech is woman?"  
Smartie: "She's not a part — she's all of it."

Live within your means and be happy — if you have to borrow the money to do it on.

### UNDERGRADUATE FOURTH ESTATE TO MEET

Allentown, Pa. (NSFA) — Two-hundred undergraduate delegates representing the thirty-five college papers in the Intercollegiate Newspaper Association will meet at Muhlenberg on November 13 and 14 at their annual conference. Entertainment instead of the customary copy will be provided by the Lehigh football game, speeches by nationally

### THE KAMPUS KAT

Sarah Pinkston can't seem to get her Bo's straight when Billy is around. From the looks of her battered face she must have had difficulty keeping them in line.

Worthy Spence seems to be having double trouble too these days. At least she gets letters post marked Wake Forest in two different hand-writings — it looks suspicious.

Helen McArthur waited so long on South Hall steps Saturday morning that I thought she was stood up but she fooled us.

I wonder if Emma Brown has any other cause for Thanksgiving in Alabama than brotherly love.

Why did Mary Thomas leave the dinner table so hurriedly Saturday night? Could she have thought that Carolina Dick was telephoning?

Have you gotta be a football hero to suit Lou Preas? I don't know cause while one love fought on the gridiron at V. P. I. and another did his best for South Carolina, Lou trucked down to Duke.

Bill is whatta gal. She even keeps her sister's dates — six hours longer than expected.

Of course, it may have been the Georgia Tech defeat that made Pinky Wyatt cry crocodile tears at the game last week-end, but the Kampus Kat heard that it was because no Caravan cuties showed up.

Forest Mosly was all in a dither this week-end. Her home-town heart throb came — local boy makes good!

Dot Burnette went home to tell her Ray-of-Hope that he was still champion.

It must be a pretty cute lad who can get Key out of the shower to talk to him over the phone.

### WHY STUDENTS ATTEND COLLEGE

Lincoln, Neb. — (ACP) — Do you know the predominant reasons that students attend certain universities? Surveys on this subject are always interesting even though they may not always be scientifically accurate.

Dr. S. M. Corey, professor of educational psychology and measurements at the University of Nebraska, made an extensive study of this question in so far as his own institution was concerned, and these were the answers, in the order listed: Recommendation of high school teachers and administrators.

Proximity of the university to the student's home.  
Family influence.  
Prestige of the institution.  
Economy.  
Availability of desire courses.  
Influence of friends.

"Of the seven students who gave 'influence of athletics' as their reason," says Dr. Corey, "five rank in the lowest psychological test and none in the highest."

### ALL IN FUN

Collegiate verse—  
My love have flew  
Him done me dirt  
I did not know  
Him were a flirt  
To you unschooled  
Oh let me bid  
Do not be fooled  
As I was did  
He have came  
He have went.  
He have left I all alone.  
He never come to I  
I can never went to he  
It cannot was

Now I lay me down to rest  
Before I take tomorrow's test  
If I should die before I wake  
Thank gosh, Ill have no test to take.

famous pundits, banquets and dances. The conference will be held under the auspices of the Muhlenberg Weekly.

# AT RANDOM

XXVI.

A secret told  
Ceases to be a secret then.  
A secret kept —  
That can appall but one.  
Better of it  
Continual be afraid  
Than it and whom  
You told it to, beside.

—Emily Dickinson.

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XXVII.

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us — don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

—Emily Dickinson.

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### THE PHILOSOPHER

And what are you that, missing you,  
I should be kept awake  
As many nights as there are days  
With weeping for your sake?

And what are you that, missing you  
As many days as crawl  
I should be listening to the wind  
And looking at the wall?

I know a man that's a braver man  
And twenty men as kind,  
And what are you, that you should be  
The one man on my mind?

Yet women's ways are witless ways,  
As any sage will tell, —  
And what am I, that I should love  
So wisely and so well?

—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

### "I'VE GOT THE DULL SUNDAY BLUES"

We all agree that Sunday afternoons are the longest and emptiest at Salem — (we might even venture to insert the adjective "boring" if no teachers are in sight). Moreover, there are few of us who haven't seen the signs advising "Travel with Books" and "The Magic Carpet of Reading." I scoffed, too — as if we didn't see enough of books six-sevenths of every week!

But recently my sceptical remarks about such advice have changed into stammering approval, stammering as one does when he finds suddenly, that he is in the wrong in regards to a subject about which he has argued dogmatically for months.

If, of a Sunday, you wish yourself miles away from college in one afternoon you can spend "Six Years in the Malay Jungle" with Carveth Wells. Just try cutting your way clear across the native state of Peking, or across the Sudan Swamp, out of reach of railroads, roads and clod-storage food, and see if you return the same bored person. Or if, perhaps, you feel as dull and gray as the Sunday rain, crawl under a comfort and read the first page of Clarence Day's "Life With Father," and before you finish — for you certainly will be unable to miss a page — your laughs will have your covers, and you, on the floor. And Clarence Day will have restored your sense of humor.

This sounds like the proverbial Indian tonic that will cure everything from headaches to rheumatism; but I guarantee it is an infallible remedy for Sunday blues.

### EVOLUTION:

Freshman—"I don't know."  
Sophomore—"I'm not prepared"  
Junior—"I don't remember"  
Senior—"I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

### AN INTERESTING HOBBY

An interesting hobby is collecting book dedications. Glance through your books and see to whom they are dedicated and in what manner. Here are a few chosen at random: "The American Orator," published in 1811: "To the youth of America, with a view to their general excellence in knowledge, taste, and virtue, the following compilation is respectfully inscribed."

"The Book of American Poetry," edited by Edwin Markham: "Dedicated to the poets of all ages and of all lands, Who heard through the roar of mortal things, The Gods' immortal whisperings— Saw the world-wonder rise and fall, And knew that Beauty made it all."

"Letters of John Wesley" edited by George Eayrs: "To the dear and sacred memory of my mother, a mystic and a Methodist who conquered like Wesley by prayer and holy song."

"Life of Robert E. Lee," by Hamilton: "To T. G. De R. H., Jr. and A. T. H., citizens thanks to Lee, Lincoln, and Grant of an undivided country."

"Rhymes," by James Whitcomb Riley: "With hale affection and abiding faith these rhymes and picture are inscribed to the children everywhere."

"The Weavers," by Gilbert Parker: "Beautiful and Beloved, this to you."

Laugh and the world laughs with you;  
Cry and you streak your rouge.