

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

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1936 Member 1937
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributors of
Collegiate Digest

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

HERE'S TO THE FRESHMEN!

It's a long trek back from lazy summer days and somewhat less indolent nights of "big appling," to the routine and the oiling up of rusty brains and rusty fingers — to new books and old friends. Seniors are looking forward to the glorious culmination of some sixteen years of acquiring an education; juniors have undoubtedly returned with sunburn and heartburn; sophomores are reveling in the secure feeling of being "old girls" familiar with campus life; and the freshmen are anticipating with mingled fear and excitement the years ahead.

And to these freshmen, the sophomores, juniors, and seniors, who have not forgotten their initiation into college life, want to extend a friendly hand; we are glad to have you with us!

—P. B.

SUGGESTIONS PLEASE

Last May the Salemite Staff took over the job of publishing the paper with determination in our hearts. It was our desire and aim to improve the Salemite and make it a truly representative paper, covering all the numerous activities and organizations on the campus. In order to do this the staff was enlarged and new features added. However we still feel that there is room for improvement and we will welcome all of your suggestions. The Salemite is your paper — So let's have your paper the way you want it.

—M. M.

COLLEGE A LA COLLEGE SHOP

(By Julia Preston our Washington Correspondent)

Working in a big department store around "College Shop" time certainly gives one a new perspective on college life in general and college girl in particular. I never realized how different and strange business people regard college students. To a buyer and salesgirl particularly, nothing is stranger than these creatures wandering about campuses and running off on football week-ends, called college girls.

They think all of college life is centered around the word "casual." When fall rolls around this word is

heard in a store even more often than expressions like "OK," "yeah," and other hackneyed phrases. Anything from a \$98 topcoat to a toothbrush, if the word "casual" can possibly be applied to it — is put immediately in the "college shop." The store frequently passes off a lot of last winter's stock by describing it as either "casual" or "classic." The poor freshman, who have read the fashion editors' ultimatum to have clothes of "classic simplicity" and "casual chic," fall for this line easily.

A buyer said that each year she bought two types of college clothes, one kind for the upper-classmen who knew exactly what they wanted, and were not fazed by any "casual" sales talk, and another for the fresh-

"Y" NEWS

Y. W. C. A. NEWS FOR FRESHMEN

Freshmen! Attention! Here are the facts about a certain Scavenger Hunt that we hear is to take place this week-end. You can fill in the details after it's over.

Saturday night 8 o'clock.
Recreation room of Louisa Wilson Biting building.

Come prepared to cover the campus from one end to the other. A flashlight might help.

Wear warm clothes, old shoes, and socks.

After finding all of the required articles, come back to the recreation room for — well, come and see for yourself.

JEST THOUGHTS

You know, when I received a letter telling me that the rooms in Alice Clewell had been done over, I could not help but wonder just how much doing over had been done. The condition, pardon me, the sad condition in which some of us left our rooms defied even Shampoo, the great magician, to do anything about it. But let's cross our fingers and hope that some master craftsman figured out a way in which he could remove the traces left by some erring student who thought that the way to spend Sunday afternoon was by hammering ten penny nails into the walls to hang a two by six inch picture of her current heart throb. Me, myself, and I have done our own share of the wall beating, but we must admit that we shed a sigh, (tears are soo-oo messy), for the poor gal who drew our ex-room. That is why we have reached the decision that now with a clean wall to work on, we are going to do our lady-like best to take our vengeance out on the tennis courts, or else where, to give it a beating. The balls bounce but you will find that the plaster in the walls doesn't.

So let's go Salemites, let's show our selves that we do appreciate good looking rooms by proving that we are able to take care of them.

men who were, on the whole, terrifically gullible. Of all the customers a store has, college freshmen are considered the "best suckers." "Why we can sell them anything, by just saying their popularity depends on it," remarked one very successful "college shop" sales girl. The only time she ever saw a campus was riding by George Washington U., on the bus going to work.

There are college girls in the shop, but as a rule they don't sell. All they do is lounge around in sweaters, pearls and beer jackets, and try to look "casual" and "collegiate."

This year a smart advertising manager though up the idea of conferring on the "girl advisors" in the shop, the store's own degree — B. S. Bachelor of Smartness. To earn this degree in your own college — as any other degree — you had "Requirements" and "Electives." The requirements were such articles as a sport coat, sweaters, skirts, dress clothes, oxfords, bath robe, etc., and the electives were mostly things for festive occasions with a pair of angora socks thrown in here and there. The freshmen, with a copy of "Vogue" in one hand, seriously checked and re-checked their own list of belongings against these two lists.

"But the upper-classmen — They are a determined bunch" said one buyer. "If you don't have what they want, they'll go somewhere else even if you make them Ph. D. of Chic." She went on, with all the sales people agreeing heartily, "They're beyond me — Take a nice child who has been wearing exactly what her mother and I picked out for her, and send her to college one year — Mercy! Colleges are strange things."

Neighbor: Do you believe in higher education?

Father: Well, from the letters we get from our boy in college, it couldn't be much higher!

MOTHER'S DAILY DOZEN

Sept. 14th.

Dear Diary,
I'm so excited! Tomorrow I go to Salem Female Academy! My horse-hair trunk is already packed with middy blouses and skirts and my new traveling clothes are all laid out. There's my new navy coatsuit with the inner lining, my lovely wide brimmed hat with the plumes and red poppies, the new shirtwaist with that adorable little crocheted collar to be button under my black string tie, my black cotton stockings with the dropstitch, and my high topped shoes. Let's see, I believe that's everything — Oh yes, my new garters with the bows, and of course, my long union suits and three petticoats. I must get up early in the morning in order to have time to arrange my pompadour and help pack my things in the buggy. Papa will take me to meet the train in Sanford.

Sept. 15th.

Diary, dear,
Perhaps I'm just not the college type. The teachers are all sterner than a funeral procession; this alcove is bleak and seary looking; my alcove mate hasn't come; there isn't but one stove and I'm freezing to death and besides, my throat hurts. Oh, I wish I were home!

After an all day ride, Mr. Pfohl met us Salem girls at the station in a chartered street car. The street car brought us right up to the door of Main Hall (the big building that isn't Junior Hall), where some maiden ladies met us. Miss Lehman and Misses Lou and Sally Shaffner are all nice but strict.

Tonight, here I am in Junior Hall. It is one tremendous room curtained off into alcoves. There is no closet and only one chiffonier. With the beds. There's hardly room to turn around (we are supposed to study in Main Hall). Miss Vest, the room-keeper, keeps walking by, just daring anyone to whisper. Well diary, since we signed up for my bath there's nothing left to do but say my prayers and go to bed. Oh, my throat hurts!

Sept. 30th.

Dearest Diary,
I was all wrong about Salem. Since my tonsillitis is cured and I'm out of the infirmary (the infirmary is the building over behind the children's home and the church), things begin to look brighter. My alcove mate is darling.

I know I am going to like music under Professor Shirley. I never thought I liked Latin but that was before I studied it under Bishop Rondthaler — he is the sweetest man!

Oct. 3rd.

Diary,
It is all I can do to smuggle my giggles yet but I'm still trembling. Someone pushed my alcove mate's bed out into the hall just as Miss Vest came. My alcove mate pretended to be asleep, but when she tried not to laugh, she snorted which was worse. Boy, was Miss Vest mad! She accused me of pushing the bed and gave me a demerit. That means I won't get my Golden 4 this month and it wasn't even my fault! Oh, well—

Oct 5th.

Brother came to see me this evening. Miss Sally sat with us in the parlor of the president's home.

Oct. 6th.

Diary, dear,
You know how it is. The food is wonderful but with a teacher at both tables in the dining room, I'm embarrassed to ask for "more" too many times. Even the soda crackers I carry out in my blouse don't last long. Tonight we had ice cream for supper and I knew there was some left over. Tonight, therefore, about ten o'clock, after everyone was asleep a few of us slipped downstairs, around the dining room and off to the kitchen. We brought the ice cream back in pillow cases and ate it with shoehorns — not fancy serving, but it fools Miss Vest.

Oct. 15th.

Diary,
Basketball at Salem is no longer a mere rumor! The court has been

IMPRESSIONS OF A SALEMITE

(The first set of impressions were those of a freshman during the early befuddled days of the fall term.)

I've never seen so many people... wonder where everybody's going? They all seem to be going somewhere — but I certainly am not. I don't even know whether I could find my own room or not! Everybody knows everybody else — I know Miss Lawrence and my roommate — when I see them. Wonder what all these bells are for — the last thing I heard last night was a bell and the first thing I heard this morning too. I guess my big sister will tell me everything and solve all my problems for me though. She said if I wanted her anytime she wasn't with me to just "come up on second and yell." But I'm kinda scared to go up there and holler. I don't know who's who yet — why I tried to get friendly with a darling looking brunette and she turned out to be an English professor — Mrs. Downs or somebody. I don't get what all these teachers say around here. I do know that Dr. Rondthaler is the president of Salem College. I guess it was Dr. Rondthaler that read the Bible and talked to us this morning in Chapel. Gosh! he sure does talk in long sentences — I got lost trying to keep up with him. I reckon I'll get used to it though. Ump — college life surely is complicated!

(The second record of impression are those of a sophomore returning to Salem in September.)

Boy, it really is good to be back in school. I believe Larry was right glad to see me at that. I sho' am glad to see everybody again. Good to hear those old bells ringing too — now at least I know what time it is for a change. Dot is really the roommate for me — by the way we've got to go over to Mr. Snaveley's and get some more pictures and stuff. Happy day I'm not scared of Dr. Willoughby anymore and I can keep almost up with Dr. Rondthaler in chapel. I can't wait to sing "Standing at the Portal" again. It sort of does something to you. I'm itching to play hockey too — I won't be soo-oo afraid of Miss "At" either. Well at least I got all my courses straightened out — this time last year I didn't even know what half the names of the courses meant. I know what my major is too — for a change. It feels good to go out and see all the old familiar places around the campus — and the familiar faces like Mr. Snaveley, and Miss Anna cutting her flowers, and Mr. Anderson driving up in his old Packard. Well — it's grand to be here and have everything running along in the same old smooth way. Ho-hum!

The street was thronged with thousands of hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly, a woman's cry rose shrilly above the noise of the passing throngs. "Give me air," she cried. The crowds gasped and stood aside and a woman triumphantly drove her car, with one flat tire, into the filling station.

built! We will wear long black woolen bloomers and middies with white braid and sailor collars. The court is out-doors rather than in the gymnasium under the dining room.

Oct. 16th.

My throat hurt a little again today. The nurse said that I'd been washing my hair too often. She advised me not to shampoo it oftener than once every three weeks.

Oct. 27th.

Dear Diary,
We had a grand time tonight. We slipped out on the roof of Main Hall to have a feast. We had potted ham, crackers, parched peanuts, pickles, cream puffs, eclairs, and Miss Winkler's French cookies — yum, yum.

Oct. 31st.

Studied at Lover's Leap this afternoon. You know, diary, the longer I stay at school the better I like it. If I ever have a daughter, she will certainly come to Salem. When she is in school here, there may be new buildings and fine improvements but I'll bet she will still study and laugh and cry in some of the same places that I have and she will love the same haunts that I love.