

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

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-In-Chief Elouise Sample
Business Manager Helen Smith

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
Music Editor Laura Bland
General Editor Alice Horsefield
Sports Editor Cornelia Wolfe

Assistant Editors:—
Florence Joyner Mary McColl

Staff Assistants:—
Anna Wray Fogle Helen Totten
Peggy Brawley Emma B. Grantham
Helen McArthur Margaret Holbrook
Sara Harrison Sara Burrell
Mary L. Salley Helen Savage

FEATURE DEPARTMENT
Feature Editor Maud Battle
Staff Assistants:—
Mary Turner Willis Josephine Gibson
Mary Thomas Evelyn McCarty
Cramer Percival Leila Williams
Mary W. Spence Betty Bahnsen
Cecilia McKeithan

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
Assistant Business Manager Edith McLean
Advertising Manager Prather Sisk

ADVERTISING STAFF
Peggy Bowen Virginia Taylor
Rebecca Brame Mildred Troxler
Virginia Carter Elizabeth Winget
Grace Gillespie Germaine Gold

Circulation Manager Pauline Daniel
Exchange Manager Bill Fulton
Associate Exchange Manager Frances Watlington
Assistant Circulation Manager Elizabeth Piper
Assistant Circulation Manager Helen Cox

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

OPEN DOORS

At the beginning of the year "Standing at the Portals" has a different meaning for each class. To the Freshmen it calls forth the image of visits to strange places where new people ask you in to see curios and to hear unfamiliar stories. The upper-classmen visualize a home-coming when you meet old friends, talk over "good ol' days" and find again beloved walls and places. The Seniors feel the sadness of a last visit. Our classes are standing outside while the faculty and school are within, ready to receive us.

During this year we shall be inside the doors. Shall we work or play? The choice is ours. May the portals we have entered lead us to greater doors of opportunity. Our "Standing at the Portals" at the end of the year should not mean farewells and closed doors but the crossing of larger thresholds which have been our goals throughout the year.

—F. J.

SALEM — OUR UTOPIA

We who wish, as did Ulysses, "to follow knowledge like a sinking star" have found our mecca, the goal of our pilgrimage, at Salem. Living from day to day our simple life it is sometimes hard to realize what valuable years we are spending here.

We are girls, who, if it were necessary would be considered as adults and we would be earning our bread among adults in the rushing world. Instead, we are girls who are forming adult minds, and who have the responsibilities of children. Who are living indeed a life apart — reading, thinking and becoming finer people.

We do not worry about earning money for next week's food, we do not worry about the rent for next month — these are all provided for us so that we can study the great poets, master Greek, Italian or French, study Plato, Aristotle and Socrates. The environment is perfect here at Salem, among these ivy-walled and colonial buildings, to learn what men have thought and studied and left to inspire us to think. The atmosphere is perfect for us to absorb much, as much as we can of the great arts of the past and perhaps for one or two who have that celestial "fever at the core" to burst into flames because of these sheltered years spent in study and contemplation.

Truly, we have found our first Utopia. We have all dreamed of living someday in the perfect community, the perfect environment of James Hilton's Shangri-la or Coleridge's Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna. We should cease dreaming and delight in our Salem!

—A. H.

ON MAKING NO HEADWAY

If I've got to have a hat, I guess I had better find one now and get it over with. Let's see what this hat shoppe has — yes, I want something kinda green and kinda cute, but not too extreme. Well, you know what I mean — oh, you don't? Well, dearie, I'll try them all on and hope for the best — yes, I know this one's very smart because it's black and has a nice long wicked veil, but I believe I wanted something green — of course, everybody's wearing black! How well I know that cause I saw my Salem sisters going to church Sunday decked out in their very finest frills and practically all of them had on darling hats with veils. And the best looking suits and dresses I've ever seen — That's a darling hat, but I can't get used to high crowns with birds and beasts resting on top of them, even if they are straight from Paris, or Africa, or wherever they're from. Besides, it's dark blue, and if I remember correctly, I wanted a green hat — No, I don't need any berets today, thank you. My sister has one of every color so I manage to keep my head covered when I wear sport dresses. What I want is — Oh, you found a green hat! Lovely, isn't it, but it hangs down to my ears and I just don't believe it's my style. Brown is a very nice color, but you have no idea how I love green, especially green hats — Yes, I can easily see that this is a Scotch cap with streamers, but if you'll look closely, you'll see that it is merely resting on top of my head and looks more like a plaid peanut than a hat. So you think I'd look cute in a Shirley Temple bonnet! Well, let me tell you — You mean you actually found a green hat and only looked in 10 drawers? Remarkable! You found one all right, but since it's only \$19.50, I'll take one in all colors and two for the cook, golly, don't take me seriously! I think the weather is getting on my nerves. Suppose I come back next year and in the meantime you — You say you'll be on the lookout for a rust hat for me? Well, lady, I'll rust or bust or do something before I'll be caught in this hat shoppe again!

Good-day!

On Thursday night, September 23, at 6:30, the Woman's Auxiliary of the Home Moravian Church sponsored a Bar-B-Q. This is an annual event to which everyone is invited.

CAMPUS COURTESY

Emily Post seems to have covered rather completely the subject of social courtesies, of what to do and what not to do when you are out with your best beau; and never would I even attempt to add anything to what she has said. However, Salem has a kind of etiquette book too, an unwritten one, of course, which every Salem girl understands, and — it is to be hoped — follows!

Just as Emily Post says, the most thoughtful thing to do is the best thing to do, and the things which bother other people are the things which are bad manners. There are a number of things that you probably would not find in an Emily Post handbook, but which are nevertheless considered at Salem a part of every girl's etiquette, for instance, consideration of others in the library. That means no giggling, no whispering, no talking when other people are trying to study. This also applies to the classroom. You owe a certain amount of courtesy to your teacher, after all.

Then there is the room-mate problem. It's pretty hard, maybe, for two perfect strangers who have never seen each other before in their lives suddenly to be plumped down together in one little room and expected to live with each other for nine whole months without any squabbles at all. But a person can be a good sport about things — even room-mates. That's Salem courtesy.

There is also the question of attending class and club meetings. Sure, you have a lot of things to do just when you are supposed to be in Room 17 at 1:30. That's to be expected. But most of these things can wait, for it's awfully disconcerting to a class president to try to put over some important business when no one is at the meeting.

This could go on forever, but you know all these things, just as you knew the ones mentioned above. So come on, unpack that campus courtesy of yours and show Emily Post that she ain't got nothing on you!

—H. M.

AT RANDOM

My books lie on the sofa
And I lie on the floor:
I wish that I might loaf a
Little minute more.

My thoughts refuse to mingle, and
I'm murdered by fatigue,
So I think I'll go to England
And join the Primrose League.

Elinor Wylie, "Cri du Coeur."

LITTLE ELEGY

Without you
No rose can grow;
No leaf be green
If never seen
Your sweetest face;
No bird have grace
Or power to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

Elinor Wylie.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, — and then my state,
Like to be back at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That these I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare.

WHERE AND WHEN

A college student is like a gerose lamp: He is not very bright, smokes, usually gets trimmed, and often goes out at night.

To me the most fun about coming back to school is the getting-together and talking about what we did this summer, and in my usual wanderings in and out of everyone's room the first night of school, I heard a lot of jabbering and shouting about who went where, when and everything they saw. It seems as if the beaches were very popular places, for Dot Hutaff and Martha MacNair stayed at Morehead except for a few weeks when Dot went to Canada with Cocoa Henderson, and Martha went to New York. And Blevins Vogler and Lizzie Trotman say there is absolutely no place like Europe to spend the summer. (I'm not arguing). Caroline Pfohl also wandered far away from home to Maine Coast, while Myrtle Beach seems to have been a drawing card for a good many. Betty Bahnsen, Mary Kerr Culbreth, Frances Kale, Kate Pratt, Peggy Brawley, Mary Charlotte Nelme, Dot Wyatt and Betty Bahnsen, and a lot of others that I haven't heard about yet, Edith McLean and Emma Brown Granaham went to Montreat and report a grand time, and there was a regular Salem get-together in New Bern one day when Virginia Lee, Ada Suggs Harvey, Sarah Pinkston, Martha MacNair, Dot Wyatt, Mary Thomas, Kate Pratt and Mary Turner Willis appeared on the scene.

Peggy Rogers went to Washington (and also several other places, I heard), while Janice Raney went to Junaluska and almost all points in North Carolina. Sarah Pinkston, Worthy Spence, Mary Grier and Frances Turnage also took in Junaluska.

Peggy Bowen thinks Florida is really as grand as McCarty says, after she came back from there, and summer school as usual attracted a lot of people. I overheard Virginia Bruce Davis saying Duke was not half-bad. That's all I overheard that time for the lights blinked and that was one night I was glad to get in bed.