

The Salemite

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COME TO VESPERS

"Are Vespers required?"

"Well-I-I, no," the reluctant answer. Then, of course, a handful of people appear at the Old Chapel at 6:30 on Sunday night and, among these, only two or three new students. Why this lack of interest in Vespers? Perhaps you do not know about the interesting programs that are planned for you alone. Certainly that half hour after supper is not even spent in much bulling, so let's have a change of heart and some good old Salem spirit and come to Vespers!

—M. P.

PLACE: SALEM COLLEGE —
TIME: SUNDAY.

Sunday is the one day in the week in which our time is entirely our own, and it seems a shame that there are not more ways provided to make profitable use of this leisure. As we see it, unless you are lucky enough to have a date who will take you riding, there are only the following ways to spend your afternoons: 1. Studying. After devoting six other days in the week to shakespeare and French grammer, you do not relish the thought of spending the seventh the same way; 2. Walking. We do not know how you feel, but we know every stone and blade of grass on the way to the Moravian Cemetery, and have become quite familiar with tombstone epitaphs. There may be times when you would welcome a long afternoon to catch up on letter writing or reference reading, but there are many more when you become so bored with the peace and quiet, and so tired of looking at the same walls, the same trees, that you are ready to pack a suit case and leave for home.

There are probably good reasons for putting restrictions on Sunday golf and tennis, but we should think some form of exercise would make a more preferable way to spend a lovely, Sunday afternoon, than sitting in the library. We might be more partial to walking if the territory we were allowed to cover extended beyond too well known campus limits. Picnics and hikes would be a welcome relief (the expeditions to Blowing Rock last year on Sunday was a great success). Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest and relaxation. A lawyer would never consider a Sunday spent reading his law books, relaxation, and certainly this same reasoning should be applied to college student's activities.

—V. E.

It is better to give than to lend
—and it costs about the same.
—Sir Philip Gibbs.

She's like a photo — overexposed
and underdeveloped.—ED WYNN.

The ability to make love frivolously
is the chief characteristic
which distinguishes man from animals.—HARVEY CUSHING.

—Patronize Our Advertisers—

LE COIN FRANCAIS

Jusqu'au jourd'hui les Francais ont essayé d'être toujours démocratiques. Ce sont eux qui ont donné au gouvernement démocratique une de ses premières chances dans la Grande Révolution de 1789. De cette date, jusqu'a 1940, les Francais ont retenu cette démocratie— Il est facile de voir que puisque la France a chargé ses assemblees beaucoup de fois, elle a eu les expédients perpétuels dans les personnes qui sont ses présidents. Si le peuple n'avait pas eu d'opinion un politique, il n'aurait pas pu renvoyer les anciens présidents il en choisir de nouveaux presque chaque semaine. Ceux qui savent combien les Francais aiment la démocratie souffrent maintenant avec la France pendant qu'elle souffre sous l'oppression d'un dictateur.
—A. L. E.

MUSIC NOTES



RADIO PROGRAMS

Saturday, October 12, 1940.

10:00 P. M. WJZ:
NBC Symphony—Hans Wilhelm Steinberg, conductor.
program

Symphony in E Flat major, Mozart
Incidental music, "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
The Firebird Stravinsky

Sunday, October 13, 1940.

2:35 P. M. WABC:
New York Philharmonic Symphony—John Barbirolli, conductor.

9:00 P. M. WABC:
Symphony Orchestra—Fritz Reiner, conductor.
Jascha Heifitz, violinist.
Chorus.

IT'S IN THE STARS



OCT. 12 TO OCT. 19

- Oct. 19 — Mary Sue Briggs
- Oct. 18 — Rebecca Cozart
- Oct. 13 — Charlotte Denney
- Oct. 15 — Susan Dowling
- Oct. 15 — Sara Henry
- Oct. 18 — Jenny Linn
- Oct. 18 — Mary Phinney
- Oct. 18 — Aline Shamel
- Oct. 19 — Reece Thomas
- Oct. 13 — Normie Tomlin

LEAVES IN THE RAIN

Phantoms of the past,
Remembering summer,
The leaves drift down to barren earth.

Careless enchanter,
Forgetting yesterday,
Rain seeps gently into the soil.
Gone are bright patterns
And vanished the magic,
Broken the quiet of autumn's spell.
Oh, endless change,
Are all things touched by thee,
Overshadowed by thy spirit?
The rain falls, softly,
On the leaves
Through time and all eternity.
—(R. T.)

BARD'S BOX

Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learned is happy nature to explore;
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

(—from Alexander Pope — "Essay on Man")

GIRLS —

AS SEEN BY A SALEM CO-ED

Would you like to know what one of the three boys of Salem College thinks of the three hundred girls of Salem College? Of course the most outstanding thing at Salem is its girls. I suppose that is the reason why I cannot help but notice them. Many people have asked me whether or not I find it difficult to study with so many lovely girls around. In a way it is. In another way it is not because I never did care for girls in large numbers. I find it easier to give attention to one at a time.
Oh, I admit that it feels queer, at first, when I go into a room which is full of the opposite sex. Some of them will look up, speak, and then go on about their business. A few more will stare and then give forth some of the silliest grins that I ever hope to see. The rest will just stare.

The thing which makes me madder than anything else is the door situation. I never did mind holding the door open for one or two young ladies. I do not even mind holding the door open for three or four. But, it seems that every time I hold the door open for one girl at Salem College, there are at least twenty girls instead of the one.

There is one very interesting thing about the girls at Salem. You can divide them into about two dozen different types. I do not mean types of girls such as blonds, brunettes, and red-heads. The classification I mean has more to do with habits rather than color of hair; for example, the type that bite their finger nails and the type that saw the nails off with a file.

The glamour-girl type is just about the most amazing type that can be found. The first part of a class period is usually spent in surveying those freshly, over-painted, too deep-red things that might be called finger nails. The next half of the period is spent in pushing that beautiful, black hair up and twisting it around the finger (Most of the glamour girl type are brunettes). Oh, yes, they are always conscious of their exotic beauty, and of course they must always be ready to exhibit it.

In contrast we might glance at that type which looks as though she had just gotten out of bed. This type usually flops around in her seat with a shirt on which might remind one of Joseph's coat of many colors. It may be the style, but this business of not sticking the shirt tail in creates just about the sloppiest effect I have ever seen.

The most nerve-racking species is the "pig" type. I call them the "pig" type because they do more squealing than anything else. Those penetrating squeals just about make one's hair fall out rather than

stand on end. I like to see people have a good time, but the changing of classes at Salem College sometimes reminds me of the Chicago stock yards.

Oh, I could go on with the different types for several more pages, but what is the use? Here you will find at least some of the things one of the three boys at Salem College thinks about the three hundred girls.

To Maud Battle, '39, we extend our love and sympathy. Maud's mother, Mrs. Hugh H. Battle, died at her home in Rocky Mount last Saturday night.

SAYS AM-LET

To pass or not to pass
That is the problem.
Whether it is better in this school to go through
With the tests and books of ambitious teachers
Or take up arms against a flood of work
And, by playing around, ignore it!

To sleep! Perchance to dream!
Aye, there's the rub—For
In that sleep of idolence
what jolts may come
When we have shuffled
off the semester's toil . . .
(Editor's note—with excuse me and things to Mr. Shakespeare).

THANK YOU

A vote of thanks to the Steeges from the Student Body is in order after Monday's Game Frolic. The get-together was successful, enjoyable, and calls for more like it.

THEATRE CALENDAR

CAROLINA

Mon., Tues., Wed.—
"Hired Wife"
Rosalind Russell-Brian Aherne
Thur., Fri., Sat.—
"Howards of Virginia"
Cary Grant-Martha Scott

STATE

Mon., Tue., Wed.—
"Kit Carson"
Thur., Fri., Sat.—
"Hell's Angels"

FORSYTH

Mon., Tues., Wed.—
"Waterloo Bridge"
Thursday—
"Twenty Mule Team"
Fri., Sat.—
"Yesterday's Heroes"

COLONIAL

Mon., Tue.—
"Johnny Apollo"
Wednesday—
"Village Barn Dance"
Thursday—
"Passport To Alcatraz"
Fri., Sat.—
"Arizona Frontier"