

# The Salemite



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## LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

### ADJUSTMENT

To get adjusted to the world is after all the wisest aim. It won't adjust itself to us. For it was here before we came.

—“The Cheerful Cherub”

## THE SALEMITE WANTS

—to give a glad hand to you, kind reader, and invite you into the office opposite the green room.

—to congratulate the recipients of all the honors that were received during the summer.

—to announce a few vacancies on the staff and approaching try-outs for them.

—to go swimming and take a rest.

## THE CLOCK CHIMES

You are welcome, new girls and girls who have been here before. To make you feel that you are wanted here and that your place in school life is important, to be filled only by you, every organization and group has given you a sincere welcome and a friendly smile. It is because, old girls, the campus has missed you and is glad you are returning; because, new girls, the college wants students like you. Greetings come from Student Self-Government, Y. W. C. A., the publications, the Athletic Association, the clubs, the faculty, the classes, and all the many people who keep the college running in its proper groove. All these welcome you for yourselves, for it is proper that they should. But who shall welcome you for Salem—the Salem that is older and greater than any organization which lives within it?

High in its church tower the old Salem clock, as it beats off the minutes and strikes the hours, watches another school year begin. All through vacation it has remained at its duty, never failing to chime at every quarter hour, watching the college faithfully until the girls should return. It has watched young ladies in hoop skirts and poke bonnets alight from coaches to begin their first year at boarding school. Beneath its hands have passed, on their way to the alcoves, girls bedecked with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Through the periods of military coats, middy blouses, King Tut fashions, and Empress Eugenie styles it has dutifully continued to mark the time. As the years pass, it is but right that the old should give place to the new, muses the progressive old clock.

Today as it greets you, it sees the cut of your hair, and the tilt of your hat, marks the brightness of your smile, hears the tap of your oxfords against the brick walk, knows the height of your ambitions, and sympathizes in your defeats and your triumphs. As if has never forgotten the hundreds of girls who came before you, it will never forget you. From its high perspective the possibilities of strength and beauty that are yours appear greater than all your other traits.

That is the way Salem appreciates you and warmly gives you a welcome. Just as generations of girls have had faith in the old church clock, so the college has faith in you to take advantage of the opportunities it offers, to perpetuate its traditions and to be true to its ideals.

Do you like to nose for news, write a bit, or help to finance a paper? Think it over, because try-outs for vacancies on the *Salemite* staff are approaching. Get acquainted with the editors—friendly people.

## REVIEW OF 1932

O, you Freshie: Come here and let me show you a parade of celebrities, the greatest your bright young eyes have ever beheld. Before you the big bugs of Salem pass in review, making more racket and causing more disturbance than a Shriner's bugle corps on convention day. If you will stand beside me on the steps of Main Hall, you can have a good view without getting your toes stepped on. (For this brief time, I promise that the Sophomores will not disturb you.)

The pompous delegation clad in somber black is the Senior Class of 1932—Rah! rah! rah! If you feel overawed in their presence, remember that underneath that dark exterior there palpitates a kind, warm heart—so warm that if this ceremony doesn't soon end, the entire class will faint with the heat. When they were forced to leave their arrogance behind, and without it they are a little shaky. You know how it feels to begin something new. Give their Dignities a big hand to start the year right, and make them feel important. The girl at the head of the line is Emily Mickey. She's the president. Mickey can take the T out of TNT and add it to her power, or she can perform a thousand other wonders in the science lab. Her favorite sports are chauffering and playing guard in basketball, and her favorite fruit is raisins from a blue box. According to Mickey, she needs her iron for strength.

The trim, neat, tall, slender little girl with the long blond hair is the President of Student Self-Government, Mary Katherine Thorp. After you have passed the exam on the handbook, you may call her Katie. She is very much concerned about your table manners, and she will do anything for you from demonstrating the correct way to walk on brick sidewalks to drying your tears when you get oil onions or somep'n'. Katie (I've passed the exam, so you know that you can) has a wonderful memory for dates, either the Louisa-Wilson-Bitting-Building-parlor kind or 1492. Still, don't expect too much of her now, because her brain is in a whirl. And you, my dears, are the cause of it.

The distinction between Mary Katherine and Mary Catherine is very little until you know them. They were both born in August; if you believe in astrology, that accounts for the similarity. But honestly, now, would you think it would make both of them live in the same room, eat tuna fish, have blonde hair and blue eyes, hold head offices in Stee Gee, wear scorpion arm bands, and live

in a state of I've-got-more-to-do-than-I-can-ever-get-done? Mary Catherine's last name is Siewers, President of I. R. S., Vice-President of Student Self-Government, President of the Scorpions, and I've forgotten what else. Once somebody told her she looked like Jean Harlow, and she said, "Do you really think so? Well, do you? Since she planned Freshman Week and will have charge of the Saturday night entertainment, you might tell her so to show you gratitude.

No, darling, the cute little girl with the Campbell soup smile needs neither fresh air nor artificial respiration. Here she comes, declaring to the world, "I can breathe." And she can't unless you listen to what she's been up to lately. Notice that she broke out of line and walked toward the music building. Soon you will hear notes of rare beauty ring upon the walkin'. I could wax poet on listening to Mary B. Williams sing. Mary B. is President of Y. W. C. A. You can tell by the light in her brown eyes that she is capable of filling her position. She loves ballet and opera singers. If you want her to stand in her good graces, tell her you have been one and expect to be the other.

Trailing behind Miss Williams, her accompanist, roommate, and chieftain despair, Wanna Mary Huggins. Just a moment while she untwists her long tongue, and she will say a few words of greeting to you: "So you are new girls, and you are going to be here all year? O, I love that! I must come to see me. I'd love that! In Though Wanna sometimes forget, which end is up, she plays the piano more, makes more time on a date, and has more of them than any other from mate of Biting.

Here comes Louise Brinkley, for marking, "Typical," as she hates (Miss) to fasten the placket in Wannawou; skirt. Now she puts her chocolate almond sucker in her mouth and walks like a pigeon-toed. Isn't she nerdy? I really has the distinction of being the one with long-haired brunette in existence which can gambol on the green equally you well as she can work calculus. Do you know her math? Next year, *De Sights and Insights*—Lou is the editor—will be full of geometric ballz. ratters. Look out, or she will tagent, your picture. (B. T. B.)

Do you see the bobbed-hair blonde carrying the little red parasol? I heard a description of her the other day that is too good to keep: "If I saw a girl with her head in the clouds and her feet in the mud, it's Josephine Courtney." What that means, I least, (To Be Continued)