

The Salemite



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COSMIC THOUGHTS

The human race is full of folks Who do not care for drink or jokes;
Who do not like a lot of things; Who never but on less than kings;
Who like the books and plays I hate;
Who make me pay too high a rate
For food and rent and heat and light;
Who make me stay up late at night.
The human race, it may be said,
Makes some of us wish we were dead;
And yet I often wonder: Can it
Be better on some other planet?
—F. D. Adams.

Did you ever see a cuter looking crowd of girls than these who are visiting us this week-end? It is fun to entertain them.

Of all agreeable people at this school, Miss Stockton is the most obliging. If you hint one day that your favorite cake is gingerbread, you will have it, plus raisins, on the next day's menu. She simply does on pleasing people.

Did you ever hear about the Seethehoun who—But listen to this one: The Sophomores invited the Seniors to a Pop-Eye breakfast and Mary Pals Dance, and told them to bring their own May Poles. Can you beat it?

Next week is good-bye time, when the Senior campus leaders give their jobs over to the Juniors. They say they are glad to be rid of them—but we wonder.

THE SALEMITE SAILS ON

It was just a year ago that a newly elected editor and her staff assumed their duties somewhat timorously, launching upon their editorial career with an article called "Sail on, Salem." They were ambitious for a well-edited *Salemite* and hoped to produce something outstanding in the field of college journalism, yet they frankly disclosed their feelings in this statement: "It is with no unmingled feeling of importance that the newly elected editors accept their duties, but rather with hesitation and trembling fear lest they be incapable of meeting the demands that will be made of them."

Now the term of this editor-in-chief, the managing editor, and one associate editor is ended. Looking back over the past year, they see that they have accomplished nothing startling in journalism, for as the year progressed they learned that that was not their purpose. They have tried to learn and practice good newspaper style, to improve headlines and front page design, and to make the staff organization efficient. The business staff has been amazingly successful in their struggle with financial difficulties. With their efforts, however, they have not tried with other publications to have they followed the usual journalistic creed of relentlessly printing everything that happens. It has been the purpose of the *Salemite* to serve Salem—a small school with honor and traditions and family secrets. Because Salem is not so large but that news travels fast to every girl on the campus, some happenings it was best not to print. Then, some events which were old and stale by the time press time rolled around were put on the front page, regardless of their age, because one purpose of this paper is to serve as a current history for the college. When the social needed entertainment, they served for a banquet, the staff turned aside from news-hunting and printed a special banquet number. Editorial policy, the policy of the paper has been less censorious and critical, than to reflect student opinion. Whether complimentary or otherwise, the editorials have expressed, not the ideas of one editor but those of a majority. A staff could not have worked with better co-operation than they only did. They took their assignments seriously, seemed to enjoy the writing, and got them in on scheduled time. Thanks are due the Sophomores for the *Salemite*, and the Freshmen for the *Aprilis*, which were about the best issues of the year. The faculty have been most kind, not only in contributing bits of news, but in encouraging comments on the paper itself.

It is a great thing to run a newspaper, and it is a sad thing to give it up. Still, there can be little real regret when the paper itself goes sailing on, with a capable leader and a good staff to guide it. With the utmost confidence we turn over the *Salemite* to a competent editor and a clever business manager. And so, the *Salemite* sails on.

MAY DAY AND THE HOUSEPARTY

To the scores of sincere words of welcome which our guests at the May Day houseparty have received, we add a printed one for them to read and keep, to remember how much Salem enjoyed their visit. A most attractive and fit crowd of high school girls was never brought together on one college campus, and that makes it a memorable occasion.

This week-end marks the culmination of a year's work on the part of almost every girl on the campus. Since this is the first time that May Day was made an event in which the whole school took part, whatever success it had is a proof of student co-operation. Mary Louise Macy, chairman of the May Day Committee, not only worked long and faithfully herself, but proved great executive ability in making other ways to do their share of the work. Those girls who worked in the Wer Blue Inn, from which came the

SALEM

When youth's last hope has faded And the high things of life have past,
We'll turn in memory to Salem The thing we'll treasure till the last.
We'll remember the strength that she gave,
As we lived within her walls.
We'll forget that we've had to slave Within the world's cruel halls.

Salem may change with the years, Her spirit will be the same,
Praises will be sung by the seers In honor of her dear name.

When the nation is at its death Salem will still be strong.
There is no weakness or breath That can destroy the throng.

That worship at her altar of light, That hold her name on high,
We'll stand by her through the night Even to the birth of a new light.

money which financed May Day, showed loyalty in taking their places on schedule, to say nothing of their ability to prepare edibles. Every girl who patronized the tea room helped in May Day. As time drew near for the pageant, dancers and actors gladly answered Mary Louie's appeal to "throw other things aside and attend every practice that is scheduled." It was that willingness on the part of everyone which made May Day one of the great high spots of the college year.

I. R. S., that organization which this year has bloomed into a power on the campus, deserves commendation for the house party. From all the girls in the state who are interested in Salem, it was no easy task to select the finest ones and summon them to a week-end at Salem. All the year Mary Catherine Siewers, I. R. S. president, has been attending to the many details that were necessary, and with her the I. R. S. Council was working. Without a doubt they managed the most successful houseparty ever given here.

It has been a quiet, beautiful, and enjoyable session, with Salem campus at its best and Salem girls at their happiest. We hope, houseparty guests, that you like it.

THE FASHION PLATE



Summer always brings to us a picture of young girls in flowers, sheer organdy dresses with many ribbons and ruffles. This summer is no exception for it, on presents flowered organdy and printed organdies that are very smart and flattering when made into evening gowns and afternoon frocks. White starched chiffon is lively over a taffeta slip. Colors and white are both used in odd designs and patterns. Plaids, stripes and prints are worn, yet the material is chosen in such a way to give varied effects. In the way it is tucked the material or cut is the way one can express her own personality.

Some designers obtain shaded effects with prints, while others have the decoration for the dress printed on. Material is made now with a complete pattern on every five yards.

To match the fluffy dresses, gowns are made of organdy. Tulle jackets with huge filmy sleeves, or short ruffled organza capes are attractive with light evening dresses. To be very stylish, one should wear one of Antoine's new lacquered wigs, thus changing our hair with the costume.

Tailored clothes laid by day, even as the charming fluffy one do at night. Dark suits with white pique lapels and pique gloves and hat are extremely smart. Small hats with high crowns and little or no brims are best as they harmonize with the broad shoulder line which is very popular. Linen and cotton are the leading fabrics for Spring and Summer. In short jackets the newest thing is to have fullness in the back. Trim, tailored dresses may be softened by the addition of sheer white collars, kitten-hooves, or organdy flowers.

A VISIT TO A SALEM ALUMNA

(By Beanie Reid Shipp)
The day was just right—that is, just right for a transformation. The sunshine filtering through the tree leaves and the Easter lilies blooming in the yards—both made the afternoon a perfect setting for magical change. "A change?" you ask. Yes, a change; for soon I was to be transformed from a Salemite of today to a Salemite of yesterday.

I seemed to feel the transformation from a Salemite of today to a Salemite of yesterday. I seemed to feel the transformation already coming over me as I hurried up the snow-lined walk to the grand rambling house where old Mrs. Mull, who is old only in years, sits and dreams of the three years she spent at the Salem Female Academy. She herself answered my remark and it wasn't long after she began to reminisce that the magical change took place. I had become thirteen-year-old Alice Yount clad in the ruffles, hoods, and laces of the Civil War. I was in my own right, for I was jogging me along narrow winding country paths through regions made desolate by invading armies. I was on my way to a small Moravia, New York, in the little village of Salem. Behind me were my family, and everyone I knew and loved; before me . . . what?

But I needn't have feared. When, after the tiresome journey, I finally reached the great, shabby buildings and the great shabby trees seemed to say, "Welcome . . . welcome . . . welcome."

The whole atmosphere was one of peace. Salem was a world in itself—a world for every race, color and strain of all kinds; a world in which the white-robed Sisters were the guardian angels hovering protectively over the girls sent to Salem for education, for training, and for religious guidance, and for safety.

Immediately upon my arrival I was taken to a wide, long room which I was to share with twenty-three other girls. I did not take us long to get acquainted and when night came we were all the best of friends.

The next day another girl and I were appointed "day keepers." We had to carry water to the room, light the fires, and do other things, but somewhat painful duties. Our room had to be swept three times a day; our beds had to be made without a wrinkle marring the smooth surface of the old-fashioned counterpane, which was removed every night in order to be kept smooth and spotless. I was so glad that my mother had given me duties to perform at home. My training served me well Saturday.

I liked all of my studies—astrology, music, English Grammar, astronomy, history—and classes were a pleasure. My music book most of my time, but I loved to play. My first Saturday, the girls asked me to play the piano so they could dance. And how they danced! I kept only one eye on my music—the other was on the couples gilling gracefully on the floor.

Every Sunday and many times during the week, we went to church. Every where we went, even when going only to the dining hall, we managed two by two and a teacher led.

Soon my three years were over and once again an old coach was jogging me along narrow winding country paths, but this time I was going home . . .

An old battered clock on the mantel struck four, and I was brought back to the present with a start. Little Alice Yount had faded into the sunshine; in her place was little Mrs. Mull, who, seated in her rocking chair, was still reminiscing. . . . those days were happy ones. I love to think about them—about the people who made them joyous. 'Tis to about a year ago I corresponded with several of my roommates, but now the last one is gone. "I'd love to go back to Salem—I guess it's changed a lot since I was" (CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)



Week-End Travels In The Realm of Gold

One particular feature of Salem College of which the *Salemite* is unusually proud is the library. The observant reader has noticed that the periodical room and new accessions of the library have been getting continuous publicity, and now the *Salemite* takes great pleasure in introducing to the public and in presenting for its examination the vertical files.

Frequenters of the library have probably noticed a rather formidable metal case standing directly behind the desk, and some have perhaps speculated as to its general use in the institution. It is now identified as the vertical file. In it one can find anything about everything, or vice versa. Filed under headings that range from Alcohol to House furnishings, from the World Court to Lymphatics, are clippings, pamphlets and all sorts of reliable contemporary material which has not yet been printed in book form or periodical form.

There is a world of material on present day economic, social, and international conditions. History that is in the making or too young to merit a volume is well represented under its proper title. Publishers' often compile booklets giving dependable material, biographical and critical, on contemporary authors. All this the librarian has carefully filed. The material is so varied that it would really take an entire issue of the *Salemite* to give it the mention it deserves.

One advantage is that the file is always up-to-date. As soon as the material is duplicated in book or magazine form, it is removed from the file. Whenever new articles are added the librarian gives the file a complete house cleaning, and anything considered unnecessary, unauthentic, or duplicated is weeded out. It is ephemeral material, which supplements primarily the periodical literature. When the pamphlets and clippings become too numerous for the file they will be placed in a pamphlet box, catalogued, and given a place on the regular shelves.

The way we can most truly show our appreciation to Miss Siewers, who has been working on it for over four years, is to use the file. Whether intelligence testing or the change of calendar is demanding attention, everyone can, and will, find complete satisfaction in the vertical file. Miss Siewers, we thank you!