

The Salemite



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CLEAN OFF THE TABLES

Somewhere in this week's Salemite is hidden a merry little witticism which will, no doubt, resurrect many carefree memories collected during the dear departed vacation: "Summer romances, summer not"

Not a very solemn text for an editorial. Not a very solemn text for dreams. But, nevertheless a suitable one for both, especially the dreams.

At the first mention of summer romances, a girl either feels it her duty to breathe deeply and narrate as many of hers to as many of her friends as will listen, or she feels it her privilege to drop whatever she is doing, soften her eyes to their regular June consistency, and to dream hers over to herself as long as they hold out. Fall dreaming is one of the pleasures which a dead summer wills to all women, especially school-girls. And what would we do without it? How many classes and study hours become bearable only because they are supplemented by the roar of the ocean and bright sunshine, or by pale moonlight and someone's brighter sayings? Perhaps it is very profitable to dream. Certainly it is very pleasant.

After every meal, however, a table must be cleared. Fall should be the appointed time for clearing off all tables. Let us remove all the left-over dishes, all the soiled linen, even the dead flowers, everything, and leave only the clean, bare mahogany. (In spite of the fact that this simile may make woodenheads of us all if it continues, it is still an appropriate simile). When the table is perfectly bare, when all the crumbs have been brushed off, along with the sugar that was spilled during the meal, and all the salt and pepper and mustard and hot peas have been put back into the cupboard, then we may set about to polish the table.

Needless to say, we eat, drink, and be merry during the summer; we then should clean off the table properly in the fall, so that from september until June we can polish our minds with all our might.

What is this wicked, wretched thing that has been hinted at? Is it a demand that we scrap our beautiful dreams and memories as if they were crumbs, and throw them in the trash can the minute summer is dead? Or that we shall study and polish our minds in one long, uninterrupted session that lasts all winter, until spring shall find us old, worn out women?

AT A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR MICE

Professor N. Ibble was the master of Science in his school, as well as the proprietor. He had started his school with his own three daughters and their neighbors. Now it had grown quite large, and profitable. The routine was a lesson in nibbling at nine o'clock, a lesson in gnawing at ten, tooth sharpening at eleven. The remainder of the time was spent in chasing cock roaches from underneath the knowing and nibbling headquarters.

For the opening weeks of school, Miss Foody, the dietitian persisted in serving bacon strips to the school three times a day. She had never done it before, it was hard for the students to understand and bear.

Early one day Yatta Gnaw, student at N. Ibble's school, heard a loud click. She heard somebody jump and squirm. Yatta tipped around under the gnawing headquarters and found her dear companion, Ann Ibble, caught under a tight piece of wire. Yatta tugged and pulled until she raised the wire and was able to mount Ann on her back. She carried Ann thru a dark passage to the infirmary, where Miss I. Chew, the nurse, cared for the wounded mouse. Ann and Yatta promenaded together when Ann was able. One day they meandered near the Science Hall. They peeped in, and found, to their amazement, Professor Ibble cutting a cat into strips—strips just the size of the bacon that was constantly served on the school table. Yatta immediately inquired as to what Ibble was doing, whereupon Ibble began to yell: "Cheese for bacon! Cheese for bacon!" He continued until Yatta decided he had lost his mind over his humiliation from having been serving false bacon at his school. Yatta was able to guide him to the infirmary, where Dr. Bite said Ibble had either Bloody or Blue Murder, each meaning impending insanity.

Thus was the fate of Professor Ibble. His school continued; Miss Foody continued to plan meals; the cat bacon did not continue.

SENIOR SCANDAL SHEET

Florence McCannless, despite what the Reverend Gordon Spaugb said Sunday, insists upon living in the "Pass" tense. It's a case of "Oh, doctor!"

No doubt, that sedate Senior, Sarah Johnston, wishes she hadn't put off that h. d. (hefty date), with a Davidson man. In the interim he was caught in a "Butterfly" net.

It seems that B. Tuttle is specializing in a "little Dutch boy." Windmill ears are picturesque.

A most romantic incident has occurred in the life of our blonde blizzard, Martha Neale. A day or so ago, the mysterious masculine voice of a stranger come over the telephone eulogizing her beauty. This unknown admirer, with a newspaper picture of M. Neale pressed close to his heart, has been worshipping her from afar since last spring.

Pat Padrick must be mighty sure of the fidelity of her little men. The other nite she entrusted Lindsay Morris to the care of none other than Kill 'em-dead (Carpenter), and believe you me Gracie's recently acquired sixteen pounds are not to be sneezed at.

Let us say humbly; the clearing of the table was, at best, merely a suggestion; and it was also a bit of a warning. Like crumbs left overnight on a cluttered up table, memories left lying around exposed to view all winter get stale. If, however, they are put into a sort of cupboard for a while, like the pepper and salt, they will keep their spicy fresh flavor, and be always ready for future use.

Then, too, a bare table, definitely cleaned and scraped, will take an amazingly and lastingly high polish.

Let's go on a day dream diet for a little while and see how the homesickness rolls off our backs and see also how much we can accomplish in the polishing line.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A WALK TO THE MOVIES

CAROLINA

Now Playing:
The Scarlet Empress, starring Marlene Dietrich, portrays the foreign, cruel Russia of the 18th Century under the regime of Empress Elizabeth and of the circumstances under which Sophie Frederica became Catherine II, Empress of Russia.

STATE

Today and Thursday.

Ladies Should Listen, with Cary Grant and Francis Drake tells the story of young Julian de Dussoe, wealthy mine owner newly arrived from Chile and how he is protected from a plot against him by an admiring and eaves-dropping telephone operator with whom he subsequently falls in love.

Coming Friday and Saturday.

The Dragon Murder Case with Warren Williams and Margaret Lindsay follows closely the plot of the book of the same name by S. S. Van Dine. Philo Vance is called on to solve an unusual swimming-pool murder and many weird complications arise as he enacts the scenes of that fatal night and thus apprehends the criminal.

Monday and Tuesday.

Smarty starring Joan Blondell. This is a flippant, light comedy which gives Miss Blondell ample opportunity to show her coy smile and her lovely back. There is a domestic quarrel over Raw Carrots, a divorce and — wait till you see it.

COMING TO CAROLINA

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Hide-Out with Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan. Montgomery portrays a young racketeer who falls in love with the daughter of the farmer who hides him from the law. He therefore decides to mend his ways. Robert is at his hilarious best. He makes a chuckle out of chicken feed and indulges in gang warfare with a pitchfork and a load of hay.

A merry little tune accompanies this merry little picture and the combination—together with the combinations of gangsters and farmers, and Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan make **Hide-Out** one of the most entertaining pictures of the year.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Lost Gentleman, starring George Arliss.

MIRACLE OF TIME

Helpful Quotation from
Arnold Bennett
From "How to Live On 24 Hours a Day"

"Philosophers have explained space. They have not explained time. It is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it, all is possible; without it, nothing. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing when one examines it. You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life! It is yours. It is the most precious of possessions. A highly singular commodity, showered upon you in a manner as singular as the commodity itself!

For remark! No one can take it from you. It is unstealable. And no one receives either more or less than you receive.

Talk about an ideal democracy! In the realm of time there is no aristocracy of wealth, and no aristocracy of intellect. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. And there is no punishment. Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you. No mysterious power will say: "This man is a fool, if not a knave. He does not deserve time; he shall be cut off at the meter." It is more certain than consols, and payment of income is not affected by Sundays. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt! You can only waste the passing

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SOPHOMORE SUMMERS

Cupid just laughs and laughs 'cause he knows the Sophomores have stolen the Juniors' lovesick tradition. Undertakers seem to be in great demand down around Fayetteville; while appendicitis brings fascinating interns into the picture for Jo Whitehead, Virginia Guddy, and Frankie Meadows. Lib Gant has moved closer to Carolina and her adored A. T. O. House by going to N. C. this year, yet Carylton Council, Marguerite Dewey and Lib Hubbard left us for St. Mary's. The two cronies Mick Rawlings and Leone, have parted at the crossroads, one going to Marjorie Webster (without her Body), and the other going around 10 blocks in Chicago reducing her shadow. Cupid is still laughing, but he says he has nothing more to say at this moment.

THREE SPORTS IN FOUR ACTS

Act I

Scene—Mountain lake, whipped by young gale. Billious sky, piled with vicious clouds in the east—Small boat is bobbing at lake pier. A boat consisting of seven-eighths sail and one-eighth flimsy canoe.

Time—Late summer afternoon of 1934.

Personae—1. Sweet young thing Salem (Female)
2. Summer Acquaintance of Sweet young thing (male).

Scene 1 only.

Summer Acquaintance: Now listen, bohunk. I'm letting you sail this thing as a special favor, see? If you don't do exactly what I tell you we're sunk, and I'm not speaking in the common vernacular. You got me?

Sweet young thing from Salem: Ja: Ja—I mean aye, aye, captain!

S. A.: Now whatever you do, don't head into the wind. Let it strike the sail as perpendicularly as possible.

S. Y. T. F. S.: Oui, I mean aye, aye, sir

S. A.: You haven't idea one what I'm talking about; but let's get the struggle over with.

S. Y. T. F. S.: S., si, pardon, aye, aye, captain.

(Five minutes later—Young gale is tossing canoe around as if it were Libby Torrence).

S. A.: Look out, you idiot, the boom's going to whoop, and right over my head!

S. Y. T. F. S.: Oh, dear, do boats have contagious diseases, too. Don't let it cough in your face. Turn your head away.

(At this point, the boom whoops; the sail swings from one side of boat to other, laming Summer Acquaintance on skull.)

S. A. (standing up painfully and causing boat to sway dizzily. Gimmie them ropes.

S. Y. T. F. S.: Oh dear, wait just a minute. They're all tangled up.

S. A.: (plunging toward storm). Gimmie them ropes!

S. Y. T. F. S.: Well, if that's the way you feel about it.

S. A.: (Still standing up) You women, you couldn't sail a toy boat in a bath—blub!!

CURTAIN OF WATER

ACT II.

Scene: Bridle path.

Time: Morning after the aft. before.

Personae: The same as Act I.

One Scene only.

S. A.: Say you look like a mexican jumping bean. Can't you post?

S. Y. T.: Post? Post which?

S. A.: What you're sitting on.

S. Y. T.: (Innocently). The horse?

S. A.: Listen, goof, you and the horse get together. When he goes up, you go up. When he comes down you come down.

S. Y. T.: What do you think I've been doing for the past mile? I haven't walked up a hill yet.

S. A.: (Shaking his head hopelessly). O if you'll just watch me now. (Applies brakes to nag, which in turn applies brakes and rears. S. A. does flying trapeze act to nearest mud puddle.)

CURTAIN OF MUD

Act III.

Scene: Same as Act I. Only the sky is blue and the sun shines brightly.

Time: Afternoon after morning ride.

Personae: The same.

S. Y. T. (Standing awkwardly on edge of diving board). Now which do

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JUNE, JULY, JUNIORS

True to Salem form, the outgoing Sophomores during the short summer months passed the test for admittance into the ranks of the Juniors, the test being concerned chiefly with the affairs of Cupid. Yes, they all are suffering from "that certain thing" and the expression adorning their dreamy faces is only a phase of love-sickness, a malady which even Miss Lites' pink pills won't remedy. But what more could one expect of the class when there was a rumor that Madame Queen Graves was about to give up her educational career and her position as president of her class in preference to the hallowed role as —'s wee wifie? As Florida sailed this sea of bliss so Marianna's Herb sailed the briny deep, leaving Marianna subject to the wiles of the other Wilson shieks. Even if she was just a sailor's sweetheart all summer, her affections are again this year anchored at the Zeta Psi House at Carolina.

And could those radiant beams with which Anna Withers and Lucy James fill the breezes be the result of their sessions at Duke summer school? You never can tell—just as Wilda never could tell what was going to happen to her frog legs when she went out with Harold.

Mixed with all the mooning and spooning among these sisters was a little tripping. While Garnelle was in New York having a high ole time, McArn held down Camp Keystone. Nancy McNeely ran Camp Illalee for two months with the exception of one night when she left Grace Carpenter in charge and she went on a spree and tumbled down the hill. And was she glad her date had taken a slicker along in case of an accident! Gert Schwalbe was at Roaring Gap when she developed appendicitis and had to be rushed back here for an operation. The whole school wishes her the speediest of recoveries.

"How we'll miss you when the summer is gone" and wishing for you—Jane Rondthaler who ups and goes to New York to become the expert milliner, Florence Ledbetter who is planning to travel, Fan Scales whom Duke lured away from our midst, and Dot Courtney who is taking a business course in Washington. Nuts ow and luck to all of them.

Open Forum

JUST A DREAMER — AREN'T WE ALL?

What a beautiful gymnasium. Red brick with a tile roof. Believe I'll go inside and look around. There six red suits dash back and forth among six yellow suits. Those girls surely can play basket ball, maybe it's because of the good court, but Salem girls play well anyway. High overhead are drawn-up trapezes. I can picture nimble girls performing the "basket hang" and the ankle hang" and swinging up and down on the "Flying trapezes." Next I visit the store room where hockey sticks, golf clubs, and volley balls wait peacefully for their busy seasons. Then to the balcony. No danger of a spectator's being hit by a ball here. Looking admiringly at the brand new, well-equipped gymnasium, I make my way around the basket ball court. Suddenly the ball comes straight toward my head, and I wake up to find myself basking in the sun on the brick steps in front of the little green hut.

HEALTH HINTS

In a properly ventilated room there is always definite movement of air.

The normal average temperature of the human body is 98.6 degrees F.

Never apply iodine to a burn.

If a person becomes heat exhausted, apply heat to the outside of the body and give hot drinks and hot food internally.

Do not apply cotton to a burn or any open wound.