

The Salemite



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WE RECOMMEND:

For some of your better moments (when you have a great desire to become LITERARY so that you can discuss Spinoza or H. G. Wells with equal ease and facility), the following books which are to be found in our library and which are bright and shiny new:

Noel Coward's book of plays, called "Play Parade."

"Memoirs of a Midget" by Walter DeLaMare.

If you like whimsical Kenneth Grahame, "Wind in the Willows." (Illustrated by E. M. Shepherd who also draws in A. A. Milne's books you may remember.)

Something more thrilling and adventurous—Poul de Kruif's "Hunger Lighters."

And another scientific book, written for those of us who have trouble distinguishing between atoms and animals, is a little volume by Lechet, "Flying."

There are many others, of course—among the more tempting being "Rootsaga Stories" by Carl Sandburg, "The Challenge of Russia" by Sherwood Eddy, and "How to See Modern Pictures" by Pearson.

In case you have time for just an essay or so read "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips!" in bound volume No. 153 of the "Atlantis Monthly" and "Human Waste in Colleges" by Tanis in the current issue of "Scribner's." They're good!

(And P. S. there are some issues of "The New Yorker" in the Pedicorial Room—or haven't you ever heard of it?)

SENIOR GOSSIP

Davidson certainly had its share of power over our fair inmates this week-end. The Senior Class was well represented Cortlandt Preston, Sarah Johnston, Betty Tuttle going to the game. Martha Neal made it a week-end.

Florence McCanless spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents in South Boston, Va. Do you suppose she "fared" well?

Just a few more days and it's certain we'll have Love in Bloom among the Seniors because it's in the bud now or do we mean in the bag? Hope no-one gets "Dunn" wrong.

JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES VIE SOCIALLY

Lend an ear dear, Fayetteville is still carrying on bravely, with the heart attacks and unexpected visitors from the front as Mercer Tillinghast and Grissom Davis. Mavis' can, which is now known as the "Debutante Special," made an unscheduled trip to Greensboro Sunday with Nanny Miller, Ethel Highsmith, and Jo Whitehead as passengers, while Mariana Redding took herself home for the day, and Lou Freeman visited the 'ole home town boys at Oak Ridge. We were all glad to hear the familiar voice of Lib Gant when she arrived to spend the day with us and were equally sad when the echo died away. Frankie is back! She says appendicitis is a most successful reducer for 'Colleteh' girls, I know quite a number of us fat ones appreciate this tip. Two new sophomores arrived last week, Virginia Gough from Roanoke, Virginia and Sara Katherine Thompson from Blue Field, West Virginia. Last Friday night we were all sitting in my room fighting through the Carolina "Yackety Yack," when little Jo pointed at one of her silent loves and got her finger smashed as the annual was slammed to—it's the woman who pays! We think there is an artist in our midst by the dreamy expression on Margaret Calder's face when she strolls around by herself. The phone here in Clewell has been ringing continuously as the result of such popular residents as Etta Bert Warren, Mariana Hooks, and Susan Rawlings. Why today, I was sitting in the Dean's office when Etta Bert got a telephone call from some poor boy whom she told to call in a few weeks or wait 'till Thanksgiving 'cause her date book was 'bout "full up"—what a power house! We are all trying to put the Bahmson puzzle together, is Freddy going to be a frequent visitor on our campus again? Wilda Mae gets calls from the co-ed, Frank Campbell and Garnelle goes out riding with her ole' stand by! I hear that Virginia Thompson holds interest in the Oak Ridge stock this season. All of us were ever so glad to see Gertrude Schwalbe out walking on Saturday and were happy to know that she is going to attend classes soon.

I 'speek your ears are 'bout full and I've given you all the knowns and part of the unknowns of us Sophomores and Juniors—so I'll to bed.

RUMOR THREATENING DESTRUCTION OF HATS BRANDED FALSE

All Freshmen may dig up their keys, unlock their closet doors and take their new winter bonnets for an airing.

The other afternoon at 3 o'clock, Helen Diehl confessed between sobs that she and the members of her class had deliberately spread the dark and threatening rumor about the hat burning which took place at 8 o'clock.

In her signed confession Miss Diehl stated that last year the Freshmen were told by the Sophomores that at a secret meeting of the Seniors all hats which could be stolen from the rooms of Freshmen would be burned in a huge bon-fire. This story was so effective in throwing the Frosh into a panic that the present Sophomores decided to use it on the present Freshmen.

Those carrying out this nefarious plot added local color by using the names of people actually in college as victims of this fictitious racket. Sophomores described eloquently the pathetic emotions of Lucy James, two years ago, when she found her new blue felt had been consigned to the flames. The plan had worked beautifully up until noon Wednesday, when Margaret Brigg, a suspicious Freshman, began to cross-examine Sophomores. After three hours of questioning, Helen Diehl broke under the strain. She became hysterical (from laughter) and gasped out the story. She was being held when the paper went to press, but it is uncertain what action, if any, was taken against her.

—Anna Ray Fogle.

NEWS FROM FIELD AND STREAM

Do you want to know the truth about the racket, and what got the ball rolling? It goes back to something someone said about donating ten dollars to the first couple or couples seen on the Salem tennis courts. It's rumored that Miss "At" had a conference with a Field Sparrow but that has nothing to do with the ten dollars. The fact that is certain is that fifty-six girls have been swinging a tennis racket. It's for you to speculate on the lists that follow or place your stakes on the prospective winner:

FRESHMEN SINGLES

Louise Frazier — Bye
Nancy Schallert vs. Lib Moore
Coco Henderson vs. Dorothy Burnette
Harriet Taylor — Bye
Josephine Gibson vs. Martha Coons
Grace Parker vs. Margaret Briggs
Cornelia Walfe — Bye
Frances Cole vs. Louise Preas
Flora Lee vs. Mary Margaret Johnson
Lela Williams vs. Eleanor Matheson
Dorothy Hutaff — Bye
Cramer Percival vs. Lillian Smith
Jean Knox — Bye
Willena Couch vs. Ginger Piper
Charlotte King — Bye
Helen Carrow — Bye

UPPER CLASSMEN SINGLES

Susan Rawlings vs. Agnes Brown
Florida Graves vs. Libby rToence
Martha Schlegel vs. Virginia Fraley
Cortlandt Preston vs. Rachel Carroll
Mavis Bullock vs. Josephine Klutz
Mary Ruth Elliott vs. Betty Tuttle
Mary E. Reeves vs. Martha Neal
Margaret Sears vs. Margaret Ward
Nancy McNeely vs. Jane Williams
Erika Marx vs. Beverly Little
Rebecca Brame vs. Mary Louise Shore
Josephine Reece vs. Margaret Wall
Madeline Smith vs. Mary Hart
Marianna Hooks vs. Kea Council
McArn Best vs. Frances H. Norris
Cornelia Maskin — Bye

UPPER CLASSMEN DOUBLES

Best and Graves vs. Sears and Fraley
McNeely and Brown vs. Klutz and Council
Tuttle and Ward vs. Williams and Neal
Shore and Reece vs. Bullock and Carroll

FRESHMEN DOUBLES

Hutaff and Percival vs. Carrow and Matheson
Cole and Busic vs. Henderson and Preas
Knox and Piper vs. Moore and Lee
Johnson and Frazier — Bye

MISS ANNA BUTNER "TALKS"

Miss Anna Butner, who is now honorary housekeeper can still look at a girl and smile after having been exposed to their follies and vanities for almost half a century. What a great amount of patience and understanding she has, to have tolerated the "foolish young things" for these 48 years and to then be gracious to an inquisitive little reporter who goes seeking her out from her peaceful quarters and tries to "make her talk."

And Miss Anna talks of Salem when it was still in its infancy, composed of only four buildings and a few students; talks of the Sister's House and its history; talks of the present faculty and its additions; but of Miss Anna Butner she will not talk.

Perhaps she is right. For after all, who could find words to express the work, sympathy, and devotion which have gone into the long years of service to Salem. She says that she feels that Salem is her home and that she is quite contented here. What higher tribute could be paid to a school? Miss Anna, our hats are off to you in gratitude and we wish you many more happy years as Salem's Honorary Housekeeper.

DR. MIMMS SPEAKS AT EXPANDED CHAPEL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
aims of education are and what results should come from an education whether it is gained in college or outside the class room. Education should bring about a certain amount of invigorating discipline in the mind. It should develop a good mind, well trained to be depended on to do certain things—to put a thing over. College is a sort of mental gymnasium.

An education should bring about a capacity for hard work, for intensity of concentration, for accuracy of mind. The power to memorize must be developed through memorizing. We forget easily lectures we hear, books we read, experiences we have, and it is only through training our memory that we are able to retain those things we wish to retain. By memorizing great passages of poetry and prose we not only train our memory but we store our minds with better passages than we could ever express. Lincoln tried to restate what he heard in his own words, and in doing so he held the secret of his direct simplicity and sincerity.

Education should develop the power to think straight with due emphasis on all elements of the matter in consideration. "As a man thinketh in his heart, sa is he." Loose thinking is as fatal as loose living. It is a moral and spiritual responsibility to be wise and intelligent. Too many of us draw conclusions so hastily that false conceptions often develop; the last thing one should do is to generalize. There is a golden means between the two extremes in every case and the great question of today rests on how far people are going to swing in their reactions against democracy.

Truo education leads to the development of imagination—the power to realize and visualize what you are studying. To conceive imagination as merely fancy is false because imagination, fully developed, helps to penetrate to the heart of things. Associative imagination helps one to compare one thing with another; contemplative imagination is a great aid to science since many important discoveries and inventions are made in the mind before any work is done in the laboratories; constructive imagination is the power which leads to some of the finest results in the world.

A deep sense of beauty should be a result of education, and any subject, rightly taught, has the capacity to develop appreciation of beauty. Every normal person cares more for beauty than anything else: beautiful buildings, lovely pictures, well developed voices, poems—all are expressions of the love of beauty.

Whatever else education produces it should develop mystery and wonder of the life which is ours. Life cannot be reduced to a formula or creed. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Institutions of learning should be places where we become aware of the infinite love, wisdom, power, eternal wonder of God.

FRESHMEN ARE ENTERTAINED AT CABARET SUPPER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
The almost-verticle bill of the cap made a dark background for his sneering, mustached profile. He slunk over to a girl embellished in a gawdy costume. Her black hair formed a wide frame around her solemn, painted face. The sweated man wanted to dance the adagio with the senorita. But the vivacious one did not succumb to the alluring rhythm and syncopation of "Shanghai Lil" as rendered by Jean Robinson. She slapped the sneering one, whom we discovered to be Virginia Thompson. And he, becoming very angry, gruffly shoved her to the floor and slunk away. But ah! the girl, Margaret Sears, slowly rose from the floor and, with glittering dagger in her clenched hand, crept toward the slumped figure of the man and stabbed him. The audience was breathless and trror stricken on seeing V. T. murdered in cold blood while dancing.

Terpsichone would have looked with admiration on this street scene, and Franchot Tone and Lupe Velez

BEGGED, BORROWED, AND STOLEN

"Please ma'am, Dr. Willoughby, I don't mean to be inquisitive, but do you have a pair of baby shoes you could spare? I need a purple ribbon, too. Do you 'spose Mr. Curlee or Mr. McEwen would have a derby hat? Oh, well. Thank you just the same. Good bye."

"Could you lend me a red glove, Miss Lawrence — or a telegram without "dear," "darling" or "love" in it?"

"Miss Riggan, do you an ancestor with side burns — or a red fether with a blue ribbon tied to it—? Oh me, oh my — what shall I do?"

"Dean Vardell — 'Seuse me, but can you squeal like a pig or do you have an extra tad pole or a red glove — or a purple ribbon—I'm sunk—then — oh well—"

The poor Freshmen were at a loss. They scoured the campus Saturday night at the "Y" entertainment, only to find out that it wasn't tad pole season, the poor squirmy wiggles had been transformed into frogs; that the men at Salem don't wear derbies a great deal; that everyone adds love as the last note in a telegram; that a pig's squeal cannot be found on a girl's college campus; and that all ancestors do not have side burns!

At any rate, Eloise Sample found the greatest number of articles and was acclaimed victor—or victoreess, as the case is. After the hunt, Conrad and Robert, from the dining room, entertained with a song and dance number. Butter boy bars were served at the conclusion of the entertainment.

Open Forum

Dear Editor:

Since the beginning of the year, I've discovered one or two amazing things I had never noticed before. One important item has to do with viewpoint. When I was an underclassmen seated at chapel among several hundred other classmates, I felt most surrounded, protected, and quite inconspicuous to say the least. To my immature mind, whatever I would choose to do during the chapel service, I thought would pass unnoticed by the speaker or visitors on the stage, just so I didn't make any peculiar noises or perform too radical movements. A simple game of tit-tat-to with my next door neighbor, or a half an hour's reading on my next history lesson, if I chose to be so discourteous would probably never be noticed.

Imagine my surprise upon becoming a senior and being transferred to the platform, to find that every little move anyone makes can be detected immediately from the stage. Even a yawn is rather obvious. Well, you can feature a speaker or visitor's disconcertment at beholding here and there in the audience a suggestion that his speech isn't going over so big with several people. Of course no one means to convey that idea, so let's be careful to leave other activities out side of chapel and concentrate on what's being said inside. Now that doesn't mean be a wooden Indian or a smiling dummy—just show that you are interested and courteous (if you aren't—you should be), by paying attention to the speaker.

A Senior.

could not hope to dance more gracefully.

Then all was quiet and vague, then there was a glimmer, a flare, then another glimmer as we stumbled on "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" (and the toastmaster added "Camels").

There were two black silhouettes on a white bench. A handsome man sang the love song to a lovely lady. The rich voice, fervent and moving was the famous contralto singer, Mary Mills; the profile, clear and exquisite belonged to Phyllis Clapp.

This captivating spell was broken by the toastmaster's friendly voice. "This program has come to you as a courtesy of the Junior Class of Salem College. This is station J. C. S. C. of the Irrational Broadcasting Co. Your announcer, Fred Benny saying, "Good night all.""