

The Salemite

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SOCIETY

PERSONALS

There were lots of visitors on the campus this week-end. Here are some of them:

Helen Massey's family; Maude Battle's aunt; Sarah Pinkston's sister, a former Salemite; and her friend; Covington Cole's family; Emily Richardson's family; Felicia Martin's family; Annette McNeely's family; Virginia Jett's family; Laura Emily Pitts' friend Mary Frances Ballew; Mrs. Payden and daughters visited Cramer Percival; Carolyn Radcliff's family visited her.

"Tick" Fraley went home to High Point for the week-end.

Cade Mullins visited her sister this week-end.

Grace Whitsett spent the week-end in town with her aunt, Mrs. Carl Harris.

Ginger Piper went home with Virginia McConnell to Leaksville for the week-end.

Virginia Thompson spent the week-end with her aunt.

Virginia May and Susan Bennett Caule spent the week-end at their homes in Wadesboro.

Garnelle and Janice Raney went to their home in Salisbury for the week-end.

Nancy McNeely spent the week-end at her home in Cooleeeme.

GOSSIP

There's always some 'pin to be thankful for, namely, this time, the World Series is over. Maybe Va. Lee and F. Salley won't be making any home runs, fouts and be having Radio love affairs over "Schoolboy" Rowe (Detroit pitcher). That Fear- ing gal is baseball minded too. Her specialty is left handed pitchers. Salley also has a purple passion for large chicken legs. (mainly fried, but she will take any other she can get). As Mildred Minter says: quote "Emily Post should change her book on Etiquette to "Etta leg" for Salley's benefit.

Wonder who those Freshies are who hang out of a certain third floor window (southern exposure), every night and gaze at the man in the moon?

Mary Nelson Anderson was asked by a freshman what she would do if her Bill should tell her that there are other pebbles on the beach besides her. She replied that she would tell him "Yeah, but I'm the only shell with a pink lining."

Centenary doesn't do so badly by our little Freshmen. Besides all (CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)

Margaret Sears went to High Point for the week-end.

"Kea" Council spent the week-end in Danville, Va.

Margaret Lofton spent Sunday at her home in Albemarle.

Mavis Bullock and Sarah Johnston, alumnae, spent the week-end here.

MISS SCHWALBE'S PARENTS RETURN TO AMERICA

At Home In Sisters' House

Superintendent and Mrs. Fred Schwalbe have returned at length to Winston-Salem, and, with their daughter Katherine, are now making their home in the Sister's House on the east of Salem Square. Mr. and Mrs. Schwalbe are the parents of Gertrude Schwalbe and are here to see her complete her work at Salem. They arrived in the city last Tuesday, October 1, to spend a year's leave of absence from their mission work in Alaska.

For the past twenty-eight years Mr. Schwalbe has worked in the Alaskan field and has been assisted by his wife for the past twenty-six years.

Mrs. Schwalbe has been teaching in the schools of Alaska and reports an interesting life there. She has been required to teach a little of everything, although hygiene and English are especially important to the natives' education. The pure-blood Eskimos attend the Federal schools, and the children of white and mixed blood attend the territorial schools. Gertrude, herself, attended the latter school until she came to Salem. As the Eskimos are very susceptible to germs of almost any variety, the school teachers are usually able to serve as nurses and to teach preventative measures for public health.

The Schwalbe's home is in Bethel, Alaska, a town of over three hundred people. The settlement was founded by the Moravian mission fifty years ago and has now grown to a town with two schools, six stores, a few farms, two movie theatres, and one jail and one marsh- all. It is the center of the fur and fish trade in the valley, and the head- quarters of the synal camp are lo- cated there. It is the head of navig- ation for the region as it is the furthest point to which the ocean liners come. Mrs. Schwalbe reports that people there are very air-minded and airplanes run on daily schedules. The radio has an important place in their lives, for through it they obtain the majority of the news. Every night the day's news is broadcast from Anchorage at nine o'clock. Even Alaska is not free from local talent for every Friday night home talent programs are broadcast over that station. The rest of the time is, of course, consumed with recordings. Life in Bethel is not devoid of excitement. In 1912 the volcano, Katma, blew up, and although it is about three hundred miles from Bethel, Mrs. Schwalbe said she heard the noise and felt the shock. Ashes from the eruption ruined the lettuce in her garden.

Mrs. Schwalbe spoke interestingly of the native people, saying they were likeable once their confidence was gained. They tell fascinating legends and fairy tales which have been handed down by word of mouth for generations. There was even an Alaskan Cinderella. Her slipper was a fur-boot, and she lost it on the floor because the prince in the tale had covered the dancing-floor with pitch to catch a beautiful maiden.

The handiwork of the Eskimos is particularly beautiful, their bead- work, basketery and work with furs and skins being remarkable. Eskimo dolls are interesting and usually carved from ivory or wood. One may tell the sex of the doll by look- ing at the mouth. The men dolls have a mouth that smiles and the women dolls, being dragged down by worldly cares, have a mouth that droops at the corners. The most fascinating thing Mrs. Schwalbe brought back with her, however, is a group of fin- ger-rings carved from the ivory of mastodons, animals that romped the earth lo these many years gone by. The Eskimos find the bodies of these great beasts frozen in ice caves or embedded in river banks, and they use the tusks of the animal to make carvings which may become any- thing from letter openers to napkin rings.

WHEN EDUCATED?

"When is a man educated?" Joseph Fort Newton, famed clergyman of Philadelphia, gives answer: "When he can look out upon the universe, now lucid and lovely, now dark and terrible, with a sense of his own littleness in the great scheme of things, and yet have faith and courage, when he knows how to make friends and keep them, and above all, when he can keep friends with himself. When he loves flowers, can hunt the birds without a gun and feels the stir of a forgotten joy in the laugh of a child. When star-crowned trees, and the glint of sunlight on flowering waters, subdue him like the memory of one much loved and long dead.

"A man is educated when he can be happy alone, and high- minded amid the meaner drudgeries of life. When he can look into a wayside puddle and see something besides mud, and into the face of the most forlorn mortal and see something beyond son. When he knows how to live, how to love, how to hope, how to pray — glad to live and not afraid to die, in his hand a sword for evil, in his heart a bit of song."

—The Speakers Library Magazine.

BROWSING AROUND

Have you ever had an empty library at your access? If you have, did you take advantage of your excellent luck and lazily browsed around, fingering books, reading bits here and there in some of them, and finally settling down n a library chair with a carefully chosen book in your hand?

This rare privilege of being alone in a library such as Salem's is seldom possible. There are usually busy students doing "last minute" reference work or reading industriously for an assignment days ahead. Nevertheless, it is possible to browse about in a library full of people, if you do it inconspic- uously and quietly.

We did just that the other day and had lots of fun. We found many interesting books, ranging from quaint old copies of masterpieces to brand new editions.

It was a real adventure. We ran across books which we had long been wondering about but had never bothered to see whether they were in the library or not. The lazy feeling of having nothing particular to do and yet knowing we were accomplishing something in our ramblings gave us the as- surance we were not "wasting time." We enjoyed our ad- venture in the library so much that we are tempted to advise you, when you have a few hours free, browse around in the library, and see if you don't think it's fun.

ON GOING TO COLLEGE

Lately, I have seen several cases of high school graduates getting jobs even though thousands of capable college gradu- ates are put out "on their own" every year. A few college students resent having those youngsters grab their jobs (sal- ary \$9.00 per week), and feel that the four (maybe more), years that they are spending in college are being wasted. But we college students must realize that we are getting something that high school graduates never can or will have. Even though we can't find a job the very day we step out of college, with our degree clutched in one hand and our cap and gown in the other, does not mean that we'll idle away the rest of our young lives. The mass of people is slowly realizing that college stu- dents have a definite place in the present day world.

—Katherine Sissell.

IN TRIBUTE TO MISS STOCKTON

To live one must eat. The thought of sitting down to eat three times a day every day in the year is monotonous but at Salem the thought becomes a pleasant one.

To prevent dullness from entering into Salem meals Miss Stockton devises clever, unusual ways to tempt our appetites. For instance, the Indian Supper we had last week — what a joy to eat while we watched the smoke curl up from the little log fires in front of the wig-wams. And, too, there was the crisp night when the girls enjoyed a hilarious hayride and weiner roast. Everyone ate an unbelievable amount of the ideal picnic lunch and topped at off by playing games and singing until time for the delightful trip home. Could an ordinary dietitian think- ing only of preparing "something to eat" over do this! Think of the party luncheon given for the freshmen, the after-dinner coffee for the seniors, the picnic suppers on the lawn, the teas, the "snacks" on Sunday nights. Salem is fortunate and Salem appreciates Miss Stockton.

—Alice Horsfield.

READ EXCHANGE PAPERS IN SALEMITE OFFICE

How many dances does Converse have a year? Do you know what Jane is doing at Mary Baldwin? Who is President of the Student Body at Davidson? And many other questions are asked everyday concerning other colleges. If you go to the Salemite Office, you will find exchange papers from North Carolina, Vir- ginia, Georgia and South Carolina Colleges. Among them are: "The Carolinian" (W. C. U. N. C.), "Agonistic" (Agnes Scott), "Parley-Voo" (Converse), "Campus Comments" (Mary Bald- win), "Queens Blues" (Queens), "The Gamecock" (University of South Carolina), "The Twig" (Meredith), "The Davidson- ian" (Davidson).

It is very interesting to see what other schools are doing and to compare them with Salem. Also, you might find some "Choice" gossip about your "best beau." Why not go to the Salemite Office today? The papers are yours and you are urged to read them.

CHAPEL SINGING

If you could stand in the vestibule of Memorial Hall and listen to the opening hymn in chapel, you would truly be sur- prised, for the singing is so weak that it can scarcely be heard if the doors are closed. Then if you could look at the audience when the closing hymn begins, you would see that not usually more than half of them are singing and that several of the hym- nals are not even opened.

This poor singing in chapel is hardly a credit to Salem, but how many of us would knowingly discredit the school we are so proud of? It is simply carelessness and thoughtlessness that causes our chapel singing to be so weak, so let's try to make it so much better that Salem will be as proud of us as we are of her.

To the readers of the Salemite — this column of the Sale- mite is yours as well as ours. Please leave your signed contribu- tions in the office. All opinions on all subjects are acceptable.