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SALEM STUDENT TELLS INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HER LIFE

Eiko Nakajima, our Japanese friend who lives on third floor of Louisa Wilson Biting Building, is a very interesting person with whom to converse as many Salem students have discovered. She is quite willing to answer question, but finds it rather hard to talk at random.

The small Japanese student was born in Tokio and lived there all her life until she came to London and then to the United States several months ago. Her mother is living, and Eiko has a younger brother, a sister, and an older brother who is at Tokio Imperial University, the highest educational institution in Japan.

While working as typist for the Y. W. C. A. in Tokio, Eiko became slightly acquainted with the English language and was so entranced with it that she decided to study English in a college. She traveled by water to England and then decided to come to the United States. Upon arrival at New York she went to Niagara Falls where a man told her of Salem College. She decided to come here.

Eiko came through Pennsylvania on her way, and was very much impressed with the deer she saw there. The confusion in New York was nothing new to her for she is used to a large city. She doesn't find American dress peculiar at all because there are always a great many Americans in Tokio. Eiko says that America is not strange to her, but she finds the great number of "wide spaces" surprising.

It was easier to understand the people of the North, she says, because they speak more distinctly. She cannot understand every one well, and confesses that she has a hard time taking lecture notes. Eiko speaks Japanese and English, and a little German. Here at Salem she is taking English, Bible, History, and Sociology.

She likes music and enjoys reading, but swimming is her favorite pastime. Eiko likes movies too. She spends a great deal of time studying.

When questioned about how she liked Salem, Eiko smiled and answered, "Yes." She has found the people here very friendly and very kind, and she wants them to know she appreciates their kindness. As for the future, she says she wants a degree but can not tell. Her final declaration was that she had not yet thought of being homesick.

RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

"Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow, is the story of Ada Fincastle, between her little-girlhood and her middle-age. It is a searching study of the force of a fine tradition in making bearable a life which would have defeated any woman less strong. The theme, variously illustrated, in the portrayal of Grandmother, Mr. Fincastle and Aunt Maggie, who have integrated their lives by means of religion, philosophy, or love, in the portrayal of Ralph, Janet, Minnie, who have never found any such integration, gives meaning to this story of the life of a family in the Great Valley of Virginia. Told without satire, "Vein of Iron" seems, if not, Miss Glasgow's finest novel, her wisest. —The Atlantic Monthly.

"North of the Orient" by Anne Morrow Lindbergh is a charming, characteristic and altogether modest account of the flight which the couple made to the Orient in 1931. One's first impression of this book is that Anne M. Lindbergh writes so well she must not stop. She has given us a very vivid picture of her husband, and when speaking of Russia, she says, I think of people and not of ideas, plans and organizations, you understand why this book is such a cordial one, and why she in her own right proved to be such a sane and admirable ambassador. —The Atlantic Monthly.

A "GOOD" WIFE OR I DARE YOU TO GET MARRIED

To misquote a much loved and universally mourned man, "All I know is what I read in the magazines." Not having, I might optimistically add "as yet," any firsthand information about what a man of today demands in a "good wife," I must rely on those magazines which print reams on the subject.

If you get the "average husband," the monthly journals would lead you to believe there are many pitfalls to avoid. For instance, when the husband discovers his wife has "dishpan hands," it almost drives him to the arms of another woman. Therefore, a requirement of a good wife is that she always use Lux soap when slaving in the kitchen. There should be some Italian Balm handy, in case you notice symptoms of "housewife hands."

Nor must you neglect your feet. Unless you walk in the "Charmed Circle" it inevitably tells in your face. Vitality shoes keep you from living "two feet from happiness."

According to the magazines, if there is one thing that turns a man's stomach and spoils his disposition, it is grey linen and dingy glass (The kind you have unless you use Fels-Naptha).

Never make the mistake of serving your husband any type of coffee which will give him "Coffee Nerves" or "Sleepless Nights." Chase and Sanborn "freshly dated" Coffee and Kaffee Hag will quickly correct these conditions. You might slip up one morning with a mixture of both.

For breakfast, he must have Dole's pineapple juice, for a change in diet; Stokley's tomato juice for Vitamin A, which keeps his disposition good; Kellogg's "pep" bran for "roughage," the lack of which may be ruining his outlook on life.

"Men love chocolate" — therefore feed him cakes, pies, eclairs, and puddings. They also enjoy spice cookies, fried fish (in "digestable" Crisco), meats, fritters and doughnuts. After a diet of these, give your husband Phillip's Milk of Magnesia, Alka-Seltzer, and Tums to counteract the indigestion resulting.

As dessert at the first dinner for the boss, the successful young wife serves gingerbread made with Brer Rabbit molasses, which delights her husband's employer. When, on the strength of the gingerbread, the husband gets a raise, the happy couple put their heads together and shout, "We owe it all to Brer Rabbit." If the visit from the boss is unexpected, be ready to open a can of Hormel's "oven-baked" ham, and whip up a lemon pie at a moment's notice.

You should always help your husband with his career in any small way you can. Perhaps you could persuade him to take a correspondence course, and take out several insurance policies.

This may be a strain on the family finances, but you could show your husband what an economical little wife he married by making all your clothes on Singer Sewing Machine, with ABC silk by McCall patterns at half their store value. Also give up the car and ride the bus. This small sacrifice will aid you in learning to control your temper, and show you the best bargains through "car cards."

Men expect, and demand, that their wives be as lovely after marriage as they were the wedding day. Max Factor make-up gives you movie-star glamour. But, if you find your husband forgetting to kiss you good-bye in the morning, it may be due to "painted lips"—play safe with Tangee. Always have your nose powdered, but never disgust your husband by putting it on in his presence. If you find that this keeps you away from your husband the majority of the time, change to Lady Esther powder which "clings."

No matter what your age or appetite, your figure must retain its youthful lines. Take at least an hour of Sylvia's exercise daily.

Of course you use Listerine, brush your teeth with Ipana, bathe with

HEA'M'S GATE

Down on the South Carolina coast on a little back road off the highway stands Heaven's Gate Church, common property of the negroes for miles around. The building is simple, white-painted, and relatively new. The pews are very hard and straight-backed, the lighting is dim and poor, and the pulpit is draped in white and adorned with flowers when flowers are in season.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone" — thus, slowly and in a minor key, first the leader's voice, then many other voices, began the first "meeting" that it was my privilege to attend. "Never grow old" followed with scarcely a break.

As the elder prayed a chant-like prayer, the congregation clapped their hands and punctuated the praying with fervent a-mens. The text was the twenty-seventh Psalm which was heard with eager attentiveness and much reverence. The sermon was based on the idea of the omniscience of God, with many examples drawn from the Scriptures. However, this sermon was never completed. It was cut off abruptly when the preacher looked at his watch and said: "It's 20 to 10—too late foah no more preachin'."

The congregation was silent for a moment, then a high soprano voice begun to sing. "I'se so glad—" and was joined by many other voices singing the spiritual which pictures heaven all gold and white and glad, our eternal home. All the people clapped their hands and patted their feet rhythmically as they sang. The clapping and patting continued through the earnest prayer that followed, in which prayer the Lord was addressed as "our lily of the valley," and "our bright morning star."

After the prayer, it was announced that "collection must be took in five minutes," and to the singing of "When We All Get to Heaven," each member marched to the table in front of the pulpit and laid his offering there. On either side of the table stood a deacon, singing, clapping his hands, and swaying to the rhythm of the song.

When the giving had ceased, the preacher, who had been watching the money asked if "we couldn't git fifteen cent more to make it even." A few more pennies were added, and finally, after much counting and deliberation, one of the deacons said, "thanks you all foah \$1.40."

The "meeting" ended with the roll-call of the members, and, finally the Doxology

Lifebuoy, wash your stockings and undies in Lux, and your face in Ivory.

Admiracion shampoo completely removes the smell of the Glover's Mange Cure that you used before the washing. If it doesn't you might as well leave home, because nobody—even if he loved you—could stand that odor.

Wives must keep their mental and spiritual loveliness. In most articles about "How to Hold Your Man" you will find these general rules:

The most successful way to hold a man is to be an all-round good sport, yet never lose that feminine dependence that is so flattering to him. Be able to play all his games and play your own for all it's worth.

Always look fresh at the breakfast table, even though you've been up half the night before with Junior. Be ready with some sprightly conversation to cheer him up, but don't offer it while he's behind the morning paper.

The house, naturally, must be spotless. After cleaning it, you can market, sew up a dress and do the week's washing. Invite the "girls" over for a simple bridge luncheon with chicken salad or tomato aspic. A reputation as a good hostess is invaluable as men love having a popular wife.

Being able to enter in to all your husband's activities is the best way to keep him from seeking other feminine companions. Spend a large part of every day improving your mind and keeping abreast of the times. Read many newspaper, maga-

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ARE WE FRIENDLY?

Do you sincerely try to draw that shy girl at your table into the conversation during meals? Or does she look with envious eyes at the smiling, joking group who makes the table a pleasant one? Maybe it is her own fault that she is quiet but more than likely it is ours. Do something about it! What is she interested in? What course is she taking? Who is her room-mate? There are so many things to discuss with a fellow student. Maybe she hasn't heard that funny story Jane told last night. She may enjoy it. An automobile won't run if one of the wheels sticks. Just so, the conversation at a table can't be in smooth running order unless each girl contributes a bit. Meals can be anticipated pleasures if the group is a happy, congenial one. Do your little bit to make your table known as a gracious, enjoyable one.

ENJOY THE CAMPUS

Some afternoon, when you're not in the mood to study, or you're tired of life in general you should walk out on the lower campus, and really open your eyes. You'll see plenty of girls wading from Main Hall to Park Hall, from gym to dormitories, with their heads bent, eyes glued to the ground, never once really looking around. Trees in various shades ranging from bright yellow to deep red, blend themselves into a leafy background, which, if you'd take time to look, would not only please your eye, but also raise your spirits about one hundred per cent. Why not enjoy beauty like this, which is easy to find, if you'll only look for it.

AMERICAN YOUTH DOESN'T WANT WAR

(From Northeast Missourian, N. E. Mo. State Teachers College)

We, the young people of today, are faced with a world preparing for war. Italy is rapidly forcing the issue in Ethiopia; Great Britain is rushing her navy to the Mediterranean, the United States is steadily increasing its military expenditures and following policies which threaten to plunge us into the melee. The League is a peace organization in name but is powerless to avert war unless Italy retracts and Italy will not retract as long as there is a possible chance to gain land and resources. War in Europe seems inevitable.

The United States must not be drawn into the mess. The young men of America are too valuable to waste in a squabble between selfish nations in Europe; American resources are too valuable to blow up in gun powder.

We feel the need for constructive and dramatic demonstration against the rising war tendencies of our nation. We must bear down strongly on peace education. We must demonstrate our determination not to be cannon-fodder for future wars.