

The Salemite

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WHY READ PERIODICALS?

College students, as well as any other group of people, should be well-read to be intelligent and should stay abreast of the times by reading periodical literature. The resident student will find the latest newspapers and magazines in the library and she will enjoy reading them and discovering that things really are happening outside Salem campus. The off-campus student will find it doesn't take long to select and read the articles of national and international interest. How many girls at Salem can intelligently explain and discuss the situation in Ethiopia today? All we know is what we see in the newsreel, and all we have seen in the newsreel has been soldiers in training, artillery, and Haille Selassie walking about with an attending slave holding an umbrella over his royal head. Other people will find us much more interesting when they find we know how to talk about something other than "what goes on at Salem."

SALEM STUDENTS SLEEP IN CHAPEL

What's wrong with our chapel programs? Everyone is usually bored to death, faculty as well as students. We need more interesting subject for our speakers. We have good speakers, but, as a rule, no one is interested in the subject that is being discussed, and then appear the yawns, the whispers, the notes, and even the textbooks. More student programs might help matters; the Play Production group is doing its part in that, but we can have student speakers as well. Why not have a chapel singing day each week? We all like to sing, or at least to try to, and we could learn to sing hymns and favorite songs well with Mr. Schofield's guidance. Nearly everyone enjoys the music programs, and they are given by students. It would be interesting to have students conduct story-readings in chapel; we have some girls here who are quite capable of doing this, and it would create new interest. We would love to have a chapel organ recital by Dean Vardell every now and then. He doesn't play much for us now, and we miss it. National chapel programs would be fun — to have a Scotch program with girls in kilts doing the Highland fling; an Irish program with Irish songs; a Russian program with dances, etc. These are a few suggestions, and if we could put some of them into use, or find better ones, we might have a wide-awake chapel some of these mornings — who knows?

I do not think anyone went to sleep Wednesday in expanded chapel while the production class was giving "The Trysting Place," do you? I did not see anyone studying her short hand or Latin Thursday morning while Mr. Bolander was talking, either. Perhaps I am going to have to withdraw my above accusations very soon. I hope so, anyway.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT CAROLINA

Another one of the best musical pictures ever produced is now playing at the Carolina Theatre. From all sides one hears all varieties of comments on "Broadway Melody of 1936." The new dancing sensation, so-called, Eleanor Powell heads the lists of attractions in the picture and promises a thrill for lovers of modern dancing. The sets, songs, and spectacles are of the grandest and the picture should be worth seeing. Robert Taylor, Una Merkel and many others are in it.

Monday and Tuesday of next week will bring Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda in "Way Down East."

The "Crusades" will be presented the remainder of the week. This is another DeMille spectacle, this time with Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and a cast of ten thousand not including horses and suits of armour. I have always wondered how anyone mounted a horse in armour and this picture should offer a good opportunity to find out.

The week after next will bring with it "Metropolitan" and "In Old Kentucky." In the former picture are Lawrence Tibbet and Virginia Bruce, as well as the Toreador Song from Carmen, songs from I Pagliacci and Faust by Mr. Tibbet. Will Rogers plays "In Old Kentucky," the last picture he made before his death.

After that picture the theatre will present "Barbary Coast" starring Edward G. Robinson and Miriam Hopkins. "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is promised for December. Watch for following attractions.

DR. AND MRS. RONDTHALER SOON TO RETURN TO SALEM

It won't be long now! Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler are expecting to return to Salem around December 1. They are at present at Clifton Springs in upstate New York where Dr. Rondthaler is recuperating from an automobile accident. Their daughter Mrs. Henry Pfohl, will probably accompany them home.

Dr. Rondthaler is much better, and he is rapidly regaining his strength. He now walks a mile or a mile and a half a day. In the letters from Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler to Jane Rondthaler, their daughter, they say that they miss everyone connected with Salem, and they will be very glad to get back.

SLOGAN CONTEST CONTINUED

The "Salem Slogan Contest" has been extended until Saturday, November 16. The judges, after carefully considering the slogans which were submitted the first week, decided that none of them would be suitable for the purpose of "The Salemite." "The Salemite" wants a slogan which will be appropriate for the letter-head of stationery, for use in the "ears" of the paper, and particularly for advertising matter of Salem College. An example is: "Salem College: the oldest girls' school in continuous existence in the south." The slogan will necessarily be short and catchy. The slogans must be in "The Salemite" office by November 16. And do not forget — the prize is five dollars.

TO YOU NATURAL BORN WALL FLOWER

Don't grieve and wince with envy as you watch a gifted pair of dancers glide by, floating effortlessly as peanut shucks in a mud puddle. They may be in love, but on the other hand—ah, watch: A criminology class at Syracuse University (N. Y.), has discovered that morons can dance as well, if not better, than most people of normal mentality. They are gifted with an abnormally developed sense of rhythm, the students declare.

NEWS FROM VIOLA FARTHING

All of you old girls remember Viola Farthing, and you new girls have something to look forward to for she's coming back next year to finish at Salem. She's a wonderful girl, and those of us who know her are interested to hear about what she is doing this year.

One of the girls here recently received a letter from Viola, who is teaching in a mountain school. We are glad to print parts of this letter.

"I felt very sad that I could not be back with you all again this year. I know there must be so many new girls to meet and so many wonderful and interesting things to do. Will you please give my regards and very best love to all the old girls? I would so love to see them all. I can just see my class marching up in their dignified caps and gowns.

"I suppose that you would like to hear something of my life, or is it new now? I have been teaching six weeks and it is certainly an experience. I am glad you wrote to me at Montezuma; mail only comes to Carey's Flat (where I teach), twice a week, and even then it is not sure to come. I have 35 pupils, and seven grades. At first it was almost utter chaos to me, but gradually I have gotten everything going smoothly and in a little order. The first few days were very, very hard. There are a great many problems to solve, but I do love it. The only thing that bothers me is that the best I can do is so little.

I think I shall tell you something of the lives of the children I teach. Most of them have absolutely no cultural background. Their only earthly contact with books or any intellectual or cultural influence is the little they get at school, and with so many grades, including such a wide range of ages it is impossible for me to devote the right amount of time to them. They are so used to the conventional rate school methods that I cannot plunge them into a modern socialized school-room — that would indeed result in chaos. I am trying gradually to train them to think and to do things for themselves; however, I fear that the results will not be startling. I love my pupils — even the toughest boys, some of whom are taller than I. I am sorry to say that I had to whip some of them in spite of my determination not to do so. There are some of them who refuse to respond to anything in the world but the rod. I have been trying to visit the homes visit them all because they live so far away and in such inaccessible spots. Most of them live two and three miles from school — in tiny, broken-down houses. One mile in the mountains does not mean the same thing that it does in the lowlands. Here it means a good half-hour of toilsome climbing. It means following winding paths through forests and fields — which wind in order to make it possible to mount almost perpendicular walls. Up, up you go over rocky ravines, along narrow paths inhabited by rattlesnakes and copperheads, across fences — until you come to what seems the top of the world — if you look down far below upon a never-ending world of trees and mountains with a tiny white winding road making its lonesome way through a vast wilderness of trees and rocks. (It has been so beautiful dressed in all the glory of autumn). After about an hour and a half of hard climbing you reach a tiny, dilapidated wooden shack with one, two, or at the very most, three rooms in it. The walls and floors are utterly bare. I have never seen, even in all my life in the mountains, homes so poor, so bare of all the comforts of life as these are. There is no foundation to build their school work up on. One little girl in the fourth grade could not talk about a train because (to my consternation and sorrow) "I don't know 'cause I hain't never seed a train." The place is only about 12 miles from here, but because there have been only impossible roads, the place has been utterly isolated. They are building a good road now.

"Once I visited two of my little boys who live with three other broth-

Y.W.C.A. News

VESPER SERVICE

The Vesper Service Sunday evening will be sponsored by the World Fellowship Committee. Rev. Carroll C. Roberts will speak about world fellowship toward peace. Jane Rondthaler will sing a solo.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP WEEK

The chapel services next week will be in keeping with World Fellowship Week. A series of programs about this topic has been arranged.

MR. BOLANDER SPEAKS ON EVERYDAY ART

The student body and faculty were delightfully entertained at chapel, Thursday morning, November 7, by Mr. Bolander, an artist, from Columbus, Ohio. His illustrated talk was on "Art in Everyday Life."

He presented a collection of works of art from Poland, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Italy, China, Africa, and North Carolina as well. To impress upon us the growing trend toward artistic designs for ordinary boxes, vases, baskets, shoes, neckties, ink bottles, books, telephones, soup dishes, and coffee pots, he showed out-of-date and then modern examples of these everyday things.

Mr. Bolander dropped hints about the future to make one wonder: Shall I wear rainbow colored shoes next spring? Will my telephone have chimes; my stationery boxes, handles; or my music books, bright illustrations? Shall I, perhaps, sip soup through a crimson cellophane straw?

Mr. Bolander suggested these artistic possibilities.

THE PROBLEM BOX

Dear Sadie Bix:

I am a college Freshman and am in love with a boy from Pine Ridge. He is just darling in his uniform. He used to date me every night but now he comes only every other night. This is breaking my heart and after thinking it over seriously and asking my mother and best girl friend, I have come to the conclusion that I don't have B. O., Halitosis, Athlete's Foot, or Dandruff. So I have brought my problem to you, please, please help me.

(Miss) Ima N. A. Mess.

Dear Ima N. A. Mess:

Your problem is a very complicated one. I have put a great deal of thought on the matter and suggest the following:

Through your own system of detective work (you might try asking his mother or his last girl), find out his favorite fruit, flower and color. Then take a trip to Cotton Worthy and purchase perfume with the scent of his favorite flower, Lipstick with the taste of his favorite fruit, and rouge of his favorite color. I guarantee that you will have a 50% increase in dates within 7 dates. Use this method on other men, varying the chart according to their tastes.

Yours,

Sadie Bix.

(You are invited to send in your love problems to Sadie Bix, Salemite Office.)

ers, a mother and father, in a tiny house with one room about ten by twelve feet. They were very hospitable, inviting me to spend the night with them. Where do you suppose I would have slept? I don't know!"

So that's what Viola's doing this year, and we are truly proud of her. She can and will do much good where she is this year, and we all look forward to having her back here with us.

If any of you wish to write to Viola — and she would love to have news of Salem — her address is Montezuma, N. C. If you'll write, she'll answer it — we bet!