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"THE TRYSTING PLACE"

A Play Review

Besides being a pleasant variation from the general run of chapel programs, the presentation of "The Trysting Place" in chapel last Wednesday morning marked the beginning of many interesting and exciting adventures for those students taking play production and for those who are interested in play production. "The Trysting Place," an amusing and delightful play, was really an innovation, and it precedes, we hope, many more amusing and delightful plays.

Of the actual presentation of the play, we have nothing but sincerest adjectives of praise. It was well cast and well directed. As the awkward and adolescent Lancelot, Anna Wray Fogle was splendid. We felt she never lost character for a minute, and her acting seemed sincere. Using much masculine vigor in her tones and gestures, Gertrude Schwalbe gave a quite good characterization of the elderly Mr. Ingoldsby. Jessie and Rupert (Garnelle Raney and Louise Preas made love violently and effectively (much to the delight of the audience). Mary Lib Reeves, portrayal of Mrs. Briggs, was also quite effective, and her nervous gestures added much to her characterization. Nancy Schallert made Mrs. Curtis a charming, sophisticated woman, which is exactly what she should be. Jane Rondthaler, the Mysterious Voice, spoke loudly and distinctly, her lines being important mainly because what she said rather than how she said them.

We liked the production of "The Trysting Place," and so did everyone else if we are to judge by what is being said about it on the campus.

EXCHANGE

One of Whitman college's varsity halfbacks works his way through college by performing the duties of a nursemaid. He read an advertisement asking for a girl and he proved his salesmanship by calling on the inquiring housewife and getting the place.

Five million Italian boys and girls are trained to militarism and Mussolini. The Italian youths have but two ideas in mind—to become a soldier and to follow Mussolini. They belong to the great Fascist youth movement.

LESS NOISE IN THE LIBRARY, PLEASE

We like the way the librarians have gone about trying to make us be quieter and more considerate of other people studying in the library. They haven't offended a one of us and yet they have told us directly of our conduct through the clever posters at the entrance of the library and on the study tables. The posters remind us of things which perhaps every one of us has done, either consciously or unconsciously.

Who hasn't stopped on the library steps to talk with a friend who is coming out? Who hasn't run up or down the stairs as if a bear were chasing here? Who hasn't shoved chairs across the floor, or walked as if she were an overgrown elephant? The cleverly illustrated posters tell us, without hurting our feelings, not to do these things again. One of them reads: "You may not be a 'camel,' but you can give your chair a 'lift' instead of a shove." Another one, illustrated by two girls gossiping, says: "If the librarians can hear what 'he said' last night — you're talking too loud." And then there's the one which says "You wouldn't stomp on a rare antique — well, our floors are antique too!"

SENIOR CHAPEL ATTENDANCE

Whenever there are visitors in chapel they naturally notice the senior class because of the prominent place it has in each chapel service.

Is our senior class represented well enough in chapel? Seldom, except on Wednesday, are more than half the seniors there, and the line is too short and not at all representative of our seniors. And another thing — why do seniors rush to chapel at the last minute with their collars tucked in wrong, their gowns not completely fastened, and the tassels on their caps hanging the wrong way?

Let's make our class better, seniors, by attending chapel looking like seniors.

You've read so often about the type of home in which Lincoln was reared that you probably have a clear picture of it. Compare this picture with Salem gymnasium. Aren't the two almost identical? Is Salem that far behind times? Must we continue to live in the past? We're all proud of Salem's age, but we would like to have a new gym. You don't make an old lady wear her baby clothes — neither should you make an old school go ragged.

FADS AND FASHIONS

This time we're going in for little things—insignificant, perhaps, but oh, so important!

These, for instance, if you use them, show you have your finger on the pulse of the new fashion trends: Flowers, the realer the better—in your hat, at your throat, on your hair, or at your belt—especially for evening. Frogs on your semi-formal suits and dresses, on your coat. Ties through rings or wide girdles crushed through rings. Lots of board, and border trimmings. Wide belts on practically everything.

Accessories are the little things which make or break many an outfit. Better keep up with the trends!

Hats are softer, smaller, richer. Felts and velours are for sports and strictly tailored costumes, with brims reaching forward and squarish lines. Berets still triumph; they're big, soft and velvet, pushed toward heaven, or front, or over your eye. Piquant turbans are with us, and also Renaissance hoods or halos to give that saintly look.

Bags get simpler and simpler, and smarter and smarter.

Shoes go lower and lower. No-heeled sandals give grace to your evening glide.

As a last and all-important admonition, don't forget that the new styles call for good carriage. Shoulders are prominent and must be held erect. Slim waist-lines call for held-in stomachs. Moral: get yourself fitted to a good foundation garment pronto!

Y. W. C. A. FAIR GREAT SUCCESS

On Saturday night the recreation room of Alice Clewell Building was cleverly transformed into a perfect background for the fair, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. of Salem. One could scarcely help falling into the mood for a fair when one saw Peggy Parker, Leila Williams, "Pete" Lunsford and Cramer Percival in a horse race. Boat rides for the small sum of a nickel were enjoyed by many. The usual holiday refreshments were sold—pink lemonade, pop-corn, hot dogs and candy. A negro pianist and a singer provided the music for those who wished to dance. There were numerous booths of added attractions that interested many. An exhibit of apparel knitted by Salem girls attracted a great deal of attention. The Fair was certainly well worth the paltry sum the "Y" charged for their project.

"STUDY" HOUR

Why call it "study hour"? It's three hours long in the first place and who studies? (Only those who are compelled to by the looming nearness of a test study). What do you do between 7 and 10—come on, be honest. Here's what I do, see if it checks with your typical study hour.

Seven o'clock usually finds me reading a short story which I promised myself when I started reading (at six-thirty) I would put up at seven o'clock. This story usually lasts until seven-thirty when I reluctantly put up the magazine. That of course doesn't leave very much time before Guy Lombardo comes on at eight. I do break down and read about six pages of my literature tho'. (I can't read any more for looking at the clock in fear that eight might pass, and with it Guy, before I know it.) Since I have a radio three girls on my hall always come in on Monday to listen to Guy. After his program is over we talk a few minutes about how somebody went to a dance two years ago when Guy Lombardo played, and from there to how it was after the Carolina-Duke game, and we can't wait until Saturday, and it won't be long before Thanksgiving, and then Christmas is two weeks after that, etc. Soon it is nine o'clock and the girls leave. I study a little and then I am so hungry that I just must go to the Wee Blue Inn and get a hot dog and a "dope." By the time I finish that and settle down it is ten o'clock, and of course you can't study between ten and ten-thirty. There is too much noise and besides study hour is over. Then comes the ten-thirty bell and with it quiet and since I have studying that must be done and nothing to keep me from doing it, I start studying.

SALEM COLLEGE STUDENTS ATTEND SPORT CONFERENCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
 don, Randolph Macon, Hollins, William and Mary, and Salem.

When the Salem Representatives arrived at 3:30 o'clock, Friday afternoon, they immediately went down to the Hockey Fields where they watched and played hockey all afternoon. At six o'clock there was a tea given in honor of the guests. Everyone wore tunics, and Salem was highly complimented on her white ones. Dinner was served at 7:45. Friday night there was a movie shown illustrating hockey rules, after which there was an executive meeting of which Miss Atkinson is a member. There were also other meetings and discussions relating to all kinds of sports. Later an informal dance was given for the guests.

Salem girls watched and played hockey from 8:45 Saturday morning until 12:45 o'clock. After lunch they were shown ploys of historical interest in Williamsburg.

The girls reported a fine time going and coming back. On the way there, they crossed a ferry. The captain was very nice to them and even let McArn steer the ferry. As they were coming back, the car unfortunately gave out of gas in Danville (it was on a hill too), and it had to be pushed to a filling station — Miss "At" was certainly embarrassed!

Since the Conference was such a success, Miss Atkinson said that she would like very much to arrange it so that touring teams could come to Salem and play tournaments.

From a professor in Syracuse, N. Y., comes the greatest consolation some girls have had since birth. He says peroxide isn't the only recourse for recent developments in the x-ray field have led scientists to believe that x-ray may change a person's complexion and color of his hair. It may enable the growing of tropical plants in the North.

Don't Be Discouraged
 1. A poor lesson is better than nothing.
 2. Nothing is better than a good lesson.
 3. Therefore a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.
 —The Carolinian.

SENTIMENTAL BALLYHOO

There are people who call pacifist movements "sentimental ballyhoo." They think of permanent peace as a state wholly unattainable in so complex a world as ours; to them peace is only a quiet interval between wars, a period of rest and preparation.

If we are to judge by past history, we must admit that they have reason for such a belief, for the years which the nations of the world have spent in long and horrible wars far outnumber the years spent in peace.

But we do not agree with them that peace talk is "sentimental ballyhoo." Such an expressive term would more appropriately apply to the propaganda of war time.

In 1914 "the love of one's country" manifested itself in stirring war cries, waving flags, and tramping feet. There was a sentimental idea that glory came out of war instead of chaos.

Pacifist movements do not grow out of sentiment. A clear presentation of the facts about the world has compelled thinking people to try to maintain peace. As thinking college students we are forced to look at the problem of war as a thing to be despised and avoided. We cannot intelligently do anything else.

We cannot be called sentimental because we entertain pacifist views and do not want war. War arises from sentiment; pacifism, from enlightenment.

ARE YOU GETTING A COLLEGE EDUCATION?

Why don't more students attend talks and lectures that are sponsored by the various campus organizations? Is it because students do not have time or because they are not interested in what is going on outside the classroom? Is education simply a process of attending classes and trying to remember enough to pass the next quiz?

Do you realize that year after you finish college you will remember about six per cent of what you got out of books, and after two years you will remember only two per cent of what you once thought so vitally important? However, the contacts that you make, the poise and culture that you gain are yours forever. You certainly won't acquire these by hurrying from one class to another never giving a thought to other things that are going on about you.

You do not have to be taking music or art or psychology to enjoy a talk by some outstanding person in that field. Often times it is not so much what the speaker says, but just associating with some one who knows a "little more about life" than you do that adds to your appreciation and understanding of things in general.

For the first three years of college, students are so busy going to "college" that they forget to look for a little education, and then as seniors they realize how much has gone by unnoticed.

If college doesn't make you want to read good books and hear good lectures and good music then you are missing the real purpose of going to college. You are working for an education — why not get a good one? One that will mean something to you after you are through college.