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WELCOME HOME TO DR. RONDTHALER

The following editorial appeared in the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel for Sunday, December 1. It expresses in part our gladness on having Dr. Rondthaler again with us, and it represents the deep esteem which the city of Winston-Salem holds for our president. For this reason we are reprinting it:

However much a prophet is honored in his own country, he is never appreciated in the fullest sense until he departs for a time from among us or something happens to cause us to think we may lose him.

Both these incidents recently occurred in the case of Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, president of Salem College. He left us for a while, and in London he suffered serious injuries in a motor accident, a circumstance which left Winston-Salem in keen anxiety. But the hardihood, faith and courage which characterize the man combined with the knowledge and skill of medical science to restore Dr. Rondthaler to physical soundness, and the community is heartened to know that he is at last at home again.

Dr. Rondthaler occupies a place of unique distinction in the city and state, as well as in the collegiate circles of the country, and in the shaping of lives by the breathing idea his influence here and abroad is outside the reckoning. As the administrative head of the fine old college of Salem for the state and nation.

Fortunate in having such a man in our community, grieved to learn of his untimely injury, the community is truly glad to welcome Dr. Rondthaler back to Winston-Salem and the college for which he has labored so long and so faithfully. past quarter of a century he has exerted a powerful influence upon the lives of young folk. And as a public speaker and Bible teacher he has made many vital contacts with older folk and done much to advance the ideals and the culture of city,

MORE YARN

With the revival of the homely art of knitting, rises again the spirit of controversy too long dormant at the college for women. Professors in their charity choose to be silent, the few remembering that the meek shall one day inherit the earth. Until that Millennium, however, it behooves us to adopt some stand. Using the editorial prerogative, we choose to disagree with those who carry the implements of their craft into academic halls of learning. Like card playing, ping-pong, and wood carving — all admirable avocations in their place, we believe such amusements should be put aside with the ringing of the bell heralding the approaching class. Our objections, like the proverbial mystic riddles, are seven-fold. We shall elaborate the few. "Knit two, and purl one and then change to larger needles" may be an intellectual problem of its own. But when it comes in conflict with the chronological development of the evolution of man, one or the other must go down in confusion. Again it must be somewhat disconcerting to a lecturer who finds duality of purpose dividing his class into two camps. We come to college because it gives us an unique experience which cannot be gained elsewhere. In the classroom, we come into contact with authorities who know whereof they speak. And yet "we are too busy about many things" with the consequent result that the years find us abruptly stumbling against ourselves in moments of heightened awareness, only to discover that we can mouth but the trivial — that our culture at best is but superficial, a veneer barely covering the roughened surface beneath. —The Tower Times.

DEAN VARDELL

Dean Charles G. Vardell, who served as Acting President of Salem College during the absence of Dr. Rondthaler, should be commended on the smooth and efficient manner in which he performed the numerous and difficult tasks which come with the honorable duty of acting as President of Salem College.

We formerly knew Dean Vardell as an able musician and one of America's most distinguished young composers. We now recognize him as an able executive as well. With the co-operation of the faculty, Dean Vardell conducted the many duties which befall an executive, and still managed to teach and direct the school of music.

SHOP EARLY AND MAIL EARLY

As a child I began my preparations for Christmas about six weeks before the day arrived. How well do I remember buying my dad a five cent cake of shaving soap some four or five weeks before Christmas and taking the present home and immediately showing it to my father. If we were able to wait so long we would leave getting the tree until three weeks before Christmas. If I could echo the feeling of post office officials and store employees I should probably sigh and say "would that all were children at Christmas time."

You have doubtless heard "shop early" and "mail early" for Christmas until to hear it again will have little effect on you. Nevertheless we add our pleas that you do so to those of the post office officials and store employees.

It is to your advantage to make the preparations necessary for Christmas early in the season. In shopping you have a greater assortment of gifts from which to choose and you receive more attention and help from the saleswomen. You are spared the strain of shopping in crowded stores.

If you mail early you are sure that your cards and gifts will arrive at their destination before Christmas and not after. You save the persons working in the post office from having to work overtime.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Was your great-grandmother one of the pupils of Salem Female Academy who was reprimanded for digging holes in her pewter plate? Did your grandmother star in the colic thetic drill of an Academy commencement? Did your mother hold forbidden midnight feasts in the famous "alcoves" of Salem College? In other words, are you a daughter, granddaughter, or even a great-great-granddaughter of a former Salem pupil? If so, the librarian wants to see you — not to make you pay for ancestral sins, but to beg you to help them obtain pictures for display on Founders' Day.

Their idea, which ought to be of interest to everybody at Salem, is to have a "Salem Family Album" which will contain pictures of students now attending Salem College whose ancestors also attended Salem. They want to borrow pictures only, and they promise to cherish and guard with the utmost care any family heirloom lent them. Pictures of former students taken when they were students are especially wanted, but when no student pictures are available, others will do.

Please, call at the library, introduce yourself as a fourth generation of Salem pupils, and then help the librarians search family albums for your ancestors!

PARK HALL

I understand that there are certain students at Salem who take music who have never been in the Science Lab and have no idea what it is like except from vague stories of the odor of formaldehyde and such, and much work which seems to surround the building like a heavy fog. Seriously, as Mr. Higgins tells the freshmen, laboratory is spelt l-a-b-o-r but it isn't all dry grinding. I wonder if you have ever poured two colorless liquids into a test tube and watch them turn green. I have and it is interesting. Do you say "I like strong coffee." Well if you do, you're all wrong, it isn't strong you mean, but concentrated. Do you say that water is a clear liquid, you probably mean colorless. And a white liquid is never called milky — it has a white precipitate. Do they sound all mixed up to you? They are right. And if you take chemistry you just have to learn them. And if you take geography you find that it isn't love that makes the world go round at all. And in biology you find hundreds of little plants and animals that you never thought existed. And there is physics too. Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, and Miss Petree are over there to help us out. And sometimes Jane Higgins is there saying "Da-da" and "book." (I bet she'll soon be saying "test tube." don't you?) Anyway the lab is a nice place, come on over and see it.

SENIORS WIN AGAIN

Brown Scores Point

In the hard fought battle between the seniors and the juniors the seniors came out on top with one point to the good.

| Seniors | Pos. | Juniors |
|-------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Best | | Crist |
| Watkins | Rt. Wing | Fetter |
| McNew | Inside Rt. | Baynes |
| Brown (1) | Center For'd | E. Sterling |
| Hendrix | Inside Left | Ritter |
| M. Hutchison | Left Wing | Hart |
| Torrence | Rt. Half | Smith |
| Shore | Center Half | Sisell |
| Marx | Left Half | Norman |
| Schlegel | Rt. Back | Wurreschke |
| Schwalbe | Lt. Back | Fraleay |
| Goalkeeper | | |
| Substitutes: | | |
| Lowery and Blain. | | |

WELCOME HOME

At last Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler have returned home and to Salem. (Salem and home to them are one.) We who have awaited and anticipated this event find it difficult to express ourselves when we try to tell them how glad we are to see them again. We mumble words and smile when we meet them, but it is difficult for us to say what we really feel.

No college president and no college president's wife could be more loved and respected by the college students and the college faculty than are Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler. When news of Dr. Rondthaler's accident in London became known in this country, Salem students were distressed and anxious about his apparently minor but actually very serious injury. Since the beginning of school students have often inquired about him and about Mrs. Rondthaler, and any news concerning them has been published in "The Salemite" in order that every one might know what they were doing and when they were going to return to Winston-Salem and Salem College.

And now they're here! What can we say? We can say very little about what we feel. We, like they, know only that Salem is a happier and gladder place because they are back again.

ARE WE STILL CHILDREN?

No longer is it smart for girls to smoke. No longer is it considered an accomplishment. Now it is merely accepted. Girls who smoked because it gave them a feeling of sophistication have given it up since it has become commonplace. The thrill is gone. Those girls who are eternally longing to be spectacular must try something else with which to astound their friends.

Smoking in the Green Room at Salem is taken as a matter of course, but smoking in the dormitory can be very spectacular. The chance of being caught lends an atmosphere of suspense. Excited friends watch the girls who smoke with admiring — yet, not envious — eyes. Every foot-step in the hall must be investigated — is it the proctor? If the girl "gets by" with it, she is congratulated.

How childish! When we were younger we kept our lights burning until the early hours of morning, when we knew we should be sleeping soundly. We took food to bed with us and had exciting midnight feasts — trembling with suspense when our mother paused before our door to see if all were well. We agree we wouldn't change the thrills of those few moments of mischief for a hundred forgotten hours of perfect obedience. But that thrill of disobeying rules belongs to the days of our childhood as definitely as our dolls do. Shall we risk our reputation to get a childish thrill out of disobeying a rule?