

The Salemite

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Salem College and the entire surrounding community is grateful to Mr. Louis Owen for the gift of the native and Oregon holly trees which have been planted on Salem Square by Mr. Robert C. Conrad of Reynolda.

### A VOTE OF THANKS

There is a man on Salem Campus who does more than any of us ever realize to make our school days pleasant — I mean Mr. Snavelly, that benevolent spirit who presides over the book-store. Not only does he see to it that our favorite candies and crackers are offered for sale there, but he even has a choice stock of everything from face powder to early American salt and pepper shakers. Most important of all, through Mr. Snavelly's efforts the books offered at the bookstore have become so varied, so interesting and so reasonable that that place has become a sort of campus rendezvous. An excellent selection of new books, as well as new editions of old books, is offered there. Some of his books are particularly lovely, not only as to their illustrations, but also in their make-up. Anyone who has some time to spend to good advantage would do well to pay Mr. Snavelly a visit and inspect the books — everything from Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" to du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" — which Mrs. Snavelly has kindly secured for the bookstore. There are really some beautiful books there — beautiful as well as excellent in their texts. Thank you, Mr. Snavelly.

### THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

- (By Associated Collegiate Press)
- You're ignorant of the realities of life if you're of college age, thinks Dr. William Carpenter McCarty of the graduate school of the University of Minnesota.
- The doctor parcels out your life like this:
1. Pre-birth — age of ancestral defects.
  2. Birth to 16 years — age of supreme ignorance, affection and confidence.
  3. Sixteen to 25 — age of energy, optimism, imagination, adventure, discovery, invention and ignorance of the realities of life.
  4. Twenty-five to 55 — age of egoism, self-confidence, selfishness, over expansion and frequent mistakes.
  5. Fifty-five to death — age of experience, wisdom, tolerance, con-

servatism and simplicity.

In addition to being ignorant of the realities of life, you (if you're a co-ed), are probably also badly spoiled.

Or at least so thinks another doctor, Prof. Charles Reed of Northwestern University University, who thinks the human race is degenerating, that all us young 'uns are getting soft.

"The daughters," he says, "are pampered and petted. They don't get enough sunshine or exercise. They can't take it the way their grand mothers did."

"A sound idea gone all wrong" says Prof. Karl Douglass about the American junior college. Mr. Douglass, of the University of Minnesota, maintains the two-year junior colleges are largely duplicating the work of the eleventh and twelfth grades in high school.

How to prevent yourself from becoming unpopular with men, according to the girls at the University of Saskatchewan:

Avoid signs of jealousy.

Never mention another man in conversation with a date.

Learn to walk.

Don't dye hair or paint nails brightly.

Don't get sentimental.

Learn to cook.

George Washington, thinks Prof. J. B. Hedges of Brown University, apparently was not much interested in ideas.

In explaining how the whole traditional picture of Washington has been revamped as a result of recent research, the professor said that Washington was a "man with a masterful grasp on material things." He was probably a dull conversationalist, added the professor.

"What," asks Columnist Bill Kennedy of the University of Minnesota Daily, "is so wonderful about Walter Johnson throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock — with the dollar inflated the way it is!"

The newest organization among college men is the VFW, a military organization.

It means: Veterans of Future Wars, and the organizers maintain they ought to have their bonus through Congress by July at least.

It all started with students at the Virginia Military Institute and already has a chapter in Alaska, so they say.

For Washington's birthday, the University of Wisconsin Historical museum displayed autographs, portraits and mementoes of the great General.

Of chief interest however, was a white shirt Washington used to wear. On it, written in indelible ink was this, "Geo. Washington No. 8."

Apparently laundries have not changed.

The still popular expression, "Oh Yeah?" is not as inconsequential as one might think, according to a speaker at Hunter College.

"It is tragic in its implications," he said, "It is as eloquent of world weariness as the bitterest cry of the disillusioned from Ecclesiastes down to Dreiser and Lewis. It bristles with challenge."

And those of us who have to listen to it — we bristle too.

Professor Lyman Bryson of Teachers' College, Columbia University, would like to rewrite English a bit so that the eighth-grade mind could comprehend the involved questions of the day.

He gathered a "simplification" staff of three persons — a pulp fiction writer, a professional advertising man and a graduate student in English literature.

The test he gave them to determine their ability was this: They had to re-write a recent column of Walter's Lippman's in the words of Arthur Brisbane.

The "Dartmouth," commenting on the fact that West Point no longer will have girl dancing instructors for the cadets because the young ladies disturb the equilibrium of the boys, remarks that army people have an annoying habit of using technical terms for just about everything.

### MUSIC CHAPEL ON THURSDAY

Thursday morning chapel was the occasion for another enjoyable music program. Mr. Albert Blumenthal accompanied by Miss Dorothy Thompson played a violin solo, Romance, the second movement of the Wieniawsky Concerto. This selection was quite beautifully rendered.

The students want to thank Mr. Schofield for planning these interesting chapel programs.

Adam: "Eve, you've just put my dress suit in the salad again."

—The Log.

1st student: Our history teacher talks to himself, does yours?

2nd ditto: Yes, but he thinks we are listening to him.—Davidsonian.

### Y. W. C. A. News

On Sunday, March 15, a group of girls representing the Student Volunteer group at Greensboro College, will come to Salem. During the afternoon they will meet with the Salem College Student Volunteer Group, and all members of this group who have been attending the Sunday morning meetings, are urged to come. The Greensboro College girls will be in charge of the Vesper program Sunday evening.

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The North Carolina Student Volunteer Conference will be held in Greensboro on March 20, 21, and 22, and we hope Salem will be well represented there. Dr. John Mackay, internationally known leader in the Student Volunteer Movement, will be the leading speaker at the conference. Another speaker will be Dr. Charles Logan, at one time a missionary to Japan, and one of the two men who converted Toyohiko Kagawa. This conference will be to many a real "mountain-top experience," and especially to those who are interested in foreign mission service.

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Last Sunday afternoon Virginia Crumpler, head of the Community Service Committee of the Y. W. C. A., took a group of girls out to the Children's Home. The trip was interesting as well as a delightful experience. Sometime in the near future, Virginia plans to take a group out to the Winston-Salem Teachers' College.

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"Y" Cabinet members are still selling Peace Bonds. By buying one, you can do your share in helping the National Council for Prevention of War in its great peace program.

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Mary Hart will represent the College Y. W. C. A. tonight at a banquet given for some of the youth organizations of the city at the city Y. W. C. A. Miss Carrie Lee Weaver will be in charge.

### IN FUN

A professor who comes in ten minutes late is rare. In fact he's in a class by himself — Man is but a worm, he comes, squirms about a bit, and then some hen gets him—Ilini.

1st: "Where did you get the 'A'?"

2nd: "I played on the Navy football team."

1st: "Yeah, but Navy begins with an 'N'."

2nd: "I know it. I played on the second team."

—The Log.

I bought a wooden whistle, but it wouldn't whistle; I bought a steel whistle, and still it wouldn't whistle; so I bought a tin whistle, and now I t'n whistle.—Rotunda.

College Bred: A four year loaf with plenty of crust made out of Dad's dough — add smiles: As lousy as the love scene of a Saturday movie.—Davidsonian.

Loving Mother: Son, do I smell tobacco on your breath?

Son: Yes, mother

L. M.: Well, you'll have to stop going out with those girls.—The Technique.

A male student at the University of Minnesota found his name a source of confusion to the faculty. His name was Marion. The limit was reached when he received a letter from the dean of women. He replied: "Dear Deanie: I am rooming over in the men's dorm, and the boys are just darling!"

—Davidsonian.

Well Gals,

I haven't been out sleuthing in so long that I don't know "nothin' 'cept:

That Tempe Green thinks Blackwell is such a "purty" name — Mildred Troxler is no longer fickle. Has she found her one and only? — and Virginia Lee is that way over Dick — The new spring fashion here

### WHO'S WHO AT SALEM

#### MARTHA AND ERIKA

#### Often Seen Together

Two girls with a bright smile and a Pennsylvania brogue — Erika Marx and Martha Schlegel. As roommates at school and neighbors in Nazareth, Pa., they see a great deal of each other. Both are home economics majors, and both aspire to be missionary workers and, perhaps, good German "Hausfrauen."

Erika was five years old when she came to Nazareth, Pa., in 1919. Until then she had lived in Poo, Tibet, where her parents were stationed as missionaries. She spent happy days playing with Tibetan children in a land which is known as "the top of the world." In her German home only German and Tibetan were spoken. It was on board ship coming to America that she learned enough English to accomodate a five year old.

Except for the few years during which Erika lived in Minnesota, she and Martha were together, pledging themselves to be "bosom friends."

Like other little girls they played dolls, went barefoot, and planned what they would do when they grew up. Erika was going back to Tibet, and Martha had decided that having a husband would be nice. (Both think now that they were a bit too hopeful, but what about Mac and the boy in Georgia?)

High School days were filled with excitement. There were hockey games, ice-skating, the school paper, and the annual; both Martha and Erika figured conspicuously in these activities. Erika was editor of "The Blue and White Standard," the high school paper, and Martha was photography editor of the annuap.

Both girls' sisters had graduated from Salem. Erika and Martha, violently excited and very idealistic, came to Salem, two girls with long curling hair and Northern brogues.

At Salem Erika and Martha became members of the Order of the Scorpions, efficient "Y" workers, and interested in sports. This year Erika is president of Y. W. C. A. and Martha is associate editor of the Salemite. They confess that their favorite pastime is attending conventions; and they speak wistfully of Blue Ridge, Indianapolis, etc.

Martha likes poetry, German, and going to conventions. She also likes people who pronounce Schlegel correctly. Her eccentricity might be her preference of writing letters in German; certainly, it is an accomplishment. She says her vice is talking to fast, and she giggles and says "Ich bin schusslich," which, of course, she isn't. Her ambition is to do missionary work, but she plans to teach home economics next year. She loves to drive a car, and has an affection for ice cream.

Erika, who busily practice teaches and heads the "Y.", is quite modest about her week-end visitor, but Martha says that there is a letter in the mail box everyday, thanks to Mac. Erika also wants to engage in missionary work. She writes poetry and says she is still an idealist, in spite of her childhood dreams of perfection. Erika's hope for everyone is that they may have happiness. (She seems very happy herself!)

Two lives run along so close together are often alike. Erika and Martha approach a certain likeness, and that likeness is not an unpleasant one. We like both of them very much.

is "Laundry Bag P.J.'s ask the girls on second in Alice Clewell about 'em — Annette Smith is in love with a certain co-ed. Could Mary C. be getting competition? — Mary Grier wants to go to Magnolia Gardens Easter — y'know why? She met a "Cute" boy from Charleston, of course — Jo Gibson you kind of keep the phone busy every night — which one talks the most, you or him — Marianna Redding better hold her man, he's in danger of being nabbed by a certain Soph. — Wonder if Pauline D. will divide her attentions between two drug stores in Mocksville now? That's all.