

The Salemite

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HOME STRETCH

We're coming down the home stretch and have only a few more yards to go. Perhaps we have been lagging, resting, or limping along in our studies, but this is the time to get our second wind and make our best efforts for a good end of this school year. Some of us fell down at the half-way mark (our examinations in January), and have stayed behind, so a final spurt will be our only hope. Others were ahead at that time, but they cannot afford to slow down because we haven't won until we're safe past the end mark of examinations.

Our teachers are watching us and, at this vital moment, are expecting to see some evidence of the training and advice that they have given during the year. As we near this final testing time, let's make each day count. Let's press forward until we have mastered each subject, have passed very exam, and have earned the reward of vacation. "Winners are never quitters; quitters are never winners." Come on! Hurry! Don't be an "also ran;" be a winner.

THE SONG IS ENDED

May Day is over for another year — the very last girl who had a costume has taken it to the recreation room of Alice Clewell, the last piece of newspaper has been clanded off the campus, and most of the concrete parts of it are gone. Now there will be a grand rush to get over to the Book Store and get pictures of the May Queen and her court.

In the opinion of most people this was the loveliest May-Day that Salem ever had, and everybody agrees that more people came than have ever come before. One girl's only regret is that after she sat down she forgot to see how many people were behind her. Another girl wanted to have May-Day every week-end; I don't imagine that the May Day Committee feel with her.

THE COLLEGIATE DIGEST

The somewhat complacent Brown students, by the way, have had a tragic experience lately, which has rather undermined their faith in the established order of things.

"Marji" is a young waitress near the campus, we understand. Very pretty and all that. For weeks she dated with no one, despite the organized competition among the very best fraternities on the campus. Then suddenly, she did something that so shocked the student body that the incident was deplored in the Brown paper.

She dated a non-fraternity, non-college man.

We, understand, haven't the slightest objection to the peace strike, but there is a budding versifier out at the University of California at Berkeley, who has. He objected this way:
Down wit de students
Down wit de class
Down wit de trees
Down wit de grass
Down wit de countries
Down wit de flags
Down wit de army
Down wit bum gags
Down wit te women
Down wit de men
Down wit de rooster
Down wit de hen
Down wit de spring
Down wit de fall
Whatever it is, I'm against it, so—
Down wit it all.

WHO'S WHO AT SALEM VIRGINIA GARNER

Former Editor Undergoes Long Delayed Interview

Teachers in years to come may remember her as "very efficient;" students will counter-act the frigid implications of that expression by just calling her smart and "a grand girl to be out with." Virginia Garner, former "Salemite" editor, is the kind of girl who makes the honor roll, dances beautifully, and attends every gay campus social function. She regards none of these collegiate graces as being too important — but she thinks all of them desirable. Her outstanding characteristic is sincerity to others and to herself.

Virginia was born in February, 1914. She contends that as a youngster she was the ugly duckling of the family. At the age of eight her tow head, freckles, and long, spindly legs offered no contradiction to her statement. At any rate, she grew up and out of this state, and after graduating from high school, she registered at Salem.

While at Salem Virginia has majored in math and history, getting a minor in psychology. As editor of "The Salemite," practice teacher, and a member of many campus organizations, including the Order of the Scorpion, she has proved herself to be an able leader as well as a capable student. Her present worry and greatest source of amusement (now that her editing days are over), are found in trying to decipher the almost illegible home work papers of her school children.

Favorite Pastimes: Sewing (for herself!), dancing with her brother, and traveling.

No ravishing appetite: Eats very little (which may be the reason she has such a slim figure.)

Reads: Mostly history and psychology books — also popular magazines.

Hot Sauce Queen: Thus the day students have dubbed her because her father prepares hot sauce.

Romantic interests: She won't tell, but she has very fond memories about the owner of a frat pin which she still keeps.

Favorite flower: Orchids — Oh deah!

Best Friend: Stephanie Newman — (We commend her taste!)

Comments: Admits that she does many things she doesn't like to do — definitely doesn't like to be interviewed! — otherwise she is a grand girl.

THE ART OF CHEWING GUM

There is truly an art to gum chewing that must be acquired by long hours of practice and indefatigable patience. Wealthy dowagers, lovely debutantes always have a wad of gum in their mouths — modern etiquette says at least a pack. There is skill to that smack-smack-smack that is so stimulating to other's nerves. Gum chewing should be made one of those finer habits and practiced at all times, especially at banquets, at church, in class and at teas. At concerts and dances be sure to keep time to the music with your gum. The orchestra leader will appreciate this assistance and your partner will acquire much greater rhythm. Gum chewing makes your teeth firmer — so as to keep down the dentist's bill — and gives you gums that certain elasticity invaluable in chewing tough meat. It completely does away with those unfashionable double chins and develops those of the receding nature. So, by all means, chew your gum louder and longer. Just park it on the bedpost overnight — to keep from swallowing it when you have a night-mare.

Hope we don't get a commission from Wrigleys for this.

Prof. John Gamble Kirkwood, Cornell chemist, has been awarded the 1936 Langmuir award of \$1,000.

A heretofore unknown 16th century stained glass window has been discovered in England by Princeton scientists.

EXCHANGES

We hate
Term papers
We'd rather
Cut capers.

We don't
Like Tests
They spoil
Our best.

Give me a house by the side of the road

Where the tourist pack goes by
Someone's got to sell hot dogs
It might as well be I.

Oh, yes indeedy,
In the spring a
Young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts
Of love, although the
Girls have been thinking
About it all year.

The human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working every morning and never stops until we get to class.

Social tact — The ability to make your company feel at home, even though you wish they were.

A. When it comes to eating you have to hand it to Venus de Milo.
B. Why?
A. How else could she eat?

LOGIC

1. No dog has two tails.
2. One dog has more tails than no dog.
3. Therefore one dog has three tails.

"It's the little things in life that tell!" said the sister as she dragged little brother from behind the sofa.

Rennselaer Polytech recently sponsored a world-wide reunion by radio.

Notre Dame will open a special department for the training of Catholic apologist writers in September.

DID YOU KNOW?

Last week-end Tick Fraley went to High Point, Virginia Neely to Charlotte, Mildred Troxler to Burlington, Garnelle Raney to Salisbury and Margaret Sears to High Point.

Now that the week-end audience has gone what can we do to attract attention to our Salem Circus? We are left in our cages with no interested onlookers. It gave us such a feeling of superiority to have girls from far and wide observing our habits and habitation.

And to think that one of our girls has forgotten the bar and become artistic. The instigator of her metamorphosis was here this week-end. Think of the mileage and wear and tear on a car that has come from Texas to North Carolina. Can it be that spring arrives later on the Mexican border, despite its geographical location, than it does in the old North State.

We have a senior who is not sure anymore about her athletic ability. At any rate she has decided that it is not her calling in life. The gentleman in question did not catch his usual ride over last Friday night.

What manner of women are these who can walk around school one morning oh so carelessly dressed, and that very afternoon appear on the May Day stage clothed in all the beauty of ethereal beings?

The male clique that frequents Senior Building this year has been scouting around for next year's prospects. And incidentally they are a bit prophetic. Salem's most popular senior for nineteen thirty-six and thirty-seven has already been selected. I wonder if these gentlemen realize the folly of crossing bridges before getting to them. It is alleged that the Miss has definite and serious interests south of Winston.

And then there is the story about one of our girls who is contemplating summer school at Chapel Hill. With all the seriousness of an eighteen year old she wanted to engage a room at Swain Hall for the summer. It is an appealing name!

SARA'S SCRAP BOOK

Art only, when all's dust
Through endless years shall dwell,
The bust
Outlasts the citadel.

The austere coin that lies
Beneath a digger's heel
I shall rise
A Caesar to reveal.

The gods have fled their fanes:
Eternal art alone
Remains —
Stranger than brass or stone.
—Theophile Gautier.

A translation of Charles Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" has been made by Edna St. Vincent Millay and George Dillon. Paul Valery of the French Academy paid the translation a great tribute. He said: "The quality of the translation is such that it would require the existence of another Baudelaire to convey an idea of it to the French reading public."

"And, after all, the saddest punishment is something that happens in us, not something which happens to us."
—James Branch Cabell.

She found at dawn
Her star, a firefly,
While she grasped purple shadows
The royal robe slipt by.

Her eyes turned west
(The sun had set so soon.)
And in the dark eastern sky
She saw not the rising moon.

She knocks upon the door,
Haunted by dreams unseen;
She knocks. But all is silent in
The House of Might-Have-Been.

"Only the spirit of rebellion craves for happiness in this life. What right have we human beings to happiness!"
—Isben.