

The Salemite

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FLIT

"Flit" kills roaches, bed bugs, water bugs, fleas, ants, lice, and many other household insects, but it won't get rid of school pests.

There is a pesky, buzzing human fly who hums and flits from table to table in the Day Students' Study Room. When not flying around, she lolls in a chair precariously tilted on two legs and absent-mindedly flicks the swinging light so that it makes dizzy fleeting circles across your paper. Soon she tires of this occupation and jumps with a nervous start, shaking the table, spilling your ink, and spoiling your theme. It has just occurred to her that her German book is in the drawer in front of you. Politely you move and wait long minutes while she pulls and tugs at notebooks and fumbles in the back for the book she wants. Her friend comes over to read German aloud and from then on one hears German, dates, rides, German, men, games, German, gossip, and more German. Finally, in desperation, you grab your books and stalk off in a huff to the library.

Here you find the bookworm who is diligently devouring all the reference books that you desire. When you try to concentrate on a poor substitute book she insists on whispering across the table to ask you if you are in Mr. Down's drama class and if you will lend her a list of references, which unfortunately you never see again. You manage to muster an obliging smile and answer her questions. She then scrapes her chair and clogs down the one squeaky board in search of a volume which she soon discovers to be behind your head. She leans for it, saying, "Don't get up," and drops it with a heavy thud. Of course, everyone thinks you are the guilty party and stares while you turn pink and red. The bell clangs to your rescue.

It is not a rescue; it is merely a change, for you go to class only to sit by the school's worst parasite. You first answer the roll call for her, because she isn't paying attention when her name is called. She is trying to arrange her hopelessly disordered notes when the teacher begins dictation and therefore gets behind in her notetaking. You lend her a piece of paper, ink, and an eraser and turn your notebook so that she won't strain her eyes in trying to see what the teacher has just said. Each professor has to repeat, spell, and explain for her. Her worst habit is asking questions: What kind? Which one? What class? What number? What date? Which page? She never knows the answers. You are glad to put her on someone else at lunch time.

Into the dining room there comes an annoying mosquito to worry you. Like every other mosquito she waits until you are comfortably settled to begin her attack. She arrives late and has to be served after all have started eating. The poor girl simply cannot stand shrimp salad or beans either, so she prattles while the others eat. Her monotonous conversation is about tests and Bills and Dons whom no one knows. Today the hostess is her prey, because this insect bothers her three times to have the waiter bring extra bread, milk, and early dessert. At last she jumps up, asks to be excused as she pushes her chair under the table, and darts out the door with an extra cookie hidden in her napkin. You sting with the nervous strain she has caused.

Your nerves suffer even more after you have listened

STUDENT PERSONALITIES

MARY FRANCES HAYWORTH

The qualities listed below could only belong to one "Salemite":

Hair—light brown.
Eyes—hazel.
Height—5 feet 4 inches.
Home—High Point.
Best Color—Blue.
Hobby—Music and nature study.
Favorite saying—"Hecktobus!"
Favorite dessert—Lemon custard.
Mania—Checking up on Edgar Hoover.

Favorite Book—"Ten Thousand Public Enemies."

Favorite Sport—Tennis.

Spends time—Going to "Y." meetings.

Plans to be—"G" Woman.

The serious-minded young lady you and I see roaming the campus could be none other than Mary Frances Hayworth. Having many different interests, she is one of our busiest seniors. Between practicing music and performing her duties as President of the "Y." she is not left many free moments. Mary Frances is likeable, capable, dependable, and always present when most needed. She is an asset to any class—Salem is proud of her.

HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS

Hallowe'en is the name popularly given to eve or vigil of all hallows, or festival of all Saints, and is an ancient Pagan custom occurring on the 31st of October.

The two chief characteristics of ancient Hallowe'en were the lighting of bonfires and the belief that this is the one night in the year during which ghosts and witches are most likely to wander abroad.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of this night. Nuts and apples are consumed in immense numbers, and the name of "Nutcrack Night," by which Hallowe'en is known in northern England indicates the predominance of these articles. They are not only cracked and eaten, they are used in the testing of love affairs. It is a custom in Ireland, when girls want to know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks and jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married.

The greatest sport with apples on Hallowe'en is either to tie an apple to a string hanging from the ceiling, and try to bite it, or to set apples afloat in a tub of water, into which people duck their heads trying to catch an apple.

Some other customs are walking down the cellar steps backwards, holding a lighted candle in one hand, and a mirror in the other, in which the face of the future husband or wife can be seen. And another one, peeling an apple, letting the peelings fall in the floor, forming the initials of the person's lover.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
At sixty miles or better,
A cop unkind
Was right behind—
They're seeking bail by letter.

for an hour to the jarfly who is the student who "bulls." Like the bug I have named her which tries to fly away but hits the sides of the jar and falls back, she soars on high sounding words but falls into a muddle of confused thoughts. Her noise is great but her progress small. Yet, you must not think that the "buller" has no art. This is her technique. She must beat around the bush, use large words that sound impressive if not very appropriate, and sprinkle her sentences with "I think," "probably," and "perhaps." She can never state a clear fact. Her subject must be treated as an unsettled affair which has room for doubt, personal opinions, and differences. The first day you listen in awe to this human encyclopedia but for the next nine months you sigh and yawn when you hear the jarfly.

Do your ears burn? If you are a noisy fly, a worm, a parasite, a mosquito, or a jarfly, you are a Salem pest.

AT RANDOM

THE MODE ATMOSPHERIC

Two moonbeams flung across a chair,
A wisp of rainbow in a drawer,
A drift of sunset on the bed,
Titania's sandals on the floor.

I think of things like thistledown,
Of feathers from a blue bird's nest,
Of gossamer and bubbles — but
It's only Sally getting dressed.

Claire Wallis.

* * *

FIRE AND ICE

You are a silver thread across
A web of mauve and rose,
A fleck of foam riding triumphant
On the maelstrom of emotions
The thin tense cry of a violin
to the contralto of a cello,
The cold gleam of a diamond
in a fever of opals,
A fine blue vein across a hot
red artery,
Shimmer of moonstones in a
goblet of wine,
An arrow of ice aslant a
summer pool,
Amber beads and chain of
platinum,
Cut crystals between rubies
Frost on pomegrantes,
Fire in Ice.

Suppose the ice of you
Melted in the fire of you
What would you be?
Damp ashes?
You would not interest me
Probably.

Don Blanding.

"PSYCHOLOGY"

By A Salem Daddy

A bewildered student here at Salem received this letter from her daddy. She had been home the weekend before and confessed she was in a "psychology-fog," so he decided to pass out a few helpful hints.

My Darling Baby,
Since your Mother keeps you posted with all the news, gossip, and scandal of the neighborhood, there is little left for me to write, so I have been reading a few things that might interest you and your friends, especially your Psychology Class.

Now if you haven't found out what psychology really is, I'll tell you a thing or twice. Psychology is the science which tells us things everybody already knows about human personality, in language which few of us can understand. Psychology teaches that the heart has nothing whatever to do with the emotions or affections. That vital organ is now known to be nothing but a pump, and its only function is to keep the blood circulating. It cannot thrill, yearn, burn, ache, weep, bow down, lift up, or do any of the things we have been hearing about it for ages.

Ask your psychology teacher and he will tell you that the seat of affection is in the "pituitary gland," a tiny organ located at the base of the brain. The pituitary secretes and injects into the bloodstream chemical substances called "hormones," which are capable of exerting powerful effects that are not fully understood.

The endearing old expression, "sweetheart," alas must be abandoned as incorrect, misleading, and utterly unscientific! (Sad news for Mary Thomas). Now how are the poets and song writers going to carry on without using the word "heart." They are going to be very much handicapped. But Mary Thomas could receive these few lines from that boy friend:

"The years were young when first we met, where moonbeams turned the world to gold; I thought to love and then forget the sweetest story every told. We kissed and then I sailed away, but left within your little hand, to hold forever and a day, my own pituitary gland."

I thought that time would soon erase the fragrance of your golden hair, but moonlight aureoled your face as I sailed off and left you there; and now the surging of the sea, no billows that between us roll, can ever make me fancy-free, nor 'e'en pituitary — whole!

"Ah, sweet-pituitary mine, each hormone in my leaping blood sends coursing through my veins, like wine, a tide of passion at the flood; and some day, riding on the stern I'll come again to claim your hand, that holds within it, safe and warm, my own pituitary gland!"

I wish you would find out by your study in psychology if this science could effect the shortage of "Cero" in and around Morehead. I had hoped to make a good catch and ship you all one, all cut up ready for cooking, but I haven't even been, the fishing has been so well, I'll call it rotten and let it go at that. The only satisfaction is that I have saved that much money.

Here is a good thing to remember—your length of life doesn't depend so much on the star under which you were born, as it does on the color of the traffic light under which you attempt to cross streets.

The London Era starts off its gossip column with a yarn about a drunk who attended a wake (sitting up party with the dead and was invited to come forward and take a farewell look at his departed friend. In his foggy state of mind his blurred vision mistook an open piano for the casket and he knelt in front of it. "Poor old Bill," he sobbed. He sure did have a fine set of teeth!"

A good one for your Morehead lingo is: "This between you and I, so don't tell nobody nothing what (Continued On Page Three)