

The Salemite

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I CHALLENGE

those in authority to give serious thought to the question of our smoking privileges. We fully realize what a forward step was the movement several years ago to give Salem its Green Room but now even more liberalism might be desirable.

Why is the Green Room open for such a short period each day? Why can't it remain open from 7:30 each morning until 10 at night as a place of relaxation? Salemites should, by now, be able to budget their "play-time" and study hours to balance correctly. College girls are old enough to realize that too much time spent on one thing weakens something else; and if they have not yet made themselves recognize this fact, restricted smoking hours will not prevent their waste of time. The drug stores and bull sessions here at school and numerous entertainments outside offer endless ways of wasting time when smoking is not permissible.

Moreover, if girls are allowed to smoke at certain times during the day, why shouldn't smoking be an all-day privilege? If the Green Room were open throughout the day, the unmannerly rush to leave the table after meals would be eliminated. If girls could smoke in their free time during any hour, they would not be so anxious to make use of every second of the now-allotted 30 minutes after each meal. Furthermore during Green Room hours girls frequently smoke cigarette after cigarette to make up for the closed hours. Such excess is far more harmful than moderate smoking at separate times. After each smoking period the Green Room ash-trays are filled to overflowing, but it is probable that there would be very few more butts after a whole day of "open-house" than after the 3 periods. Of course at first a few girls would spend more time in the Green Room than they do at present; but gradually their newly-gained freedom would lose its fascination, and perhaps they would spend even less than the one and one-half hours there that they now spend, for human desire is to do what we are forbid to do.

Can this suggestion be considered now? Or must this progressive step come later? For come it must — and will — eventually! Why not now?

THIS COLLEGIAE WORLD

(By Associated Collegiate Press)
What University of Texas students thought was going to be a "pipe" examination turned out to be a viciously circling boomerang. "Fellows," announced the instructor, "I'm just as tired of these darn exams as you are so I've decided to give you an easy one today. Just one question, in fact."

Everybody in the class did a series of simple mathematical calculations and arrived at the sum of 100 for the answer.

"Just a minute," said the instructor, "I forgot something. Recall the number of times you were absent from this class, multiply that by two and subtract it from the answer on the problem.

The "A" grades that students had visioned slid down the alphabetical scale and even a few "F's" blemished the instructor's record book.

Men are more curious than women, insist co-eds in the Zeta Tau Alpha sorority of Northwestern University. Here's how they proved it:

They painted a barrel, labelled it "DANGER," and placed it on the campus. For one hour hidden Zetas kept tab, counting 106 men and 24 women who stepped off the sidewalk to peer inside.

Which, protest the males, proves nothing except that 106 men and 24 women passed the barrel during the test-hour.

Even scholastically bum college students make poor hoboes. This announcement comes straight from the Dean — the Dean of American Hoboes, one Dan O'Brien.

"Fifty years of hoboeing have convinced me that students from colleges furnish poor material for hoboes. Hoboes come from boys — and hoboettes from girls, from a status that does not allow or privilege them a college training — except that of Hobo College," writes O'Brien.

"As Dean of the Hobo College of America, I am aware that to become and remain a hobo one has to have these superior qualities: first, courage; second, a desire to travel, see things and learn, and, last, a strong constitution and tremendous power of adjustment and adaptability as well as a love for freedom and beauty," adds Dr. O'Brien.

"The official college trains students to fit themselves into a business world. Take them out of that environment and you have perfect fools, but the Hobo College teaches its students the nobler art of hoboeing — how to cope with life.

Dispairing even more of co-eds, Dean O'Brien says "they are hopeless material. Now you take regular hoboettes, they get more wisdom in one year than they possibly could have gotten from a college training or being locked up in the Congressional library for four years."

The University of Minnesota's "barefoot girl," Ingrid Larson, had to take off her shoes again. Having to forgo a lifelong habit of "barefooting it," acquired while living in Hawaii, she wore shoes until recently when an ulcer, caused by leather-rubbing, developed on her foot.

Ezra Wilson, Greenfield, Ind., silversmith, is still operating an automobile he built in 1910. Unmarried, Wilson has never allowed a woman to ride in it.

More than 200 foreign students are enrolled at Harvard University this year.

AT RANDOM

If in that Syrian garden, ages slain,
You sleep, and know not you are dead in vain,
Nor even in dreams behold how dark and bright
Ascends in smoke and fire by day and night
The hate you died to quench and could but fan
Sleep well and see no morning, son of man.

But if, the grave rent and the stone rolled by,
At the right hand of Majesty on high
You sit and sitting so remember yet
Your tears, your agony and bloody sweat,
Your cross and passion and the life you gave.
Bow hither out of heaven and see and save.

A. E. Housman.

PRELUDE

(An Excerpt)

Jesus, upon a hill in Kent
(like to the one where You were crucified
when the sad earth heard the so lour lament)
there was a place all dyed
with dogrose white and pink,
as if your head had rested there in sleep,
and all that beauty marked the spot,
beauty so old and deep,
I love to think
(as Mary's pillow's scent of bergamot
would have told where her babe and she had lain
years two-and-thirty left till You are slain)—
Jesus, I love to think
That dogrose white and pink
(years five-and-thirty carried in my brain)
do mark the spot for mouse
spider and snail with house
rabbit, and weasel, stoat,
hidden by barley, oat;
hare that has lightly steept
close where you lay and slept;—
do make the spot for frog,
sheep and the shepherd's dog;
robin with whistle note,
and all the hedge — adept
sparrow, and finch, and thrush,
mid old-man's-beard and slow;
they knowing the dog-rose bush
bloomed earlier than your woe;
and magpie, nightingale
"from high Cephissran vale;"—
I think it may be so
but for no man they mark,
Those lovely petals do
the love that from the dark
rose from the sleep of You.

—J. A. Chapman.

THE COLLEGIATE REVIEW

(By Associated Collegiate Press)
Any kind of lice one would shun can be found in the "lousiest place in the world," the museum of natural history at Stanford University, which houses the 220 different species in the collection of Gordon Ferris, associate professor of biology.

Inspired by P. G. Wodehouse, students at Nazareth College have organized a Goon Club, which has adopted this slogan: A pun a day keeps your enemies away."

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will speak at Northwestern State Teachers' College, Alva, Oklahoma, on March 12, the dedication day of Dunn hall, a new campus building.

In working for his education, Henry George Dihlmann, a Massachusetts State College student, has been a bell-hop, a truck driver, butcher, farmhand and postoffice helper. Now he has been elected selectman of Schutesbury and is continuing his schooling.

Believing that he still has something to learn about singing, Jack Fulton, radio's romantic tenor, has enrolled for courses in De Paul University's college of drama and music.

Regents at the University of Omaha voted in favor of a new dormitory which will cost \$600,000.

A six-year old German police dog, "Monty," attends the hygiene classes of his master, Dr. Frank Castleman of Ohio State University.

Campus politics at the University of Illinois went "professional" recently when seniors used a voting machine to count ballots in the election of class officers.

A course in amateur telescope-making, the first of its kind in the country, is being offered by the division of general education at New York University.

Because other people give her a hand, Roslyn Alcalay, arts college sophomore at the University of Minnesota, has few financial difficulties. She earns her living by reading palms in one of the local hotels.