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THANK YOU

We thank you, Lecture Committee, for introducing the student body of Salem College to Christopher Morley, Louis Untermeyer and Julien Bryan all in one year. We Salemites appreciate the opportunity of hearing these prominent thinkers, writers and lecturers of this world of today in our very own campus chapel. We thank you, Mr. McEwen, Miss Blair, Rev. Walser Allen, Miss Grace Siewers and Miss Elouise Sample for helping us to keep abreast of the times.

—A. H.

So much has been said about peace, but until the time comes when wars are no more, enough has not been said.

Many people think that war is inevitable, that it is an integral part of the cycle of history. Fortunately, however, there are others who believe world peace is a future possibility. Those who share this latter belief are not the hopeless idealists that they are accused of being. For the most part they are serious, earnest, thinking young people, willing to face both difficulty and reality. Their enthusiastic fight for peace is not startling, perhaps not even very effectual yet; but it is growing and every day more students are joining the ranks of the national student peace movement.

At present world peace is only an ideal. However, all great reforms were once ideals and all great reformers were accused of foolish idealism. Once, to be bitten by a mad dog was certain and inevitable death, then Pasteur came along and dreamed of saving the unfortunate rabies victims. He was laughed at and ridiculed and called a hopeless idealist. But he made a reality out of his ideal!

Unfortunately war cannot be prevented by so simple a thing as an inoculation. It calls for a more complex serum. However, if each generation of young people can be sufficiently inoculated with a fear and hatred of war, and a realization of the fallacy of the "war to end war" idea, and if each generation of young people can be taught to see through the fake glamour of warfare, there can be hope for peace.

Too much is at stake to risk another war. Time was when war was an aid to progress and world development. That time is past now. War must not be accepted as inevitable. War

EPISTLE TO A TRAVELER

From One Who Has Stayed At Home

In each of the following issues of "The Salemite" an article by a member of the faculty will be published. This is in answer to many requests by students.

By Dean Vardell

Tomorrow, my sanguine friend, you will see London for the first time. I am wondering whether, after years of delighted anticipation you are in for a disappointment. Being a passionate reader, and something of a sentimentalist to boot, are you possibly a little afraid that London may not come up to specifications? For I know that you have specifications, and I likewise know that your ideas are both definite and infinitely complex. Will you find in the roaring, sprawling city of today any atmosphere, or even any single impression that will fit into your imagined scheme of things?

Do you recall your first London? Shall I rather ask whether you can ever forget it? You are twelve years old, and are shivering beneath your bedclothes with an illicit nightlight beside you and a forbidden volume of Conan Doyle six inches in front of your nose. The center of London, or more accurately the center of the universe, is a suite of shabby bachelor diggings in Baker Street, where lives the inscrutable Sherlock and his faithful Watson. A London of terrible and fascinating crimes, where every footprint is a clue, and where a casual look from the great detective fathoms instantaneously your residence, your profession, your hobbies, your habits, even your friends and enemies. A London of shabby villas in the Brixton road, in one of which will truly be discovered a corpse with the snarl of violent death on its pallid lips. A London where old ladies swing up behind mysterious cabs, changing their disguises as the vehicle turns the corner. From beneath the bedroom door of a shabby-genteel lodging house a narrow stream of blood may presently issue. And lurking in every shadow lies the sinister threat of Professor Moriarty, mastermind of the underworld, withdrawn behind a screen of impenetrable mystery, fit adversary for even the master himself.

Then one afternoon a different London swam, like Keats' new planet, into your ken. Your friend was chuckling over a book in a quiet corner of the school library. To your curious gaze he unfolded the immortal scene where the old gentleman in grey worsted small-clothes comes a-wooing down Mrs. Niekley's chimney. Now your metropolis takes on the black-and-white-and-grey tones of a Cruikshank illustration. Angelic heroines and their black-clothed, faultless young lovers weave their way through impossible plot-complications to an inevitable marriage and six children. London becomes a maze of gloomy mansions, red-curtained inns, debtors' prisons, thieves' kitchens, and bridges where one gazes longingly into the midnight whirlpools of Father Thames. A place peopled with Pickwicks, Sam Wellers, Sairey Gamps and Bill Sikeses. A not too refined locality, where even the gentlemen use tooth-picks, where everybody eats and drinks almost ceaselessly, and where to be respectable is to be uninteresting.

Did John Galsworthy obliterate this picture for you? Does your imagination dwell in a London of Forsytes? Can you see them driving in the Park, or sitting down to a shoulder of mutton in some irreproachable neighborhood? Does the word "Property" appear in invisible letters over every door? Do you repair of a Sunday to the mansion of your maiden aunts, and there exchange interminable family gossip in an atmosphere of green plush, stuffed birds and doubtful works of art? Or

(Continued On Page Four)

is not inevitable. Peace and international friendship are the most precious things which nations can possess, and true patriotism is shown, not by a willing answer to the call to arms, but by a willing answer to the call to peace.

—H. M.

AT RANDOM

SARA TEASDALE

Reveals Why "Bessy Bell" was Forced to Wait

I hid my heart in the wind,
In the cool, young wind of May;
For I knew that my love would find
And carry it away.

Happy I lay — and dumb;
Held in the sun's warm clasp;
For I knew that my love would come,
And see it there, and grasp.

I saw him stoop and start;
And then — oh, day turned black —
My love picked up my heart
And brought it safely back.

This is a parody from "Selected Poems and Parodies of Louis Untermeyer."

PERSONALITIES

JANE DUART MACLEAN

Perhaps it is because Janie is rather quiet and reserved by nature that the longer her friends know her the more they learn to love her and to appreciate her true value. Her college record of extra-curricular activities is proof of her increasing popularity. She was a member of the Student Council in her freshman year; class secretary and a member of the basketball varsity in her sophomore year; assistant basketball manager, captain of her class basketball team, a member of the basketball varsity, a student council representative, and a member of the history club in her junior year; and in the spring of this year, she has been elected president of next year's senior class.

Janie is proud of her Scotch ancestry. She was born in 1917 on the Pamlico river that she "loves better than "most anything in the world." She moved from "Little Washington" to Washington, D. C. when she was a senior in high school, and graduated from Western High School in Washington City. When Janie left Washington in 1936, she moved to Raleigh where she is now living on Carr Street.

Her full name is Jane Duart MacLean, but she is affectionately dubbed "Cleo." One of her friends went so far as to call her "a typical Cleopatrina." We will admit that Janie is unusual in appearance with her large, dark blue eyes, heavy lashes and occasional bangs — almost exotic, but her disposition is hardly that of the original queen.

"Cleo" is retiring, gentle, and conservative in taste. She is quick tempered and can give you a forbidding look when she is angry, but her temper is usually short lived, and she has a sweet disposition. Loyalty is one of her outstanding qualities. She is very tidy. She takes pride in her personal appearances and in the appearances of her rooms. Her roommate declares that "believe it or not, she sweeps up on Sunday mornings!"

Janie "adores "The Blue Danube." "I like to read better than "most anything," she says. She likes novels (not "sissy novels") and magazine stories. She admits that "Good Housekeeping" and "Cosmopolitan" are her favorite magazines, and that she reads first the comic strips in newspapers. As a history major, she is interested in government and politics.

"I like to play solitaire with Cornelia and "Tweak," she says. "I

like to play basketball, and go to the movies, and go to Raleigh" — especially when Billy Carter is there, too, we might add, and Janie confirms, "I like lawyers."

"Cleo" is an "early to bed, late to rise" girl. She can eat a pint of chocolate ice cream and relish it. Other of her favorite dishes are oysters, steak, and chocolate cake.

She has definite likes and dislikes as to people. She is devoted to her three sisters, her nephew, and her niece. She likes tall boys who are rather serious and "not too young."

Janie plans to go to Europe next summer. "Then I'll probably take a business course," she says, "and I might marry Billy — I wish I thought I could."

Comments from her friends are: "right sweet old crutch;" "unusual eyes;" "unique in appearance and personality;" "person who grows on you;" "one of the finest;" "Look, I think she's wonderful;" "a very loyal friend;" "quiet but forceful."

MRS. J. A. DOWNS

It is natural that Mrs. Downs' favorite section of the country should be Georgia. If you have ever heard her pronounce girl as "guh!" and world as "wuhld," with her soft Georgia drawl, you will understand why she says: "I love the red clay that she likes the South; she loves hills of Georgia." We may suppose Chapel Hill and received her Master of Arts degree there.

I know you are already looking for "pet aversions" and "secret ambition two secret ambitions; one is to bet two secret ambitions: one is to speak French so her husband will not laugh at her, and the other is that she has always wanted to be a doctor. There is one thing she hates, and that is to get in the car just to ride around.

It is difficult to believe that one who leads us so beautifully into the fairyland of Shelley and the oriental dreams of Coleridge, can be a good fisherman. She says: "I like to fish and I'm a good fisherman! "Besides fishing, she likes golf and particularly swimming. Strangely enough she "loathes radios" and does not care for movies, although she likes Frederick March.

As one might expect, Mrs. Downs has very definite likes and dislikes with regard to literature. Her favorite literary period is the Middle Ages. She loves everything in the Middle Ages, including its gothic architecture. She likes celtic literature and thinks that nearly all highly imaginative literature finds its roots there. (Incidentally she does not like Tennyson's treatment of the Authurian material.) Carlyle is one of her favorite authors — she likes his philosophy and thinks it is sound. Mrs. Downs loves all literature that

(Continued On Page Four)