

The Salemite

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BEST WISHES

After having served for four years on the editorial staff of the "Salemite," I find myself saying goodbye to work which I sincerely enjoyed. In the midst of sentimental farewells, I speculate on the future of the college paper, and pass on a few good wishes to staffs to come.

I hope the "Salemite" and other college newspapers will remain an indispensable factor in American college life. I hope that they will weather the fad (a passing one, perhaps), among the intelligensia to disparge newspapers. I hope literary magazines will not take the place of newspapers. I hope that editors and staff can "take" the stock jokes about journalistic style, and feel that the newspaper is worthwhile in spite of its faults.

I hope for a future staff, the greatest thrill — when Salem acquires a new library or gymnasium, that the "Salemite" may be the first to print the story. If such co-operation is obtained, then past editors who have read important news events about Salem in other papers first, will be compensated.

I hope that if the "Salemite" cannot be an organ of complete student expression, an advisory board will be appointed, thus shifting the responsibility for pleasing outside readers, to a group.

I hope that there will be a friendly and co-operative spirit among all groups concerned in the "Salemite." For without it, I think a college paper has failed utterly in its purpose.

I hope I express the sentiments of many when I say —
Long live the Salemite!

Ex-Editor.

"... IN THEIR HEARTS"

"At a quarter past nine little Dora Adams, carrying a silver salver with the Graduates' diplomas, led the way, the clergy, the graduates, the incoming Senior Class and invited guests following in a procession. How glad the other girls would have been to have held as their own one of those daintily tied white rolls on Miss Dora's silver slate! And yet they could not find it in their hearts to envy their comrades the prizes which they had won with hard and conscientious toil."

Thus reads the account of Commencement in June 1878 fifty-nine years have passed. Each year there has been a graduating class; and each year there have been underclassmen who could not find it in their hearts to envy. The traditions, the ideals of Salem have been woven like a shining thread into the personality of each student. The shuttle moves in and out. Smiling girls come in September. Four years pass, and girls with tears in their eyes turn the tassels of their caps.

After the tassels are turned, what then? What has the graduate to take away with her besides the ability to speak Spanish or a knowledge of English History?

Memories of people and of happenings are closest to her heart. For her also is left the beginnings of an understanding. Some understand — and there are some who never understand; but the foundations of an understanding are made early in life. The last thing that is left — the cynical may say it is but a misty castle of dreams — is an ambition. Commencement is the realization of one ambition; therefore, it should be the beginning of another one.

Fifty-seven girls will be graduated from Salem on June seventh. May they also sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars until they die.

M. B.

THE CLASS OF 1937

In this, our last issue of the Salemite, we pay tribute to the class of 1937. In another week they will be graduating. Others will succeed them but none can take their places in our hearts and minds. Underclassmen are usually taught to respect seniors but no one had to do that at Salem this year. To respect our Seniors was the natural thing to do because of their never failing leadership and encouraging guidance.

The year has been an eventful one. The gymnasium has been completed, the library begun, the office building restored, and the Hall of History dedicated. One lecture series has been completed and another planned. Clubs and other organizations have flourished to say nothing of the many minor additions to Salem College life. In all these events the class of '37, individually and as a whole, has taken an active, if not a leading part. As individuals the seniors have been our friends, advisors, and "big sisters," as a group they have shown us what a graduating class should be. Those who follow will strive to do as well.

Here's a hand to the class of 1937!

M. M.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN INTERVIEWER

By Mr. Edward Holder

No doubt the press columnist expects retribution, in some future world if not here. For the early ease of her conscience, I propose repayment here and now.

Known generally as Miss Salemite, she is better known as the girl with the notebook, at chapel, at lectures, at club meetings, and even at teas. She is adroit with the paper and pencil; the frightened visiting speaker looking out over three hundred more or less attentive and altogether lovely faces would never be able to detect her, even at the moment she is sketching the profile of the professor in the next pew. But she manages with that 6th sense the fourth estate possesses to record important and quotable ideas with an accuracy that often survives even the perversity of linotype operators.

Miss Salemite knows much about many things. Her constant employment of the journalist's formula, "tell what, who, when, where, and how, and all in the first paragraph," has given her conversational command of everything conversable. Hence, an interview with her, or by her, becomes an interesting experience. She retains an enthusiasm for what she writes which, though hardly to be identified with the current "I think that's wonderful" mode of expression, has not succumbed to the blasé journalist's cold measure of "good copy." It is this enthusiasm that makes you read to the end of "Tea with Mr. Bryan," which you attended and knew all about already, and carries you to the last freshman in those squibs that are not necessarily so and not at all intelligible.

The primary interest of this versatile lady is, of course, writing. There is perhaps a desire to appear smartly in "Coronet," or to catch the flavor of Tidewater, Virginia, in a short story, or even to write the romantic novel, mint-juleps, magnolias, and all. But we who can merely wait and hope for the realization of such ambition are gratified frequently by the clarity with which she relates an event or defines a political theory.

For Miss Salemite writes with precision, not only for publication, but for History 10.

Her pet aversion, the revelation of personality which every interviewer demands, I was unable to determine. I suspect it is lecturers who bore their audiences but are too important to be ignored by the press. Or it may be faculty contributors who dash in madly with copy thirty minutes after deadline. She probably reserves especially hot boiling oil for those people who preface their only interesting remarks with "This is off the record." In this group of culprits there is certainly listed the student who knows exactly what is wrong with everything on the campus but refuses to write for open forum. There is the alumna whose parties are flat but important, the fussy dowager whose name the copy-reader invariably mis-spells, the temperamental musician who switches programs after the performance has been written up in advance, and the professor who insists on censoring everything written about himself before it goes to press. Her list of personal aversions is no doubt formidable. How she is restrained from resorting to public indictment through the editorial column or malicious mis-statement in news items is remarkable indeed.

Miss Salemite likes people. Her delightful interviews in recent issues give abundant proof that she wants to see behind the mask of professorial dignity and discover if and to what extent faculty members are human. And her squibs on students — I can't get away from those things! The implications are enormous. Where does she get all her information? And won't she please provide an interpreter for those of us who also may be interested in the folks about us?

To me Miss Salemite has been throughout the year the sort of person about whom one hears much and with whom one longs to become personally acquainted. I was able to discover some of her characteristics through what she said from week to week. Finally I summoned courage to call at her office boldly and demand an interview. She was

FROM SALLY SENIOR

Dear Bette,

Now that commencement is all over and I'm through with classes and exams and all those things and am instead, a woman of the world, armed with one degree, at least — well, now that it's all over I feel strangely sad. No, don't despair. This isn't going to be a letter about the tears and partings of Graduation and leaving Salem. I just want you to know that now I understand how you felt when you cried at your Commencement exercises a few years back.

I'll never forget Thursday night I don't believe. We Seniors transferred our caps and gowns to our junior sisters—I really do believe that they were prouder than we were last year. We Seniors were bewildered—wondering how a year had got by so quickly.

Mary Louise Haywood had the whole class out at her home for dinner that night. You know how we appreciated an extra chance to be entertained together again.

I can't tell you much about the Senior Dinner which was Friday night, because it is all a secret, which makes it much nicer because it belongs to the Seniors and to no one else.

Saturday we went to the Alumni Luncheon and there we were greeted as members of the Alumni Association of Salem College. Of course that was delightful. That luncheon with its friendly atmosphere gave me a feeling that one never can grow away from Salem—that the ones who are graduated here really do keep the old school spirit alive down through the years that follow Commencement.

The cornerstone of the new Library was laid Saturday afternoon. We Seniors were all very happy to be able to be here for that wonderful occasion.

Saturday night came the concert in Memorial Hall and after it, the reception. All of our families had come and we rushed around meeting all our class mates' mothers and fathers.

The Baccalaureat Sermon was Sunday in the Home Church. The little pang of sorrow that we felt while sitting in the church for the last time were taken away by the inspiring message which was given to us.

That night all of our friends and families were our guests at a buffet supper. After that we had Senior Vespers. It was grand to have the family and all my friends here to see the campus and to spend these last few days with me.

Monday night the Commencement Exercises were held in Memorial Hall. I can't talk about it much yet. When we came down the steps and saw Mr. Oerter grinding away at his motion picture camera we tried to smile for we remembered how we laughed at the movies of your class and their tearful smiles.

Do write me soon and let's plan a trip back to Salem next fall to see if those new Seniors really are doing as well as they assured us they would.

Love,
SALLY.



Y. TEAS DURING EXAMS

A little rest and refreshment will be offered by the Y. W. C. A. Monday and Wednesday afternoon week from 4:30 to 5:30 in the Y. room. All survivors from examinations are cordially invited to revive themselves at these teas. The Advisory Board will be in charge of one afternoon tea.

MUSICAL VESPER PROGRAM

The regular Sunday night Vespers will be substituted this Sunday by an informal song program at 6:30 in the campus living room of Alice Clewell.

really so pleasant and charming that I can't begin to tell you half of my impressions. I suggest that you call on her; and if you can keep her from asking the questions, you will find her a delightful person.