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—A. F.

FRESHMAN INITIATION

Now that Sophomore Court is over, here are a few friendly thoughts for the freshmen from a sophomore. Honestly and truly, when you came to college, didn't you rather expect to be initiated in some manner, and wouldn't you have felt a little cheated if you hadn't been? You had read about college hazing stunts, and you had heard college friends talk about the ridiculous things that they had to do, hadn't you? Of course, you thought there would be something like this to make you a part of Salem as there would be at any other college.

Think of all the letters that you can write home about how "mother's little dear was picked on," and to Bill telling him how his "little angel was nearly killed" and how you "wanted him so badly to rescue you," and to Mary gossiping to her about "what a goose the other girl from your home town looked drinking milk from a baby's bottle!" You've enough material now for a dozen letters to impossible relatives too.

Were you really scared of us, or did you just put on an act to try to save your neck? The sophomores didn't want to hurt you; they just had to get even with somebody for what happened to them last year, and they hadn't a chance at the juniors, so they took a jab at you. You didn't really mind, did you? We think you had an awful lot of fun; we did last year.

Do you realize that because Salem has no sorority initiations, there would be nothing of this sort if we had no Sophomore Court? This evening of foolishness helped the whole school to get acquainted with you and find out what kind of sport you are. Now we know how much fun you can be and that you "can take it." We have a good idea of the spirit of the whole class; we know how you'll play our sports and how you'll react to unusual situations. The several days of suspense have made your class spirit grow and have given you a far greater interest in each other and in us.

So instead of being a night of torture, Sophomore Court was swell fun; and now you can start planning what you'll do to next year's newcomers. Can you beat our show!

—S. H.

PERSONALITIES

BY SPENCE AND PERCIVAL

FRANCES HUNTER COLE

As I dropped in for a "pop" call and interview with Frances Cole, today, it occurred to me again what a wise choice we Salemites had made in electing her president of the I. R. S. "Fanny," as friends call her, seems to have all the qualities we should like in a girl who is to represent Salem. In Frances, it does not seem a paradox that she is both highly intellectual and soundly logical; practical and imaginative; reserved, yet gracious and charming. She was born in Charlotte July 28, 1916, and has lived at her home at 1300 The Plaza ever since. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cole.

At Salem, Frances is a candidate for a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. She is minoring in Spanish and is getting a Teacher's Certificate. She was a member of the Y. W. C. A. Commission her freshman year; a member of the Student Council, and a member of the Sights and Insights staff, her sophomore year, and is a senior advisor this year.

And now, I'll let you in on the interview. I put up my usual questions of, "What do you like most, and what do you dislike, and what, if any, are your idiosyncracies?"

"What do I like? Why, Pluto!" burst Fanny enthusiastically, "He's been my bosom companion for four years." (for those of you who don't know, Pluto is a little red, china dog, but speak of him with reverence.) "Oh, and I love and adore Yardley's. It is my one and only passion. I've recently left off wearing rouge to give me that stylishly anemic look."

"Don't forget to say she has the 'lettuce look,'" chimed in her roommate, "It's her skin." (Reporter heartily agrees.)

"Perhaps you can tell me a thing or six?" I turned to the roommate. "Um-Hum! She loves to wear black. She diddles her foot, especially when she is annoyed. She says 'Thank you.' She sleeps on the Beauty Rest mattress. She uses the words 'frankly,' and 'horrible,' lots. And she lifts her left eyebrow at her roommate to give her a superior look."

As soon as Room-mate stopp'd for breath, Fanny continued, "I like fried oysters and peach pickles. Tennis is my chief sport."

When I asked her about books, she said, "I love and adore 'Alice in Wonderland'."

"And she loves Ramon Novarro and Dr. Willoughby," (Room-mate had her breath back.)

"One of my pet aversions is 'Twirley' Temple. Another is automobiles horns. I loathe, despise, detest, and abhor Roger Prior and have no love for his orchestra."

"The only band that she recognizes is 'Red' Nicklos."

"I love to go to bed and hate to get up."

"Uh Huh! Roommate is very helpful. Don't forget how she fiddles with something foolish and looks up suddenly to say, 'Fun?' And the way she says, 'I just don't know? Oh, and she loves to make up words to songs that don't fit!'"

"Oh, and my indirect lamp — I couldn't live without it!"

"What do you like in people?" I asked.

"Sincerity and frankness," Frances said.

"And broadmindedness," from room-mate.

"Oh, definitely! I'm lazy myself, and I sit and look with open mouthed astonishment at people who are continually on the jump. Keeping up with Leila wears me out."

"Put in that she wears rimless glasses," Room-mate said, "but that she looks like the type who would wear oxfords." (It's her English refinement.)

"I adore anything English."

In fact, she is English — and proud of it!"

"But my mother is Irish."

"Um hum — 'smiling eyes' — (they are brown, however.)"

As I left, Frances sighed, "Now, I'll go around with a perverted look because I'm so conscious of my peculiarities!"

MR. CLIFFORD BAIR

When I asked someone to tell me something about Mr. Bair the first thing I heard was this. "He is without a doubt the most thoughtful man I have ever known." I believe that is all I need to say about that side of his nature. I might add, that if you have ever noticed him at college dances, you know that he is one of the most cordial men on the faculty, and withal a veritable Lord Chesterfield. But now let us get on to "the story of his life," which is more than interesting.

It is not difficult for us to believe that Mr. Bair has been singing since he was seven. He was born in York County at Etters, in Pennsylvania. From Etters, his aunt took him to Harrisburg to the choir school when he was six, however, he was not allowed to sing until he was seven years old. He tells of the many late hours which were necessitated by his trips to Harrisburg and home again. He added with a grin that a policeman always looked after him on his midnight journeys. He says that he remained at the choir school until his voice began to change. Two years later, he went back as a tenor in the choir and had the tenor solos when he left to attend college. Along the way, he had acquired a yearning for the electrical and therefore, enrolled at Lehigh University for a course in electrical engineering. Not long after enrolling there, his father took him to Mr. Witherspoon who, upon hearing his voice, said that he would accept Mr. Bair as a student. Instead of electrical engineering, Mr. Bair took Italian at the City College in New York and studied with Mr. Witherspoon and Mr. Wedge.

After about a year, Mr. Witherspoon was made president of Chicago Musical College and so to Chicago went Mr. Bair, in order to continue his voice lessons. He entered the Chicago Musical College in nineteen twenty-five and was graduated in nineteen twenty-eight. During his last year there he was given the opportunity to take Dale Cox 'place, who was at the time head of the musical department of Battle Creek College, at Battle Creek, Michigan. Mr. Cox was ill at the time. Mr. Bair was then for a part of a year. Also during his last year in Chicago, he did radio work, choir direction and even movie presentations. At this time Mr. Van Grove urged him to study character parts, which he did. He went to Breslau for a year and studied with Baron at the Stadt Theatre Opernschule. Unfortunately the Nazi movement necessitated his rather immediate removal from Breslau. He returned to the States to give his Debut Recital in Chicago at the Studebaker Hall. He then taught at the Chicago Musical College and the Columbia school of Music. He did German operatic work, concertized, and again did some radio work. As he said, it was during the depression, and he did anything he could get his hands on.

In the meantime he had been building his repertoire as a "character singer." During the season nineteen thirty-three and thirty-four, he was asked to join the Chicago Opera Company, which he did. He was also asked to join the Detroit Civic Opera Company. Not long after this he was confronted with an opportunity to try out his opera dramatic theories at the State Teachers' College in Nebraska. After two years of Nebraska climate, he could stand it no longer and thus he came to Salem. He says he likes the climate and the folks at Salem, and too he wanted to be a little closer to Pennsylvania.

After reading about such an interesting life, we can readily see why our subject is such an interesting and likable person. He tells me, as do his friends, that he does enjoy a good meal. One of his favorite dishes is avocados with onion oil dressing. Since coming south, he has changed his favorite entree, which was spaghetti to fried chicken. Oh yes, he detests okra in any form. (And I don't blame him!) By the by, this gentleman is a wonderful

SCORPIONS TAKE IN NEW MEMBERS

On Wednesday the following seniors were stung by the Order of the Scorpion: Jane MacLean, Washington, N. C.; Josephine Gribbin, Ashville, N. C.; Anna Leake Scott, Winston-Salem, N. C.; and Florence Joyner, Kernersville, N. C.

NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

(Continued From Page One)
the new ones yet, and no doubt there are many old ones with just as interesting and helpful information which you have not seen. Take a tip, and look around the library. You may discover how much you do not know.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

(Continued From Page One)
Williams, 21st; Mary Turner Willis, 22nd; Mary Woodruff, 26th; Vera May Lanning, 22nd; Elizabeth Hendrick, 26th; Louise Early, 26th; Gertrude Bagnell, 25th; Christine Dobbins, 30th; Eligabeth Shermer, 29th; Betty Scott, 30th; Dorothy Wyatt, 28th; Elizabeth White, 31st.

"Fifteen minutes after putting on a pair of your socks, I made a hole in one," wrote an enthusiastic golfer to the sock manufacturer.

Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take tomorrow's tests,
If I should die before I wake
Then I will have no test to take.

"What!" said the warden, "you back again?"
"Yeh. Any letters?"

and experienced cook. (I know because I've tasted his spaghetti). As for cards, he is not particularly fond of bridge. He does like such fiction as Hudson's "Green Mansions" and the movies. He gives a reason for this in saying that the modern trend in motion pictures, swings toward imagination and fantasy, which to him is the medium for the expression of art. He thinks that the modernists are "losing themselves in a maze of technique." He is decidedly interested in all sorts of expression and recreational outlets in other phases than singing. As a musician, he believes that music shares a closer intimacy with human emotion than any other expression of art.

Mr. Bair is consistent, by doing the things he believes in. Evidence of this fact may be seen by the plans which are now underway for the opera to be given at Commencement. He knows music, he works at it, and expects his pupils to do likewise. He not only knows music but he has a deep feeling for it. It is a rare combination to find a musician, and sportsman with a practical streak, all in one person, but here we have it. Mr. Bair likes both football and tennis very much. He says: "When I was in high school I played football on the 'scrub team,' but I liked it."

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