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ARE WE MONKEYS OR ARE WE MEN?

Monkeys they say are great mimics. So, unfortunately, are college students. One girl starts a fashion fad; three hundred ape her. And individualities are lost in the rush to be fashionable.

But the loss of individuality of intellect is a far graver and far worse significant danger than the loss of individuality of style. It is easy enough for a student to get through four years of college training without a great deal of original thinking. Most of the thinking has already been done for her, either by the teacher or by the text-book. All she needs is a well applied memory.

Yet surprisingly enough, all things of any consequences have been done by some one with more than a well-trained memory. Some one who has gone a step further and done a bit of thinking for herself, independent of the class room. She is an individuality.

These individualities make up the progressive front of a college. They refuse to be awed by traditional thought, to be bound by the stultifying phrase "It has never been done before." They originate and they imitate.

Salem class rooms and Salem organizations need more of these individualities.

—H. M.

POUF! ALL OVER!

Well, after so many weeks of waiting, three hours — and pouf! all over. Hobgoblins, ghosts, cross-eyed, be-whiskered gentlemen conversed with charming ladies by the light of Jack-o'-lanterns; from course to course people searched vainly for table No. 24; rhymes jingled while Robert played; facial contours improved with the addition of false noses; and balloons popped with impish glee. Of course, we Seniors haven't yet finished discussing it. From left and right come such remarks as, "Wasn't it wonderful?" "I had a grand time!" "Did you sit with that boy from Virginia?" It was wonderful. Some of us learned that there were such words as "inoculate" and "rarefy"; and the rest of us discovered they were difficult to spell; still more found they had no personality.

All I have to say is I envy the rising seniors; I offer a genial bit of advice that they start now thanking Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler for the good time they are going to have next year, for we can never tell them how very much we enjoyed their dinner party.

—P. B.

AT RANDOM

HAUNTED HOUSE

A drab old house on the meadow
Seen from a train;
Its color eaten by sunlight,
Its years washed in by the rains.

In the tarnished dusk it stands there,
Emptied or our delight;
Its windows, like eyeless sockets,
Stare on an endless night.

Suddenly one raw sunbeam
Writhes like a thing in pain,
And the eyes of that grim house sparkle —
And go dead again.

—Louis Untermeyer.

* * * *

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

He slobbers over sentimental plays
And sniffles over sentimental songs
He tells you often how he sadly longs
For "the ideals of the dear old days."
In gatherings he is the first to raise
His voice against "our country's shameful wrongs"
He storms at greed—His hard, flat tone prolongs
The hymns and mumbled platitudes of praise.

I heard him at his office Friday past:
"Look here," he said, "this talk is all a bluff;"
You mark my words, this thing will never last
Let them walk out — they'll come back soon enough.
We'll have all hands at work, and working fast!
How do they think we're running this — for love!

—Louis Untermeyer.

INDIVIDUALITY

"Oh, she's queer!" That's the remark you hear so often when a girl is trying to be different and show individuality. Before you make a statement like that, think at least three times because you may cause destruction of a very important idea or even a personality. After all, most of us do things because we believe they will appeal to the majority of people. Have you ever stopped to think where you would be if somebody had not been "crazy" enough to try to discover a new continent — the one that you live on right now? And what about airplanes and cars and moving pictures? Not all of us are able to discover or invent, but if somebody should have that type of mind it is up to us to encourage that person and not say she's "queer" or "crazy" or "mad." Don't you see that we would still be living in the dark ages if it were not for unusual people with new and individual ideas? There may be several girls right here on our campus who will some day make a name for themselves. There is certainly real talent at Salem; so let's not be children and silly and criticize new ideas. At least we can give the individual a chance. You know, when we criticize something that we know nothing about, we are only showing our own ignorance. Criticism doesn't hurt the real individual nearly as much as it hurts the one who criticizes; so if you are tempted to call a new idea "crazy" or "silly" or "dumb" — just think what a bad impression you will make on intelligent people. And remember that anybody can follow the crowd, but it takes a real individual to be different and outstanding.

—B.

POTPOURRI

Origin of Trousers

Trousers are man's adaptation to meet changing conditions. Both men and women originally wore skirt-styled costumes. The addition of horsemen to armies about 900 B. C. necessitated divided skirts. Some hundred years later "skirts for each leg" — or pantaloons — came into being. With the introduction of machinery, inconvenient or dangerous clothing was further modified.

She: "I just adore dark men."
Her: "You'd have a swell time in Africa."

Left-handed tea cups may be converted to righthanded ones by turning them around.

"No, I'm sorry I can't marry you," said the lovely miss to the ardent swain, "but I'll always admire your good taste."

Sunny smiles are sometimes worn by shady people.

KASH-KUSH-SEBEB

I wandered one day through the great deep forests of the Jazepath lands near the swollen river of Dam-onol'n. Suddenly great flashes of lightning startled me and the roar of thunder deafened me. The rain began to descend in huge, dark drops — I turned and ran towards the opening of a large cave. I am human, but my fear of the Unknown was conquered by my fear of those wild, desperate voices of nature, which had threatened me outside the cave. So I entered.

I struck a match and looked about to see what kind of a place I was to spend the next hour or so in. I uttered a startled oath when I discovered that I was not in a cave at all but in what appeared to be the opening of a tunnel. I crushed my notebook into a paper and lit the top of it to light my way. Slowly, cautiously I stumbled along the tunnel. When I had crept in this way for fully three minutes I stopped in amazement and looked ahead of me. The torch I held made the sides of the tunnel gleam with the burning glow of sapphires, rubies, emeralds. Surely, I was going mad! But no, I touched the wall and discovered that it was crusted with jewels — feet and feet of stone studded with riches! I joyfully moved forward — still puzzling but eager to know more of the strange place.

All at once the tunnel stopped and I burst into a huge room. I held my feebly burning torch high and looked about me in astonishment. This was a room fit for the royal potentate of an oriental court. The floor was of smooth, polished marble; the walls were studded with precious jewels. There was a throne of gold with rich purple coverings on it. The richness and magnificence of the scene almost paralyzed my eyes. To have stopped to think how and why the splendor was displayed in an underworld cave room in the land of Jazepath would have paralyzed my mind. So I stood there drinking in a sight fit for the eyes of a king only.

On an enormous, beautifully carved oaken chest there stood a golden casket. On the lid of the casket was a single diamond which caught the light from my torch and sent it back in a light so clear and blue that it hurt my eyes. I moved towards the casket and fearfully opened it. Surely, if I believed the fairy tales of my youth this casket should be full of evil sprites and imps who would jump out to torment me when I opened the box. But in the box I found not the sprites but wealth which is truly greater than the "wealth of the Indies."

I concealed my treasure beneath my long coat and fearfully made my way back to the opening of the tunnel. I was mortally afraid that the owner of the cave would return and would find me there and that the drops of my blood would decorate the floor with clear, ruby splashes.

When I came to the daylight once more the storm had cleared up so I proceeded hurriedly on my way.

My treasure I am going to give to you. In the casket I found what is greater than diamonds, richer than pearls. I found the manuscript and notebook of that ancient philosopher, Kash-Kush-Sebeb, — that illustrious aged one who lived when the land of Jazepath was in the morning of its life—who lived when the Wicked Hordes of Black Fairies were struggling with the Pure Hordes of the White Fairies. Kash-Kush-Sebeb was living when the sun and moon talked to the good and pure people and when the thunder and lightning talked to the wicked.

I'm going to tell you some of the wise tales which I found in the notebook of the great philosopher, Kash-Kush-Sebeb:

"Once upon a time were two little girls who lived in Beautiful Land. The name of one was Faith; the other's name was Doubt. They were happy girls and they lived a happy life. There were no bad elves or sprites or wicked giants in this beautiful land to do them harm. Good fairies and kind spirits hovered over the ancient roofs of this town to help the girls and their friends.

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