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OUI OU NON?

Why don't we have a French Club? Well, last year there were meetings but, alas, very few members. A scattered number of "old faithfuls" straggled in loaded with excuses from French majors who had much more important business elsewhere. From a group the club dwindled to a foursome, to a duet, and down to nothing. There were no girls, no interest, no funds, and no life.

Now just because the French Club is dead is no reason for it to stay that way. Let's revive it. There are many Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores who would be willing to bet they're not majoring in a dead language. All right, prove it.

This is how. Have a pep meeting. All you upper French students, get together, organize, choose a convenient hour to meet, elect your officers, and — bang, you're off with a new start. Think of the possibilities, a friendly chat or two in French, speeches, songs and carols, teas, parties, and dinners. What do you say? Let's have a French Club! Oui ou Non?

—F. J.

IS THERE A CORNELL IN THE HOUSE?

What has happened to drama at Salem College? Where, oh, where are the budding actressees who, by all rights, should be cavorting across our college stage, running the gamut of emotions, tearing at our heart strings, and reveling gleefully in the chance to daub pale yellow grease paint on their rosy cheeks?

Dramatics certainly have a definite and necessary part in the life of any college campus. They provide an outlet for creative energy and a mode of self-expression not found in any other extra-curricular activity. College dramatics, even if they don't help a girl to find herself vocationally, — as sometimes happens — often help her to find herself in another way, by developing social poise. Besides all this, giving plays is just plain fun.

For the last four years dramatics have gone into a decline. Interest has been spasmodic and ineffectual. The play production class begun one year was not continued. The Freshman Dramatic Club was too large a group to work effectively, and somehow died quietly every year. The Pierrettes suffered financially and from lack of faculty, student and administration interest.

CHATTER AND PATTTER

Will somebody please explain why our sophisticated senior with the oxfords is so self-confident that she is perfectly willing for one of our blonde May Day beauties to step out with one — Les? While the May Queen's away the Bahnsen's will play.

Were those real tears that glistened in Babe O'Keefe's eyes or just murine when she returned from Washington Sunday night? And judging from the gold cross that Miss MacLean is sporting the Washington lawyers must be all there!! You can't stop that Smith girl from making time when she's out a-datin'. Can it be that Gam's at last settled down to one? Too bad, Edith, that you had to play nursemaid all during the Thanksgiving holidays, Joe had tonsillitis in case you haven't heard. What did you do to speed his recovery? Hold his hand? Briggs reported a fine time in Asheville Thanksgiving. I hear you couldn't induce Jo to come back Thursday night. She didn't return to dear ole Salem until Monday. There certainly must be some big attraction up in "them thar hills." Did you see the fraternity pin that Mary (the South Carolina lass), was sporting yesterday? It must have been the result of the romantic atmosphere of a South Carolina Moon.

Tweak went down to Bennettsville, S. C., to visit Mary McColl over Thanksgiving, but had to come back all too soon.

Jo Gribbin took Briggs and Forrest Mosby to Asheville for Thanks giving dinner, etc., and I hear that Leila's well-known raccoon travelled in the rumble-seat again — this time on Briggs' back. By the way, Jo got sick mighty quick Sunday morning and had to stay over another day.

Speaking of Briggs (if anybody was), she got that old feeling and had to go home Sunday for the nite to see Bill. Thanks to the powerful concentrating of Cole and Williams, he actually came through and asked for a date Sunday night. Try it sometime, girls.

When it comes to the place where Francis Cole takes the "boy friend" home to meet the "folks," I call that serious! That's what she did Thanksgiving, and they liked him fine.

Must be nice to be smart! Dorothy Hutaff went home Wednesday and stayed until Sunday.

Frances Alexander went to Washington and Philadelphia for Thanksgiving, and took in the Army-Navy Game. She bought a jingle-bell jacket, and fainted while visiting her family physician in Washington. The reason was too much dry sherry and Max Gregg.

Marianna is certainly getting a huge rush from one of the eligible bachelors out in town. Guess who?

You should have seen the surprised look on Nan Totten, Alice Horsfield and Mary Lee Salley's faces when they learned that they were not the only Salem girls at the train station Sunday afternoon. The boys were stampeding the taxi and shouting "We want more." You had better see who is watching before you begin the next time.

Treat them rough and then leave them. They'll always come back. Good policy — don't you think so Peggy and Mary? Didn't I see Charlie and Dick here Saturday night?

This is Friday night, December 3rd,

There are many other hindrances to play production. Memorial Hall must be used by the music department all day every day and most of every night. There is only one set of scenery, which is definitely on its last legs. The curtain is an object of pity. There are no dressing rooms. There is very little lighting equipment, and no college make-up, costumes, or properties.

In spite of these handicaps, plays and comic operas and musical shows have been presented at Salem, with conspicuous success. It will take perseverance, ingenuity, imagination, and work, but the drama can be revived. Let's!

—A. W. F.

REMINISCENCES OF AN IDEAL LIFE TO BE

'T is to create, and in creating live
A being more intense that we endow
With form or fancy, gaining as we
give

The life we image, even as I do now.
—Byron.

I once visited the research rooms of a mystical old man. He was a man that no one knew, and yet he knew everything. He was a master at the art of dreaming, and his genius had permitted him to perfect a machine of dreams. It was a machine of intricate design, made of tensile fibres of opinions, resilient reminiscences, and wires of liquid thought. It centered around a chair which was enclosed in a tenuous, fleecy fluid which had peculiar chemical powers. It was not a chair of ordinary design, for it was not composed of such solid, hard materials as wood, steel, or stone, but was made of an indistinct, visionary substance. He called it a throne of dreams.

At my request he allowed me to sit for a while on his throne of dreams. When I settled into the soft, warm cushions of thought, and breathed the tenuous, liquid retro-spection which completely obliterated all manner of worry and care, I perceived the following visions which I now relate to you:

The man I am is dead. The man of the present, whom I despise to be, has ceased to exist. I now live at the end of a life which has not yet begun. I now live at the end of a life of dreams, which will never come true. The present becomes the past; the past is nothing, and the future becomes the present. When I began this life which is, and is not, I wanted it to be one, the like of which none had ever lived, or ever would live. I wanted to live my life away from all connections with man and different from the life of any man. Yet, in my heart, I wanted my life to be for the benefit of man.

My life has been different. I have not lived as others live. I worked at night and learned while others

You are at Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C. The above is for Mary Turner Willis — just in case she should come out of the daze and does not know where she is. Ain't love grand?

Howard and Noonie use to be the best of friends, but judging from their actions Sunday afternoon when they met, their friendship has drifted apart. It just doesn't pay to be a two-timer tootie — even among friends.

Frankie can't understand why mama didn't say anything when Horace bade her such a romantic good-bye before everybody. Maybe mama understands more than you know, Frankie.

B. C. maybe Dun-for(d) here at Salem but Mildred Minter doesn't think so. They were seen scaling around the campus together Saturday night.

There must have been a hot time in the old town of Mooresville over the week-end. Annette went home for the day and stayed all week-end. She must have been making up for herself and Patty too.

If you want to know the technique of keeping warm while riding in a rumble seat ask Caroline Pfohl. One thing I know she insists upon — that is practice makes perfect.

If you want Peggy Rogers to blush, make a crack about Roy's last name.

"Y" Notes



At a Christmas vesper service this Sunday night, Mr. Henry Owens of our faculty, will give a holiday reading and there will be special Christmas music. Senior Vespers will be the following Sunday in Memorial Hall.

Wednesday night, December 8, at 7:30, the Industrial girls from the City "Y." will meet with us in an Open Forum discussion in the Recreation Room of Louisa Bitting Building. Everyone is urged to come because an interesting program has been planned.

During the day next Wednesday, the "Y." will sponsor "Y." Day" in the Book Store. Through the co-operation of Mr. Snavelly, we will get a percentage from everything sold that day from 8:15 in the morning until 6 at night. Then is the time for you to buy all of the things you have been needing, and to get your Christmas presents before you go home.

I forgot, and I endured the mental stupor of sleep while others drove their machine-like bodies through innumerable tortures in order to be able to exist. I worked by the illumination of stars, which was entirely appropriate with the dark problems I confronted. They worked in the hot, bright glare of day, and missed the cool, fragrant, comforting feeling of nocturnal efforts, under a brilliantly bedecked sky, in a land of eternal warmth. I lived apart from man, and spent my life in scientific research—trying to find solutions to the variegated and complex problems of mankind. I made an unestimable number of experiments, and confirmed a great many untruths to be false, but I failed to contribute much of value in an affirmative nature.

To me my life has not been in vain. To others I have been a fool. I have given my soul to research. I have suffered innumerable handicaps and privations. I gave my life to a worthy cause, wrecked my physical well being in an attempt to make it easier for the masses in another world to scorn me. They say I have accomplished nothing; but no scientist accomplishes anything while he lives. Death and death alone is the medium through which we recognize achievement. Still, they say I have accomplished nothing. Maybe they are right, if distinction is accomplishment. I'm glad my life has been a failure if distinction is the criterion of success. I have never had a desire to be famous in the minds of men, and care very little for their reaction to a life of which they know nothing. I have lived as I wanted to live. I have lived apart from man and away from his influences. To me my life has been successful, because my primary ambition was to be different. Whether I have achieved anything or not remains yet to be seen. Most human achievements cannot be measured because they cannot be expressed. The man who has found his life, and has lived, has achieved a great deal more than the man whose titles take volumes to be recorded. I had much rather be the man who has lived as he dreamed, than be the conqueror of a world.

My dream life is now a thing of the past. What do I have yet to come?—Death—Man's greatest single accomplishment. The one thing man thinks he dominates, and yet the thing to which he is utterly subjected. "Whv should I fear death? If I am, death is not. If death is, I am not. Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?" (Robert G. Ingersoll—The Philosophy of Life, edited by Anderson M. Baten). Fear? Did I say fear? There is no fear in death. Death is the climax of life. Death is the purpose of life. A man plans his life and lives his life with death his greatest aim. I'm thankful for death. I'm thankful because it is the perfect way to end existence. I'm not only thankful for death as my purpose, but I'm thankful that I'm dying—