

The Salemite

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SUNDAY MORNING CO-OPERATION

Why don't the maids make more noise early on Sunday mornings? After all, nobody ever wants to sleep then and it is very disconcerting for us to have to do our assignments for the next week in complete silence. Also, unless the maids are kind enough to make a lot of noise with their brooms and dust pans how will we ever wake up? Will the maids willfully deprive us of the pleasure which we derive from hearing them croon slow, melodious hymns in the hall in the early hours?

Several students have been sufficiently interested in this problem to present a petition to Miss Essie, the head housekeeper to call a meeting of the maids and to present this request to them for their approval and co-operation. If any of the Salem girls has another suggestion to offer concerning this problem she may drop her idea written on a small piece of paper into the boxes provided in the Day Student's Building and in Alice Clewell Building. Soon we will have noiser and more sleepless Sunday mornings! Thank you, Salem!

—Miss X.

WE WANT A PICK-UP

The ten o'clock bell rings. From a corner of the botany lab. two girls slowly rise and stagger toward the door. One of them, exhausted, drops upon a nearby desk.

"Madge," she pants, "I simply - - can't - - go on - - another - - minute - like this. I need a pick-up."

Such is the case of countless Salem girls. A breakfast consisting of mere fruit juice, cereal, coffee, eggs, bacon, milk, prunes, toast, jelly, and butter is hardly enough to sustain a growing girl through three hours of the hard mental and physical strain of class work.

Dr. Di Etetiks of Hahvahd University at a recent Medical Convention in New York City, said:

"Young, maturing minds and bodies need nourishment. For those who follow active routines, frequent refreshment periods should be provided.

Shall Salem girls be undernourished? We claim it as our right to demand that the student body assemble each day in the college dining room for a brief, mid-morning snack of milk and crackers, and that every student be compelled to participate, in order that Salem may maintain her ideal standard of robust young womanhood.

—M. H.

WE RECOMMEND

For Your Spring
Reading

- My Wife, Poor Wretch — John A. Downs.
- What Price Glory? — Dorothy Hutaff
- Men Without Women — Holder and Campbell.
- Fate Knocks at the Door — Sarah Turlington
- The Legion of the Condemned — Chapel; Cutters
- Is Sex Necessary? Or Why You Feel the Way You Do — M. Briggs
- How We Think — Baugham and Stier
- Brains of Rats and Men — Owens and McEwen
- Be Good to Yourself — M. L. McClung
- What Men Live By — M. W. R. Holderby
- Life Begins at Forty — Maynard and Atkinson
- Marriage — Fearing, Lamb and Ryan
- Adolescence — Mildred Kelly
- The Problem Child in School — M. Woodruff
- Woman Suffrage — Jean Bradshaw
- Man to Man — Curlee and Higgins
- Tools of Tomorrow — Burrage
- Stay Young — Grace Lawrence
- The Age of Innocence — M. Redding
- Men of the Old Stone Age — Rondthaler and Ancombe
- She Strives to Conquer — A. Withers
- Why Keep Them Alive? — Jackie and Bonnie Ray
- What Music Does to Us — Clifford Bair
- Such Is My Beloved — MacLean
- So Big — Betty Sanford
- Main Street — Drug Store Cowboys
- I am the Fox — V. B. Davis
- Honorable Percival — Cramer Percival
- Bored — F. Cole
- A Certain Rich Man — Martha O'Keeffe
- April Fool

LIBRARY NEWS

Miss Siewers, realizing the unusual possibilities of the outdoor reading room, has just announced that it will be used this spring for sun baths. As usual the Library is making the best and most efficient arrangements possible.

Preparations are to begin immediately. First, of course, the wall around the terrace must be built a little higher so as to attract only direct sun rays rather than slanting ones. A water proof padding will be tacked down over the present hard flooring. At the foot of the stairs an olive oil fountain, similar to the ink filler indoors, will be located and a General Electric water fountain will be placed in the opposite corner. The library is also laying in a large supply of dark glasses which the bathers may obtain from the desk.

Miss Siewers believes that this system will act as a partial cure for the epidemic of spring fever which is sweeping the campus. Instead of allowing this spring fever (or wish for an all-summer tan) to overcome their desire to learn the students will come to the library and use the outdoor reading room, studying and getting their tans at the same time.

Any reference or reserve books, may be taken out to the terrace.

Miss Siewers urges that the students take advantage of this system and also that they make any suggestions they think of to give the plan increased success.

— APRIL FOOL —

1st Don: "Quien estaba la senorita contigo la pasada?"
2nd Don: "No estaba senorita — mi esposa."

WORLD-FAMOUS LADY EXPLORER SPEAKS AT Y. P. M.

On Wednesday morning in expanded chapel Miss Agatha Higginbotham delighted the student body with the story of her travels in Afghanistan as a representative for the "Deader's Digest." Miss Higginbotham, a noted writer and explorer, is most famous for her recent best-selling books "Viewing the Chinese" and "Around the World in a Sampan."

Because of the interest in China, Miss Higginbotham reviewed quickly the Sino-Japanese situation and told of her impressions of China, where she had lived for six weeks getting background for her books. "A great hungry people!" said Miss Higginbotham of the Chinese.

The great Llama of Tibet died recently, and she quickly sketched the habits of the Tibetans, those interesting people who live on "The roof of the world." "I wish they would bury him!" she remarked of the Llama.

Passing quickly to Afghanistan, where she is now taking magazine subscriptions and incidentally gathering material for another book to be called "After Afghans, What?" Miss Higginbotham described that beautiful country.

Bring culture to the Afghans is interesting work, according to Miss Higginbotham. After reading one sample copy, the natives clamor to get in their subscriptions. They particularly enjoy the quips of Dorothy Parker on the "Patter" page. "Yes, it's surprising what good literature can do in a short while. My guide through the jungle, called Iggtawahra, is now absorbed in 'Life with Mother' and he listens faithfully to all President Roosevelts' fireside chats. He favors Paulette Goddard (by the way, do you suppose she's really married? — all the Afghans want to know), for Scarlett O'Hara."

With this interesting side-light, Miss Higginbotham went on to describe an Afghan boar hunt. "It's really terribly exciting," she said. "Sometimes it gets a little slow. Then we have to take all the 'Deader's Digests' out of the hip pockets of the beaters. You see, they think they can get in a short article between boars, and they just get carried away by the book supplement and forget to whack the bushes."

"Education for women is in poor straits in Afghanistan, though. It's very pathetic. The wives sit around their husband at night, and he reads them 'Towards a More picturesque Speech', but of course, it would mean much more if they could read it for themselves! If only Salem College were in Afghanistan, what it would mean!" she said sighing. "Ah, young women of America, you are the hope of the world and the Afghans!" said Miss Higginbotham. After describing her encounter with a python, Miss Higginbotham sat down amidst riotous applause.

— APRIL FOOL —

APRIL FOOL

Jasper Deane lacked in bean,
Though he thought he was rather keen;

He was outwitted by a gal
With luscious charms — they called her Sal.

Around about the time of Spring
She left Jasper on the wing.

And so the story goes like this:
Jasper thought he couldn't miss;
He sent Sal a ten-cent ring

And wrote to her: "Aren't I the thing?"
Sal wrote back, "Here take your ring,

You blank, blank, blank, blank
blank, blank thing!"

— APRIL FOOL —

He: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

She: "That was no lady, that was my wife."

—Pitt Panther.

— APRIL FOOL —

He: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

She: "That was no lady, that was my wife."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

WHAT THEY WERE READING IN 1928

(Quoted from Literary Annals of yester-year).

"Sweet Sybil of the Sweatshop; or the Millionaire's Mate," by Laura Jean Libby.

Outstanding among recent fiction is this gripping drama of young love. The story at first glance is light and simple, but the thinking reader will view it as a step upward in intellectual development. As a study in ethics it is unsurpassed in tenderness and vividness. Passage like the following are unforgettable — "Suddenly she rose to full queenly height and her features began to work convulsively. Uttering a terrible hoarse cry her face slowly whitened to a death-like livid hue and her eyes dilated luridly like glowing coals of fire."

"Proudhon's Solution of the Social Problem" — Henry Cohen, Ed.

Here is a charmingly amusing little volume written from the cosmic point of view. It argues in a chatty manner that space may have changed from a hyperbatic continuum to a Euclidean. A changing value of pi on the other hand is not inconceivable. The radical hypothesis is psychologically useful since it leads inevitably to the conclusion that the limited evolutionary hypothesis are also metaphysical if held as final and as excluding the radical hypothesis. Such an idea has been advanced by Heraclitus. But, when a scientific hypothesis is elevated to a complete photographic theory such claims cannot be safely ignored.

This is a humorous little friendly argument and we anticipate many a heated campus discussion, though withal good-humored.

— APRIL FOOL —

Pierre: "Qui est la dame que j'ai vue avec vous le dernier soir?"

Henri: "Ce n'est pas une dame, elle est ma femme."

— APRIL FOOL —

Once a molice pan
Saw a bittle lum,
Sitting on the sturbeone
Chewing gubber rum;
Said the molice pan,
Won't you simme gum?
Tinney on your nix-type,
Said the bittle lum.

— APRIL FOOL —

CELEBRATED SAYINGS

—It isn't the original cost; it's the upkeep—Solomon

—The first hundred years are the hardest.—Methuselah.

—An apple a day, keeps the doctor away.—Adam.

—Is it hot enough for you?—Nero

—It won't be long now.—Sampson.

—Step on it.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

—Baby needs new shoes.—Cleopatra.

—Oh Henry—Ann Boleyn.

—What a whale of a difference.—Jonah.

—Came the dawn.—Mayor Walker.

—Don't give up the ship—Levine.

—After me the deluge.—Volstead.

— APRIL FOOL —

He: "I seen you with your wife last night."

She: "That wasn't my wife, that was a lady."

— APRIL FOOL —

Mr. Higgins (in geography lesson) — "Now, can anybody tell me where we find mangoes?"

Peggy Bowen—"Yes, sir; Where every woman goes."

— APRIL FOOL —

Virginia Breakwell: Mother, you know that old vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation?

Her mother: Yes, dear.

Virginia: Well, this generation has dropped it.

— APRIL FOOL —

Air Lieutenant: How would you like to have a hop in my airplane.

Steward: No, suh; Ah stays on terrah furmah, and the more firmah, de less terrah."

— APRIL FOOL —