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IN APPRECIATION

The May Day Committee would like to thank the students, the faculty, and the employees of Salem College for all they did toward our celebration last Saturday. The committee's choicest phrases are so feeble that we hardly know how to express our appreciation. We can only say that without your cooperation we would have been monstrously inadequate. Will you accept our sincere thanks?

—Margaret Briggs,
Chairman, May Day '38.

FAREWELL

Another year ended. It has meant different things to each of us — some of them good, some of them bad. But we won't be shedding crocodile tears because they are over.

Instead, to the underclassmen, we say goodluck on exams, have fun this summer, and we'll see you again next fall.

To the seniors — and we could get sentimental here — we say goodbye, goodluck, and it was nice knowing you.

We're saving our tears until commencement.

—H. McA.

ON LOOKING BACKWARD

Yes I'm looking backward because the future is rather foggy at the moment. On looking backward I see through a mist, not clearly, for I'm looking at a basket ball game in the old hut; the rain falls inside as well as out. And in this mist there loom several small lumps — these were buckets to catch the rain coming through the biggest leak in the roof. Through the mist a bright light pierces and in the crystal I see a building growing slowly and at last a gymnasium without leaks and with a great deal more.

Then of a sudden the crystal changes. I look and to my ears comes a squeak, squeak, like old boards in an old library. And at the same time I hear the rough scraping of chairs and slamming of doors. But suddenly upon my ear there falls a mellow stillness — a quiet disturbed only by an intellectual sound — the soft fluttering of pages turned by ambitious hands. "But soft" — the tread of feet upon thick carpeted floors tells me of another dream, come true — the library.

Still looking back — there comes into the crystal such faces as Mr. Morley, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Kittridge, Mr. Brown, Mr. Untermeyer. Then, more clearly than the rest, the crystal shows a group of girls, awkward in caps and gowns and stumbling down the chapel aisle to the "first chapel in full regalia." And last, these same girls, swaggering a little with "week-ends at their own discretion" and various other privileges. Now the

crystal becomes cloudy and finally I can see only a yellow glow — with a white S in the foreground.

—Cramer Percival.
Class of '38.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO THE GRADUATION CALENDAR

When hopeful young reporters come bouncing into your room with "what are you planning to do next year?", and when signs appear on the bulletin board requesting you to "state what you intend to do in the fall;" when all prospective teachers are urged to "see Miss Blair before Friday"; when teachers' application blanks are handed out; when underclassmen approach you with shy and wholesome candor and say, "We surely are going to miss you next year. It won't be the same place without you"; when an avalanche of advice comes in Dad's letter telling you how to approach a would-be-employer — then, we of the class of 1938, may know we are out on the front porch of Salem and are about to go down the steps for the last time as seniors.

And since we are absurdly sentimental about doing something for the last time, we have a funny little attack of nostalgia — nothing chronic, you understand, no operation is necessary; just a simple treatment. May we offer our personal and very special prescription?

Cure for that Blue-Monday feeling:

Take ten of this year's seniors

(Any ten)

And ten large ice cream sodas

(Chocolate)

Mix in one unsifted bull session under the willow

Add one and one-half teaspoons of vacation wardrobe talk,

One teaspoon of summer plans,

A dash of what he said last night;

Stir in one full cup of sleep

Set a side to cool; and serve in large numerous quantities.

This recipe has not yet been approved by Good House-keeping, but has been tested and found very effective.

Most of all, we seniors feel a little lurching excitement about setting out to mould ourselves into career women, and about facing that old monster, The Business World, armed only with our pink young hopes. To say that we are hopeful is to be guilty of grave understatement. We are happily confident of our talents, our versatility, our energy, and our efficiency.

But under our calm and slightly flippant exterior there are some of the sterner virtues. We feel a loyalty to, and sincere pride in, our college. We shall remember that indefinable spirit of friendliness, the gay camaraderie that pervades Salem Campus, long after we have forgotten the sources of "Hamlet" or "The Tempest." We shall remember the unchecked good times and the indescribably farcial ones we had in the class room. We shall pigeon-hole the not-so-pleasant moments when we forgot to study our lessons, or when Tuesday's quiz papers were returned.

In the far distant future, when we are re-uning in Fort Pierce and the Time Machine has been perfected, we'll ask the elements in charge to whisk us back to Salem 1934-'38, when we lived our salad days with a kind of sublime gait, in the suburbs of Plato's Ideal State.

—Margaret Briggs.
Class of '38.

AMONG THE CLUBS

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

On Monday, May 16, the Psychology Club met and elected officers for 1938-39. The results of this election were: Frances Turnage, president; Frances Watlington, vice-president, and Elizabeth Norfleet, secretary and treasurer.

PIERRETTES ELECT OFFICERS

The Pierrettes Players met Wednesday and elected officers for next year. Those elected were: Elizabeth Trotman, president; Elizabeth Tuten, secretary-treasurer. The vice-president will be elected next year.

GERMAN CLUB ENTERTAINS PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS AND ELECTS OFFICERS AT BANQUET

Monday evening in the recreation room of Louisa Wilson Bitting Building, the German Club entertained its prospective new members at a delightful banquet, after which the new officers were elected. Laura Emily Pitts, president of the club, acted as toastmistress and presided over the short business

"Y" Y.W.C.A. Notes

At the Vesper service Sunday evening we will have the privilege of hearing the Reverend Douglas L. Rights, who is pastor of the Trinity Moravian Church in Winston-Salem. Mr. Rights is well-known in the city and will, we are certain, bring us an interesting and worthwhile message. The music for the service will be furnished by the trio, Ann Nisbit, Margaret Welfare, and Kathryn Swain.

If the weather permits, Vespers will be held out-of-doors, on the lawn in front of the Practice House. Everyone is very cordially invited to come.

meeting that followed.

An interesting program was given. The old members greeted their guests by singing "Welcome to You" in German, and several German songs were sung throughout the dinner. More entertainment was furnished by eight members in colorful German peasant costumes who performed three folk dances.

The old members remained afterwards to elect officers for the coming year. The new officers are: Emma Brown Grantham, president; and Helen Savage, secretary and treasurer.

Higgins-Special Ice Cream Made In Laboratory

Oleomargarine Substituted For Butter To Make Ice Cream

Just like the real thing! And from what Mr. Higgins says, it sounds as though he has something that will be everybody's "ice cream" of the future.

Professor Charles H. Higgins, head of Salem's Science Department, has been conducting experiments in the substitution of oleomargarine fat for butter in the making of ice cream. At his invitation some of the "Salemities" went over to the laboratory Wednesday afternoon to see how this kind of ice cream is made — and incidentally to sample it. And was it good! We make a motion that Mr. Higgins start serving it to his classes during this hot weather!

In the production of the substitute cream the oleomargarine is first melted with water to remove the salt, by allowing the fat to settle at the bottom. Then the fat is mixed thoroughly with warm skimmed milk in a homogenizer. A homogenizer, by the way, is a little "aluminum pump" that can be bought for four ninety-five. The homogenizer emulsifies the fat particles in the warm milk, and a substance resembling a good grade of cream is produced. We tasted this and decided that it tastes very much like real cream, too, in flavor and consistency. This "cream" is then chilled, and the other ingredients for the ice cream are added, and the whole mixture is frozen. Result: ice cream which is really not ice cream but looks and tastes like it. It is just as smooth and rich in appearance and in taste as the highest grade of ice cream on the market, in spite of the fact that it is frozen in a refrigerator tray. And when you make ice cream from oleomargarine you are putting in vitamins too.

Mr. Higgins is continuing his experiments using beef fat and dried milk. We are looking forward to the results of this work, if they are half as delicious and practical as the results of his work with oleomargarine. Oleomargarine, correctly speaking is an animal fat, but that which is usually obtained on the market is vegetable oleo made from vegetable oils. Thus far Mr. Higgins has only worked with the vegetable type.

Professor Higgins' interest in dairy products is not new. He has been working with them for years, having been connected with H. P. Hood and Co., and having done research work for the United States Department of Agriculture.

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PICNIC RAINED IN

Buffet Supper Served In Recreation Room of Louisa Bitting Building

The picnic which the sophomores gave the seniors last Saturday, May 14, was rained in. The classes had planned to go to Camp Betty Hastings for supper, but because of the weather decided to have it buffet style in the Recreation Room of Louisa Bitting Building.

The meal was accompanied by music — phonograph records which, by popular demand, included selections from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The guests gathered around a large open fire to eat their dessert and to roast marshmallows. After supper Helen Savage played the piano and every-one joined in singing.

Aside from the seniors, the honor guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Downs, little John, Miss Lawrence and Miss Turlington.