

# The Salemite

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## OUR THANKS AGAIN —

It's not news anymore, but the "new" old chapel is still an object of wonder to me. Much has been said and written about its restoration, but no one has actually said in print just how much this means to us, and how much we appreciate it. The Pierrettes and other dramatic organizations have long been clamoring for a stage, and now we have not only the stage, but also the old chapel again! Old students can fully appreciate the stage, for they have struggled many times with putting up scenery in Main Hall, with trying to get the curtains to work, and with other difficulties.

The new students who haven't had an opportunity to be in this building in the day time when the sunlight is shining through the beautiful stained-glass windows have a treat in store for them. Those windows have a fascinating history which we hope Dr. Rondthaler will tell us sometime.

—M. T.

## OPEN FORUM

In the first issue of the Salemite this fall an editorial was printed saying that this paper would attempt to represent as nearly as possible the entire student body and that the editors would only be the organizers and not the owners of the paper. In this same article we asked for helpful criticism. Last week an article entitled "Open Forum" was left in the Salemite office. It was a criticism directed against the editors of the paper, not the staff, and it was based especially upon last week's issue of the Salemite, referring to that particular issue as a "sloppy" paper. To prove its point it listed step by step the reasons for the weakness of that issue. Many of those reasons contained excellent criticism — such excellent criticism, in fact, that we used it as a basis for improvement as far as possible upon this week's issue of the Salemite.

However, since this article was entitled "open forum," we regret that the writers of it failed to sign their names. It is understood, of course, that only signed editorials can be printed, and we are puzzled as to just why the names were withheld.

We editors admit that we are not infallible. We admit that we make mistakes — far too many of them, but we are very eager to profit by past experience. If it is the opinion of the majority of students at Salem that the paper is not giving them what it wants, it is obviously the duty of the students to demand a change. For this reason a suggestion box is being placed immediately in the Salemite office (3rd floor of Lehman Hall), to receive student suggestions and criticisms. These criticisms will be gladly received and carefully considered not only by the editors but by the entire Salemite Staff.

—The Editors.

## AT RANDOM

### CARE

Come not ever back to grieve me;  
Here thou must not enter in.  
Leave, O leave me! and forgive me,  
That I have so happy been  
Shall I shun it? Shall I try it?  
Now, this doubting to despise.  
If thou wilt not leave me quite,  
Care, I prithee, make me wise!

—Goethe.

Thou art come, it is well, for of thee I am fain;  
Thou hast lighted love's fire in my bosom again.  
All hail and all hail to thee, heart of my heart,  
Aye, a hail for each year that fate kept us apart.

—Sappho.

### REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you planned.  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

—Christina Rossetti.

## PARK IT IN THE TRASH-BASKETS

Two years ago Salem built a brand new beautiful gym; it was big and handsome and whole and clean. For the past two years, that gym has been our pride and joy, but did you notice last year that somebody had decided it was a good parking-place for chewing gum? After the games of the basketball season, chewing gum could be found everywhere, especially under the edge of the bleachers. The boards under each bleacher were painted white, and how those little brown wads stood out in contrast!

Last year Salem built a brand new beautiful library; it was big and handsome and whole and clean. But not long after we moved into that building, if you looked under the tables in the Reading Room, you could see more little wads of old gum.

During the summer the two buildings were cleaned of these discarded "cuds." There are numerous trash-baskets in each place; so let's park our old gum in them and have no more of it sticking around in our gym and library to ruin their appearance and leave ugly spots. You know it isn't very nice and that it looks bad too, don't you?

—S. H.

## FOLK LIFE IN U. S. DISPLAY IN LIBRARY

An interesting display on American folk life is being exhibited in the library this week. In this exhibit are photographs of North Carolina mountaineers, interesting character studies of these people by Mrs. Bayard Wooten, noted photographer of Chapel Hill. These pictures were loaned by Miss Marjorie Knox.

Interest in primitive sections of our country has increased in recent years as folk life has tended to disappear. Of the various books seeking to depict phases of the old culture, Allen H. Eaton's "Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands" ranks high. Fifty-eight photographs by Doris Ulman, with a number of illustrations in color, greatly amplify the story.

In 1907 Mr. Russell Sage established the Russell Sage foundation "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the U. S. of America." In carrying out its purpose the foundation maintains a staff which, among other duties, conducts studies of social conditions, where new information, its analysis and interpretation seem necessary in order

measures aimed at improvement. to formulate and advance practicable "Handicrafts of the Southern highlanders" is the result of one of these studies. It is the story of the revival of the old handicrafts in the southern mountain districts of the United States: The making of furniture, wood-carving, spinning and weaving, pottery making, quilting, basket making, hand made musical instruments, with some glimpses as to the future of these crafts.

Aunt Sal Creech of Pine Mountain, Kentucky says, "Weaving, hit's the prettiest work I ever done. It's a settin' and trompin' the treadles and watchin' the pretty blossoms come out and smile at ye in the kiverlet."

"Hit's better for folkses characters to larn 'em to do things with their hands," says William Creech.

Another book on this section of the country is Horace Kephart's "Our Southern Highlanders," a sympathetic description of the life and customs of the mountaineers who, living in the southern Appalachian region, are shut off from the outside world. A bear hunt, the habits of "moonshiners" and the spirit which engenders violent feuds are interestingly treated; and much

## CHAPEL PREVIEW

This week we are beginning the practice of announcing in the Salemite the chapel programs planned for the coming week, for the benefit of the student body, and especially of the day students. On next Tuesday morning Helen McArthur will speak on Bertita Harding, who, as has already been announced, will open our lecture series here on October 11th. Mrs. Bruce Williams will speak on dramatics on Thursday morning. Friday, Mary Worthy Spence, president of I. R. S. will be in charge of the program.

## HAVE YOU MET MRS. JONES?

A member of Salem's class of 1891 — the first senior class to wear cap and gown, to have a class ring, to plant a class tree — Mrs. Jones is today as active, as enthusiastic, as young as the youngest freshman in the new class of '42.

She is sixteen again, and little Mattie Woodell, getting her first glimpse of Salem, each time she turns the corner by the old museum and faces Salem Square. She corresponds with and visits her classmates of almost half a century ago, and can give as accurate (and much more picturesque!), an account of them as an Alumnae Record.

Mrs. Jones has just paid her last visit to Salem — her "swan song" she calls it. She has worked and saved for eight years to come back — all the way from Hollywood, California. She made a leisurely trip, stopping wherever she pleased to renew friendships begun long ago at Salem.

Human nature hasn't changed a bit, she says, and laughs at how, when she was at Salem, they played the same old game of beau-catching (a concentrated form of it, done mostly with the eyes — the village lads at that time being the young Pfohl boys and tall, slender Howard, the president's son). When they were caught at it, it was the lad who suffered. She remembers the time she lost a beau because he had to learn ninety-nine Bible verses for signaling to her in church. They were all experts in the game of lip-reading and sign language.

To tease the teachers and escape restraint was the chief desire of her classmates. "We were young and silly," she says, "and I have apologized to my teachers a thousand times since then." She is glad to see the new attitude of friendliness and informality between the girls and the faculty.

The most amazing story that she tells is the one of the Salem ghost. In those days, just as now, it was a favorite trick to skip church. One Sunday evening a crowd of church-skippers hid in a room in the part of the dormitory nearest the church and trembled over ghost-stories. Mattie (Mrs. Jones), and Sadie her best friend were both disgusted at the trembling bunch of girls and agreed that at a certain signal one should slip out and re-enter the room clad in a sheet at the most exciting point of the story. The story-teller was just reaching the climax when the door quietly opened and in glided a spectral figure in white. Such a scattering and hullabaloo of shrieking ensued that the church congregation next door thought the college was on fire and fled from the church, leaving behind them purses, gloves, and prayer-books. Somebody called the Salem fire department which turned out in full force!

They never found out what the ghost was, and the girls were too scared to tell.

Mrs. Jones now has two sons, but no daughters to send to Salem. However she has a young granddaughter who is a prospective Salem alumna of the next generation.

information concerning a people of whom little is known is given. The book contains excellent photographic reproductions and maps.

Of a slightly different nature is "The Scenic Resources of the Tennessee Valley," a collection, from many sources, of descriptive material, maps, and photographs of the outstanding scenic features of the region of the Southern Highlands, material collected and published by T. V. A.