

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The
Student Body of
Salem College



Member
Southern Inter-Collegiate
Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : \$2.00 a Year : : 10c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-In-Chief Helen McArthur
Associate Editor Alice Horsfield

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

News Editor Mary Thomas
Junior Editor Sara Harrison
Sports Editor Emma Brown Grantham
Music Editor Helen Savage

Staff Assistants:—

Betty Sanford	Madeleine Hayes
Sae Forrest	Sara Burrell
Margaret Holbrook	Lee Rice
Mildred Minter	Katherine King
Katherine Snead	Eunice Patton
Hannah Teichman	Geraldine Baynes
Marian Johnson	

FEATURE DEPARTMENT

Feature Editor Tillie Hines

Staff Assistants:—

Eleanor Sue Cox	Frankie Tyson
Betsy Hill	Jackie Ray
Nancy Suiter	Mary Charlotte Nelme
Mary Lee Salley	Mary Davenport
Lena Winston Morris	Peggy Rogers
Kate Pratt	Forest Mosby
Muriel Brietz	

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Edith McLean
Assistant Business Manager Bill Fulton
Advertising Manager Virginia Breakell
Exchange and Circulation Manager Grace Gillespie

ADVERTISING STAFF

Carol Cherry	Margaret Patterson
Louisa Sloan	Pat Barrow
Jane Kirk	Avalon Early
Jane Davis	Billy Hanes
Patty McNeely	Betsy Hobby
Ruth Yancey	Dorothy Sisk
Virginia Taylor	

EXCHANGE AND CIRCULATION STAFF

Alice Kinlaw	Millicent McKendrie
Ruth Schnedl	Lucille Stubbs
Dorothy McLean	

1938 Member 1939
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

STOP, PLEASE!

After hearing Dr. Rondthaler's comment Tuesday morning in Chapel on the obserbation of traffic rules, I think we should all realize how very negligent and dangerous our disregard of regulations in the past has been. Since the police department in Winston-Salem has been kind enough to work out laws for our benefit, we should show them that we appreciate their thoughtfulness, and that we are capable of proving ourselves worthy of their laws. The crossing from Salem square to the drug store and the post office is a dangerous intersection — coming down the hill, cars obeying traffic signals don't expect to see girls heedlessly crossing the street when the stop light is green. So it isn't the driver's fault when some unfortunate accident happens. After all, most of us girls should be old enough by the time we are in college to know, right from wrong. And we should be good enough citizens to co-operate with the town authorities in their efforts to make Winston-Salem a safer place in which to live.

So let's all try to wait for that light to change next time, it will take but a few seconds — and that letter can wait if you can!

—K. K.

WELL, DO YOU?

Don't you hate people who talk during a movie? Especially at the moment Errol Flynn is crushing "you," to his breast and murmuring, "My own —"

"For crap's sake, why don't they invent a new technique? The same thing's in every movie! Oh, by the way, did I tell you about the evening dress mother sent me? Well, it's" From the seat in front of you comes this loud-pedaled whisper to bring cruel reality crashing around your head.

Don't you feel like gagging that intruder — to put it mildly?

Do you ever talk in the movies?

Of course not! . . .

But, don't you?

—E. P.

NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE

And as for the inattention in chapel — it would seem that Salem students purposely set aside chapel time to do any last minute copying of school work, and letter writing, to say

BOOKS OF SECOND LECTURER IN LIBRARY

Librarian Announces Books By Padraic Colum In Our Library

Because of the last minute rush to get Bertita Harding's books before she came, the librarians are announcing in advance the books which our library has that were written by Padraic (Paidriz), Colum who is the second of the lecturers to appear on the College Lecture Series. Mr. Colum is a famous Irish poet, antiquarian, and publicist, who has won for himself a high place in English letters. Mr. Colum will appear at Salem, November 17.

"The Road Round Ireland" is a book on the Ireland of farmers, poets, artists, and vagabonds, written as a travel narrative with all the feeling and inimitable art of this Irish poet, fact, legend, and some criticism are mingled in this delightful and understanding interpretation of contemporary Irish life. The illustrations are from distinguished paintings and etchings.

"Three Plays" contains, as the name implies, three plays written for the National Theatre Society, each an expression of Irish National characteristics. Two of them deal with the land problem. The plays are: "The Fiddler's House," "The Land," and "Thomas Muskerry."

"Orpheus: Myths of the World" shows the combined force of Mr. Colum's powers as scholar, poet, and story-teller. The illustration and general form are in keeping with the distinction of the book.

Padraic Colum has written several books of poetry. "The Story of Lowery Maen" is a long, narrative poem dealing with the old Irish heroes in the period when Ireland was turning from the Bronze age to the Iron age, about 300 B. C.

"Wild Earth and Other Poems" contains the quaint and blithely sung songs and ballads of the Irish peasantry. Throughout the book one feels the sincerity of the author.

"Poems" is a group of poems selected from "Dramatic Legends," "Wild Earth," "Creatures," and "Old Pastures."

Padraic Colum is also firmly established as one of the best writers for children of our times. His children's books in our library are: "The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said," "The Peep-Show Man," "The Arabian Nights: tales of wonder and magnificence, selected and edited by Padraic Colum," and "The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy."



Our speaker for Vespers Sunday night will be Mr. Hutton, the new pastor from the Reynolda Presbyterian Church. Let's all come and help welcome Mr. Hutton to Winston and to Salem College! The service will be at 6:30 in the old chapel.

nothing of covering sheets in plain ole notes, not on the lecture, but items of "personal interest" addressed to one's neighbor. It must be awfully disconcerting to the speaker to look down from the platform, a fine vantage-point incidentally, and see a good percentage of his supposedly attentive audience busy with pen and paper. It is hard enough under the best circumstances for the average speaker to do his best before an auditorium full of restless college girls, but without the security found in the knowledge that the girls are interested enough, or at least polite enough to pay attention, it is impossible. He or she feels that his, as well as his audience's time, has been wasted, and needless to say leaves the platform and the college with a definitely unfavorable impression. Since the speakers and lecturers are kind enough to give us their time, since they are the guests of the college, and since chapel is planned solely for our benefit, let's not hurt ourselves, as well as the reputation of Salem by being inattentive. Leave your writing materials outside, and give chapel a chance.

—L. G.

AT RANDOM

LITTLE BROTHER'S SECRET

When my birthday was coming
Little Brother had a secret:
He kept it for days and days
And just hummed a little tune when I asked him.
But one night it rained
And I woke up and heard him crying:
Then he told me.

"I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden
Because you love it so frightfully.

I thought there would be a whole sugar tree for
your birthday,
And now it will all be melted."

O the darling!

—From "Poems" by Katherine Mansfield.

MIDNIGHT OIL

Cut if you will, with Sleep's dull knife,
Each day to half its length, my friend, —
The years that Time takes off my life,
He'll take from off the other end!

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

From "A Few Figs From Thistles"

AUTUMN DAYBREAK

Cold wind of autumn, blowing loud
At dawn, a fortnight overdue,
Jostling the doors, and tearing through
My bedroom to rejoin the cloud.

I know — for I can hear the hiss
And scrape of leaves along the floor —
How many boughs, lashed bare by this,
Will rake the cluttered sky once more.

Tardy, and somewhat south of east,
The sun will rise at length, made known
More by meagre light increased
Than by a disk in splendour shown;

When, having but to turn my head,
Through the stripped maple I shall see,
Bleak and rememberd, patched with red,
The hill all summer hid from me.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay
From "Wine From These Grapes"

Music News

The Mozart opera "Bastien et Bastienne" which was given by students of the Salem music department at the Asheville Mozart festival last August and was repeated at Salem in September, will be presented again at Davidson College, October 31. This performance will be accompanied by the Davidson symphony orchestra, directed by James Christian Pfohl. The characters are played by Kathryn Swain, Harriette Taylor, and Ted Bodenheimer.

Two interesting symphony programs will be broadcast this week-end. The first is the N. B. C. Symphony concert Saturday evening

from 10-11:30 P. M., under the direction of Arturo Toscanini.

The program is as follows:
Cenerentola Overture Rossini
Don Quixote Strauss
Fifth Symphony Beethoven

The other is the New York Philharmonic Symphony directed by John Barbirolli which will play the following numbers Sunday afternoon, October 23, over the WABC network at three o'clock.

Overture to "Der Freischitz" Weber
The Swan of Tuonela Sibelius
The Return of Lemminkainen Sibelius
Fire Bird Suite Stravinsky
Adagio and Fugue for Strings Mozart
Fifth Symphony Beethoven

HERE AND THERE

Imagine the chagrin of a certain sophomore psychology class who patiently waited fifteen minutes for Mr. McEwen to appear in class. And when he didn't come, they gathered up their books gleefully and left — only to be told later by various upperclassmen that they were supposed to wait twenty minutes for the head of a department. So they trekked back to Room 17 and found — Mr. McEwen patiently waiting for them!

Upon interviewing freshmen upon courses which they would like to have, but which are not offered at Salem at present, it was found that many asked for a course which would train them in the art of sleeping on class with their eyes open.