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DEFINITION OF A TRASH CAN, SALEM SQUARE AND SALEM GIRLS . . .

A trash can is a can into which such things as paper cups, paper napkins, and doughnut wrappers are to be placed. Salem Square is a place which should be kept free of such rubbish. Salem students are girls who don't seem to know the difference between a trash can and Salem Square. This last statement is uncomplimentary, but true. The next time you go out, look around and see for yourself. Wouldn't it be just as easy to finish your drink in the drugstore and leave your cup there? Or wouldn't it be equally easy to bring them on over to a trash can? After all, these cans are not placed outside for decoration. Let's clean up and keep a neat appearance — one of which we can be proud not only to show visitors but also to see ourselves.

—S. B.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR

"A man who never does any more than he gets paid for, never gets paid for any more than he does." This homely proverb may well be applied to the attitude of the average college student.

Extra-curricular activities are considered by many students to be only for a chosen few. Others think that they haven't the time to participate. Lack of initiative prevents many from adding their talents to this valuable phase of college life.

Perhaps, during the past few weeks, you are one of the many who have said to themselves — "I'd like to try out for dramatics this year, but I'm not as talented as my room mate and I couldn't get a part anyhow." — "Hockey practice? Oh, I'm rushed to death now without having to run around that field practicing." "In high school I took part in Y. work, but I don't know all of the girls in it and they might think I'm trying to horn in."

Self-effacement gets one no where for while it may be true that you are no Katherine Cornell, you could certainly help make up the fair heroine or shunt scenery around. These tasks are vital parts of successful dramatic work.

You may think yourself a very busy young lady, but a fair wager would be that you could sandwich in an hour's hockey practice a day without completely disrupting your schedule, and you might make the team.

AT RANDOM

COQUETTE

Of course I never
really flirt.
It isn't ladylike I
know.
The way I drop my
handkerchief
Is simply
providential,
though!
—Rebecca McCann.

CORRESPONDENCE

The guilt of not
answering letters
Weghs down on my
conscience at night.
I suffer and groan in
the silence
But nothing can force
me to write.
—Rebecca McCann.

The Y. girls are a friendly group, ever anxious to take in new active members and delighted to have everyone.

These are only a few of the extra-curricular activities offered at Salem. The others are equally interesting and delightful. Why don't you try to take an active part in at least one this year, Salemite, and see if it isn't a profitable venture?

—M. M.

OUR WORLD CAME TO AN END ON SUNDAY NIGHT

There was an extra amount of low talking on the first floor hall of Clewell; then more voices were added in the discussion and the sound grew a little; other girls joined in, and words began to be distinguishable as excitement rose. And I could stand it no longer — I left my studying and went to see what was going on.

By that time at least a dozen girls had gathered around the telephone table. Most of them were in pajamas, but several were so upset that they dashed right through the living room, where several boys were sitting, to find Miss Lawrence. Somebody called me into a nearby room where a radio program was turned on to its full strength. A news bulletin from New York was being given, and I listened silently with the five others in the room. One of the faces beside that radio was pale and drawn, another twisted with worry and fear, the third traced with wonder and doubt; the other two were just listening — rapt and a little frightened; I didn't know what to think.

That radio news bulletin was describing, in a remarkably realistic manner, an imaginary attack on the earth by Mars with little men in metal cylinders and poisonous black New York was being demolished with gas. Princeton had been destroyed; ease; and Chicago, Boston, and Buffalo were to be the next cities for attack.

Salem went wild! There were screams, tears, hysterics, prayers! I didn't know anything to do about it — not even any shoulders here to cry on! But more than one Salemite found something to cry on anyway; for our world had come to its end. Wasn't our reliable news broadcast saying so?; and of course, we believed it.

Pat Mitchell and Lucille Paton were especially upset; it was sometime before they looked and acted all right afterwards, and both of them were awfully worried about not being able "to die with their families." Ida Lambeth Jennings and more than a few others got out money to call home, and Ann Whaling and several others really did phone their families. (Ann's daddy, by the way, was listening to Charlie McCarthy instead of to the "New Jersey catastrophe.") Dorothy Isley was particularly anxious about her brother — he's at Princeton, and the story had told that 1500 people were killed at that school. Mary Wilson Wall's daddy was in Chicago at the time, and she was uneasy about his safety as, the little men headed in

RADIO PROGRAMS

The New York Philharmonic Symphony, directed by John Bartirolli will present the following program Sunday afternoon, November 6, from 3 until 4:45 over WABC with Robert Virovai violin soloist.

"Academic Festival,"
Overture Brahms
Violin Concerta in D Brahms
Symphony No. 2, in D. Sibelius
On Sunday evening at 9 o'clock over WABC Kirsten Flagstad will be guest soloist on the Ford Hour Program.

IMPORTANT BOOK LOANED TO LIBRARY

Mrs. Mary Fries Patterson Fisher, of Asheville, North Carolina, has loaned to the library for exhibit "Flora's Dictionary." This is a botany book, profusely illustrated with colored flower prints, written by Elizabeth Washington (Gamble), Wirt in 1837.

Charles Dexter Cleveland in a compendium of American literature says of it: "As far as my knowledge goes, it was the first of the kind published in our country and I think it has never been excelled by any of its numerous competitors."

BIRTHDAYS NOVEMBER 5 TO 11

November 7
Jessie Van Hook
November 8
Marian Johnson
November 9
Katherine Snead
November 10
Eunice Patton
Betsy Reece
Mary Wilson Wall

that direction.

Even Miss Lawrence couldn't quiet our wild fears because she knew no more about the broadcast than we did. So pandemonium disrupted all logical thought and behavior at Salem for more than an hour last Sunday night. Very little studying was done here any time after 8 o'clock that evening — noise and excitement were too great for any one to settle down until after 11:30.

When Salemites realized how gullible they had been, they consoled themselves on Monday by reading newspaper accounts of how foolishly people in other places had acted during the splendidly dramatized radio farce. But we still feel a little sheepish in silly embarrassment when we remember that "end of the world."

"Y" News

Our speaker at vespers Sunday night needs no introduction — Mrs. Gordon Spaugh. I've sure we'll all be glad to see her with us again. The old chapel, at 6:30

On Wednesday, at 5 o'clock, the Freshmen "Y" commission had a joint meeting with the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet in the living room of Clewell Building. The Freshmen met and talked with the cabinet members in whose committee they were interested, and refreshments were served afterward. Those girls who are members of the Freshman Commission are: Florence Harrison, Jo Ann Brill, Flora Avera, Frances Lyon, Carrie Donnell, Margaret Moran, Lucille Springer, Allene Harrison, Edith Horsfield, Eleanor Hutchison, Marie Fitzgerald, Ruth Brickhouse, Pat Mitchell, Mary Jane Copenhaver, Betty Barbour, Betty Hardin, Mildred Newsom, Minnie Louise Westmoreland, Marguerite Bettinger, Emily Abbot, Marion Norris, Mickey Craig, Mary Adams, Harvison Smith, Clara Louise Nissen, Marie Van Hoy, Martha Jones, Leila Johnston, Reece Thomas, Wyatt Wilkinson, Martha Bowman, Dorothy Sisk, Frances Walker, Adelaide Hargrave, Ruth Yancey, Elizabeth Yancey, Elizabeth Weldon, Margery McMullen, Nancy Chesson.

WASH DAY

By Mary Lee Salley

Do you know what happens to your laundry after you toss it down the basement steps Sunday night? Well I didn't know either so I made a tour of the Laundry guided by Mrs. King who told me many interesting things that you will appreciate knowing

First of all, after the laundry bags are collected, the clothes are divided alphabetically into six lots and are washed according to these lots. The flat work is all washed separately from the wearing apparel. You've probably wondered how so many sheets and pillowcases are washed so quickly and efficiently. They are washed through five waters in big revolving drums that make a grand slushy sound as they turn. They are then run through an electric roller which presses the water out, and after drying, are ironed by an electric ironer.

Your wearing apparel is washed in a washing machine with especially nice undies and other fragile articles being washed by hand with Lux. Nothing is rubbed on a board unless it has lipstick, fingernail polish or simple stains on it. After all these things are dry they are ironed by old fashioned irons which are heated against a cute little round stove that really gets red hot. All colored materials are tested for color fastness before they are washed and very high grade soap flakes and powders are used in all their washing.

Here I'll interrupt to give you a little information I gleaned on washing woollens which, in our case would apply to sweaters: Be sure to have a little Lux in each water in which you wash your sweaters even the last water. This softens the water and thus also softens your sweaters. Also, be very careful to have each water just warm enough to melt your soap flakes — this will help hold the colors.

Now that we have gotten the clothes ironed, let's proceed to packing them. Each girl's name is written on a cardboard at the end of a stick, and these sticks are placed upright in alphabetical order. In this fashion your clothes are fixed into a neat pile which is then tied up and labeled. From here — you know the story.

The laundry staff is composed of sixteen workers headed by our friend Mrs. King, who has been at Salem for six years, this year will be her seventh. She says: "we feel like Salem is the girls' home for nine months and we want to make them as comfortable as possible." Thank you, Mrs. King and the laundry workers, for this co-operative and thoughtful spirit.