

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

PROCRASTINATION

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live,
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear,
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say,
Today itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday,
Marcus Valerius Martialis

PARAGRAPHS

A member of the English faculty has recently been stealing Mr. Campbell's five-minute-quiz habit. We thought he had a copyright on that mania.

How we would like to publish a little farce, a fetching burlesque on George Washington! But the scathing remarks, publicly uttered by our awe-inspiring faculty member, have scared us completely. Hereafter we will deal only in whitewashing heroes.

A word might well be said to Dr. Rondthaler in appreciation for the excellent chapel services which he has prepared for us during this year. Not only in the Wednesday expanded chapel exercises, but also in the daily chapel services, have we found inspiration and instruction upon various subjects which may or may not have been relative to college life, but have certainly pertained to the broadening of the range of Christian living.

In our case chapel exercises have attained their aim which is to furnish daily a little "food for thought"

regarding higher living, but never to let this inspiration be given so ethically that it oversteps the bounds of practicality. Accordingly, our morning devotional periods have been fitting and appropriate services whereby we may keep in closer communion with God as well as in closer communication with the activities and situations which beset our fellow-men us.

Mention of the expanded chapel hours on Wednesdays well culminates our expression of appreciation and interest. Here we have met well-chosen and interesting topics and personalities which have given to us a broader interpretation of the life around us. We have learned of foreign lands and unusual customs, of new fields of occupations for women, of political situations and prohibition issues, of the history, stories, and traditions of Salem, but, perhaps more important than any of this knowledge, we have come to know such interesting personalities as Mrs. Patterson, Parson Moss, Miss Fries, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Woodhouse. In these speakers we have had a fleeting glimpse of what we are striving to become.

Poets' Corner

THOSE SILLY POEMS

I've read those silly poems,
And about that you think
Is a lot of silly words
That always mean Je t'aimé.
I've read them over and over;
I've read them night and day.
And all that I can see
Is ego amo te.

I could have burnt those silly poems,
And gone to you and said:
I know what's in all of them—
It's *Ana a tustad!*
This is another silly poem;
I am ashamed of this one too.
I could have written just this:
I love you dear, I do.

A SONG FROM SORROW

Out of my sorrow I shall make a song
So beautiful that other griefs will cease
If one but listen, silently and long,
I promised him my song will bring him peace,
One eel of high noon of faith, one note of cheer,
And one of courage flung against the sky,
But not one tremulous low note of sorrow,
And not one muted agonizing cry.
Oh, I shall make my song a thing of light
The darkness only can put forth a star,
So out of sorrow, deeper than the night,
A song shall lift that men will hear afar,
And listening with faces, eager, glad,
Will say, "Where is the sorrow that we had?"

"TO"

Out of chaos—a voice;
Out of darkness—light,
Great sculptor, shaping and moulding
Forth, and day, and night.
Created; then—gave it his blessing.
Put you here dear; then—
Sent me you.
A voice! a light! a blessing!
Oh! If you knew; if you knew.

CLOTHES PROBLEM IS SOLVED FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

Designs for clothes to suit the needs of every girl no matter her position in life nor the amount she has to spend will be found on the bulletin board, on the back porch of Main Hall. These are designed by the girls in the Home Economics 7 class, taught by Mrs. Meinong. Each girl in the class has a different type of girl to design for. This week it is for the society girl who has about two hundred dollars a month to spend on her clothing and it was designed by Adelaide Winston.

Intercollegiate News

At the recent meeting of the Virginia Legislature, the State Teachers College at Fredericksburg, Va., received \$175,000. The present plan for the use of the money is to add another wing to the Virginia Hall Dormitory, turn the entire of the Frances Willard Dormitory into rooms for girls, and to provide a new kitchen and dining hall.

The Legislature appropriated \$3,977,950 capital outlays for State institutions. Out of this amount \$3,055,500 goes to the following institutions: William and Mary, Virginia Medical College, University of Virginia, V. P. L., V. M. I., Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute and the four state teachers colleges.

Here's one instance where a co-ed made a hit with a State College student! Co-ed Spenser of Haskins, N. C. administered a swat-kick to W. C. Hubbard, State College student, when he made a "sassy" remark regarding Miss Spenser's typing in the college newspaper. It is said also that the co-ed used Webster's Collegiate Dictionary extravagantly.

The State Technician puts it this way: "In spite of the dissection toward the opposite sex, co-eds seem to be gaining more power with creation of respect for their commands."

Last week's issue of *The Rotunda*, Farmville State Teachers College's weekly publication, was dedicated thusly: "To hearts—that live and laugh and love, that work and play and hope—we dedicate this issue of *The Rotunda*."

Spring football seems to be gaining in popularity. Regular practice for this sport has already begun at the University of Virginia. This practice is open to all men regardless of experience. It is the intention of the coach, Mr. Abell, to stress above all the fundamentals of football, not the actual training. The workouts are made as light as possible so that the participants will not become tired of the game.

A tournament is now being held at King College, Bristol, Tenn., by the College Chess Club. Every member of the club is eligible to play; each participant will play every other member of the club sometime during the month of February. A silver cup with proper inscriptions will be awarded to the winner of the most games. Several members of the club have already removed dust books from likely-looking shelves and desks in order to have a place to put the cup! Conceit, or self-respect?


Students at King College, besides voting on the most handsome, the most reserved, the best student, etc., this year have also voted on the following statistics: most hateful, most noisy, biggest cheat, most idiotic, most limber, biggest cake-eater, sweetest daddy, biggest bull-slinger, biggest baby, most lowkick, biggest crab, biggest liar, most annoying, most innocent, dumbest sap, biggest simp, most dumbly foolish, most ornery, and absolutely zero. Which seems to us quite a check-up on personalities!

A New Yorker, R. E. Swartmont, has been chosen coxswain of the Cambridge crew, which will row against Oxford on the Thames at Putney, April 12. The American thus is in line to win the coveted rowing colors which have been awarded to an American for a number of years.

And we as Southerners should not fail to support them.

In the co-ed's Valentine issue of the *Lenoir-Rhyne* college paper, a feminine editor states: "In the age-old topic of marriage vs. career, we are convinced that the chief aim in a girl's life still is to get married."

Mr. Riley Scott, better known as the Vagabond Poet, visited R. S. T. C., East Radford, Va., just as the students of that institution were just about to be comfortably assured that this is a matter-of-fact old world and that romance is completely dead. Mr. Scott, who is the modern Francois Villon, smiled genially as he tore down all the students' pet cynical theories and transported them to the realm of romance. He garbed in picturesque costume, recited to a large audience some of his poems, "To Elizabeth" (his aunt), "He Tok Up Gold," "Just Hanging Around," and "The Same Old Face." This interesting poet travels around to various schools in his high-powered motorcar, Elizabeth. He has no permanent residence. "I have the same home as have the fowls of the field or the birds of the air," he said.



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REVELRY SWEETS

The Seven Seas

Off with the girls in a grand joy spree—Join the Navy for a night and grab your share of the greatest fun feast ever spread on the seven seas. Laughs, girls, color—everything to make the party gay.

HIT THE DECK

With
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Polly Walker

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Mary: "How some of these old songs do hurt me."
Lib: "Well, you've often murdered them."

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