

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Our deeds still travel
With us from afar,
And what we have been
Makes us what we are.
—Anonymous.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.
—Samuel Johnson.

PARAGRAPHS

Wonder what would happen if the annual pictures Ben V. took would develop as sound pictures. A few of us might be departing luridly for unknown parts.

The Russian Countess was a love herself, but the appearance of her devoted, handsome-hor husband or the stage somewhat added to the attraction.

Have you a little "Purpose in Life"? If not, why not? Some of the Senators seem to have attained one with the competent aid of Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse. (A morning name, n'est-ce pas?)

NOT BY CHANCE

No, not by chance
The pale moon-flower
Works its white magic
For an hour.

Not undivided
The hornit-thrush
Flings hidden rapture
From the brush.

Nor does it come
Without design
That love and pain
Are yours and mine.

Nor that I heard
Wayfaring feet,
One day come walking
Down my street.

—Barbara Young.

ARE YOU A "CAMPUS SNOOT"?

After passing through the various activities of Freshman Week, Sophomore Court, and ordinary school life, the underclassmen have quite naturally begun to feel very much at home in their new surroundings. Friends have been made, schedules straightened out, and rules learned; no wonder the Freshmen no longer feel strange.

From this time, however, until the year's end, there is danger that under their days of usefulness to newcomers at an end and that the latter may fail to realize the value of further help from those who have been at Salem for a longer time. Their questions now, to be sure, will not be of the obvious who, where, sort, but will consist of individual problems of either a scholastic or personal nature and puzzling things which in the short instruction period have been either overlooked or misunderstood.

Now there will be no wholesale offer of information or advice, but every Freshman owes it to herself to seek out any additional help which she may need at any time. Nothing rankles in one's mind so persistently as an unanswered question. Why not get rid of it?

On the part of upperclassmen there is snoot to be done. Are you a "Campus Snoot"? Have you met all the new students? The boards, perhaps, but what about the day students? If you are too embarrassed over your ignorance to ask the girl herself what her name is, just start a secret search for someone who knows her. There are plenty of odd moments between classes and at meals for such disclosures, and, if you know everybody's name, there are still family histories and sweethearts about which most anybody will start talking, if given the right encouragement—otherwise Freshman timidity may restrain her.

No one whom you do not know will ever ask your advice. Let's get acquainted beyond the "how-do-you-do" stage with some other girls outside our own class or group of special friends. Who knows when our help may be needed? Don't be a "Campus Snoot"!

DAWN

As I awake, I hear the distant crow of a rooster, and then the nary answer. This tells me that another day has begun.

Quickly I jump from my bed and go to the window. From behind a grove I see the top of the sun as he takes a peep at the sleeping world. A breeze blows softly through my window, bringing the odor of freshly cut grass, lilies, newly-turned earth. From the barnyard comes the neigh of a horse, the low of a cow as she calls her calf.

Tingling with the joy of living, I dress and rush out-of-doors. Above me, tiny, fleecy-like clouds float in the blue, and to the north, a tiny trail of smoke arises from a nearby farm house. As it follows the little creek, the stream of smoke seems to walk down to the garden to see it catch tiny bits of sunlight.

I walk down to the garden to see it in its freshness. On the fence I see velvet-like morning glories, reaching their dew-covered faces to the glory of the new day. As I stand silently before them, I catch the odor of a pine-knife. Each, within a few minutes, the smell of frying country ham comes to me. The duties, as well as the day itself, have begun; yet I go to meet them eagerly.
—Kathleen Adkins.

ULTIMATE

"Spelling mark, 100."
That's a pleasant sight,
I am going proudly
Home from school tonight,
The Bazaar of All the Nations
Can't be more than right.

BOOK CHAT

By ZINA VOLOGODSKY

A World Can End is the title of Trina Skaristatina's book. Although this book was published but several weeks ago, it is quickly gaining recognition. It is the main topic of conversations and of discussions of book-clubs in America.

Trina Skaristatina is a Russian, who by birth belonged to the highest nobility of the Czar's Russia. After the revolution of 1905 the rich landowners and royalty were not safe from the plots of the revolutionists. The youngest generation of Russian nobility, to which Trina Skaristatina belonged, saw some things that their fathers and mothers never saw before. Then the war broke out; men went to fight, young and poor; girls, rich and poor went to work in the hospitals. Trina Skaristatina did the same as others. She entered a large hospital in Petrograd; but unlike many others she worked as a simple nurse and not a countess. Moreover, becoming a student as well, she had an excellent opportunity to hear the different opinions of different classes: the doctors, professors, students, soldiers and serfs. Soon it was evident to her that the revolution was at hand. And it did break out in 1917, bringing with it much surprise and blood.

Working in the hospitals, studying for medical examinations, and consoling her old and completely depressed parents, the countless fall of life, active, interested, found time also to see the revolution with her own eyes and hear it with her own ears.

Then the horrible disappointments came, the confiscations of property and money, arrests, murders, and the transformation of people into beasts. The author heard the beautifully constructed phrases of Trotsky and Berezsky and the magnetic, hypnotic vigorous talks of Lenin. The author's first impressions of those people are absolutely priceless.

Aside of the mob-life, the private of the countess became a torture. Having been robbed of all her jewelry and money, not mentioning her property, she was arrested several times and finally was forced to leave her beloved hospital, where she had been for nearly six years. Her old parents were quickly getting weaker. After searching for hours, and digging in the ground, Trina was sometimes able to find some potatoes. For months that was all their food. The culmination of their unhappiness was the tragic death of her father-general, who was beaten to death with stones by the mob.

Her last imprisonment, death of her mother and the advent of relief are the concluding incidents of the book.

The book has two parts; the first is called "Childhood," and the second "Diary of the Russian Revolution."

In addition to its exceptionally remarkable simplicity and sincerity, the book is one of deep feeling, sympathy and forgiveness, a book of undying spirit.

POETRY

GOODNIGHT

Forget this world and all thy woes,
Put out each feverish light,
The stars are watching over head!
Sleep sweet, Goodnight!
Goodnight!
—From "Beside Our Campfires"

Because the road was steep and long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.
—Joyce Kilmer.

A wounded deer leaps highest,
I've heard the hunter tell;
'Tis but the ecstasy of death,
And then the brake is still.

The smitten rook that gushes,
The trampled steel that springs,
A check is always redden;
Just where the hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of anguish,
In which it caution arm,
Lest anybody spy the blood
And "you're hurt" exclaim!
—Emily Dickinson.

TALKING

I am amazed,
I marvel in my heart
That men can talk so much
And say so little,
I would rather
Be a dumb stone upon a windy hill
Than one of these thin voices
babbling
Its airy, dull, reiterated tale.

I would rather be
A dark rock in the earth,
I would lie still
A thousand years and listen to the rain.

I would go down and be an undiscovered grain of sand
On the sea floor,
Rather than waste my breath in foolish words
That publish to the sky,
My emptiness.
—Barbara Young.

NOBODY

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!
—Emily Dickinson.

Much madness is divined sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.
—Emily Dickinson.

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention.
Like stone.
—Emily Dickinson.

Happy is the girl
Who follows the voice within her heart
And stands sincerely for all things good,
Who stoops not to dialyog thought
But delights in the purposes of God,
And thinks on them alone—both day and night—
For she is like a tender tree planted beside a river
Which buds and blossoms when the seasons come,
Whose leaves turn upward reaching out
And all she does shall live.
—Campfires.

GOODBYE HOLLYWOOD

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been—beautiful!"

Alack and alas! The dear Alma Mater, especially beloved of the Freshmen, seems to have been replaced in all four classes at present by the above mournful little ditty which reverberates through the halls every night after dinner. Indeed, each fair (?) maiden, from nonchalant Seniors to excited Fresh, has been inspired at some time or other taking "sadder but wiser" inventory before her mirror, and deciding not to crash Hollywood after all. Every night from the office building comes the chorus of loud lamentations, such as, "Omgosh! I thought it would be perfectly beautiful and flattering, and here it has to go look like me!"

Anyone who by now has not recognized these references and allusions has decidedly not had her picture taken for the Annual. This process of picture taking is a thing no one ever forgets, and beyond a doubt it establishes the veracity of the old adage, "Pride goes before a fall." The procedure is somewhat as follows: One sets one's finger wave, borrows the room-mate's good-looking street dress, and then sits twenty minutes in mortal agony, trying to keep from being "mussed" while awaiting one's turn. At last the photographer is ready, and one wanders in the maze of screens and lights, to perch upon a bench and "smile, please." One feels a veritable Miss Garbo as the ever encouraging "director" murmurs, "Ah-h-h-h-h! Moisten the eyes and blink the lips, please. That's it. I see you. I see your picture. Hold it! Beautiful, beautiful! I think that will be very nice. It was so good we must take another." When finally one walks out, still on one's knees, it is with the feeling that surely this picture will revolutionize the whole book and impress everyone with what a lovely girl one is!

But, woe and more woe, as in all good tragedies, there is a denouement waiting in the wings! A week or so passes, the proofs are seen, and the story is complete. One knows the worst, and to cap the climax—there are always helpful souls to explain, "But I think your picture are grand. They look just like you." Cheer up, victims. It isn't as bad as it seems. To tell the truth, you've looked like that all along. The realization was all that startled you. The rest of the school is used to it, and the chances are that before long they'll be pointing out your picture in the Annual to their brothers and boy friends and telling them of a cute girl you are in spite of the wild look in your eyes.

PAGE PANSY POETRY

Editor's Note:—We are publishing this article for the purpose of encouraging original literary attempts on the campus. If you can't write a poem, write something, and include an article in defense of it, as this aspiring poet does.

'Twas Ingalls, who one wintry night Said: "Opportunity doth come But once in a poeats, poethesses fair, 'Tis now your chance to prove it." To you cold world your talent hid Beneath the heap of chemistry, Biology, and Math. This week. Which comes must turn in your name.

To Dr. Willoughby who will For your delight, conduct a class Two nights a month to make from you

Saint Shakespeare's, Keat's and Milton's stern
It carries neither credit nor Discredit for those interested
In writing verses, sweet and dear.

DIFFERENCE OF POEM
This poem (it is a poem) is written in blank verse, except that it lacks one foot a line. It's a sonnet, except that I gave it one extra foot for good measure. It has rhythm, as you will notice if you read it slowly with an accent on the first syllable and a very decided accent on the second. My rhyme scheme is so advanced that I won't explain it. The fact that the lines are different lengths illustrates poetic license. That proves you a poet!