

# The Salemite

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand,  
They went like anything to sea,  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away  
away,"  
They said, "it would be grand."  
"Come, fill the Cup, and in the  
fire of spring  
Your Winter garment of Repen-  
tance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little  
way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on  
the Wing."  
—Omar Khayyam.

### PARAGRAPHS

Coolish weather . . . thrilling foot-  
ball games . . . excited crowds . . .  
clear nights . . . warm, cozy blankets  
. . . clean-cut no-nonsense . . . boys  
and girls strolling with school-books  
under their arms . . . school days  
. . . Fall!

"The circus is coming—rah, rah!  
Rah, rah! Won't we have fun frolic-  
ing with the Stee-Gees' on Hallo-  
we'en?"

If you have a cute snapshot of  
your room-mate in her favorite pose,  
why not turn it to Zack or Lou  
Brinkley and win the five bucks for  
the annual contest?

We like Music Hour. Do you?

It's nice to see Miss Minnie J's  
smiling countenance on week-end.  
What would we do without her and  
Diana, anyway?

Peaches (alone, in dumplings, or  
in cake) have got on Ye Pres-  
grapher's distraught nerves. Oh,  
for some more good chicken salad  
like we had last Wednesday night.  
Wonder whose birthday it was?

### FALL OR DOWNFALL?

This seems to be the Fall issue of  
*The Salemite*. Not only for a pun,  
but also for the benefit of my woe-  
begone spirit, do I say that this will  
eventually be the *downfall* of the  
*Salemite* this week.

According to our revered Prexy,  
winter is near at hand. According to  
Mr. Vardell, winter is far, far  
away in the distance. Let us con-  
promise and say—"This is Fall."  
We can easily do this, for the birds  
are migrating southward, the brown  
leaves are falling to the ground, re-  
lentless girls and boys have reported  
for school, and football season is  
here in all its glory. Here is con-  
tinuing proof that this season is  
really Fall.

But in mine heart, this season is  
Downfall. I am surrounded, by mid-  
semester quizzes, the horror of  
practice-teaching for the first time,  
I am anticipated now to be read by  
the end of next week, super theoreti-  
cal methods courses, the lack of  
dates (social engagements to go out  
had by some young Seniors twice  
weekly—this is our grapes), and a  
few other chief grievances in life—  
I am approaching my Downfall in  
life.

Pardon—I forgot to mention my  
most terrible grievance of all—my  
state of supreme broke-ness! I don't  
have a red cent (except my silver  
lock-piece in which a penny is en-  
closed and on which is engraved  
"Keep me and you'll never be  
broke.") And, funny thing you know,  
I've never been entirely broke as  
long as I had it. It really is a lock-  
piece.

But the state of Dead-Broke-ness  
drove ye Editor to use drastic means  
in attaining her purpose in life—  
by which purpose, Mrs. Woodhouse,  
I wish you did not inspire). I am  
ashamed to admit it, but because ye  
Honorable Business Manager (who  
is also D. B.) and I ardently desired  
to see the show at the Carolina the  
first of next week, we took the passes  
for writing the best article and get-  
ting the most ads ourselves. Really,  
now, don't you think this article is  
the best thing in this week's *Sale-  
mite*? Please help ease my conscience  
by saying "Yes" to my plea.

To show the dreadful state of  
mind ye Feature-writer is now in, let  
us quote "Yours Fraternally" from  
Eugene Fields' works:  
"An editor in Kanakake  
Once falling in a burning passion  
With a vexatious rival, he  
Wrote him a letter in this fashion:  
'You are an ass, uncouth and rude,  
And will be one eternally.'  
Then, in an absent-minded mood,  
He signed it 'Yours fraternally.'"  
P. S.—Please send all red pills,  
sugar-coated capsules, and liquid  
potent-medicines for the mentally  
deficient to *The Salemite* Box,  
Mrs. Best's office in the Book  
Store.

### THE JOY OF BEING THE EDITOR

(Purpose of article: To receive a few  
small gifts of dopes, nabs or what-  
not every now and then from kind-  
hearted people.)  
Getting out the paper is no picnic,  
if we print jokes people say we are  
silly!  
If we don't they say we are too se-  
rious,  
If we clip things from other papers  
we are too lazy to write them our-  
selves.  
If we too close to the job all night  
We ought to be out hunting news.  
If we go out and try to hustle  
We ought to be on the job in the  
office.

If we don't print contributions,  
We don't appreciate true genius;  
If we print them, the paper is filled  
with junk.  
If we make a change in the other  
fellow's write-ups, we are too  
critical,  
If we don't we are asleep.  
Now like as not some fry will say,  
We swiped this from some magazine  
—(we did).

# POETRY

### AT AUTUMN

When autumn casts a splendid,  
shining garment  
About the gay world's poverty and  
pain,  
When there is gold in every tired  
meadow,  
When trees, half hushed to sleep,  
have bloomed again—

Oh then it is we feel God's depth of  
purpose,  
The mercy that His hand alone  
can show

If He can paint the very soul of  
nature,  
His love can cause our weary hearts  
to glow!

Our faiths grow dim . . . His good-  
ness never falters—

Each scarlet leaf has told this  
truth to me!  
The snows will come—but after them  
the springtime.

It is a part of life's long mystery.  
The songs we sing grow reedy and  
old-fashioned,

Dear dreams may turn to dust be-  
fore our eyes—

But through the autumn, burning  
and impassioned,  
God tells us that real beauty never  
dies!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### OLD SONG

"'Tis a dull sight  
To see the year, dying,  
When Winter winds  
Set yellow woods sighing,  
Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh,  
I do retire  
Into an old room  
Beside a bright fire!  
Oh, pile a bright fire!

I never look out  
Nor attend to the blast,  
For all to be seen  
Is the leaves falling fast,  
Falling, falling!"

—Edward Fitzgerald.

## Confessions of a Curser

If my present fondness for Chris-  
topher Morley were to avert itself I  
should be forced to like him for the  
sake of his one essay, "Confessions  
of a Smoker," because, in the essay  
he gives me a certain satisfaction of  
knowing that I have not been the  
only person whom fathers, mothers,  
grandparents or what not have tried  
to bribe into giving up undesirable  
habits. Now I do confess that my  
confession is probably of a worse  
nature than that of Morley, because,  
where his habit did not create any  
great social anxiety when practiced  
in public, my habit always calls  
forth great vents of "Oh's" and pe-  
culiar varieties of facial contortions  
when displayed before or in the  
presence of society. I must tell you  
I am cursed with the overpowering  
torture of cursing and swearing.  
But my case may not be as degrading  
as it seems, for really I have not, as  
yet fallen into the deepest depths,  
because I find that with great mental  
tax I am able to ward off my ven-  
erations in the presence of the preach-  
er. This may be because I have not  
been around a preacher lately.

I started to tell you about the  
reaction of my family. Well, I have  
a horror to my family at times be-  
cause instead of going in a closet to  
sweat I have brazenly and openly  
said what I felt when I felt it. Upon  
these occasions my father, who had  
once been a student in a theological  
school and had once preached in the  
church of George Washington in  
Alexandria, did not become very ex-  
cited but he showed his extreme dis-  
pleasure by sudden contractions of

### ONE TREE IN AUTUMN

So little wind would ruin all this  
gold  
One lightest breath out of the  
autumn sky,  
And not a single slender stem would  
hold.

And we should learn how flaming  
things must die,  
Let me look long upon this, while I  
may.

The delicate leaf, the thin and  
shining stem,  
In this, their hour of glory, their  
brief day

Of golden airs that hover over  
them.  
And let the end come, if it must, by  
sight.

When I have gone, and shall not  
come again . . . . .  
Thinking how one tree, in that gold-  
en light,

Flames on and on, a still flame,  
now, as then,  
Golden forever, now . . . . . it might  
be so.

This once . . . . . this once . . . . . for  
all I stayed to know.

—David Morton.

### THE MODERN HIAIWATHA

(With apologies to Longfellow)  
He killed the noble Mudiokjivo!  
Of the skin he made his mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside;  
Made them with the skin side out-  
side.

He, to get the warm skin inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside;  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side in-  
side.

Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside,  
That time.

### STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

Stained glass windows make the  
light  
Like songs of beauty from the sun.  
Life could shine through us like that,  
You and me and everyone.

—Rebecca McCann.

### INTERCEPTED MAIL

Editor's Note:—This is the internal  
letter found in the *Salemite* office.  
If the owner recognizes herself in  
the non-de-plume, she may call by  
this office for said letter.

October 12, 1931.

Mess Salem Belle,  
Salem College,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.  
Dearest Madam Belle:

In reply to yours of the 23rd, con-  
cerning various important things  
stated in said communication, I hereby  
and hereon proceed with my de-  
fence which of course you will think  
is lousy but on the other hand, I,  
the author and sponsor of this de-  
claration think it is swell.

I think the word nerve was used  
in said letter and was desired to con-  
vey a meaning which I in turn wish  
to convey to you. I ask a certain  
little lady to attend a football game  
and she refuses on the grounds that  
she is physically unfit but the next  
thing I hear is that she expects to  
attend another game with another  
boy and then tells me to be at the  
game. I feel hurt, shunned, stomped  
and on many other kinds of grief and  
false pride. If I ever intended on  
going to the game I would absolutely  
put my foot on an antiseptic to be  
a party to such an outrageous game.  
I hope it rains and no of you have  
a good time, if it don't rain then I  
hope it is so hot you can't sit in your  
seat. If you go over in an auto I  
hope you have a flat tire, in other  
words I hope you have a sorry time  
and that you all get griped with each  
other.

Glad you all had a lot of success  
with your rushing and I know you  
are glad it is over. I've been praising  
Allah ever since we've been through.  
I think we've had a good bunch too,  
cleven in all, but I've been telling  
them they are the sorriest specimens  
of human beings ever since peddle  
night trying to even up all the nice  
things I had to say to them before  
that time.

I think you spoke of anger in your  
last letter I'm so hot right now that  
I believe I could ring your pretty  
little neck if you were within grab-  
bing distance, every time I get a  
letter from you, you tell me about  
some crazy boy that is all I see—  
boys. I know all about the boys.

Whooray for the charity work  
maybe you can do something for  
the depression, I've joined the salvation  
army. Sometimes make speeches and  
I always take up collection. If you  
want your sins washed away drop  
a dime in the hat when it passes.

I'm glad to hear that you are  
teaching and I would like to put in  
application to enter your class of  
learning. What do you teach about  
—everything in general; if you do  
I would like to know how to play  
popular in five lessons and to play  
the piano without knowing a note  
and how to be a big business man  
and draw \$10,000 a week.

I hope you are well and that you  
will have no further trouble, if you  
do remember I'm the doctor. Tell  
everyone hello for me and write soon.

Very, very, very truly yours,  
BILL  
F.W.B. Office wife.

P. S.—Excuse the typing but I also  
am a beginner. By the way how  
bout being me new office wife the  
one I got can't do anything but  
attend to business.

### BRITISH DEPRESSION

Protesting cuts in their wages un-  
der the new economy regime, 100,000  
English Communists paraded along  
the banks of the Thames. They  
marched to the music of twenty  
bands, flourishing red flags, pictures  
of Lenin, and banners which flouted  
the message, "Serve, yes; Serf, no!"  
Although the demonstration was  
organized and orderly, thousands of  
Communists spent that night in  
Wormwood Scrubs prison, singing  
"The Red Flag."