

The Salemite



Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
\$2.00 a Year 10c a Copy

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"This I learned I from the shadow of a tree
Which to and fro did sway
Upon my wall;
Our influence, our shadow-
selves, may fall
Where we can never be."

He who has the fewest
wants is nearest to the gods.
—Socrates.

Difficulties are the things
that show what men are.
—Epictetus.

PARAGRAPHS

While Ye Editor and Ye Managing Editor are in *absentia* (they are attending the N. C. Collegiate Press Convention at Duke), Margaret Johnson and Dorothy Heidenreich are doing a good job of this week's *Salemite*. Don't you think so? (Pardon the sweet conceit.)

Well, last Friday night the Seniors did away with the hats that the Frosh have been missing for a long time—in fact, ever since they heard of Hat-Barring at Salem.

If the four classes are going to pull as many fast ones tonight as the Four Marx Brothers did in *Monkey Business*, Ye Paragrapher would advise you to attend the MacDowell Club's stunt night program at 7:30.

Foggy atmosphere . . . gay camaraderie . . . informality . . . green walls . . . attractive tangerine and black furnishings . . . after-dinner lethargy . . . girls, puffing indolently, talking shop . . . all about Empress Eugenie, that football game, mid-semester zams . . . The Green Room.

Some of the self-reducing Frosh (and upperclassmen!) have been grumbling because the food in the dining-room is so good that they can't restrain their hearty appetites except by staying away from the table. Fifteen raves for Mrs. Orrell!

ARE WE CONCERNED

Not long ago an authorless who places great interest in the youth of today went to Europe with many objectives in view, one of which was to gain an understanding of the European people. Recently Miss Elina Ferber returned to America with a not too happy state of mind, for when she had contrasted American youth with that of Europe, she found results which were not exactly commendable to America. In comparing the youth of America with the youth of Europe, she found no comparison because the fact that Europeans surpassed in ideals and in intellect was poignantly obvious. Miss Ferber said the American boys and girls have the mentality of a twelve year old child and they speak in "ya-yas" and converse about paltry puerile matters.

To offer rationalizations and alibis in order to oppose Miss Ferber would be useless, for she has spoken knowingly and impressively. One need only make a few personal observations in order to realize the true great the depravity and fiddle-faddle of modern adolescence really is. Some one ought to tell the large number of boys who make a sort of human lying buttress out of their bodies that, that type of architecture is purely Gothic and is in no harmony with the architecture of the modern drug store.

There is hardly any intelligentsia among the large class of our people. In this day of humanism, which affords the humanity with every phase of research and subject matter, the young people are not choosing wisely. Of all the modern publications it is the saddest fact in the world that the majority of boys and girls have an affinity for the lowest type of novel, magazine and story. The onslaught of modern novels and movies which strive to present unethical acts in a seemingly righteous way are safe only in the hands of broad-minded persons who have the endurance and defiance of a Prometheus. The modern novels, as Mrs. Lindsay Patterson says, furnish the best wallowing places for great filth and have played a large part in the degradation of what used to be ideals and morals.

Today is the time for the youth of America to wake up. Rusty hinges have been oiled and they work fairly well. With the abundance of literature and with the social opportunities furnished today, young people ought to bring conversation back into its own as an art, not as an abbreviated system of communication. Think of India, Burma, the Philippines, Persia, Ghandi, Italy, Religious beliefs of the world! How many of these topics can be discussed intelligently by boys and girls. Is it not time to convert the mind in such a way that the American youth can at least approach the criterion already established by the youth of other nations?

SCENARIO

The girl's face was white and haggard. She stared with a singular fascination at a tiny bottle on the dressing-table before her. Her eyes widened with disgust and dread, and something like a horror. She pondered, and her mouth quivered pathetically.

Slowly her slender hand reached out toward the bottle—drew back—crept out again. Gradually it approached the diminutive vial—trembled—and then—the fingers closed convulsively around it. She gasped slowly, and relaxing her grasp, clasped her hands tightly, striving to overcome the hypnosis spell of the small bottle, upon which her terrorized gaze was riveted.

Her hand stole forth again, this time with determination. Determinedly she grasped it, determinedly raised it to her lips.

The sluggish amber liquid within stirred repulsively. She trembled violently, and then tipped her head back and swallowed in a great, choking gasp.

She had eaten onions for supper. She was dating Bill that night. She was taking the cure for halitosis. Isabelle Hanson.

POETRY

BRIEFS

I love
The way he laughs—
The throaty essence of his eloquence
When he
Moves close to whisper
in my hair.

I love
His boyish words—
The muddled logic of his arguments
And his
Wild dreams; eternal
"I don't care."

I hate
His tender moods—
His sometimes wanting Stars
and Moon—for their
My heart
Leaps up to trip me
unaware!

POLITENESS

If people ask me,
I always tell them,
"Quite well, thank you, I'm very glad to say."
If people ask me,
I always answer,
"Quite well, thank you, how are you today?"
I always answer,
I always tell them,
If they ask me
Politely . . .
BUT SOMETIMES
I wish
That they wouldn't.

—A. A. Miles,
In When We Were Very Young.

OCTOBER NOON

Last night the hills were draped in gray.
But in the glow of noon this day
A million flaming angels stood
Where yesterday had been a wood.
In robes of scarlet, crimson, gold,
With blowing banners manifold,
With lifted trumpet, flashing sword,
They hailed the glory of the Lord.

I had two eyes suddenly,
I had too much beauty madden me.
—Theodosia Garrison.

DREAM FANTASIES

They fit like pallid spectres thru
my mind
Wan memories of thoughts that died
in a hazing
In vain I try to grasp them, just to
find
Translucent ghosts that fade away
at morning.
—Isabella Hanson.

JUST THOUGHTS

Cruel things—Boys
Mean things—Girls
For boys have not the tenderness of
Age
Nor girls the sympathy.
Youngsters are so foolish;
They would display their wisdom
and be called Fools!
(Am I not trying to show my wisdom
With this passage?)
* * * * *
A Coquette
Is a charming Silhouette
Against the background of
A frowning World.
—Isabella Hanson.

Week-End Travels In the Realms of Gold

"Much Have I Travelled in the Realms of Gold"

Our travels in the land of music this week takes us back many, many years to the days when the contemporary geniuses, Goethe and Beethoven, admired each other in public and quarrelled bitterly in private. The vehicle is Romain Rolland's *Goethe and Beethoven*, a recent translation from the French, which leads us down unending roads hitherto little known. Music is the heroine of the book, presented not only as a companion of Beethoven Dionysus, but also as a muse well beloved of Goethe, the Apollo of Weimar; and both these men are given to us in such a human, understandable manner that we are able to live their lives with them. The adoration passion of the little Bettina for the master, Goethe, and the consuming jealousy of his vulgar wife, Christiana; the powerful magnetism of Goethe and Beethoven for each other; and their constant fiery battles and bitter words—all these are made as real to us as our own small loves and hates.

For even the rankest amateur in music, this book holds a wealth of pleasure. The illustrations are fascinatingly human and plentiful and they help to throw a light on the lives of these two great men that shows them as they have not been fully shown before.

As yet, the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature is the Swedish authoress, Selma Lagerlof, who wrote *Jerusalem*. This book illustrates the secret of that power which enables Miss Lagerlof to take her seat among the eighteen immortals—her ability to transform the crisp realities of human experience by throwing about them the glamour of the unknown, and on the other hand to give to the unreal (folk tale, fairy lore, and local superstition) the effectiveness of convincing fact. Furthermore, the odds delight her for book by the use of a style unique to herself—a sort of prose rhapsody held in restraint, at times passionately breaking its bonds.

In *Jerusalem*, one is introduced to the people of Dalecarlia, who have the Mid summer Eve festival and dress quite gorgeously, but are nevertheless a shy and solid community, given to the slow and conservative habits of thought. The name is derived from a real historic event, a pilgrimage from Dalecarlia in the last century.

Selma Lagerlof does not write of things that are familiar to us, but she does give a most interesting insight into the hearts of men—as well as a journey into a far country.

Folk Culture on St. Helena Island, by Guy B. Johnson, is a book that one should miss. Not because alarmed at the title—simply means, "A Study of Negro Culture in South Carolina." This book takes up the "whys" and "wherefores" of negro speech, and explains in a most delightful way why our own Southern darlings talk and think as they do. Some of the more technical language discussions will probably go over your head (as they did mine), but the riddles, spirituals, toasts and games are too enchanting to neglect. This book gives us a peculiar insight into the life and culture of our local negroes that is probably unique in its line.

<i>Goethe and Beethoven</i>	Romain Rolland
<i>Jerusalem</i>	Selma Lagerlof
<i>Folk Culture on St. Helena Island</i>	Guy B. Johnson

A LANTERN IN HIS HAND

I write this incident in the hope of gaining sympathy from all those who at some time have found themselves, through no fault of their own, helplessly bound in conversation.

When I first came to Salem College, I was classified in the roll book as a Junior, but in the minds of Sophomores I was a Freshman. Perhaps two years at a junior college had failed to give me that dignity that a Junior should possess, and I still showed tints of green. At any rate, when a Sophomore accosted me with a demand for vanilla ice cream, I knew no better than to get her some, though the hour was nine o'clock at night. Since the handbook expressly says that an underclassman must not pass the front doors after seven o'clock, it was necessary for me to ask a Senior to go to the drug store for me. She kindly went on the mission while I waited behind the bars at the drug store.

Alone for the first time since my arrival at college, I used these few moments to reflect on a letter that I had received from my mother. She had written of the opportunities which were before me at Salem, of the cultural advantages I would have through studies, through lectures, and in meeting interesting people. Gazing at the half moon which was shining through the darkness, I thanked my lucky stars that I could be here.

"Good evening," said somebody behind a lantern. Approaching me was one of the most interesting people I was to meet. He held a lantern of the utmost importance at the college. He is its police force, dog catcher, fire warden, detective, protector—night watchman. At that particular time I had been told of the importance of the gentleman, although I supposed, from seeing his electric torch, that he held the last of the positions mentioned.

"Good evening," I replied, looking through the gate bars across Salem Square.

"Nice night tonight," he said. Evidently this lonesome man wanted to talk to someone, and even though he had looked at my serious thoughts into uselessness, I could not afford to be rude. It might be worth my while to talk to him. Certainly he was unusual looking. I noticed that his mustache was of the same color as his straw hat, and both were frayed at the edges. His eyes were pale blue and devoid of any expression. As to his general appearance, I could not say. I could only recall a Hoosier illustration in *Riley Child Rhymes* of "our hired man." He wore the same kind of loosely fitting clothes; he had that same friendly attitude toward the world; and he was talking to me as though I were "our hired girl, Lisbeth Ann."

"Say, did you ever hear a thing like I heard while ago? That just beat all! It was a radio playin' inside of an automobile, just as pretty as you please. Law, I never heard anything like it before."

"You never did?" I said politely. "It was a nice lookin' car, too. Talkin' was a man in it, and I come and got a girl, and they sat and listened to it awhile. Then they drove off. Say, did you ever see anything like it?"

"Yes, I have heard a radio in a car. Once I heard Amos and Andy while I was riding."

"Yes, old Amos 'n Andy," he said, quite interested. "Well, this radio was a-talkin' and playin' both. You ought to have heard it."

It seemed that he could not be diverted from that particular subject, much less to depart from me. Fearing that there might be a rule against talking with a man in it, and I come and got a girl, and they sat and listened to it awhile. Then they drove off. Say, did you ever see anything like it?"

"Don't you wish you had a little portable radio you could carry with you on your rounds, to keep you from