

# The Salemite

## OPEN FORUM

# POETRY

### "HE WHO BUILDETH" THE AFTERMATH

I built a house  
A house of cards  
A house of cards on a sandbank.

Those eyes that once I called divine  
I now declare are the other kind  
And the sound of his voice

I lined with dreams  
With futile dreams  
With futile dreams on a sandbank.

That gave me a thrill  
Now gripes me and chills me fit to kill  
I said he was deep and a man of letters, helms,

For music I had Laughter  
For beauty I had Love  
I talked not of hereafter  
I walked with eyes above.

But now I swear I'm an imbecile.  
What cause you implore  
My opinion to lower?  
No, he didn't desert me,  
Divorce me, nor hurt me.

'There came a storm  
A sneering storm;  
Oh! House of cards on a sandbank!

It wasn't his manners, his looks, nor his station—  
The darn Prof. flunked me on examination!

And all my sin  
Was buried in  
That wreck of hopes on a sandbank.

—Julia Meares.

For music I have Weeping  
For dreams—Realities  
And out of chaos, reaping  
White Truth and—Memories.

Halfway down the stairs  
Is a stair  
Where I sit.

—Isabella Hanson.

Other stair  
Quite like  
It.

### THE CHANGING SKIES

Now once again the retreating year  
Throws down her roses as she flies.

I'm not at the bottom,  
I'm not at the top;  
So this is the stair  
Where  
I always  
Stop.

The corn is cut, and through the air  
Go winds with stronger, harsher cries.

Halfway up the stairs  
Isn't up.

The melody of summer's song,  
The green, the bloom, the fruit are gone.

It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in the town,  
And all sorts of funny thoughts  
Run round my head:

The boughs are bare where lately lung  
The golden children of the sun.

"It isn't really  
Anyhow!"  
It's somewhere else  
Instead!

But now my joy goes with the year,  
No more I greet the changing skies,

—A. A. Milne,  
In *When We Were Very Young*.

Dank is my mind and blown and bare  
And something more than summer dies.

I tore my heart out by its roots  
A sacrifice to my Godless, Love.  
But many victims kneel ahead of me  
I had to wait—

The lovely bird that gives sad tongue  
To joys it still half dwells upon,  
We'll soon forget what it has sung  
Shall I forget when all is gone?

White spray by drop  
The Oozing crimson of my Happiness  
Spilt on the marble slab of your cold soul.

—Isabella Hanson.

### PENANCE

### ARE WE LETTING OUR HONOR SLIDE?

We made a wonderful beginning of our honor system; but it was only a beginning? Have our efforts in twenty minutes after light bell in September now dwindled miraculously to a very indefinite but convenient "minute or so"? Did we strain the goat when we had only a few call downs, and then swallow the camel when our number of call-downs was approaching its limit? Is signing up when we go beyond limits as important now as we believed it to be a month ago? Is giving oneself a call-down considered "sissy"?

### WHAT PEOPLE ARE READING

**CASTLE SKULL**  
By John Dickinson Carr  
In publishing *Castle Skull*, Harper's has published one of the best mystery stories of the year.

### PARAGRAPHS

The Honor System at Salem is yet in its infancy, and its presence is still a temporary feature of Salem's student government. This is the crucial period! Whether a genuine or a smooching honor system is instituted at Salem College is a question which depends on our own conscience,—or lack of conscience. The honor of future Salem students rests on our honor—or dishonor. Which shall it be?

### Week-End Travels In the Realms of Gold

"Mach Have I Travelled in the Realms of Gold"

**KISMET**

Dear; it was not my fault  
That we should chance  
To meet each other then.

Only a few people, for some indefinite reason, read short stories, other than in magazines. Yet the short story is not unlike a beautiful garden, some of them holding all the beauty, the author had in him to achieve. This fact is true in the volume *Great Modern Short Stories*, collected by Grant Overton. In this one finds work from many of the outstanding literary men and women of the day.

It was not your fault  
That you were all  
I ever craved in men!

"Paul's Case," a story by Wills Catler, is the best example of absolute reliance on the material which the author had at hand. She merely arranges it for color in texture but that is all. W. Somerset Maugham writes "The Letter" more for the stage. As a complete short story it is rather too bare. Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" has been pronounced by critical authorities to be the best short story in the English language. This is the longest story in the book and deals with ships and life at sea.

I could not help myself  
Although I knew I dreamed  
Of Love too late:

Music is an ever interesting subject for reading and writing because one continually comes across new facts and every work, no matter how thorough the author may be, is incomplete, in many respects. Thus John T. Howard in his book *Our American Music* only attempts to bring information about the music that has been written in this country; and it is not a history of musical activities except on the conditions that have produced the composers of each era.

It was not Choice, beloved;  
But you were you—  
And Time and Place were Fate!

Howard deals with the composers and the immediate factors concerning each; he also elaborates upon the marked rise in American music. This book would not only interest the students in musical research but even the casual reader because of its free style and numerous illustrations.

It was not Choice, beloved;  
But you were you—  
And Time and Place were Fate!  
—Isabella Hanson.

Then last, but by no means least is *Shadows on the Rock* by Wills Catler. The setting is a new one for Miss Catler, yet she deals with it in her customary style. The book is laid in Quebec, the city on the rock, during the seventeenth century. It deals with the religious and everyday customs of the French Canadians, all combined into a charming love story.

Great Modern Short Stories Grant Overton  
Our American Music John Howard  
Shadows on the Rock Wills Catler

When the poem was carried to the publishers, the MacMillan Company, Robinson surprised them by making a very unusual request. He greatly fears that Matthias will be mispronounced. If it is incorrectly pronounced, Robinson fears that the rhythm of his lines will be ruined. Therefore, he made a request, which was granted, that the pronunciation of "Matthias" be put in parenthesis under the title in the first publication of the poem.

"Mat-thi-as" is the pronunciation which Robinson intended.



### THE WITCHES DANCE

A streak of purple lightning zig-zags across the sky. There is a long rumbling peal of thunder. Twelve gongs strike heavily—slowly. Then the night is peopled with moving beings. Tall, ugly witches, astride shaggy brooms ride through the air. Fiery eyes of glowing black cats blaze here and there; bats, blindly flumming through the air strike against each other with a soft thud. Perle souls fill the night. Helter-skelter all the world of witches and evil spirits dart and fly—on their way to a deep, dark cave.

Within the cave the atmosphere is heavy—a smoky, transparent blue. At one end a hideous witch stands stirring the contents of a huge black pot. The smoldering embers of the fire throw a ghostly light on her horrible, wrinkled face. Two shaggy teeth come into view as she mutters strange words to herself. One by one, she pours the poisonous looking contents of many bottles into the pot and slowly stirs them.

Now a weird, swishing noise is heard outside. The spirits are assembling. High crooked voices . . . Piercing laughter . . . The thud of brooms falling against the wall. The head witch gives a signal. In an instant the spirits have whirled into a frenzied dance.

### WHAT PEOPLE ARE READING

**CASTLE SKULL**  
By John Dickinson Carr

In publishing *Castle Skull*, Harper's has published one of the best mystery stories of the year. Until the very last chapter, the author shields the layer and keeps the reader in utter ignorance of the outcome. About seventeen years prior to the beginning of the story, Malger, a world-famed magician, had been pulled out into the Rhine River. Whether the motive was suicide or murder had never been decided. Mr. Carr endeavors to explain and solve the mystery of the death of Malger.

In order to do this he introduces us as Beronin, a French detective, who is one of the world's greatest men whom one of the world's greatest men had engaged to solve the death of Myron Alison, actor, Myron Alison had been shot five times and then burned to ashes on the ramparts of the weird Castle Skull, which derived its name from its architectural form suggesting the head of grinning death. Into the book Mr. Carr also puts a rival detective, Herr Baron Signmund Von Arnheim, who belongs to the class of men school of detectives. Between the two detectives there is a humorous conflict.

The book, a complicated mystery, which the author unravels skillfully, has just been released from the press.

### MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR

By E. A. Robinson  
Edwin Arlington Robinson, America's greatest living poet, has just published a new poem, "Matthias at the Door."

When the poem was carried to the publishers, the MacMillan Company, Robinson surprised them by making a very unusual request. He greatly fears that Matthias will be mispronounced. If it is incorrectly pronounced, Robinson fears that the rhythm of his lines will be ruined. Therefore, he made a request, which was granted, that the pronunciation of "Matthias" be put in parenthesis under the title in the first publication of the poem.

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Rules For The Road  
Stand straight;  
Stand firmly, throw your weight;  
The heaven is high above your head  
And the good gray road is faithful to your tread.  
Be strong;  
Sing to your heart a battle song;  
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,  
Something is in you that can smile at fate.  
Press through;  
Nothing can harm if you are true,  
And when the night comes, rest:  
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.  
—Edwin Markham.

Better keep your head inside your door tonight and all your valuables (if safely hidden. 'Cause "The goblins" 'll get you if you don't watch out!"

Ye Editor and Managing Editor received much inspiration and what not (mostly the latter) from the North Carolina College Press Convention held at Duke University last week-end. Thanks, Mr. Ed Thomas, for the lovely time had by all.

Looks as though A. Preston will always walk away (pardon, ride away) with the Blue Ribbon in the annual horse show. Congratulations, you equestrians, Anna, Susie, Lib and Gray.

The Salemite cordially welcomes the various new members of its staff. Congratulations—and our sympathy!

It seems that congratulations are in order this week. We enthusiastically offer them to Doris Kimmel, 32.