

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

I can study my books at any time, for they are always disengaged.
 —Cicero.

For Earth impartial entertains Her various sons, and in her breast Princes and beggars equal rest.
 —Horace.

There is no sorrow beyond the power of time to length to diminish and soften.
 —Cicero.

PARAGRAPHS

It seems that nobody at Salem finds anything wrong or anything good at our institution. Or else, they're incapable of expressing opinions. Won't somebody start our Open Forum? To help out, we even suggest some topics: Inter-Collegiate athletics, a literary periodical.

Thanks, Stee-Ge. We might have been hounded! Hallows' on night if he had had time!

How about a carafe of H2O for the speaker at our next Y. P. M. meeting? Try talking for an hour, and see how thirsty you become!

—A Thirsty Member of the Audience.

We could even smell the animals at the Stee-Ge Circus last Saturday night!

Some of the loveliest Seniors have changed the motto, "Let Love Pay the Rent," to "Let Love Pass You on Your Courses."

MYSTERETTES OF UDOLPHO

(Author's Note: In order to escape the name of plagiarist I was written my "novellas" in a manner very different from that of Mrs. Radcliffe. I have solved the mysteries as they happen, so as to eliminate any hysteria which might result from the accumulation of horror, while Mrs. Radcliffe does not solve the mysteries in her novel until everything has happened.)

It was nearing midnight when I finished the last chapter of the *Mysterettes of Udolpho*, which left Emily and Valancourt, after three hundred pages of anxiety and misery, to a future life of bliss and happiness. Turning off the reading lamp I left the library and entered the long dark hall, the walls of which were silhouetted by swaying shadows. The only distinguishable object was a white figure which stood on a heavy cabinet what-not and which shone forth in the ghostly ray of a stray moonbeam. Quickly, overcome with an utter dislike for the leading atmosphere, I snatched the electric button—but alas! the light did not burn. (There was no bulb in the socket). Horrified (I ran almost up the stairs when I was stopped by a noise like the rattling of skeletons in combat. (Some niche had scratched their way between the walls.) After an interval of paralysis I managed to get into my room.

Feeling much safer I began to put my room in order. As I went to the chest of drawers I was halted by the shadow of a head on the wall. The profile was not reflected, and I felt certain that two piercing eyes were glued to my back. Slowly, as if fascinated by some supernatural force, I turned around and there—I found—no one. Later I discovered that my hat, which was hanging on the tall bed post, had made a reflection similar to that of a head. Becoming more horrified at finding no one, I decided to go to bed immediately. I actually crept to the wardrobe and was just reaching for my pajamas when a strange music floated in the window. It was gone in a second, but returned only to be waived away forever. From whence came such strange music? Indeed it seemed that all the pipes of Pan were combined in some celestial symphony. (As a matter of fact a neighbor was tampering with his radio, and as he was unable to get his desired station, he had cut it off entirely). There was nothing that I could do. To scream would be unwise so I continued with my nocturnal duties. I had barely finished putting on my robe when suddenly a noise like a clap of thunder resounded through the room. (The wind had blown a large book from my desk onto the floor). Wan and weak, I turned around and leaned on the door. My pulse weakened and my heart, instead of marching steadily along, swung into a fast trot. It was necessary that I faint, and just as I was on the point of swooning, I happened to realize that there were several men about who could either witness the act or who could lift me in their all-powerful and many arms. So, on second thought, I quietly crawled in bed.

—Elinor Phillips.

(Editor's Note: This horrible experience was probably a hang-over from a handling in mid-semester English novel notebooks. Poor girl!)

HAPPINESS

If I have faltered more or less In my great task of happiness; If I have moved among my race And shown no glorious morning face
 If beams from happy human eyes Have moved me not; if morning skies, Books and my food, and Mrs. Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;
 Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake.
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

A COUNTY FAIR

"Ba-a-a-ahy Mamie, the world's fattest woman! Shoes cost fifty dollars; stockings cost thirty-five dollars! Come in to see the eight wonders of the civilized world, the dime only! How many, Madame?" A dirty little boy darted by the side-show announcer and scuttled under the tent-flap behind him. The youngster was very little and very dirty, and he had an inextinguishable curiosity.

"Bet she ain't fatter'n Auntie," he mused. "Spec 'I'd better go see though." In his snuffy fist he clutched the same dime he had been employed for the last hour and a half in an effort to spend. He had acquired the knowing look of a bystander who knows all the sensation of riding on every Whip, Waltzer, Catapillar, and Ferris Wheel on the Fair Grounds, but he had just proudly derided a bedraggled mother, who had made the blunder of choosing Nurse's afternoon off for Junior's visit to the Fair, to the Damfino, with his recommendation that it was the best crazy hour of all—better 'n the Barnyard. His face was sticky with the remains of cotton candy, and he had mustard on both his ears. He knew his Fair as thoroughly as he knew that a little look in the direction of a good-natured fat lady brought a ride on the merry-go-round or another visit to the Glass House or a hot dog. He was wise enough to make up for being forced into shoes and a clean shirt on Sunday to sin in his own shrewd way on Saturday, but he was running out of ideas.

Everybody was happy, and almost everybody was drunk. Reds and Yellows and Purples blurred into streaks of color separated from each other by the muddy re-brown alleys between the rows of food; the distinct colors of boots and horses and humanity faded into a smell; and the jingling, shouting, cluckling sounds from different parts of the grounds mingled to make one irregular and smells. To the sights and sounds and smells of the Fair were too much for the self-confident little waf. He resolved to do something unwise—behaving as an uncommittal child. He did the thing that seemed to him the most illogical thing a man could do—pocketed his dime and went home.

ON CONVENTIONS

We represent-end several Salem girls with Miss Atkinson attended the hockey convention at Harrisonburg, Virginia. So far as we know, this is the first time that Salem athletics have been represented outside of the school in any way. Therefore, Salem athletics are making a rather big step forward.

We can hardly imagine athletics in a boy's school, such as Davidson, for instance, being restricted to one campus. Yet at Salem and at many girls' schools all activities seem restricted to one particular campus. Representation at conventions helps a school to break away from a narrow outlook. Perhaps some of us think of a convention as a meeting of a mob of people where we may or may not have a good time but where we certainly won't learn anything useful to the group which we represent. It may be that we don't learn much of anything useful at a convention, but surely we broaden our knowledge of schools and we enlarge our ability to appreciate our own. As we see Salem in comparison with other schools, we may find that she is better than we thought or perhaps not so good as we thought. At any rate, we see Salem somewhat as others see it.

It is a good advertisement for Salem when her girls attend conventions. Surely when other North Carolina and southern girls' schools are represented at a convention, we want Salem to be among them.

SOPHOMORE WHYS OF PSYCHOLOGY

The following "boners" are a few of the best (supposedly) definitions taken from a vocabulary test of six weeks old Psychology students:

Auditory Sense—Senses that are inherited.

Phrenology—Simplest explanation.

Phrenology deals with impulse of parenthood to care of children.

Phrenology is study of words and their effect.

Semi-circular Canals are in the stomach.

Receptors protect different parts of the body.

Reflex—When something reflexes back in the mind.

OPEN FORUM

WE WONDER

Last week-end a bunch of plucky girls and their coach set out for the meeting of the Southern Hockey Association at Harrisonburg determined (1) to learn more about the game in order to improve its execution at their own school and (2) to win a high rating for Salem among the colleges represented. They did both and we are exceptionally proud of their achievement.

This was a new sort of venture in which they were successful because they had the best training available—but was it the best Salem should give? We are wondering when they will be able to practice on the greatly improved athletic field which was proposed at the Harrisonburg meeting through means provided by the former Gymnasium Fund.

At the top of the map of Salem, which occupies the central pages of the 1931-1932 *Handbook*, are two arrows pointing proudly to the Riding Field and the Golf Course, but these are still myths and not realities. This is an honest attempt to encourage the explanation of a satisfactory enough, whose absence has greatly diminished the hopes of all those who dreamed of greater things for Salem. Is it worth while to hope still? We wonder.

—Mary Louise Micky.

ON SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

The procedure for seeing annual pictures is easy.

You sneak quietly from your room one fifteen minutes early in order to be ahead of everybody else, when approaching the Office Building you suddenly see it fested with your early self. Consequently, you find yourself at the far end of the secretary's office in line, with about two hundred yards to go.

After about fifteen minutes a door opens, an impressive looking person looks in, leans out, and yells "Come on freshmen," or something of the sort. Then watch the line plunging stunt. At this time you are supposed to do a spectacular run and hold your yardage all at the same time. Don't be discouraged if you find several more people in front of you. Seem duly impressed and thank them for the opportunity to stand behind them.

At the time you start to sit down and rest your weary feet, you find yourself at the door. When it opens again make a mad rush for it and you will probably get there in time to have it slammed in your face. Even then, don't forget to look grateful and say yes 'n'ain to the door keeper. When you are finally admitted, make the world's record for the ten yard obstacle race and arrive in about the tenth layer around the picture box.

At this time the fun begins. There are a million pictures all in one little box and you can find everybody's but yours; then begin to worry about who's next you'll be heard lost or stolen. Try to remember the latter and it will revive your sinking spirits. If you do this someone is sure to show you to yourself and the whole crowd will begin laughing.

Don't let this discourage you. Smile sweetly and proceed to extract from the four the most scholarly looking one. If you are a normal person this won't be hard to do. Just remember the last pose and take that one, because by that time your face had probably become tired of smiling and you had taken on a most studious aspect.

In giving the one you prefer to this, try the desk statue when you spell your name and repeat the letters as often as necessary.

Finally to cap the climax to this miniature world war, try (you probably won't get away with it) to sneak out of your room one to hang up in your room, to keep your room-mate awake when lets gets to boring.

Week-End Travels In the Realms of Gold

"Much Have I Traveled in the Realms of Gold"

How would you like to travel through a real tropical forest this week-end? All right, let's go. I can give you the very place to find infinite glimpses of this wilderness of nature—*Green Mansions* by W. H. Hudson.

This fantastic romance of the bird-girl, Rima, urges us to slip away from the dust and grime of the city to the refreshing arms of wild Nature, realizing as we go, how far our town life and culture have got away from things that really matter. In form the book is a unique yet simple prose poem which immortalizes a love of all beautiful things such as ever existed in the heart of a man. It represents Hudson, the distinguished, wide-minded, and understanding naturalist at his best.

But, in spite of this disarming appeal of nature, perhaps some of us would prefer to travel nearer home the world. Since we are situated in a Southern school, don't you think that it would be interesting to discover some of the literature of our negro folk? If so, the *Anthology of American Negro Literature* will give us a number of representative stories, poems, essays and selected chapters from novels. Much of this literature is pathetically naive and sentimental, yet it takes its place in the development of negro literature. Other selections from the works of foremost negro leaders of the day give the actual situation of the American Negro at the present time—and I am positive that many of us Southerners have been rocked to sleep by an old negro "Mammy" to the tune of some of the old spirituals published in the volume.

In deciding on the itinerary for this week's music travels, I remembered Dean Vardell's talk on Richard Wagner and selected the life of his wife, *Cosima Wagner*. This elaborate biography by Count du Moulin-Eckart describes her as more than a mere shadow in the background of her husband's life and work. She is pictured as being more human, more feminine, and more likable than ever before. As well as giving her actual experiences, the book reveals step by step the influences which she had in shaping Wagner's great music. The two volumes of the life of Cosima Wagner are books which no music student should hesitate to glance over or read in their entirety.

Green Mansions W. H. Hudson
Anthology of American Negro Literature Du Moulin-Eckart
Cosima Wagner