

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Lend me, a little while, the key
That locks your heavy heart,
And I'll give you back—
Rarer than looks and ribbons
and beads bright to see,
This little key of Dreams
out of my pack.
—Charlotte Neve.

OPPORTUNITY AND EASTER

Every year thousands of people come thousands of miles to the Sunrise Easter Service. Some come from curiosity, but the majority came to obtain a renewal of spiritual fellowship that nothing else can quite produce. The sorrow of death seems to be absorbed in the inexplicable closeness that one feels with the resurrected spirits. Nothing can really take the place of the service.

We are here. The wonderful opportunity to attend the service literally is pulling on our skirts. We push it aside and postpone attending the service for a year. So often, in just one year we are miles from the service and we realize then just how much we have sacrificed by procrastinating. A service that has lived and grown for over two hundred years, a service to which people have come and by which they have been helped is not a thing that can be disregarded by our quick-to-judge and immature young minds.

Next year is even more indefinite than tomorrow. Can't we stay this Easter?

ALPHA CHI ALPHA

FAITH

Every Man left his fields and started homeward. Although the wind was cold and penetrating, and the last fiery gleams of the sun were fast vanishing from the darkening sky, Every Man walked slowly with his head bowed down as if he were in deep thought.

Faith, an old man, pale and thin, who was always clad in threadbare garments, chanced to meet Every Man. Every Man glanced up to every one who was passing by. Faith looked eagerly into Every Man's face and asked, "Pray, Every Man, what is troubling you? Perhaps I can help you."

"Nay, you can not help me, good sir." Then, after a moment's hesitation, "Who are you?"

"My name is Faith," replied the old man, "and daily I give hope and joy to those who are worried and distressed."

"Truly, I should like to have hope and joy," said Every Man bitterly, "but no one can give them to me—

Yesterday Death came and snatched away my Friend. Had it not been so, my Friend would be with me now. Though we were tired, we would rejoice to talk together of the day's work. We would joke a little and would tell about our mistakes. Perhaps we would talk of serious things. But my friend has gone, and I am left alone—alone until Death shall come and snatch me I know not where."

"In truth, sir," said Faith sympathetically, "you are in trouble. Yes, you. Look, Every Man, yonder in even to you I can bring hope and the eastern sky, see the evening star and the pale full moon. And look overhead. Other stars are faintly visible. Soon the cold black sky will be resplendent with myriads of shining, frosty stars."

"Aye, I see," said Every Man. "And indeed they are beautiful. But what do you mean by that?"

"Ah," said Faith, "then you know not what the stars are! Every Man, they are the souls of all good men who have left the earth! See how they brighten the dark sky and gleam down on us! Tonight my Friend is in that glorious host, and he sings for joy with the other stars. He looks down on earth, and sees you, and watches you. May you live as if he were here! Friend also beckons to you. May you some day join that starry host!"

GOSSIP

At the bottom of a flight of steps there was a teak-wood table where two handsomely dressed women drank their tea. Looking down on the floor, they saw a dwarf, two feet tall and as blue as Truth was ever colored.

"What do you want?" asked the Lady in Green.

"To climb your steps," softly answered the dwarf. "And in case you're interested, my name is Benson, to be handled with care lest my complexion should fade."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Lady in Black. "What a precarious predicament! While I doubt the safety of your climbing the stairs, if you stay safe so that you would blame us for it. Suppose you climb the steps, and be quiet about it."

Gingerly Benson placed his tiny feet on the first step and whisked out a pocket mirror to look at his true blue complexion.

"No harm in that," he said to himself.

Up another step he progressed fearlessly, where he detected a pallor creeping into his cheeks.

"Quite becoming," he said happily, as he looked in the mirror. "It seems to me that I have been much too stooped by the average person. If this is the only change these steps make in my appearance, I need not concern myself with looking in the mirror."

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR HIM

Of all sad speeches of maids or men the saddest are those about national heroes. How often do lively children and hopeful audiences have to listen to time-worn recitations or abstractions concerning such men as Abe Lincoln, George Washington, and Ben Franklin. Surely if Dante were writing today he would give such speakers a place with the infamous Betram de Born in the lowest depths of hell.

But to go from the proverbial ridiculous to the sublime there have been within my memory two unforgettable addresses about George Washington. Both were given by two Greeks during an Episcopal Church service that commemorated first president.

The most enjoyable of the two the birth day of the United States was that one given by a Greek priest who spoke, as for I knew, his native language perfectly. Well do I remember the fluency with which he spoke but well do I not remember what he said because we were Greeks to me. I regretted, however, that Washington was not there to hear him but I earnestly prayed that his shade might tell him that what was good enough for Xenophon, Themistocles and Miltiades was evidently good enough for him.

The second discourse was given in my own language. Thought I, now I shall learn about that fabled cherry tree and about truthful little boys that turn into Presidents. Boy again from the absurd to the exalted, that speaker, commanding English as beautifully as the priest had used his native language, gave me a feeling for George Washington that no other speaker could have given. With utmost sincerity he told frankly and naively, exactly what George Washington meant to him and to the boys and girls of his country upon whom many of us Americans were with contempt. Neither stressing the general's faults nor his virtues he told how the Greek children are taught the life of Washington.

To them he is the symbol of America, to them he is positive not negative. They do not attempt to find the unbecoming things he may have done, instead they revere the good in him and admire his accomplishments for they know so man is perfect.

Another step he took, where he faded quite completely to a whiteness like a harmless lie. Benson never felt the changes, but cheerfully took another step. A tinge of yellow crept into his face, and as higher and higher he climbed, he turned brown.

Though a brown dwarf is an ugly sight, he is an interesting curiosity when he begins to grow. As soon as Benson turned brown, he began to shoot up to the most amazing manner, bursting the buttons off his blue suit and ripping the seams until the outer garments fell on the staircase, and he stood scandalously clad in his red flannel underwear. Such a wonderful change to befall an once innocent little dwarf!

By this time he was four feet tall, still growing and turning darker at every step. When he reached the top of the flight of stairs, a mirror reflected to him the image of a tall thin man, as black as sin itself.

"Can this be I?" wailed Benson, astonished at the sight the mirror showed him.

"He knew it was, for the lips of the imp in the mirror moved when Benson spoke. Looking down the flight of steps to the teak-wood table, he shouted, "Do you know me, ladies?"

"Indeed, no!" said the Lady in Green emphatically. "We never saw such a creature before."

POETRY

These poems were selected from a number of contributions to be submitted for a Student Anthology, which will be on display at the World Fair in Chicago. They are the work of one senior, two juniors, one sophomore and one freshman.

TO THE DRESSMAKER

Deck me not in diamonds,
Or satin with fine seams.
Clothe me in reflections—
And dreams.

Adelaide Silverstein.

MOONEY

Warm, moist pennies—
In little hands clutched tight
And given at the store
For marbles or a kite.

Powdered, sweet dimes
Resting on a puff
Within a lady's purse
And stuck into her cuff.

Dirty, blackened quarters
Earned by working unclean—
Men who toil the hours
In smoke and dirt and din.

Dusty, worn dollars
In a miser's hoard,
Hidden in a gummy bag
Beneath a dirty board.

—Margaret Ashburn.

SYMPHONY

The leader lifts his thin baton
The house is quiet as the dawn
Then with a flow of perfect sound
The violins with their tones profound.

Softly, quietly as a dream
With clarity pronounce the theme,
Violins wail the plaintive tune,
The brass and woodwinds gently swoon.

Trumpets blaze with raging zest—
Basses growl their deep protest—
Together blended, clear and bright
The sounds float through the lonely night.

—Susan Kirby.

ORDERS

To the army family no day is more exciting than the day of orders—the day when we look into the future perhaps a little uncertainly and vaguely but always with a certain sense of anticipation even if it is a little unpleasant, a little fearful. The day starts out in every respect like a commonplace day. Suddenly daddy comes home to lunch with some very important looking papers. Very unceremoniously, he announces that he has received orders—orders to sail on the U. S. A. T. Cambria on November 17 for station with the Hawaiian D. partition. That is the way things happen in the army—suddenly. Like a bomb dropped in our midst. But then that is the way we are accustomed to living—not knowing from one day to the next what is going to happen. The rest of the day is filled with great excitement. We must tell all of our friends and make plans for our last day with them. People phone in congratulations if we have obtained a good station and regrets that we are leaving. Mother and daddy begin to fret. There are plans already of seeing our friends again. "Perhaps a year through San Francisco." There is unbounded joy and curiosity in anticipation of the place which will be home for another year. We are beginning to look back. Does it seem strange that we should be sorry and yet eager to leave? Does

ILLUSION

My world is my dreams.
There can be no sorrow
In my hands are sunbeams
My world is my dreams
Each day is as it seems
I'll fear no tomorrow
My world is my dreams
There can be no sorrow.

—Kathleen Adkins.

REFLECTIONS IN SILVER

For what is poetry but a silver spoon.
Out of whose shiny depths
A tribe of crude and thirsty men
May drink a few clear drops of crystal thought?

Drops of sweet wine,
Alive,
All bubbling, sparkling with the moon,
Laughing with the ecstasy of love.

Drops of summer rain,
Prismatic
Casting tints and lights from nature
(enough);
Splashing all the color from above
Into a silver spoon.

Tear drops
For men grow tired soon
Of love
And sootied wine,
Unless they mix it with a taste of bitter wine.

So poetry is but a silver spoon
In which a weary tribe of worldly men

May always find
Cool drops,
To quench their thirst
And give them strength to start out
once again.

—Courtlandt Preston.

Easter At Salem

The Easter Services will really begin on Palm Sunday April 9 with the confirmation service in the morning and the reading together of the Acts of Sunday in the evening. The reading from a harmony of the gospels will take place throughout the week. The climax of the Easter services comes at 5:00 o'clock Sunday morning. Those girls who are returning on Saturday for the early service should be on the campus at 10:00 o'clock P. M. at which hour all the entrances are closed. A breakfast will be served at 4:40 o'clock Sunday morning twenty minutes before the services begin, in the dining room. Those girls arriving Sunday morning must receive in advance admittance cards from Miss Lawrence. These cards should be presented at the Archway. This is really an important feature because within the gates. The service lasts until approximately seven o'clock.

Just one more warning! Don't wear a new spring suit to the service. It's cold at five in the morning, and a heavy winter coat is an absolute necessity.

It brand us as rather irresponsible creatures who are merely ready to pass on to what ever may be next? It is because we are filled with the spirit of adventure, because we have learned the great lesson of the army—to face whatever may come. And thus we meet order day—a day of days in the army. Perhaps it is ever greater than the actual day of departure or arrival because anticipation holds so much that reality does not.