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THE SILVER THREAD

The slender, silver thread that held the world is broken, and the spinning ball whirrs away from the brink where I stand, leaving only a breathless moment hanging no space...

I am not sad because I am left behind in this silence that throbs with pain. I was rather tired of being jostled by that wild-eyed crowd who missed their pleasure and their sorrow as they mixed their wine, but until today I did not know how weary one could be. I did not feel the loneliness of that tree stripped bare by ruthless autumn...

IF WE'D ONLY UNDERSTAND

Could we, as He of old, find the secret door That hides the inner souls of one another...

How we judge each other harshly Knowing not life's hidden ferd, Knowing not the stream of action Is less turbulent at its source...

-Daisy Lee Carson.

SANTA FE

Santa Fe. The very name conjures up visions of covered wagons and "caballeros," Indians and dashing "senoritas." It lies in a cup of the cactus covered desert, strange medley of modern times and the old Indian and Spanish Villa.

In the streets shrouded wrinkled Indian men with vivid blankets zig-zaged with red, flung over their shoulders showing faded blue jeans below. Cowboys clank along in high-heeled boots, enormous spurs, gourd shirts and worn sombreros.

Over this, a red mountain and an immense blue sky watch and whisper, as they did in the days when Santa Fe was a quiet Indian pueblo.

-Louise Stevenson

TOY AUTOMOBILE

Life of man may be compared to vari-colored toy automobiles that are worn by the gentle hand of God.

A Human Life is a toy automobile, wound by God's hand, and placed on the earth, His carpet. From this spot the automobile starts, and follows its own course according to the dictates of its Original Being.

Once and sometimes twice, the toy car runs down jumps and almost stops; only to be re-wound. Afterward it proceeds smoothly, steadily, moderately, and happily on a new planned journey.

-Sara Graves

A CHINESE TEMPLE

As the doors of the inner chamber slowly opened, and the glimmering idol appeared in view, the exotic, alluring odors of burning incense wrapped themselves around our bodies. One delicate whiff bespoke of soft jasmine and yellow springtime.

-Mary Virginia Pendergraph

ALPHA CHI ALPHA

VESPERS

The purple shadows soft around them fall, And voices clearly sweet through twilight call; And faraway the evening bell Peals softly out across the quiet field.

Where those men have their life, their woe and weal; Dusk sinks; and all is well. As quiet calm upon the village fell, Came clear upon the air the vesper bell.

High on the wings of air their voices ring, As hymns of praise to their own God they sing— These simple folk Their lovely pence-filled homes are all slight, For through the day that may be dark or light They hear their yoke.

And up above the simple, lowly throng, God hears their prayers and humble song; He spreads His hands Over all the little village nestled there.

He guards their quiet town as still they praise Their God for hallowed, fruitful days, And as they wind their way to cheerier homes Through winding paths in deepening twilight gloom, The vesper bell still clearly calls.

-Frances Douglas.

WHO ARE THEY?

For your own sake and mine, I hope you will never meet me, because I am a disillusioned people. This is an invitation to not come to see me (I split the infinitive intentionally to correct the fatal error you have made in thinking me semi-intelligent.)

They (I've never met them, but I intend to someday with murder in my eye and a can-opener in my hand to rip the bungling, careless devil up the back' cut me out with fingernail scissors—my nose turns up, my hair kicks up in a most undignified way and my chin curls up to meet my upper lip.)

I'm disagreeable and ill-tempered and morbid and disgustingly sensitive, and I hate you for agree with me.

This is not a personal description, because one can't personally describe hot air and sham and bluff, and they created me solely to give those words a tangible background; it is not a character sketch, because I have no character. I'm not going to tell you what it is because I'm tired of talking to you.

What kind of animal are you anyhow if you have never been in an after-the-announcement-of mid-semester grades humor like mine? If you are in a now, look in the mirror and see if you don't look to you just as I look to me, and come and help me curse them because they did it all.

-Anna Preston.

THE VAGABOND

I like to watch running water as it moves with perfect ease and nonchalance along the way which is marked for it by the bed of the stream. Anyone might wish for his ability to take things as they are and find amusement and pleasure in them all. At one moment the water may be leaping over steep rocks and casting a silver spray into the air, while another it lies idle in some pool spring and rests before entering upon another series of jumps and splashes.

Last Sunday in the heart of a quiet valley, I watched a tiny brook as it rippled and came toward me. Some of the water seemed eager to play and was careful to hit the rocks which jutting up in its path, while some was inclined to take a less strenuous course, and swept slowly along near the bank where it might wander at leisure in and out of quiet pools and inlet, which lay unbedded along its way.

Here was a world of other water with depth and breadth, which required time for investigation. I imagined that some of the stream bed had been placed at various intervals. As the water glistened in the sunlight, it seemed to speak an eloquent tongue of whispers of the joyous surprise which it was experiencing at being a part of this new found splendor of which it had never dreamed as it wound down the mountain side in its earlier course.

Streams have human qualities which appear quite clearly to me. In looking at one of them I can find joy, light heartedness, beauty, smiles, energy, love of adventure and longing for quiet. All these are in the song that it sings, the movements that it makes, and the picture that it forms as I look wonderingly upon it thinking that I have never seen a happier vagabond.

MOON MIST

For a long star in the west, Of a silver sheen, And the world is mine tonight! I'll dance and play, I'll swing and sway, And I'll laugh in my delight. I'll pluck a bloom With its faint perfume, To twine in my midnight hair, I'll catch a moth By its frail wing soft, Then I'll laugh and leave it there. I'll howl to the dawn On the glistening lawn, And sing a lighter lay, Till the sun's bright blaze Scatters mine and hushes away, Then I'll fly at break of day.

-Lucy Currie.

NOVEMBER PRAYER

For a lone star in the west, For a frosty night, For leaves that rustle in the serawny boughs of oaks, Father—I thank Thee. For the falling sky of evening, For the stealthy approach of dark, For the black silhouettes of branches against the twilight, Father—I thank Thee.

-Grace Martin.

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold," A splendid way to travel is to "go places" with men who "do things" big things.

Shall we be good sons, and fearfully enter the Jungle with William Beebe? We'll tramp for miles and revel in luxuriant beauty and leave it to William to kill all the lions.

For those of us who love our adventure safe and sound, Christopher Morley offers an exciting but harmless week-end in and about New York. Forty-Four Essays will take us on a breathless tour everywhere from the Broad Street Station to the Home for Friendless Cannies.

Being very sane and quite human, we'll need a good, solid sandwich for our week-end. Bertha Conde's Business of Being a Friend is real food for thought and just the right size.

A week-end visit will certainly interest some of us. How about a trip to Germany to spend the day with Beethoven? Romain Rolland has given an intimate portrait of the man and his work in Beethoven the Creator.

Then, saving the best for the last, we who revel in romance will spend our time with a great romancer. Louise Schutz Boas has made Sir Walter Scott available in her Great Rich Man, The Romance of Sir Walter Scott. It is exceedingly interesting and it answers the 'Is it true?' with a decided affirmative.