

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Friendship is an education. It draws the friend out of himself and all that is selfish and ignoble in him and leads him to life's higher levels of altruism and sacrifice.

Love knows no reserve. It never grows weary. It counts nothing a sacrifice. Its highest joy is in self-surrender. It gives gladly. It accepts reluctantly. Better, it says, to wear out in self forgetting toil than to live long in complacent self-indulgence.

FROM FIREFLIES

Light is young, the ancient light; shadows are of the moment, they are born old. I miss the meaning of my own part in the play of life because I know not of the parts that other play. My songs are to sing that I have loved Thy singing. The departing night's one kiss on the closed eyes of morning glows in the star of dawn. In love I pay my endless debt to thee for what thou art. The pond sends up its lyrics from its dark in lilies and the sun says, they are good. The wind tries to take the flame by storm as it blows it out. The weak can be terrible because they try furiously to appear strong. But remembering Migratory songs wing from my heart and seek their nests in your voice of love. You live alone and uncompensated because they are afraid of your great worth. —Tagore.

THOUGHTS WHILE SITTING

Suppressed desires aren't good for one—I'd better get jump in those piles of leaves after all. Young faculty members who ride in in well cars—no wave. I can remember not so far back when they too were poor walking girls... Irene McAnnally looks like Greta Garbo... The malicious blindness of an empty mail box—blacked are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed... De Willoughby was the first woman to attend the University of Virginia—she ought to have a deep sympathy for our co-eds... Dorothy Thompson wore curls down her back as a Freshman—and sometimes a hair-ribbon... The vine on the north wall of Main is like a smear of dried blood—and a Cardinal flashing by is a thread of bright beauty... Who would ever suspect that the present dignified and venerable so manly as Freshmen that the Student Council deemed it wise to keep them on strict probation till the thirtieth of January—a class with a past... Sue Jean Mauney went to Agnes Scott her first year and was considered the most innocent, childlike Freshman there... The superiority of red soap over green... Some people out there a better other—lots do... Dr. Rondthaler hates picture shows—with a purple passion... Mr. Vardell once took the part of Blue Beard in an amateur opera and the ugliest blonde in the audience of sitting down nonchalantly on the arm of a chair while practice teaching—and the hearing the crack slip out from under you... Society Hall is the ugliest building on the campus—but perhaps the happiest... Mrs. Higgins, when in college, was a pupil of Mr. Higgins—girls, there are two bachelor professors left... Eleanor Idol, wiper, in High School, won the prize for writing the best play in the state... I wonder if Liz Allen, the popular May Queen, ever got married... O for hair like Edith Kirkland's—it would be so convenient to tear in moments of perturbation... I wonder how many students have even read the tablet on the front of the Sisters' House commemorating George Washington's visit to Salem... Just thirty-nine days till Christmas Holidays—tomorrow there will be thirty-eight... Believe it or not—the frost is on the pumpkin now—and the fodder's in the shock... The place is getting sissy—Anna Preston plays with a baby doll... The golden appeal of a toasted pimento cheese sandwich—I'd bet almost over and un-suspect that desire... —Richard Golden.

A CORNER IN VERSE

ROSE DARK THE SOLEMN SUNSET
Rose dark the solemn sunset
That holds my thoughts of thee
With one star in the heavens
And one star in the sea.
On high no lamp is lighted
Nor where the long waves flow.
Save the one star of the evening
And the shadows far below.
Light of my life, the darkness
Comes with the twilight dawn.
Thou art the bright star shining
And I but the shadowy gleam. —Richard Golden.
BLIND GIRL
If daylight should fail
And I go blind
With only the garden
That grows in my mind
I'm half afraid
Of what I'd find.
It's true I have given
Spring by Spring
My heart to the rose
But remembering
May be a very bitter thing.
I once knew a blind girl
Kind and lean
Who spoke of the rose
She hadn't seen;
But hers was a garden
Evergreen. —Vivian Laremore.

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realm of God

"Much have I traveled in the realms of god." Where shall we go this week-end into the realms of god? All the world lies invitingly before us, and the far-away realms are sometimes the easiest to come to. Emily Dickson says truly: "There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away..." We may go back to Herod's great palace at Jerusalem, during the Feast of the Tabernacle and be spectators of that brief and intense drama, Herod, A Tragedy. Only Stephan Phillips could portray with such moving power the ruthlessness, the colossal conceit of Herod and his fiend love for Mariamne, the queen, the last of the Macabees. In Walter Neumann's Brabms, we find a most sympathetic and enlightening treatment of that great master of music, who, hungry for the common joys of life, was yet possessed by a great dream and was therefore compelled to walk in loneliness and suffering of the fellowship of the immortals.

Certain People is a collection of six new stories by Edith Wharton, widely diverse in character, feeling, and sentiment, but alike in richness of color and in understanding of sympathy for humanity. Mrs. Wharton's range includes Nora Fremay, vainly attempting to free herself from the bonds of her deadening life and to go to her sick lover, two senile titans of New York society; the island of Cyprus in medieval times; and murder in an African desert. Here, surely, there is no lack!

Emil Ludwig has chosen for his latest study three great artists of the past: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. Because he conceives of them as figures who were "More than men—less than gods"—Titans, who accepted battle with the Gods," he has called these impressive sketches Three Titans. Ludwig not only interprets for us the mystery of the lives and works of these men, but he points out significantly the oneness of all art and the similarities in temperament and in the destiny of these creative giants.

At the Sign of the Lion is a slender little volume from the Masher Press, containing five short and exquisitely beautiful essays by Hilaire Belloc. Simply to list some of the titles, such as "The Autumn and the Fall of Leaves," "On Sacramental Things" and "On Coming to the End," may indicate to those who know something of the "wonder and wild desire" to be found in Mr. Belloc, and the pleasure that may be found here. This is a book to restore the mind and soul and enable one to return from the week-end of travel in books with the feeling that here, truly, is a radiant and happy land. Herod, A Tragedy, Certain People, Three Titans, At the Sign of the Lion. —Stephan Phillips, Walter Neumann, Edith Wharton, Emil Ludwig, Hilaire Belloc.

SALEM STATION

What Mecca is to the Mohammedans, Salem Station is to the Salemites. Unimposing, weather-beaten, and altogether battered as it is, for years it has sheltered the chief interest in the daily life of Salem College—that is, the chief interest in the life of the students, their daily meetings. When a Salemite is in distress of any sort, where does she turn first? To the post office. There is always the hope that it may relieve her anxiety or her fears. If she, on the other hand, is happy and glad, what place makes her even more happy? Of course, it is the post office. Her first waking thoughts deal in terms of mail: mail! mail! mail! Her last thought at night is "I ought to get a letter from Harry to-morrow, and maybe he'll ask me down to the finals; and I will probably get a letter from Harry telling me all about her weekend at Annapolis." On Wednesdays her theme song runs something like this: "My permission is due to-day. What in the world will I do if it doesn't come? Mercy! I hope there's a check along with it!" And all this thinking centers around one lowly building—the post office. There are, you know, post offices and post offices, but there are not two Salem Stations. The original is a simple copy, a one-of-a-kind, and it cannot be duplicated. A week-end of Salem Station undergo through wind, sleet, and rain to reach the dusty doors of Salem Station when nothing under high heaven could drag her from her own cozy room and her circle of associates. There is then, a certain magnanimity about a post office which no other building—no matter how grand and imposing it may be—can ever possess. It is the Salem Station post office which, on the front of the door have something to do with the popularity of the place. There they stand in solitary splendour—"U. S. Mail"—with the sign of the eagle that attracts or whether the merit lies altogether elsewhere, we cannot say.

Anthology of College Verse to be Published

Students Are Invited to Submit Poetry

A recent notice has been received which may interest a few members of the student body. For an ambitious college student this offers an excellent opportunity to "break into print." It is hoped that this announcement will not be hastily read and cast aside, but that it will incite some to serious thinking and creative efforts.

"A new anthology of American college verse will be published in May, 1931, by Harpo and Brothers, it has been recently announced by the publishers. The book will consist solely of poetry written by students attending college during the 1930-31 college year. It will be edited by Miss Jessie C. Rehder, Randolph-Macon, '29 and Columbia University of '30.

All students, either undergraduate or graduate, attending any college during the current year, are invited to submit poems for inclusion in the anthology. The verses will be selected for publication solely upon their literary merit, it was announced. If the venture is a success it is expected that it may become an annual affair.

The verses may be written upon any subject, but must be limited to fifty lines or less. Students wishing to make contributions should mail their manuscripts to Anthology of College Verse, care of E. E. Saxton, Harper & Bros., 49 East 83 Street, New York City. All contributions must be in the publishers' hands by December 10, 1930.

PRAYER

O God, thou art I cannot pray, I cannot say, "O my Father—" I do not need a greater prayer; I need a greater soul O God, another day 'Till prayer—"O my Father—" —

LIKE KILDEER'S CRYING

Tonight I lost my heart's whole I could not find you anyway I turned. Even your swift impetuous words that burned Into my mind, were cold and palely blue. With the small death that any frail words can meet. With a moment, oh, too profound for us. The dusk was velvet, bending on a stem Like a crushed flower, soft and April sweet.

When suddenly, out where half lights edge gray air, A Kildeer lifted from a glassy pond Seeking the shadows of the field beyond, Flying and crying with a wild despair.

I lost you then. My thoughts like kilderees flew; Over a bridge pond where they say were dying; The dusk held nothing save their lonely crying. And nothing matters—neither love nor you.

HAPPINESS AND FAITH

Talk happiness. The world is sad Enough without your woe. No path is wholly rough. Look for the places that are smooth and clear. And speak of them to rest the weary Ones of earth: so hurt by one continuous strain Of unending discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without

Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt, If you have faith in God, or man, or self, Say so; if not, push back upon the All your thoughts till faith shall come. No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

SUMMER WINDS

I like summer winds that swiftly play Their pine-tree waters, Whose low voice, murmuring low, Breathe reverent, sweet amens. So you, with loving fingers, touch My hearts long silent strings— And all the world with music thrills, And life forever sings.