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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do my fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

A. B. Hegeman.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Walter Scott.

What is useful is beautiful.

Socrates.

FROM FIREFLIES

The tree is of today, the flower is old, it brings with it the message of the immemorial seed.

Feathers in the dust lying lazily content have forgotten their sky.

The flower which is single need not envy the thorns that are numerous.

The world suffers most from the disinterested tyranny of its well-wishers.

The cloud gives all its gold to the departing sun and greets the rising moon with only a pale smile.

Flower, have pity for the worm, it is not a bee, its love is a blunder and a burden.

There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of wealth, I seek thy company so that I may sing.

Through the silent night I hear the returning vagrant hopes of the morning knock at my heart.

My new love comes bringing to me the eternal wealth of the old.

Tagore.

IN DEFENSE OF FOOLISH MOMENTS

There are times when rebellion against the established ways of life is justifiable. I have come to this conclusion after careful and conscientious consideration and I can truly say that I know, what I am talking about and know, what I fill the first requisite for any good composition. (I set down this last observation in order that the reader may not look in vain for other good qualities which he is most likely to find lacking in my work.)

But, never mind, I shall make good use of my knowledge of the subject. This inside information came to me when I first had a moment of sudden and violent hatred for the fact that "Life is real, life is earnest," a hatred which was not lasting, but one which at the same time was of great action. After some experiments I found it could best be treated in one of two ways, depending as all good psychologists say, upon my environment.

The first is prescribed for the solitary person; it consists of a complete and itemized outline of all one's grievances of the moment, followed by sundry remarks of a defraternary and disapproving nature about the most hated objects of one's passion. Such treatment is very satisfactory when taken in complete privacy behind walls without cars, but in the majority of cases one's surroundings forbid this cure. Having tried it myself with sensational but satisfying results, I realized the need of a second treatment to be used under different circumstances. This I found in the helpful influence of Foolish Moments.

This very name brings an eagerness to my whole body and a great longing to my spirit that I might be unexpectantly caught up and entranced by them once again. Since the cure is very pleasing, however, it comes, true to form, in small doses and is effective only after periods of great dissatisfaction with the world in general and certain people or objects in particular.

A hard day at school, one thirty-two cent library fine, five "straights" on the next day with Lab included, a good picture-show uptown that one hasn't seen and won't see, "F" on an English paper standing up in an idiotic fatal error, no mail, and a run in one's last pair of hose. This formula is certain to bring about serious disagreement with the aforementioned saying. If, then, on reaching home, one finds it impossible to be alone, one can indulge in Foolish Moments.

What bliss! Do you ask why? Let me explain. These moments may be filled with absolutely anything that is foolish. They provide opportunity for any sort of crazy thing one wants to do. If at home one can read whatever is farthest from lesson assignment or try shocking the family in a number of ways. Tiddlywinks with the younger children are sometimes amusing; hop-scotch is better yet.

I have often had my foolish moments on the way home from school, thereby sparing the family some money. If several of them are had quite mad also, all of us can go to the drug store and spend the money that was intended for the new French parallel book. Or, we may take plenty of time getting into a car and indulge every ten steps in fits of laughter over nothing at all. Perhaps we have a daring contest and do whatever nonsensical thing comes to the darer's mind first. Finally, best of all, we may suddenly find ourselves headed for the theater to see the good show that we simply don't have time to see.

This is the sort of Foolish Moments I mean; what is my defense of them? If you have never had one don't try to imagine what good they will do but indulge sometime. I defend them to the ignorant in order that the latter will try them. To the experienced person they need not be defended but extolled with the most superlative accents. They supply the alternative for what would otherwise be real physical and mental inertness, and restore one much more

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POETRY

FROM A FELUCCA

A white tomb in the desert, An Arab at his prayers, Behind the Nile's dark waters, Where the lone camel fares.

Above the tawny city A gleam of minarets, Resounding the muezzin's Clear call on the sun sets.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND

Lonely? Yes, I'm lonely! For you have gone away And left me only memories Of a happy yesterday.

Miss you? Yes I miss you! For you're not by my side, With smiling eyes and laughter To bring me joy at eventide.

MEMORIES OF HEAVEN

I did not know what angel's voice I heard Sing upon the night, So clear, so tender, so divinely full Of loveliness and light.

I only knew that deep within my heart Aching and wonder stirred, And memories of heaven. Now I know It was your voice I heard.

TO—

I'm clapping you so closely Into my heart No winds can waft you away. You are clasping me so closely In your soul

O winds blow through the trees And over the sea And through the stars above I'm not afraid!

I DID NOT HEED THAT SPRING WAS HERE

I did not heed that spring was here; The city streets were chill and grey.

When lo, I passed a window where White dogwood blooms were on display.

I passed . . . I could not quickly pass The vision in the window small. I felt warm winds that stirred the grass.

ADVENTURE

Who would not love to go Out where the breakers bow, Curling and green and slow,

Land's there are far away, Marvelous in the spray, Torqued by night, by day

Gold as the gull. Morning's the time to start Just with a tipsy haul.

Wisdom a tiny part Taking, you fail.

William Alexander Percy.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN GOD

(A translation of Lucretius' Poem)

And also Primitive man beheld The workings of the heavens in their set courses.

And saw the seasons come 'round Each in its own time, And he could not know By what great Power These things moved.

Then his thoughts came to him That all things were entrusted to the deities,

And each God in his own place of refuge Could shake the universe

At His will; in the heavens he placed The realms and abodes of the Gods Because the Sun and the Moon seemed

To revolve through the sky. Sol, the jocund light of day And Luna, the austere sign of night

Meteors, firebrands wandering by night Planets, flying flames of Heaven Sun, clouds, fire, hail, storms,

Zephyrs, thunderbolts, Swift crashings and threatening roars All reveal themselves in the firmament.

O unhappy race of men who Attribute all things to Gods And join to them bitter moods, Who sorrows, what wounds, what tears

We hand down to posterity! It is not real piety to turn about And to approach a stone altar;

To lie prostrate on the earth And open one's hands in supplication Before the shrines of the gods. Nor to link vows with prayers;

The stars with the blood of many animals, Nor to link vows with beads

But all things can be prayed More peacefully in the mind. For, when we are conscious Of the heavenly realms of the great

The Heaven that is fixed Above the gleaming stars And we remember the paths of sun and moon,

Then with cares and sorrows pressed Within our heads, we are stopped, We, awakening, begin to raise our heads

Courageously— Lost the Illimitable Power, Which turns the shining stars in their revolvings, Overwhelm us.

"SCRATCHY"

Perhaps it is rather strange to begin at the end, but since that is the most open thing about "Scratchy," it is there that I shall begin.

Her tail starts off with a fine flourish of long, silky green hairs and curves gracefully upward giving promise of more to come.

But here, in the exact middle, we are unexpectedly stopped by the fact that there is no more. To tell the shameful truth, when "Scratchy" was a kitten her proud

tail had found its end in the slaming of a screw down which "Scratchy's" body is long and thin, her head being attached in the usual manner. Another noteworthy object of her anatomy is her eyes. They are as

clearly green as the peaceful waters of the ocean on a day when no breakers tumble its surface into a dark blue mood.

All this sin and mischief since Eve seems concentrated in her eyes, and they can hold one entranced almost as a snake can charm a bird. Her fur is naturally long and soft, silky gray, but her unattended ancestors have handed down

a streak of jungle wildness, and "Scratchy" goes about with her lovely fur in innumerable knots, because of which she has a terrible time serving extrication papers on the fleas beneath.

Patsy McMillan.

WE VISIT MY ESTATE

That cloud, now! Just below that strip of blue!

You like it? That's mine too!

Richard R. Kirk.

WEEK-END TRAVEL

In the Realms of Gold

"Much have I traveled in the Realms of Gold"

This week-end we have books of divers nations to consider and enjoy, so let us settle ourselves with a bright cherry lamp over many readers, but to those of you who are just making this acquaintance, it is well to remark that in the field of the easy he is almost without a peer—not even excepting the genial Montague

and that likeable fellow called Lamb. Hazlitt's essays have a refreshing lack of over-familiarity, and his views on everything in general are altogether delightful and often amusing.

We seem to lean toward the Irish this particular evening, but nevertheless, it is with a real anticipatory thrill that we forsake Ireland by way of The Crook of Gold by James Stephens. Here we find the supernatural element—the weird, the mythological, and the very unusual stories which seem so characteristic of James Stephens. In a reminiscent mood we think of Dierde and with an inward purr, and with an outward wriggle of satisfaction we begin The Crook of Gold.

For the last pleasant evening of this week-end we will revel in words of magic beauty, bits of vivid description, and haunting hints of romance bound together by a certain intensity of thought and purpose. We find all of these qualities in Collected Poems by A. E.

Light and shadow, twilight and dawn, blazing sun and remotely glowing moon, tender emotion and intensely compelling strength of theme—your eye would be awaiting you on the written page; your chair is waiting, and the fire has begun to flicker cheerily.

The Mounting Singer MacCathmhaoil Essays William Hazlitt The Crook of Gold James Stephens Collection of Poems A. E.