

The Salemite

CONFESSIONS OF A TYPIST

POETRY

THE WHITE KNIGHT AND THE LYRE

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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

"A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at noon,
And all day long the day,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born."

"The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will. But, the strength of your will is just the strength of the wish that lies behind it. And the strength of your wish depend upon the sincerity and earnestness and tenacity with which you fix your attention upon the things which are really great and worthy to be loved."

—Henry Van Dyke.

Do to-day thy nearest duty —Gothic.

FRAGRANCE

A relentless fall and chain! Always, everywhere, year after year, the insidious stink of money dogged her trail. Even in the Malay Archipelago she could not lose its despicable taint; missionaries asked for funds for their dirty heathen charges. They got it in abundance, but that heaven had lost its beauty.

In her soul there was a craving for beauty that tortured her night and day. Its call pressed hard on her heart and cried for outlet. Color reached into her soul and found there a passionate love; mellow tones quivered through her being and sank deep, deep into its depths; flowers sent a pungent exultation that lodged in her throat.

Her only release was in the milking throngs of the great metropolises, but even there was little of what she sought.

In a tiny side street she chanced upon a flower shop that the rest of the world had obviously overlooked in its busy flurry. The mean little show window was hunched between dirty brick walls, but nothing could discourage the dauntless joyousness that a single white hyacinth gave an

"Margins ten and seventy, tabular stops twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty. All ready now and begun with the music!" So they come clearly and quickly, words which are to bring me grief and despair as they utter it, every calmly by the instructor, who now turns to start the abominable virgals that will soon pour forth the strains of the "Torador's Song" which tries to guide our erring fingers in the straight and narrow ways of all good typists. What a life! Here perseverance is not only the doorway to success but a maddening necessity that brings ruin to one's patience and often to one's paper. Perfection's no lovely ideal to stir one to greater things but it is the rule as unglamorous as it is sometimes unattainable.

I have been taking typing for about five months but the time seems to march longer that I can not think of my decision to study it as one of the unforgivable sins of my youth of long ago. I cannot bridge the chasm of time to discover what my motive might then have been and certainly I do not know what I have at present. I believe my attendance must have become as mechanical as the machine upon which I am pounding. It seems so silly to me now to sit glazing at the black unadorned blind that prevents me from seeing the precious array of numbers and figures beneath it. In fact, so foolish does it seem that I find myself thinking of my fingers, harboring all sorts of strange suggestions, and, since I have for the moment forgotten what I am doing, realising enjoying myself in the world of imagination.

Here is the old Roman himself busily preparing the manuscript of his Gallic War on a lovely shiny new typewriter just sent out from the Senate. Not far away Cicero is ripping out words on his machine, a high rate of speed that should give Catiline a genuine chill of apprehension guaranteed to stop the most carefully laid conspiracies for ever being carried out.

Up the silver waters of the Nile floats a magnificent barge and on it lies a dazlingly beautiful woman repeating passionate phrases of a love letter for Mark Antony into the efficient ears of a dictating machine. A shield me from the hurt of Spring God, a heart's a fragile . . . thing. —Madeline Moschenros, in The Century Magazine.

At the Tabloid Inn in England it is very late at night and an omnibust story teller sits in his bedroom describing the pilgrims he has seen that day with the aid of a rattling machine. He finds the touch system the only satisfactory one to use, since the light of his candle is a bother for him to see the keys plainly. Seated in true kingly glory although he feels his power as a ruler slipping from him, King John is dictating the Magna Charta to his secretary with orders that enough carbon copies be made for the members of Parliament.

A good bit of time seems to have elapsed and a hastily erected tent somewhere outside of Paris, Napoleon, in truly official style, is getting his plans outlined on a Benington Portable. Suddenly he stops; his brow clouds over; no, it is not military formation that is bothering him just now, but the fact that he has struck "a" for an "a" in it of rage he opens his mouth and fairly bawls out: "—!!"

"Miss Mickey, have you that last assignment ready?" the teacher's

PAUSE

The wind blows tonight As though you had not been: It goes somewhere, knowing eagerness, and quiet.

The moon paces the sky with languid ease.

The earth's unharried wheel holds steady pace in this unbroken chain of stars.

Only the tall candles in this room mark pause—mark pause—and match the white stillness of your folded hands. —Henry Bellamann.

SUPPLICATION

Lord, make me immune this Spring Cake, untouched . . . let no greedy thing. Blind my eyes nor grip my heart. Let my stand aloof . . . apart.

Let my lip not tremble when Loves sly through moon-glazed glen, While I walk alone . . . nor see Stardust on a cherry tree.

Make me deaf to each wild tune Thrush and lark and river ruck. Fill me not with vague unrest Kill this surging in my breast!

Nor let flies wet with dew Stir old dreams nor fashion new, Shield me from the hurt of Spring God, a heart's a fragile . . . thing. —Madeline Moschenros, in The Century Magazine.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MOON

I've tried the new moon tilted in the air Above a haze tree-and-farmhouse cluster

As you might try a jewel in your hair.

I've tried it fine, with little breadth of lustre, Alone, or in one ornament combining With one first-water star almost as shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please, By walking slowly on some evening later.

I've pulled it from a crate of crooked trees And brought it over glossy water, greater, And dropped it in, and seen the image follow, The color run, all sorts of wonder follow. —Robert Frost.

SWEET WEATHER

Now bow the daffodils on slender stalks, Small keen quick flames that leap up in the mold, And run along the dripping garden walks. Swallows come whirling back to chimneys old.

Blown by the wind, the pear-tree flakes of snow Lie heaped in the thick grasses of the lane;

And all the sweetness of the Loong Ago Sounds in that song the thrush sends through the rain. —Lizette Woodworth Reese.

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

"Much have I traveled in the Realms of Gold"

We have just four books this week-end with which to enchant ourselves, to more or less educate ourselves, and decidedly to delight our souls.

The first, and we have all heard a great deal about it, is our friend, Christopher Morley's newest. It is Rudolph and Agmina, a trimph of the Morleyoscope art. Rudolph and Agmina is an intriguing little tale, fraught with certain Teutonic superstition, saturated with Teutonic folklore, and made lovely by the very definite and grand ideas of Teutonic beauty. All the characteristics of Germany entwined with that Morleyoscope whimsical and delightfully ironical humor, and bound into a whole by the sentimental yet different theme, makes Rudolph and Agmina a book you'll enjoy and want to read again.

To go quite to the other extreme in this survey of ours, we pick up a greatly-discussed book of the day—North Carolina, Economic and Social. Every fact that is a fact, and has to do with North Carolina, will be found within the covers of this very wise and very helpful book. It is not only a book for loyal Tar-Heels, but it is an education in itself for other loyalists, too.

Lady Frederick is a sparkling, witty play by William Somerset Maugham. To our minds perhaps it is rather unlike Mr. Maugham's usual works—it is much lighter and keeps the reader racing to keep up with the lightning movements of the amazing Lady Frederick.

Our dear Irish friend, Padraic Colum, returns to us in the form of Three Plays. Again we find Ireland as Padly knows it, and when we finish, with a burst of self-esteem we feel like amateur Paddies ourselves. It is rather fascinating—his little green book—with its three bits of Erin—you'll like it, too.

Rudolph and Agmina — Christopher Morley
North Carolina, Economic and Social — William Somerset Maugham
Lady Frederick — Padraic Colum
Three Plays

The lovely daughter of King Gwain had disappeared, and there was a shadow of sadness over the King's City built upon the low cliffs near the sea. The King promised the hand of the Princess to the man who found her, and after seven days had passed, three knights from far away kingdoms met at the city gate. Two of them were dark with manly beards, and bore scars of war. One wore an armor of gleaming red and sat upon a prancing black horse. The other wore an armor of shining yellow and sat upon a silver stallion with a flowing tail. The third was young, slender, and fair, and without armor. He was clothed in white satin, and wore golden boots. He rode a white horse—a flashing figure—"Ho! Look at the infant!" cried the red knight. "The King seeks a strong hero, not a babe from the cradle!"

The yellow knight laughed loudly. "See! He rides without an armor. O brave and mighty, with what will you snatch our Princess from the fierce beast? Your handsome face?" The youth only smiled, and pulled forward a lyre which hung from his shoulders by a thin golden chain. "This," he said, "is my sole weapon. Let us proceed to the King."

Into the city they rode, drawing after them a curious crowd. The children danced with their balls; the women left their cooking; the old cobbler ran out into the street with a half finished shoe in his hand. Dogs barked at the horse's heels, and from the top of the castle tower a bare of trumpets announced their coming to the king.

King Gwain rejoiced to see them, and gave a magnificent feast in their honor, at which he told them how Elaine had disappeared.

"She was walking by the sea," he said mournfully, stroking his long grey beard, "and I stood watching her from the western parapet. I could see her silver gown pierced with moonbeams, and she seemed to scatter little showers of stars as she walked. Suddenly the surface of the sea became disturbed with froths of foam, and there was a great rumbling sound as if a mighty wind was blowing out of great caverns in the deep. Then there arose from the waves a huge monster who, with one gulp, swallowed the part of the shore upon which walked my lovely Elaine." He sighed deeply, and tears ran down his withered cheeks.

The red knight stood up, and lifting his goblet, swore an oath, "Tonight, by the Gods of Oloudin, I shall go to the sea, and within three days, Sir, I shall return with your daughter and my bride!" A great cheer rang through the hall as the knight gripped his sword, and with scuffling laughter at the yellow and the white knights he made his way over the rocks to the sea.

He strode boldly up and down the shore calling the Princess, with his sword gleaming in the moonlight. Two hours he spent thus without any sign of the monster or Elaine. He began to jest at the King's tale and strutted along the white sands at the edge of the sea with great boldness. At last he came to the water's edge, far out where the water met the starry sky, he saw a thin line of white foam rolling toward the shore where he stood. As it drew nearer and nearer, he could see more and more behind it until the whole surface of the sea became a foaming mass. The sword dropped from his hands, and with a great cry he bounded like a deer over the rocks, and has never been seen to this day.

The King gave a banquet the second night, but it was a little less sumptuous than the one the preceding night. He did not raise his head from his hands until the yellow knight lifted his goblet, and his cry echoed through the hall, "I, by the blood of Toulain, will bring to you your daughter and my bride within three days. Take heart and bid me Godspeed!"

The guests cheered him less loudly than they did the red knight, but (Continued on Page Three)