#### Page Two.

#### THE SALEMITE

CRY

I am learning with every year

#### Saturday, May 2, 1931.

#### "ON GENTLE RAIN"

After the first sharp pang of sorw, weeks, years, and perhaps lifetime of gentle, aching grief fol-lows. But these years should be brightened and strengthened by hope and promise of regained joy.

One can see in gentle rain a parallel to these years of grief.

One night last week the rain was pouring down. The wind whizzed around our house; it sounded as if it were destroying all it possibly could. All of our family was glad to be safe at home.

sate at nome. The next morning I put on a heavy coat and a beret and walked out in the garden. The air was soft but cold. A steady gentle rain was falling, and a gentle wind stirred noiselessly through the black trees. The dark black sky of the night be-fore had faded to light grey. There was no sound except the unmusical call of a lonesome bird.

was no sound except the unmuscas and of a lonesome bird. But always the gentle rain was faling. It fell so softly that I could not hear it. And it was so nisty that I could scarcely see it. As I walked through the garden, I saw results of the storm of the preceding night. Almost all of the preceding night. Almost all of the preceding the moist earth. Those which still stood erect were covered with tiny beads of water and were flexed with dirt. The pansies puckered up as if they had been turned wrong side outwards. Here and there small rocks and bits of glass had been uncertheid and work the forsythia bushes and were alb typing in the path. All of the garden seemed to drooping. But as I looked more closely, I

garden seemed to be drooping. Ents as I looked more closely. I saw that everything was not droop-log in the set of the ready budden. These seemed to have been refreshed and invigorated by the rain of the night before. They may have needed the rain in order to bloom. And sarely the earth held many plants, although I could not be them, which were strengthened by the rain.

by the ram. The violet leaves, which hordcred the flower beds, were crisp and green, but I feared that the violets were dank like the pansies. When I delved down among the leaves, however, I saw that the violets were fresh and radiant. There were pur-ple ones, and blue ones, and white ones tinted with blue. They were the one bit of unspoiled beauty in the garden. the one bit the garden.

And still the gentle rain was fall-ing. The storm had come, had de-stroyed, had gone. The gentle rain made one think of the storm and also of the bright days before the storm, Now in spite of the new plants coming up, one felt that there would never again be sunny days.

But sunny days will come again. The flowers which were spoiled by the storm will not blossom again on sunny days this year. But next year the roots of these same flowers will send forth blossoms. —Margaret Johnson.

### A FAMILY TRAGEDY

# In the decade which we fondly term the "gay nineties," when our fathers were just little boys, a cer-tain family was moving from a small town in the western part of this state to an even smaller one in the eastern part. The journey was so long and transportation at that time was so show that these no salimed

eastern pert, the pointy was dealer of the second s

(Continued on Page Four)

wember Southern Inter-Collegiate Prees Associati Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy EDITORIAL STAFF

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#### THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

Do not conclude that a r is modest because he lowers his eyes before eulogy. Observe rather, whether he holds his head high before just criti-

Charles Wagner.

It is a good and safe rule to It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an oppor-tunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or mak-ing a friend.

-Ruskin

Be not simply good-be good for something. -Henry David Thoreau

#### FROM FIREFLIES

Spring scatters the petals of flowers that are not for the fruits of the

but for the moment's whim.

Joy freed from the bond of earth's umber rushes into numberless leaves, and dances in the air for a day

Let my love, like sunlight, surround

and yet give you illumined free dom

\* \* \* In the mountain, stillness surges up to explore its own height; in the lake, movement stands still to contemplate its own depth. \* \* \*

A light laughter in the steps of reation

carries it swiftly across time. One who was distant came near to me

in the morning, and still nearer when taken away 16 H W

The freedom of the storm and the join hands in the stern join hands in the dance of sway-ing branches. \* \* \*

I touch God in my song as the hill touches the far-away sea with its waterfall. -Tagore.

I could not sleep for thinking of The unending sky, with all its million suns Which turn their planets everlast

SKIES

ingly In nothing, where the fire-haired comet runs

I see the sky at dawn-a promise I see the sky at dusk-a fulfillment I see grey skies and blue, misty skies and crystal, forbidding skies and leering, wrathful skies and calm.

What am I? A being and a noth ing I am — a will-o-the-wisp al-ways seeking new skies. They haunt Ing 1 am - a win-cut-wap are ways seeking new skies. They hourt me and intrigue me . . . I am a subscription of the second second will, built as a in that calm before the storm. My eyes are rapt upon that "white north sky" which fades from grey to grey in farflung infinite space, and faces on the exage hori-zon. It is the sailor's sky—a beckon and enclant - samy skies, laroning skies, "The calm said-beckon and enclant - samy skies, laroning skies, "The calm said-heaven" radicts a glow while state-by clouds sail by majestically even a swans glide unruffied over a placid lake. It is the child's sky—a prom-se . . . I am a poet lying upon a little hill and breathlessly watching the fugility samet.

the fugitive sunset.

"The western sky is turning gold; 'twill shortly now be grey, And o'er the stately mountain heights fade glimmers of the

There is a waning sky, a wasting, empty sky that fades like a forgot-ten fire. There is a sorrow in the evening sky, a pathos, a poignacy, which I, the poet, may feel and hold within my being. There fails a brooding hush, the last broathless heritage of those "still, estatic fad-ing skics" which laugh and are no more, which die and ecome not again. The sky is overcast—it grives. I am a mad-man, and I rave mocking ly at moon, yet pale in infancy. What is my life but even as yon "red, Jurid wreckage of the somet" now What is my life but even as yon "red, lurid wreckage of the sunset" now parting from the desolate sky, as a lover divorced from very life? The heavens mock me in turn, and, fren-zied, I shrink away-for what am I but "dumb and mad eyeless like the sky?" the sky?

At last I am the lover waiting im-patiently beneath a midnight moon and a sky of darkling blue-for what? This sky screnely smiles and and a sky of darkling blue—for what? This sky serendy smiles and tilting her starry diademed head, she whispers "Beauty and love; pa-tience and peace" to a whole world which slocps, and to one pulsing mortal who waits wide-eyed and cager. Skies change. Sometimes as high and clear as a distant hunter's horn, again they are as misty and broken as a tremulous laugh emerg-ing from a tarring sob. This "noc-turne du ciel" is one vast expanse of throbing beauty and 1 find my-self, a lover in love with a sky, wait-ing upon a billey at maingibt. "In the start and 1? A being and a noth-ing upon a billey at maingibt." The find and the start and a start unlovely skies-ming for lovely and unlovely skies-ming for lovely shies-ming ming wander on.

#### A FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVE

The Battle of Brandywing fought near Chadds Ford in Penn-sylvania. It was a famous victory --for the British. But now after a —for the British. But now after a hundred and fifty four years, we can smile with N. C. Wyeth when we see his handsome sign done for Chaidas Ford's only barber. Big as the one-story frame shop it sur-mounts, colorful as the history be-hind it, the sign radiates art and humor: humor:

CHADDS FORD \* SHOP \*

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE WASHINGTON & LAFAYETTE HAD A VERY CLOSE SHAVE GEO. SCUSE TONSORIAL ARTIST

7

How to hold my life straight and still. All beautiful and splendid things Blue waves whitened on a cliff, Searing fire that sways and swings And how to curve my mouth at fear And how to soften my hard will. And children's faces looking up Holding wonder like a cup. I have learned by heart silk words Of no worth, and so of no weight; Life has loveliness to sell Music like a curve of gold, Scent of pine trees in the rain, I have swallowed cream thick with Eyes that love you, arms that hold, And for you spirits still delight, Holy thoughts that star the night And held my lips still and straight. After listening long to clocks I shall be stiff, armored, and masked.

BPOETRYB

And lie down quiet in a box With all my questions still un-asked.

Sometimes tho', before I am sealed And hard under a square of dirt I shall cry out once; I shall yield To the child in me that is hurt.

#### ALWAYS

Dear, if I leave unsaid A word or two,

ather up all in this-I do love you! Love you as only once The heart loves one

Love you for all that is And all that's done.

Love you with life between Your hand and mine; Love you for all of earth And all of time; Love you and always must Come weal, come woe-

Love you the more because Love costs me so!

#### WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

#### "Much Have I Travelled In The Realms of Gold"

Some books are like dull, nondescript stones which give never a sparkle nor a gleam to lighten the world; other books are like intricate mosaics-bits of "many-coloured glass" scintillating and flashing in the sunlight. Warmth offsets coolness, light, shadow; and laughter, tears. Only as a mosaic can The Ozford Book of Regency Verse be justly described. Poems carefully chosen, pertly matched, and subtly fitted into place make the whole a picture of prismatic colors, an inisid pattern of rainbow moods, a mosaic made up of gem-like parts. All the best poetry of 1798 to 1837 is included in this particular mosaic, and the whole is an admirable accomplishment.

Folktales are almost always alluring even to a casual reader, although casual readers do not necessarily appreciate their worth. A new folktale which is particularly well done is *The Phantom* of the Shore. A realistic story, inasmuch as a folktale can be realistic The Phantom of the Shore is a story of the northern coast ere men are men and women servants usually. This cheerless forbidding background is the scene of a folktale, which, unlike most of its kind, is not too fanciful to be interesting

The Irish of the Irish writers is with us again. This time Paddy comes dancing along in the pleasant guise of Lady Augusta Gregory. The occasion is Our Irish Theatre. Authors like Lady Gregory are no dilettanti-they know their business from the bottom up. There is, probably, no modern writer who could better tell the story of the Irish theatre than Lady Gregory, and the result of her effort is a remarkable book of first-hand knowledge. Knowledge is valuable, but experience is infinitely more so. Lady Gregory has an abundant measure of both, and because she has instilled into her book a great portion of her own presonality, Our Irish Theatre is a distinct feather in Ireland's cap.

lhe	Oxford Book of	Regency Verse Edited by Milford
he	Phantom of the	Shore Leeds
ur	Irish Theatre	Gregory

## Spend all you have for loveliness, Buy it and never count the pang; For one white singing hour of Count many a year of strife well last. And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been, or could be LIFE How marvelous the plan that I shall Pass into some other life, When I have finished all my tasks Upon this earth, And leave a place for Youth to fill-Youth with its invincible fortitude And indomitable will That defies age-old traditions-Youth with its valiant spirit, Free, liberated Ariel! Oh, yes, I shall gladly go And with a joyous cry fling my frayed

BEAUTY

"Life has loveliness to sell.

Banner to some dauntless youth Who stands alone

-Gene Boardman Hoover, in The Troubadour.

# Upon a wind-swept hill!

-Lilla Vass Shepherd.