

The Salemite



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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh,
A tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night—but in some letter inform
Bid me Good-morning,
—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.
—James M. Barrie.

PARAGRAPHS

We heard a Junior say that he was going to get restricted so that her unpopularity would be less noticeable. No, in spite of the damaging evidence, it was not us. Guess again.

Ye old school spirit seems to us to have grown the difference between Silverstein and Babe Silverstein since open mass meetings have become all the rage. Long may it increase!

Minnie Hicks is hereby granted her touching plea that she be allowed the privilege (?) of appearing before the public eye, in print. Sorry to emit the pictures of her and after, Minnie. Another time, maybe.

Pandemonium — little children slipping into the pantry behind Mama's back after the forbidden jam—a clear night—Vogler's emergency ambulance—rebellious spirits at the breaking point—will-o'-the-wisps—a fire-truck or two—foggy atmosphere—Chaos.

What with the new golf-course and bridge, we won't know the old place next year. Thanks to Those Who Are In Authority!

FAREWELL THOUGHTS

"The day is dark and cold and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary
The vine clings to the mouldering wall—"

Unfortunately I have forgotten the rest of that choice passage but the above is a fitting background for my doleful emotions.

'Tis with mingled feelings of gladness and regret that I pen these faltering words — gladness that I may henceforward meet the editor's steady gaze with blithe and guileless heart concealing no unwritten thought promised assignment; regret—that the world may no longer profit by the wisdom of my thoughts Oh well

—Life is like that—a large job without its smear of color. . . . If events turn out according to expectations, I shall put through a very measly commencement—having been exposed to German mesles twice within the last three days.—If such is to be, I shall strive to get a larger part of the Senior Class in the same predicament (note the clever way of avoiding the choice between it and them for the pronoun) — for, you know, misery loves company. . . . I wish I could give a recital in something—I'd love to sit on a stage embowered in flowers. I'm awfully good at piano lifting — in fact, my achievements in that line have already received public recognition—wonder if the public would care for a whole recital of that? If sufficient requests come in, I'll consider it.

How many of you could go to Russia and get up and make a talk like Zina did Wednesday? She certainly deserves a lot of praise and credit for the way she has adapted herself. . . . After a whole year I still can't tell the Price twins apart and an reduced to saying "Hello Price" — but I can recognize the Micekeys and that's more than most can claim. . . . I'd love to ride horse back one of these warm sunny days — but the only horse I ever rode up here died soon afterwards and since then I've been a bit discouraged. . . . The library haunTERS have had a hard time lately between the bats and the night-flying baby blimp. — Like a sucker I ran out three times to see the latter and haven't seen it yet . . . It is indeed a blessing that the Juniors have got Senior privileges — they are the heaviest drug store drinkers of the lot and through long practice they could put up the most pitiful tales to get one to leave one's books and trudge across the street for a puny little dose. . . . A prophesied fair weather for May Day — yea, and everybody laughed in my face; now it is I who laugh. Pay me a dime and I'll tell you the weather for any day in the ensuing week. . . . The lily pond with its iris border looks like the illustration of a Japanese picture book. . . . In parting, I would like to leave this pathetic picture in your minds — the picture of a dream I had last night — and unfortunately told before breakfast. I saw a throng of kindly interested people look on while a High School principal presented "Old Miss Lucy" with a gold medal in token of appreciation of her fifty years of faithful service! — Pity me, gentle readers — and drop by my school room some sixty years hence.

YOU

Can't read nothin'
Can't write nothin'
Can't sing nothin'—that's true
Can't eat nothin'
Can't drink nothin'
Can't find nothin' to do,
Time ain't nothin'
Can't eat nothin'
Can't drink nothin' but blue,
Friend's ain't nothin'
The world ain't nothin'
Nothin' ain't nothin', but you.
There ain't nothin' but you.

POETRY

SMOKE RINGS

Bad men
Want their women
To be like cigarettes—
Just so many, all slender and trim,
In a case
Waiting in a row
To be selected, set aflame, and
When the flame has died,
Discarded.

More fastidious men
Prefer women
Like cigars
These are more exclusive
Look better, and last longer;
If the brand is good,
They aren't given away!

Nice men
Treat women
Like pipes—
And become more attached to them
The older they become!
When the flame is burnt out,
They still look after them.
Knock them gently
(But lovingly)
And care for them always—
No man shares his pipe.

REST

Ah, could I lay me down in this
long grass
And close my eyes, and let the
quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so
tired
Of passing pleasant places. All my
life,
Following care along the dusty
road,
Have I looked back at loveliness
and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting
hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my
life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at
peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long
grass
And close my eyes,
Yet onward!

—Edna St. Vincent Milay.

SUMMER WINDS

Like summer winds that swiftly play
Their pine tree waters,
While forest voices, 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.

THE ORGANIST

Feeling tones that shake the soul,
That vibrate in the wood—the
ground,
That move the air;
Pressing keys and flinging out
New harmonies that strike the heart,
And raise a thirst,
A thirst hunger with no bounds;
That holds and cries for what—
It knows not what;
Finding something fleeting—a word,
A thousand mystic moving words,
In a tone or two.
—J. V. G.

WINGS OF THE MORNING

From many morning-glorias
That in an hour will fade,
From many pansy buds
Gathered in the shade,
From lily of the valley
And dandelion bud,
From fiery poppy-buds
Are the Wings of the morning made.

THREE HOURS

The moon was like a boat one night,
And like a bowl of flowers;
Three butterflies were riding there,
Named for three lonely hours.
The first hour was the hour the night
Was a dome of peace;
The second hour was the night
Gave my heart release
From all old grief and all lost love,
And the third hour was when
I found that I was reconciled
To Heaven and Earth and men.

WEEK-END TRAVEL
In the Realms of Gold

"Much Haze I Travelled In The Realms of Gold"

How about a week-end in the "great open spaces"? Here the glow of molten sunbeams encase you and prairie winds whip stinging wisps of hair across your faces, and bring the pungent odor of freshly mown wheat which stands outlined like wigwams with curly crests against a dark, intensely blue sky. If you really crave that brightness of heart and soul that can be found in the fastness of lonesome prairies, that makes you breathe so deeply that your chest hurts, then lose yourself (a far from difficult task) in Giants of the Earth. Too much monotony and lonesomeness? Oh no, not when you're living in the dramatic lives of Store Hans, Per Hansa and his wife, helping them conquer the prairie by back-breaking labor and endure the suspicious opposition of native settlers.

Deep down in your heart, confessed or not, lies every woman's admiration, and perhaps love, for a cave-man. Here he is—made to order, big, handsome, and mean ohmygod, in the person of Frank Taylor in The Land of Promise, a comedy that doesn't belie its name. A funeral, a disappointing wife, a waitress wife, a gentleman loafer, a fascinating heroine, and our man of the brawny chest — all this laid out for your delectation, besides a faultless love story.

If your soul is wearied, perchance of make-believe, then Madam Schumann-Heink is your soul-preserver. This near-auto biography of the last of the Titans follows her from the deepest despondency and nonentity to the topmost pinnacle of that difficult mountain, Success. Humor and sadness, enmity, love and hate; if you're human you can't help but like it.

- Giants of the Earth O. E. Rolvaag
The Land of Promise W. S. Mangham
Schumann-Heink Mary Lawton

BOVINE DREAMS

This is the kind of weather that makes me wish I were a cow, so that I might literally skip bounding away on my fantastic toe (?) and listen to Pa's pipe of merry whittled lutes on my way to pasture—the lovely, lazy, gloriously luxuriant, h e a v e n l y dreamful, beautifully splendid pasture of the good old summer time.

Ah! Already I anticipate my first good walk in the fragrant smelling alfalfa-flower, letting my senses run riot. All my spare cud-chewing time will be spent in sniffing the breezes; they will smell like honey to me, so long pent up in my stall. As the loving herd winds slowly, my sore, overstrained eyes will peacefully seek the billow clouds that make a second Sistine chapel overhead, and I will gaze and gaze until their cradle-like motion rocks me to sleep. Oh! I'll stretch and yawn and frisk —stump up the grass and head for the swimming hole. I'll wear woven garlands of white clover on my hair, (perhaps, my ivory horns), and make mud pies by the creek. I'll hury my hoofs in the sand, and build the ten royalties a pyramid. Then I'll chew my cud happily by the hour.

So Cheerio! Kamerad! Come be a contented cow with me. Arm yourself with your sling of bull-fight to the bitter finish—then join the herd in the green pasture. (Notice please this is a classical illusion to the well-known New York Play) You can have your share taken surrounded by carnations and be a contented cow indeed!

A HANGOVER

To the Editor of The Salemite.

I must relate this dream (or shall I call it night-mare?) to someone, and as you are so patient and long-suffering you will be the victim. It began like this: Last night after I had passed from this world of reality into sleep I chanced to walk into a biology laboratory—not that there's anything strange about that. But, sitting close around the tables were dozens of life crayfishes whose note books bore the names of their college which I shall disguise completely by calling "Calien" College. The professor Crayfish whom they addressed as, but I shall leave his name also a deep secret by disguising it as Mr. Shambell, stood on one side of the room, and as I entered was calling out, "The head shells are Phylum, Vertebrata, class mammalia, and the peculiar species Homo. It so happens that it is very hard to obtain."

On the table was the "Homo" fragment with formaldehyde. One little Crayfish took her handkerchief in her fourth walking leg to wipe the tears away, which the fumes of formaldehyde caused to stream down her mandibles and maxillae. With dissecting needles and various instruments the little crayfishes worked laboriously over the Homo from cartex to cerebellum. My heart ached for several poor crayfishes who, when they brought their drawings to Mr. Shambell were confronted with the following remark, "Go back and draw it as is. To others he said, "label the parts." Then looking at his watch, "Oh, it's almost time for that five o'clock date. The last one who goes out turn off the lights and put down the windows." Then swiftly moving his chitinous exoskeleton with means of his six walking legs, he closed the door with a bang which startled me into wakefulness, and I immediately reached for the sofa.

Tell me, dear Editor, do you think it was a case of mental debility or just too much strawberry shortcake? I will also much gratefully disguise my name by signing myself Yours dreamily, Mulla Jears.

HAIL, SHAKESPEAREANS!

Teacher: "What did Juliet say when she met Romeo in the balcony?" Pupil: "Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

—Southern Collegian.