

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should I not speak to thee? And why should I not speak to you? -Walt Whitman. He knew that we must all be taught Like little children in a school. -Edwin Arlington Robinson. I won't take my religion from any man who never works except with his mouth and never cherishes any memory except the face of the woman on the American silver dollar. -Carl Sandburg.

PARAGRAPHS

Cramming time, and all that it means, is here! Maybe, it will remove these Post-Christmas and Pre-Exam Blues that have been pervading the campus the last two weeks. Congratulations are in order! Salem College, and in particular the School of Music of Salem College, is to be congratulated on its last, and perhaps greatest, achievement — on becoming a member of the National Association of Schools of Music. Last year Salem became a member of the American Association of University Women; this year she has become a member of the N. A. S. M. We wonder what Salem will do next. Another set of congratulations seem to be in order. We congratulate our neighboring institution, N. C. C. W., Greensboro, on its new privilege of smoking on the campus. A temporary or trial arrangement, like Salem's, is proving a successful solving of the campus smoking problem.

CONGRATULATIONS

Last Tuesday morning an announcement of the greatest improvement to Salem College, her students, faculty, and friends, was made in chapel by Dean Vardell. Mr. Vardell, Dean of the School of Music of Salem College, announced the admission of Salem College to the National Association of Schools of Music. Membership in this association, which was formed for the purpose of standardizing and stabilizing the degree, Bachelor of Music throughout America, is creditable to an institution, to say the least. The fact that Salem's School of Music ranks along with Eastern School of Music and other eminent conservatories of Music in America should be a source of pride to all Salem students.

This announcement will mean a good deal to the students of music of this institution. Their degrees will be of as much value as any degrees of music that are offered in the country. A musical graduate of this institution will henceforth be in possession of a degree that she would formerly have been required to spend two years in some conservatory to gain.

Congratulations to Salem College, its administration, its faculty, its students, its alumnae, its patrons and friends! But congratulations in particular to Dean Charles G. Vardell and the School of Music of Salem College! Countless years of persistent effort, undaunted courage, infinite ability, and plain old "hard work" have gone to bring about the bestowal of this great honor and respect to the late Dean H. A. Shirley, Dean of the Salem School of Music for many years, who laid the foundations for this great accomplishment.

ASTRONOMY

The Moon is a Pale-Goddess Who trails the uber-tinted filmy clouds Before her sweet maturity To lure enraptured gaze Of earthily mortals. The Sun, her haughty Lord, Stands guard with flaming eye And darting beam To keep enraptured lovers From her portals. The Stars, laughing courtiers, Wink down with irritating condescension And greet Man's hopeless passion For the Moon With distant chorals. -Isabella Hanson.

CONCLUSION

I strove I stumbled Fell and staggered up— Eons of that Then plaudits Cheered achievement. In the dazzle of the heights I basked—false flame! Fame cheered— And then in treachery He flung me down The other side! Then out of fading Splendor shone—your face! Ah, now I know You had not left me, Love Only your steadfast glow Dimmed in the blazing Lightning of Success. Enough Success shone just to teach That there is nothing else in Life But Love. Fame's hand is cold Achievement's heart is hard But Love, With you I dare to rest! And know that none Shall ever take my place! -Isabella Hanson.

SOCRATES—AT HOME

Under the bed, beside the long feast table, in the spotless cellars, through the whole of the small clean house, the two children scuttled. Xantippe's nasal voice rasping out mild curses urged them to be rapid in their search and so them scuttling into corners to turn up any piece of furniture large enough to conceal a pair of newish sandals. Archelaus was giving a dinner for their foolish old father, and their energetic mother was irritably forcing her spouse into a semblance of a guest-of-honor outfit.

With some general remark lauding the adornment of wit and darning the adornment of the person, Socrates, flatly and somewhat loudly had refused to add more than a pair of sandals to his usual smudgy white costume. Even now he was standing in the street in front of his home discoursing in a masterful way on the tuppety of gaudy dresses. Xantippe's inevitable contradictions played a shrill accompaniment to the deep monotone flowing steadily on in defense of simple dress and bare feet. Short and stout, the grotesque looking little man stood with his back to the house, his powers of self-control almost exhausted. His prominent eyes appeared to bulge from their sockets, and his snub nose with its broad nostrils seemed to spread over the whole of his sallow face. Socrates was exasperated and a little weary, and the thought of shoes made the stone bruise on his left heel smart and burn. If he could only escape from this wall-to-wall show, he could think again; he could teach or talk for hours—but, Olympian Gods! Why were women made thus?

The wrangling jerked to a forced halt. Megare, the young slave of Archelaus, was running down the street toward them, waving something brown in his right hand, and cheerfully shouting greetings to Socrates. "Archelaus has sent me to thee with a gift of shoes. Thine old friend sends the message that he knoweth thy reason for delay to be always this same one, and that he desireth thee to put on his sandals and come along with me, for the feast is prepared and the guests are waiting." Socrates' mouth stretched in a wide grin as he buckled on the sandals he had forgot to bring home from the last banquet of Archelaus, and as he shuffled awkwardly away beside Megare, the wise old fool thanked the young man for furnishing him shoes without furnishing the demon in his home more grounds for persecution by exposing his absent-mindedness.

ALPHA CHI ALPHA

This entire page consists of original writings of Salem students. Most of them were contributed by members of the Narrative Writing course which is offered to Juniors and Seniors; some of them were contributed by individual writers, poets and essayists, on the campus who were inspired by Calliope, the Muse of Poetry, or by some other of the Muses. Lambda chapter of Alpha Chi Alpha, the national journalistic sorority of Salem, is sponsoring a monthly page in the Salemite. Not only may members of Alpha Chi Alpha, but also members of the student body, may contribute to this page. All individual and original writings will be willingly, yet joyfully, accepted by the organization. This is a cordial invitation to all would-be writers to see their "brain-children" in print!

THE FACTS

"A very nice pool you have here, is it not?" mused Professor Bullfrog. "Well, yes and no," answered the confident Mr. Bullfrog whom he had addressed. "The latest reports of the Pool Investigation Committee shows that this pool runs thirty-third from the bottom."

"But just the same, you seem to have an abundance of insect food," said Professor Bullfrog snapping at a mosquito.

"You speak erroneously, my dear professor. If all the insects in this pool were laid end to end they would only reach half way to California!" Now, Mr. Bullfrog had never been outside of the small pool, but he took all the journals and statistical reports and dared scorn the judgment of like Professor Bullfrog who had traveled all over the world and was famous for his deep studies. The Professor was not used to having his opinions contradicted and he moved uneasily on his lily pad.

"One must have a great deal of time for meditation here and for reading all the ancient classical works of the famous Bullfrogs," said the Professor trying to change the subject. "I have never read them," said Mr. Bullfrog, "but I can tell you this: the latest report of the Antiminy percent of these books were written by people of abnormal mentality."

"I should judge that they have inspired many great deeds," humbly put in the Professor.

But Mr. Bullfrog smiled condescendingly upon the learned Professor. "My dear, would you place mere judgment above the actual facts, life visible figures?"

"But listen, Mr. Bullfrog, I'm afraid you don't get my point." "There is no point," said Mr. Bullfrog and his tone was final.

Professor Bullfrog said nothing more for there was nothing more to say. It had been a combination of Sophocles, Shakespeare and Aristotle he would have done the same thing.

Hopping noiselessly under the production of a bullrush he began to meditate, staring like this: "If all the fools were laid end to end—the professor's mind wandered into infinity."

A LETTER

A small white envelope of standard make square stamped with the brand of Uncle Sam. I handle You, give You a gentle shake. Striving to pierce your half-mysterious sham. You look so innocent, clothed thus in purity. White: with the blood-red seal that takes you on. Still—do I doubt. I have a surety You hold a secret I alone can count. What's in your heart? What message do you hold? White Mystery, I fear to break your seal! Perhaps there rests beneath that tranquil fold, A sorrow—or a Horror—an Appeal! Your fragile littleness controls my Fate. I open you—my car! The payment's late! -Isabella Hanson.

Probably ought to extend that moratorium to include Leap Year. First the depression gets a man down, and then the women Leap on him. -High Point Enterprise.

A MESSAGE

TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT BUT WILL BE

When I am dead and gone Into the endless vacuum of eternity When I have stepped the last time Thru the door of "Will Not But You Must" I shall be lying there— Beneath the earth And what was once my face Shall be impotent, immobile and stark Staring with eyes that see not At the sky Listening with heedless ears To your swift steps Above my prison house of "Are No More." Ah, You who then will pass Above my head And think not of the dust beneath Your feet Where are You now? Who even thinks of You? And who will die because You cry "For life?" I ask it of the heavens And the smile With all the knowledge Of Infinity. And the green trees bend down Beneath their mirth The mocking wind sweeps Past my waiting ear Cold laughter in its tones— It knows! It knows! Why do you wish to know— You're doing nothing Of muffled earth and dust That moves but once When animated by the Maker's foot As He walks by—and then Returns again To non-existence and dumb fixedness?" —But I am made immortal By His touch. Precious—a freezing child Has dulled my voice— What of the thousands who have gone Before? What do they know of Immortality Who say "Have Been Not, Lo, These many years?" Ah, You who hammer at the Doors of Life Bar will not be admitted 'Till I leave Remember me as one who Thought of You And sang the God of All Things Touched and spoke Thus waking you to Rapture And Despair. Remember me—I lived, I loved, I dreamed My eyes have shed the tears Which you will shed You will know. And even when you face The swinging gates That beckon on to solve the Mystery Just think again—why, I have done the same. * * * The greatest singer of them All will come After the earth has Swallowed up myself And you will have yet to print The greatest book When I have not the life To comprehend. But, You Will, Will Be, And they have yet to print So I have no regrets for Living now. Ah, seize your life, and laugh And sing and play. Too soon will we be silenced, Clay to Clay! -Isabella Hanson.

BARGAIN

There is a compensation here for me In the frank beauty of your ecstasy. Your eyes beg and I kiss you laughingly. It gives you pleasure—I escape ennui! -Isabella Hanson.