

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

A little Mexican girl in a burrito cart—and God!
A tin can, with a straggling geranium plant, in a trimmest window—and God!
A weaver of silks; an artist at his palette; a road-runner at his work— whoever touches beauty— God is there.
Who are you, Pan?
I'm youth, eternal youth!
I'm the sun rising, I'm poets singing
I'm the new world, I'm a little bird
That has broken out of the egg.
I'm joy, joy, joy.
—Peter Pan.

Work is a sacred thing . . .
Work is the great reality, beauty is the great aim. Full satisfaction is only to be found in the common beauty of the common life.
—W. A. Lathaby.

SALEM DAY, 1932

Today is Salem Day! The one hundred sixtieth anniversary of the day that the "Academy for Females" was established in 1772.
Today every Salem girl's heart thrills with pride as she sees her college of today and looks back upon its distinguished ancestry. Her patriotism is stirred by her thoughts of the eminent place that Salem has always held in the nation's educational history. From the perilous times of the Civil war through the post-war educational crisis to the present period when Salem has recently received widespread recognition. Every Salem girl's college spirit is incited by the visits of the Trustees and the meetings of the alumnae on the campus. The interest of these bodies is a great aid and encouragement to the student body.
Visitors, Trustees, and alumnae—welcome, one and all, to Salem on her one hundred sixtieth birthday.

THE LITTLE RED MAN

Years and years ago there was a little old woman named Betsy who lived in the Widow's House at Salem. She was a queer little creature, with small staring eyes and an inquisitive mouth, and she always wore a neat white cap over her curly gray hair. Betsy loved no one for the simple reason that no one loved her; she because she was deaf and lame, no one paid any attention to her. The mind of this shrivelled up woman of sixty years had never developed beyond the stage of a ten-year old child; she was treated as a child and ignored as much as possible.

One day Sister Amelia, the housekeeper, noticed something extraordinary in Betsy's manner. At noon she didn't eat her thin piece of rye bread and cheese as usual and that evening she carried her portion of sugar-cake away from the table. After supper she carefully wrapped them up together, and thinking that no one saw her, slipped stealthily out of the house, and around the corner to the rain barrel. None of this escaped Sister Amelia, however, and she watched the little creature intently from the window. Behind the rain barrel, Betsy paused, glanced timidly around her, hid her package among some loose cobblestones, and slipping back into the house like a frightened rabbit. The remainder of the evening she was extremely nervous, but did not make the usual protest when Sister Amelia sent her to bed at nine o'clock. The next morning immediately after breakfast, Betsy disappeared, and returned only for meals, when she again hid most of her food in a pocket of her gray-checked gingham dress, and disposed of it, as the evening before, behind the rain barrel. By this time Sister Amelia was all curiosity. She had an inward feeling of pity for Betsy, and was the only one in the house who at all befriended the odd little creature. She determined to learn the secret which so thoroughly occupied the childish mind which was stopped in her first attempts when Betsy, shaking her head defiantly, flatly refused to answer any questions. Sister Amelia's next step was to discover what became of her during the day. Because her insatiable curiosity smothered her guilty conscience, she allowed herself to trace Betsy, the next morning, to the head of the basement steps.

"Heavens!" thought the sister, "This is a wonder the poor thing hasn't caught her death of cold down in this basement. What can she be up to? It's a good thing I've discovered this—and now that I've started, I might as well see it through." She smiled stubbornly, as if arguing with her better self. She followed Betsy, keeping directly behind her so that she would not be discovered. Down the steep basement steps the sister went, and (Continued on Page Three.)

PARAGRAPHS

Welcome, trustees, alumnae, visitors! Salem greets you on her own "Salem Day."
A hint of sadness intermingles with the joyful spirit of the day when we wish our Alma Mater "Many happy returns of the day."

The recent important topic of conversation at the dining-room tables, after lights, in the dorms, and (surprisingly) in the class-rooms, has not been dates—or boys—or picture shows—or letters—or food. The Sino-Japanese-Manchurian project has been fought out many times during the last week not only by Miss Ferguson's Current History Class, but on countless times by excited Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Fresh.

Two Juniors have declared themselves ready to discontinue their work to be career workers—or poets—if there is a war. Others of us have found sufficiently deep holes for "hiding" purposes. Let's hope we won't have to put either theory into practice.

An attractive recent addition to our chapel programs has been Dr. Roudsbar's terse comments on the news of the day.

POETRY

FIRST FOOTSTEPS

A little way, more soft and sweet
Than field flowers with May,
A babe's feet, venturing, scarce complete
A little way.

Eyes full of dawning day
Look up for mother's eyes to meet
Too blithe for song today.

Glad as the golden spring to greet
Its first live leaflets in play,
Love, laughing, leads the little feet
A little way.
—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

BROWNE

In a corner of the bedroom is a great big curtain,
Someone lives behind it, but I don't know who;
I think it is a Brownie, but I'm not quite certain.
(Nanny isn't certain, too.)

I looked behind the curtain, but he went so quickly—
Brownies never wait to say, "How do you do?"
They wriggle off at once because they're all so tickly,
(Nanny says they're tickly, too.)
From *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday among the fields
Above the sea,
Among the winds of play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees,
The foolish fears of what may happen.

I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay
Among the hunking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where all thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE LARGER PRAYER

At first I prayed for light;
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly I would walk
To everlasting day.

And next I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching feet and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace
Though foes were all abroad.

Now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man,
A living love that will not fail,
However dark the plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere,
God only prayed for me, till
I wanted the larger prayer.
—Selected.

INDEPENDENCE

I never did, I never did, I never did
like "Now take care, dear!"
I never did, I never did, I never did
want "Hold-my-hand!"
I never did, I never did, I never did
think much of "Not up there, dear!"
It's no good saying it. They don't understand.
From *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne.

Hold fast your dreams!
Within your heart
Keep one, still, secret spot
Where dreams may go.
And sheltered so,
May thrive and grow—
Where doubt and fear are not.
O, keep a place apart,
Within your heart,
For little dreams to go!
—Louise Driscoll.

PENELOPE TO LIZARA

Salem Female Academy
February 22, 1882

My Dear Lizara:

What do you suppose has happened today? You would never guess, so I will have to tell you. In celebration of Washington's birthday we were allowed to go for a ride in the band-wagon! After dinner, Mr. Fogle brought the wagon up to the door and we all piled in, laughing merrily, for one of those pleasant trips which come in "like angel's visits, few and far between." But alas! all things earthly have an end, however pleasant. Our ride was no exception and we drove up to the door, all heartily wishing that Washington had a birthday every week.

It seems that the academy is getting lively during the last month, for on the birthday of our Principal, Rev. Zorn, the liberty was granted us, from that day forward, of conversing during meals! We certainly enjoy our meals more now than when the silent system prevailed.

However, we are still wearied with our daily work. In the afternoon "up the Cedar Avenue and down Main Street." "Variety is the spice of life" especially a school girl's so I suppose the robins will soon brighten our long walk in search of wild flowers.

We are editing a paper now, "The Academy" and I am on the staff to gather the school gossip. I chose to hold my column with the little verse: "How that school girl's gossip, you know innocent, simple, and pure as snow."

How do you like it?
Fannie is confined to her room during recreation hours now for "leaning out the front window in an unbecoming manner." Poor child, she gets in such scrapes.

Oh, gracious, there goes the bell for evening prayers, so I'll have to stop now. Do write me soon as any mail is certainly appreciated.
Much love from your dear friend,
Penelope.

III

No lack of counsel from the shrewd and wise
How love may be acquired and how conserved
Warrants this laying bare before your eyes

My needle to your north abruptly swerved;
If I would hold you, I must hide my fears
Lest you be wonton, lead you to believe
My compass to another quarter veers,
Little surrender, lavishly receive,
But being like my mother the brown earth
Fertile and full of gifts and free
From guile,
Lifer would I you loved me for my worth,
Though you should love me but a little while,
Than for a philtre any doll can bring,
Though thus I bound you as I long to do,
From *Fatal Interview*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

XI

Oh, in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you,
Not in a lovers' knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kenna's a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Unguessed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look what I have!—And these are all for you."
From *Fatal Interview*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Week-End Travels In the Realms of Gold

1. Rolvang, O. E., *Their Fathers' God*, Harper & Bros.
The author who is now Professor of Norwegian literature at Saint Olaf College, Minnesota, came to America, a poor Norwegian fisher boy. After many years of zealous study, he has produced literature which is a real contribution to the world.
For this novel, Rolvang has used little bit of Ireland and Norway which is so dear to him in South Dakota. Peder, a staunch Norwegian Lutheran, and Susie, an Irish Catholic, marry against the wish of their parents. Although they have a fierce insatiable love for each other, their life is an unbearable misery due to their intolerant religious views. A little red headed child is born, only to be a conflicting interest between the relatives of both families. Several complications occur by the baptism of the baby. Much sorrow is endured by both families and several tragedies inevitably happen. For about a year or two Peder and Susie bear their miserable marriage; however, finally Peder's affection wanes and he finds solace in a girl of his own kind.
The Norwegian characters are impulsive, excitable, energetic and fiery, while the Irish people are vividly presented in their fervid religious feeling and slovenliness. The novel is one of convincing reality. Rolvang presents his unsophisticated characters in such a way that they become intimately real and alive to the reader.

2. Masfield, John, *Minnie Mayla's Story*, Macmillan Co.
Masfield's versatility as a poet, both for subject matter and style, shines forth in this volume of collected poems. The titles range from classical subjects down to everyday happenings and his simplicity of style is found in all. *Minnie Mayla's Story* is none other than the endless fairy tale told deliciously in verse. The classic element pervades throughout several of the poems such as "Tristan's Singing," "The Wild Swan" and "Penelope." He is even so versatile as to write "Adamas and Eva" in Chaucerian English.

3. Maughan, W. S., *First Person Singular*, Doubleday, Doran & Co.
In this collection of six stories one meets the typical unconventional people of the author. Maughan uses China, London, Elson and Rome for his settings, along with other tropical countries. In *Virtue* he says, "A virtue that only causes hate and unhappiness is worth nothing. You can call it virtue if you like. I call it cowardice." The characters for the most part are amusing and interesting. The description and figurative language is excellent. The houses near the sea at Elson are described as looking like, "bedraggled old maids waiting for lovers who would never return." Of course Maughan's brilliant and sophisticated conversation is evident throughout each story. Taken as a whole the book is most entertaining.