

# The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association  
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE  
\$2.00 a Year : 10c a Copy

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"The efflux of the soul is Happiness, here is Happiness, I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times."  
—Walt Whitman.

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be."  
—Walt Whitman.

"Death makes woman a dream, and men a traveller's story, Death drives the lonely soul to wander under the sky."  
—John Massfield.

"How nice it is to eat! All creatures love it so, That they who first did spread, Ere breaking bread, A cloth like level snow, Were right, I know."  
—F. Sturge Moore.

### PARAGRAPHS

I have already heard two girls say that when they graduate from Salem they want to teach at Lees McCar.

Would it not be wonderful, and why could not Salem raise at least one \$50 scholarship for Lees McCar?

Everyone agreed that the 1932 Salem Day was the best ever! The old Salem Spirit was joyously exuded — from the Seniors' luscious singing in chapel to the refreshments at the conclusion of the Alumnae meeting.

Happy Valentine Day! May you get a frilly one from your "best beau," a sweet "laughably" one from your mother, a "doggy" one from your little brother, and a comic one from your dearest enemy. (Me, too).

New dainties have already been added to the menu since the good suggestions in the open criticism box. Hooraah!

### GROW UP

At the High School stage it was all very well to call classical music the "bunk," and spend money for a concert on "Flesh and the Devil," Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino, with chewing gum coobed in, because we might have been called "sissy" by some unkind soul. But the college-woman has better understand cuts and more pointed finger nails for attacking such onslaughts and does (speaking very generally) what she wants to when she wants to. The only difficulty, however, is that she is prone to spend the allowance on Clark Gable instead of Rudy, and that deliciously flavored Karmel Korn is apt to take the place of the worstout chewing gum. Then those rides to Davidson aren't always waiting at the street corner, and bus fare digs great holes, not to speak of Mrs. Potter's berth rates.

We aren't old fogies, we take our sun with the best of them, and we'll have yards to tell our children that are just as long as our next door neighbors, but we don't want to satiate ourselves with too many movie heroes, ruin our eye-sight from too many seats "upstairs," and pester our imagination with daily millions of hot dogs and chocolate sundaes.

While we're in our training period, besides letting our heads be cold storage for knowledge, we want to broaden our and grow, not merely have lessons learned, but apply and make use of them by making the most of advantages that we have. We all have as our goal a charming, poised, cultured lady that we should all have and should take ourselves, and we wouldn't cramp the self-to-be now.

Attending well known lectures has much more spice and gives many more pointers than any wise crack through a vitaphone, and listening to a concert causes more day dreams than any stack of Guy Lombardo records. We all know we're slighting ourselves when we don't have at least that we can, but sometimes we get clogged up, forget, or become so plain lazy we don't care. Sloth has a wicked gleam in his eye in spite of that drooping eye-lid, and No-Care has an ugly disposition that gives mouths a cyclo-curve. Let's get intellectual, up-to-date, and find all that's coming to us—Grow Up before its too late to grow!

### EXTRACTS FROM "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

(By O'NEILL)  
"It was seeing death all the time in this war got me to thinking these things. Death was so common, it didn't mean anything. That freed me to think of life. Queer, isn't it? Death made me think of life. Before that life had only made me think of death! . . . That's always been the Mannon's way of thinking. They went to the white meeting-house on Sabbath and meditated on death. Life was a lying. Being born was starting to die. Death was being born. How in hell people ever get such notions! That white meeting-house. It stuck in my mind, crimson-scrubbed and white-washed—was a temple of death! But in this war I've seen two many white walls splattered with blood that counted no more than dirty water. I've seen dead men scattered about, no more important than rubbish to be got rid of. That made the white meeting-house seem meaningless—making so much solemn fuss over death!"

"I thought about my life—lying awake nights—and about your life. In the middle of battle I'd think maybe in a minute I'd be dead. But my life as just me ending, that didn't appear worth a thought one way or another. But listen, me as your husband being killed, that seemed queer and wrong—like something dying that had never lived. Then all the years were being man and wife would rise up in my mind and I would try to look at them. But nothing was clear except that there'd always been some barrier between us — a wall hiding us from each other! I would try to make up my mind exactly what that way was but I never could discover. Do you know?"

# POETRY

### SHADOW

When the beauty of the rose doth cast,  
Even its bright, ferrid noon is past,  
A still and lengthening shadow in the dust,  
Till darkness come,  
And take its strange dream home.  
The transient bubbles of the water point  
'Neath their frail arch a shadow faint;  
The golden nimbus of the windvane stirs,  
Till shine the stars,  
Casts pale and trembling bars.

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,  
A dark and living hint of death,  
Haunting it even till its last faint breath.

Who, then, may tell  
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?  
—Walter De La More.

### THUNDERSTORMS

My mind has thunderstorms,  
That brood for heavy hours:  
Until they rain me words;  
My thoughts are drooping flowers  
And sighing, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms,  
And brood your heavy hours;  
For when you rain me words,  
My thoughts are dancing flowers  
And joyful singing birds.  
—William H. Davies.

### RECIPROcity

I do not think that skies and mead-  
ows are  
Moral, or that the fixture of a star  
Comes of a quiet spirit, or that trees  
Have wisdom in their windless  
silences.  
Yet these are things invested in my  
mood  
With constancy, and peace, and fortitude,  
That in my troubled season I can cry  
Upon the wide composure of the sky  
—And envy fields, and wish that I  
might be  
As little daunted as a star or tree.  
—John Drinkwater.

### REALITY

It is strange how we travel the wide world over,  
And see great churches and foreign streets,  
And armies afoot and kings of wonder,  
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets  
That grave historians will pen  
To ferment the brains of simple men.  
And all the time the heart remembers  
That quiet habit of one far place,  
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage  
The glance of a dear familiar face,  
And there is the true cosmopolis,  
While the thronging world a phantom is.  
—John Drinkwater.

### THE CRYSTAL GAZER

I shall gather myself into myself again,  
I shall take my scattered selves and make them one,  
I shall fuse them into a polished crystal ball  
Where I can see the moon and the flashing sun.  
I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent,  
Watching the future come and the present go—  
And the little shifting pictures of people  
In tiny self-importance to and fro.  
—Sara Teasdale.

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings  
And cloaks that caper in sawdust rings  
And common folk like you and me  
Are builders for eternity?  
Each is given a bag of tools  
A shapless mass and a book of rules  
And each must fashion ere life be  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."  
"The dead! Why can't the dead die!"  
"I love you now with all the guilt  
in me—the guilt we share! Perhaps  
I love you too much, I'm afraid."  
—Eugene O'Neill.

### DAN CUPID SPEAKS



(This is station L-O-V-E, Dan Cupid speaking, February 14, 1932.)  
"Are you asleep, Phyllis? Lean close and listen to me, for once more with bow and arrow I use the sport which this fair season gives since I last spoke to you. Father Time has again reached out his wrinkled hands and taken you to himself the worn and battered days of another year, and I am still in love with you. Don't go away, the static won't last much longer; it is only the philly shavings that are falling as I sharpen my arrow. They have been peeling all year, Phyllis. Surely you have noticed them. They have given the glistening to the dew and the sparkle to the raindrops. This has been a year of work, that flying from my crystal bow, my arrow shall not pierce too sharply. That work is almost over, and the day has come when, entrusting my bow to Mercury, and sitting very lightly on the arrow, I shall be hurled into the air to seek you.  
Scorn me not, fairest maid. For you I have saved all things which are beautiful and which I cherish, and you shall become the Queen of Love what do you say? You shall have a wedding-gown of the sheerst silk from cocoons, lady slippers for your dainty feet, a ring with a tear for its setting, a crown of violets for your hair, a comforter of sunbeams for your bed, and tiger lilies to guard you while you sleep. You can walk on rose petals, and butterflies will announce your coming. Would you like it?  
"Please, dear, we'll teach all the world that love is beautiful. Then we can uproot my garden plot which is overcrowded with bleeding hearts. By the way, did you know that my heart is there? It grows pale as the days pass, and yet it is doomed to live on account of the intensity of its love. Oh, come, you couldn't know what that love means to me, but I am going to tell you right now.  
"Love is the stringing of pearls; it is the heart chords made one by entwining; love is tugging the pistol so that when it touches the blue carolla, the clear tones of the canterbury bell ring out in the open sky; love is tuning the harps of angels and mixing the shades of fair rainbows; love is directing the clouds—tiding the fluffy, white ones, and tempering the anger of the black ones. You have to duck your head sometimes, so that it will not be stained blue.  
"We'll brush the stardust from the Milky way, and swing from the peaks of the stars, and, if you like, we'll climb the brim and drink from the big dipper.  
"Yes, there is one thing you must do—help me push the world so it will keep going in the right direction. No, you won't mind it, and you're not deceiving either. Wake up, Phyllis, I'm really here—Be my Valentine."

### MORNING

The air is as still as new fallen snow.  
The stars have gone one by one long ago.  
The blue of the mountains rises above the green.  
In the East the sky flushes like the bride-to-be.  
Above, soft clouds, like fairyland boats,  
Glide into the pink of the dawn.  
From the house a popular is heard  
The faintest breath of the song of a bird.  
The fragrance of a dew-covered rose  
Greets the labourer as to his work he goes.  
A breeze begins to tousele and tear  
The ringlets of a child's golden hair.  
—Kathleen Aldin.

## Week-End Travels In the Realms of Gold

Have you ever rumbled along in a crude wooden cart through the great forests of Worth and Saint Leonard's? Have you driven by Rickmans Green and Pease Postage to Cophorne on the Surry? If so you have probably heard of the Colgate Brethren and of Susan Spray, the child preacher, who claimed that she had seen the Lord. In reality she was scared of a thunder storm and wanted sympathy and protection. Anyone who starts the book, *Susan Spray*, will eagerly follow this child-preacher through her pathetic baby hood, her stay at the poorhouse, her adventures as house servant, farm laborer, and minister, and her three marriages. Thus, in our week-end travels we cover miles from Beggar's Bush, Horsham, and Pickdick to Liverpool and at last to London.  
From England and her up-to-date civilization, let's turn our steps eastward. Today Russia is on the lips and in the hearts of men. Though we have complete translations of her literary masterpieces and have looked upon her art, we do not yet understand Russia. The poetry of Lermontov provides a key to that locked door. His lyrics and ballads are dramatized moments from the life and emotions of the Russian people. Who would not like to know more about the man who wrote,  
"I love to ride along the road of nights  
And slowly piercing with my gaze the shadows,  
To meet along my way the mournful lights  
Of trembling village fires among the meadows?"  
In editing the book, *Representative British Dramas*, the author's purpose was to select those plays which would emphasize definite characteristics of the British drama of the nineteenth century. To those interested in history "Richelieu" will be delightful. The building in the French Monarchy is depicted by features alike tragic and comic—a weak king, an ambitious favorite, as well as the conflict of church and state. To provide comedy and wit "The Cassilis Engagements" and "Our Brothers" are included. As tragedy, "Virginius," awakes enthusiasm by the frank humanity of its subject. The person who fails to read this book will not realize his loss.  
—Shelia Kaye-Smith  
—J. J. Robbins  
—Montrose J. Moses