The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Your Yesterday is History,
Forget it.
Your Today is Now,
Make the best of it.
Your Tomorrow—
If it comes, will be as
you have made it.

A distorted truth works more damage than a straight lie.

However foolish it may look to me, I would rob no man of an honest hope.

Harness your thoughts, bridle your tongue and do your own driving.
—*William L. Brownell.*

PARAGRAPHS

Next week's issue will be the last issue of the *Salemite* written by the staff of the school year 1931-32. As Dr. Willoughby says, "*Tempus* does *fugit*."

We (meaning the Seniors) always did like to be entertained; it seems that we have such will power that even the Depression can't stop us from receiving welcome little notes of invitation. We R. S. V. P. (This is sincere, and not a subtle hint).

A light! A light! Columbus cried,
The discovering old fogey,
A light! A light! Columbus cried,
I desire to light my stogie.

He: My grandfather was a gold digger in the Klondike.
She: So was my grandmother.

I feel myself an aristocrat only when in the society of those whose vices transcend my own.

Do not place yourself in a position where you have to explain.

ON TRADITIONS

To a great many people the word tradition is a synonym for stagnation, conservation, and every thing opposed to progress. The really modern person has no time to observe tradition. What his ancestors did means nothing to him. He is out to do something for mankind and himself in particular—something new for a new age. And, why not? If his grandfather did something in a certani way, that is sufficient reason for his not doing it. He is out for action. The first question is, "Is it practical?" And the answer is, "If it is new."

But tradition is not the synonym for old fashionedness. It has nothing to do with narrowness and things outworn. It is the symbol of life coming to form through dark chaos. It is the heritage of the ages, the bridge that joins the present to the past, the path upon which our every step must of necessity be laid. Traditions are not vague sentimentalities; they are as lasting as the pyramids, as deep as the sounding seas, as ancient, as fresh and glittering as the stars. They represent foundations rather than drawbacks, continuity rather than stagnation.

In an age when cries are being raised to blot out the past, we wonder if a new world can be built without the heritage of the past. Is it not more noble to fulfill than to destroy?

—*J. M.*

SMOKE TRAILS

It is bad policy to praise or to blame a thing unduly before that thing has been entirely accomplished. It is bad policy to summarize the smoking situation at Salem before the school year has come to an end. But this summary has been promised in former editorials and has been requested by *Salemite* readers. (We feel flattered!) Therefore, we take the bit in our teeth and face the inevitable in this second from the last issue to be published by this year's staff.

Due appreciation has already been expressed to the Trustees and the administration for their co-operation in this matter of student freedom. In a former editorial we stated that, with the co-operation of those in authority so willingly extended to us, we as Salem girls could do no less than act as *good sports* in the new situation.

It seems to us that Salem girls have accepted their new privilege in a becoming manner and have not taken undue advantage of this privilege—in a word, they have been sportsmanlike in their attitude. Of course, at the beginning of the school year when the new privilege was first acquired, the Green Room was simply filled with girls and smoke. A new privilege, don't you see, must be taken advantage of! But gradually the number of girls and the volume of smoke have narrowed down to—well, we haven't counted the former or measured the latter, but we'd say—a much smaller quantity. There is a distinct improvement over the promiscuous smoking of former years. A special time allowed and a certain place allowed have done much to regulate the habits of many girls.

There is an excellent spirit about the smoking privilege at Salem at present. So far there has been no petty discrimination between "The Girls Who Smoke" and "The Girls Who Don't Smoke." It has been considered a personal habit entirely up to the individual. The girl who doesn't smoke is admired and respected (if she is admirable and respectable herself) and the girl who does smoke is not criticized. The probable reason for this unusual fact is that the girls who enjoy the privilege of the Green Room *are supporting the honor system.*

May this summary and criticism of the smoking privilege of this year not appear too soon, for the school year is not yet over and much can happen pro and con the problem in five weeks.

POETRY

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then, moves on.
—*Carl Sandburg.*

THINGS

Things that are lovely
Can tear my heart in two—
Moonlight on still pools,
You.

Things that are tender
Can fill me with delight—
Old songs remembered,
Night.

Things that are lonely
Can make me catch my breath—
The hunger for lost arms—
Death.

—*Dorothy Dow.*

THE DOOR

The littlest door, the inner door,
I swing it wide.
Now in my heart there is no more
To hide.

The farthest door—the latch at last
Is lifted; see
I keep the little fortress fast.
—Be good to me.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

FROM A STREET CORNER

Like snails I see the people go
Along the pavement, row on row;
And each one on his shoulder bears
His coiling shell of petty cares—
The spiral of his own affairs.

Some peer about, some creep on blind,
But not one leaves his shell behind.
And I, who think I see so well,
Peer at the rest, but cannot tell
How much is cut off by my shell.

—*Eleanor Hammond.*

SENIOR COMPOSITION CLASS DEMONSTRATES IN RECITAL

(Continued from Page One)

makes for a more artistic and finished effect.

The next size unit after the phrase is the period. It consists of two phrases each finishing with a cadence, but the first is not complete. It is rather a question left up in the air which is answered by the second phrase. The answer may repeat almost the words of the question but give a turn towards a definite declarative answer. This is called the parallel construction of the period. An exercise for the class was to answer a question phrase in three different ways. The construction might be parallel, opposing, or it might take its own course. In an extended composition such as a sonata or a rhapsody, all three might be used, adding unity, but each saying its say in a different way. Broadus Staley played an example of the repeated period in the middle of which came a complete cadence. Margaret Siewers played an example of the double period.

The period and the double period are combined in song forms. Two complete double periods form a two-part song form. Two complete double periods and a contrast form the three-part song form. All of these forms may be repeated, modified, et cetera, but the phrase is the fundamental form.

The complete program follows:

Examples of the Phrase—Elizabeth Willis.

The Extended Phrase and Period—Broadus Staley.

Song Without Words—Nell Cooke.

Chanson Triste (Violin)—Elizabeth McClaugherty.

Reverie—Caroline Leinbach.

Melody—Elizabeth Willis.

Recollections (Organ) —Broadus Staley.

(Each work was performed by the composer).

Week-End Travels

"In the Realms of Gold"

One has certainly become undeniably and hopelessly old when one ceases to love fairy tales, and there undoubtedly could be nothing less delightful than peeping into England's own variety of fairyland. Perhaps our own fairies have grown up, but there is always a lure in reading about fairies of a different nationality. You can travel with St. George on his black charger, Bayard, from Merrie England to Egypt and Persia. You can have the unequaled thrill of killing dragons with your trusty sword. You can help the doomed princess guess the name of the goblin who spins five skeins of gold. You can live over the adventures of Jack, the Giant-Killer, Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar, Tom Thumb, or the Prince named by a process of elimination, Nix-Naught-Nothing. For you Arthur Rackham has crammed the pages with pictures as convincing as photographs of the bewitching characters. This week-end you could do little better than include *English Fairy Tales*, retold by F. A. Steel, on your itinerary.

W. S. Gilbert invites you to spend the week-end in the town of Titipu, visiting the *Mikado*, who, with his courts, makes a separate race of people—spirited, charming, and gay in intolerable circumstances. All of them are beset by hundreds of unforeseen tragedies, but not a single one is entirely overcome by fate. The most molested character still has courage enough to look you straight in the eye. There are additional side trips to visit *The Pirates of Penzance* on the Coast of Cornwall, to Arcadia whose queen *Iolanthe* is doomed, and to Boratoria where *The Gondoliers* will entertain you.

No trip is complete without an extended tour of France. With Marcel Proust as guide you will enjoy a most intimate visit to *Swann's Way*. In the village of Cambray you will see one sector of French society, in Paris you will meet another—the rich bourgeoisie. Proust is absolutely unlike any contemporary writer. He is introspective, very sensitive and inquisitive. He interprets for you even the most minute and almost insignificant detail of French life and feeling. You will be very interested in meeting aristocracy and bourgeoisie in the intricate study portrayed in *Swann's Way*.

English Fairy Tales ..... Retold by F. A. Steel
Mikado and Other Plays ..... W. S. Gilbert
Swann's Way ..... Marcel Proust

IF THE COURT PLEASES

I'm neither a Socialist nor an Anarchist. I have been taught since my formative childhood years, to avoid Bolsheviks and their wicked doctrines. However, I should like to start a social revolution, and I know there are countless thousands of loving, amiable people like myself who would cheerfully join the rank and file of revolters in such a cause as mine.

But it would have to be a non-resistant revolt, because, as I said before, I and my allies are quiet folk. We don't want a change of government, a limited monarchy, or a revised salt tax. We have no acquisitional ambitions, and we don't wish to see England humbled. It is a simple and a small bit of justice for which we sue. It could be easily arranged if it were not for the overwhelming and almost immovable power of that despot, Tradition.

We want—names! New names—names which we like—names which fit us and our personalities—not names inherited from grandfather, Uncle Bill, Cousin Cordelia, Dad, or mother's childhood chum. We want our own names, and we don't want it to be inevitably necessary to seek the red tape of a legal procedure when we wish to change them lawfully. I was christened a name long and sonorous, and abounding with vowels and consonants in weird array. Frankly, I detest every word of it. It sounds strange, to be sure. And I am particularly fond of strange names. But it holds no mysterious glamour for me. I know that one name was wished upon me because of a great deal of sentimental ballyhoo, heaped upon my mother by her mother. I know another is a monstrous contortion of a perfectly good male name, into a horrid feminine counterpart. I also know mother had to argue frightfully in order to give me one civilized name.

The whole fact of the matter is that it was really none of their business in the first place. Who are they to bestow upon me the words by which I shall be addressed all my life? I am I, and my name is as much a part of my personality as the color of my eyes and hair.

It is only I who have a right to choose my own name. At this point the argument grows most bitter. Tradition says our parents have a practically hereditary right to name us.

I want to choose my own name. This is my revolutionary dream. To upset Tradition upon his depraved, despotic throne, and seat thereon the Ideal of Complete Personal Liberty, is my addition to the long list of social reform ideas. I do not say how it may be done—I only want to do it. I want my own name—one that I chose myself—one that I like. I've changed it many times in my simple youth, but not legally and not satisfactorily. The family would not sanction my desires. Down with the Family Tradition!

SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN IN REYNOLDA GARDENS

(Continued from Page One)

is widely known for its beautiful flowers, was abloom with apple blossoms and dogwood, while mild spring weather did its part to make the occasion enjoyable. Music furnished by the Davidson College Orchestra, was a surprise to the Seniors, who kept the orchestra busy with request numbers. With this orchestra "the trio" and "the duet" sang special numbers; "Paradise" was the hit of the afternoon, perhaps because it was suitable to the time and the place.

On the terrace members of the Sophomore Class served refreshments, in which the Senior colors of red and white were observed. From a large bowl punch was served, with delicious sandwiches and cakes iced and decorated with the numbers "'32." Each guest received a dainty corsage of rose buds tied with the class colors. Dr. Rondthaler and Mr. Campbell received their boutonnieres and wore them proudly. After the tea was ended, the Seniors refused to let the orchestra go, and brought them to the college to entertain for a short time the envious Freshmen and Juniors.