

The Salemite

MAIL ON, SALEM

POETRY

FULFILLMENT

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand.
 —Edward E. Hale.

Because perseverance is so difficult, even when supported by the grace of God, there is the value of new beginnings. For new beginnings are the life of perseverance.
 —E. B. Pusey.

Every day is a fresh beginning; Every morn is the world made new.
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you.
 A hope for me and a hope for you.
 —Susan Coolidge.

If you are addicted to answering "Bob-Whites" calls, you keep your lips tucked for a whistle most of the time. The habit is a nuisance, but it is tempting to hear your whistle answered. Concede!

Nomination for the best couple at the Junior-Senior Tea Dance: Mary Virginia Penderguth and Belle Denmark.

Here is a guess—or a bet, if you like—that every Junior on the campus will cross the street at least three times for the mail on Sunday just to feel her new Senior privilege.

One of the hardest workers in this school is Dean Vardell, who directs the commencement chorus in his strict sleeves. He is threatening to stand on top of the piano if the basses do not hit their E flat.

"Summer is ousmen in." Kill the mosquitoes!

Have you been swimming? First splashes began the first of the week, and since that time the pool has been doing a rushing business. It's more fun than an ice cream soda and twice as refreshing.

The past week the responsibilities of holding campus offices passed from the shoulders of the Seniors to a new group of student leaders. The cap and gown of the President of Student Self-Government went to a new wearer; the President of Y. W. C. A. lighted the candle of a new president; *Sights and Insights* changed editors and business managers; the President of the Athletic Association handed worries and hopes and prospects of a new athletic field to a newly elected president; and the *Salemite* staff of the past year sang their "Swan Song."

No great catastrophe has resulted from this sudden change. Indeed, the difference is hardly felt by the student body, except those to whom the honors and responsibilities have fallen. After all, they have served apprenticeships under the girls whose places they have taken. The Seniors are still here to comfort and explain and give much needed help to the partially green material. It is with no vaunted feeling of importance that the newly elected leaders accept their duties, but rather with hesitation and trembling—fear lest they be incapable of meeting the demands that will be made of them. While the Seniors are still here, the steady influence that they give and the cheering instance of "Don't worry," give help for which the new girls are grateful.

Bewildered, they look at the Seniors, thinking, "Whatever shall we do when they are gone? No one can ever take their places." Of course no one ever can, for there is no one else like them. Yet, Salem has to keep sailing in one way or another. By next year the new crew will have gained confidence and, whether or not the ship stays in the same path in which it sailed this year, somehow it will find port.

ECHOES

While some speeches might bear repetition and many are recorded in print, it is seldom that a talk is repeated word for word immediately after it is spoken. On May Day morning Salem College and its guests stood before the archway on the back campus and heard Dr. Rondthaler deliver a beautiful and impressive speech on "The Wonder of a Tree." In the stillness and warmth of the spring morning his voice sounded deep and majestic, and echoed clearly with every word. It was as if the message were too important, too beautiful, to be lost in a single utterance, and the words came back a second time to engrave themselves indelibly on the minds of the audience. There they remain, forced into memory by repetition. A tree is a wonderful part of creation. Let us enoble our lives by looking to the tree.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

You Can't Imagine
 Anna Preston without a Pepsodent smile.
 Mary Virginia Penderguth without the Lord Dunsay leprechaun expression.
 Mary Absher strolling idly around the square.
 Jo Courtney being mannish.
 Phyllis Noe with run in her stockings.
 Margaret Wall walking on her toes.
 Elizabeth Willis weighing two hundred pounds.
 Elizabeth Boone being irresponsible.
 Mary Katherine Thorpe being like anyone except Mary Katherine Thorpe.
 Dorothy Heidenreich in ruffles and pantalettes.
 Rachel Carroll without a word to say.
 Margaret Johnson being "bossy."
 Sarah Graves being "snooty."
 Wanna Mary Huggins being anything except furious.
 Jane Williams looking sophisticated.
 Mr. Campbell without the suspicion of a blush.
 Jo Walker playing croquet.

MY MOTHER

I knew her first as food and warmth and rest,
 A sicken lap, soft arms, a tender breast;
 Then, as fear came into my world, I knew
 She was a never-failing refuge too.
 Then I discovered play—my play-mate she,
 Unwaring in gay ingenuity,
 And yet at the same time in her I saw,
 Scarce understood and yet obeyed, the Law.
 Time taught me more and more to comprehend
 Her understanding sweetness as a friend,
 And as my life's horizon grew more wide
 Her meaning to myself was magnified
 By vision that had shown at last to see
 A love that could enfold the world—and me.

Oh, there were restless and impatient days
 When wifful childhood craved its own wild ways
 And flung aside the gently guiding hand—
 Blind hours when I was slow to understand,
 But patience and a love that would not fail
 Always prevailed—how could they but prevail?
 And now so well I know her that I know
 The graciousness of her will always grow
 Like daybreak in my spirit, and will be
 Through all my life a radiant mystery
 Since love like hers ever exceeds the sweep
 Of mortal plummet, sound we ne'er so deep.
 Eternity itself will not suffice
 To fathom it. If all through paradise
 My mother's love shall lead me wandering
 Is God's a sinner and a shallower thing?
 How shall I dare to dream that I enclose
 Her Maker in the mind she overflows?
 —Amelia Josephine Burr

"AS TINY AS MATT BROWN"

"Miss'ee Lizzie, Mis'ee Lizzie!" Old Uncle Albert, frantically yelping at the top of his cracked, high-pitched voice, stumbled on the front steps of the beautiful old white colonial mansion in the north-central part of North Carolina. Uncle Albert was evidently in a big hurry, for his heavy boots were rumbled, his green tie ("That used to be Mars' George's, Yas'm") was untied, and hanging over his purple-cold shoulder, and his wrinkled brown hands shook more than usual with excitement as they opened the front door to the old southern home.
 Once inside the house, Uncle Albert did not pause a half second to look at the old walnut furniture that Mars' George's grandfather had had out and formed from his own walnut forests on that very land, at the antiquated red crystal lamps adorned with white roses and heavy blue-tinged stems, or at the samplers, neatly-stitched with blue and white threads, hanging on the walls of the high-ceilinged reception hall. Uncle Albert was used to these things; in fact, he had been impulsively run in and out of this same mansion in just such a manner since he had been about four years of age. But today something more than usual was in the air, and Uncle Albert, from his excited appearance, was the bearer of the news.
 Mrs. George Neal, Uncle Albert's "Miss'ee Lizzie," a tall stately woman, looked up from her home-made scrap-book as the old family slave

MISCONCEPTIONS

(Robert Browning)
 This is a spray the Bird clung to,
 Making it blossom with pleasure,
 Ere the high tree-top she sprang to,
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet lung to,—
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen loant on
 Thrilled in a moment erratic
 Ere the true boss she bent on
 Meet for love's legal dalmatic.
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

BUILDERS

Who builds him a house of stone or brick,
 With a roof against the sky,
 And a base where ivy roots spread thick,
 Was born with luck in his eye;
 For a house will not start, nor mortar stick,
 At a wish or an oath or a sigh—
 I know—for I've built as mad men do.
 With wishes white and red,
 But the wind gets in, the moon shines through,
 And the walls shake at my tread;
 Who builds him a house of a rhyme or two,
 Must look for the rain on his head!
 —Hortense Flecker

SHE COULD NOT WHEN NOON IS ON THE ROSES

She comes not when Noon is on the roses—
 Too bright is Day.
 She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
 From work and play.
 But when Night is on the hills, and on the great Voices
 Roll in from Sea.
 By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
 She comes to me.
 —Herbert French.

In the distance the red thing shone like some gigantic balloon fastened to earth. Separated from Bobby as it was by forbidden and unexplored territory it had an entrancing air of mystery and excitement. For at least three of his six years he had admired and longed to see closer the huge red ball that lay far beyond the fenced in front yard and the few paved streets, beyond even the railway line at the foot of the low hill. In summer it was partly covered by heavy branches, but in winter it lay in full delightful view. He never tried to consider the details, what it was, what he would do when he reached it. It was enough that it was desirable, that it was almost compulsory that he reach it and discover it for himself.

It was plain that he could expect to find his mother on the spot. Whenever he tried to tell them about it, he found that they were always absently thinking about something else. They only understood that for some tiresome reason Bobby wanted to go across the tracks, and he already knew he was forbidden to do that. Many times he had tried to slip off and find his way there, but once off the two or three familiar streets, he became tangled in a maze of foreign roads and always found that with some difficulty he found his way home.

This warm April morning he found himself, by an accident, possessed of an entire day of his mother. After his mother and father had gone to the city, the maid who stayed with him was called home suddenly and had no time to find anyone else to take care of him. Admonishing him to be good and not to leave the street, she left him alone at the breakfast table.

His first step in his new freedom was so automatic that it was almost unconscious. He reached over and poured his oatmeal into the kitchen sink. Of all the things in his compulsory daily routine, oatmeal was, perhaps, the most unpleasant. Though sound spankings and a mother who believed in making children eat what was good for them had forced him into submissiveness, he hated oatmeal with an intense passion. All unpleasant things were associated in his mind with oatmeal, and he always thought of it first when he was about to leave his grievances against his family.

There could be no better way of spending a free day than in seeking to reach the object of his desire. He might never have another chance. So, round, of marvelous shiny tin, colored a brilliant red, it was much higher than he. Now he saw new attractions that he had never seen before because he had been too far away. Bright pictures of a small boy and his mother or adorned one side, while on the other were letters that he knew made words but could not read. The last one looked something like *Cat*, but he didn't think it was that. It didn't matter. For a long time, he stood blissfully before the marvel which he had traveled so far to see. Then, happy, he trotted back home.

The noon sun brightened the edges of the brilliant red sign and the testimonial of the lady who said that she always fed her son, "Times Quality of Oats."

—Dorothy Dodson

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