

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY
Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, but of it and all in all,
I should know what man and God is.
—Tennyson.

PARAGRAPHS
Mr. Satterfield has caught the spirit of the honor system, for he trusts the chemistry lab-goes to turn off their lights at ten o'clock.

Congratulations to every newly elected officer—Georgia, Zina, Lib, Frances, Susan, and Hadley. This new election system has certainly put the best girls in office.

Ye editor was thinking too far ahead when she announced a vacation to the staff this week. If they will check their assignment today, they can take time off next week while the freshmen put out their edition.

If this golf craze persists, the lawn in front of Society will look like a newly plowed cornfield. Anyhow, the fad ought to produce some original substitutes for "darn!"

WHAT DOES YOUTH THINK OF THE DEPRESSION?

Last fall at one of the chapel exercises Dr. Rondthaler made a remark, which he never expected to be answered, that he would like to know what youth thinks of the depression. "Do they take it seriously, do they realize what a confused world they must enter at the conclusion of their school days, and do they resent the limited opportunity which the world presents to them?" he asked, in effect. What Dr. Rondthaler asked, many people would like to know, since newspapers, periodicals, and speakers continually refer to the thought that youth, and particularly college youth is the one hope of the muddled world.

At the time the question was asked, there was no answer, for youth, like the rest of the world, had no thoughts that were shaped into definite expression. A collegian stood behind a protective window, observing the scene that raged outside, and he perceived that the world he had thought might himself be thrust into the furor. His heart was stirred with pity for suffering humanity, and his hopes made him assure himself that things would surely be better.

Gradually youth began to think in a straight line. Perhaps the Christmas holidays, spent at home in contact with reality, added to their impressions of the mixture of bravado, good nature, and trepidation of the folks who earn bread. After the holidays seniors turned their thoughts toward jobs, to find that the outlook was discouraging. Then there came an unprecedented interest in governmental legislation, particularly in women's colleges, which showed that youth was curious to learn what their elders in power would do. Like the rest of the nation, they stalked their hopes on President Hoover, and eagerly watched his energetic program.

Youth wants to do something about this. These impressions of almost hopeless confusion, suffering, bravado, unemployment, and legislation have so blended with youthful impatience and energy that college men and women long to help in the situation quickly and practically. They are too young to act, of course; but they watch the tangle into which older people have knotted the world, and they think it is their turn to straighten the difficulties. That is one general attitude in colleges at present: "Give us a chance to help. Happily, many of them are learning that they can help and are fitting themselves into the changing world organization.

Another slant on the youthful attitude is shown in this remark, frequently heard: "I am sorry there has to be a depression, but since it has to come, I am glad that it can be living in the midst of it." The thrill of living right now is the greatest excitement one could have. Youth does not grumble nor blame the world for presenting to them a had situation and limited opportunities. With good grace they accept the depression as a part of their lives—and their lives a part of the struggle to get away from it. It gives challenge to their abilities and talents and a vital interest now and years ahead. These observations are made of youth in general, of this and other colleges. Editorials in other publications from colleges and talks with other students all prove that the attitude at Salem is the greatest excitement of all American college people.

WANTED: WHITE ELEPHANTS

Could there be a more useless, more pestiferous white elephant in your home than the stuffed hawk on the buffet, which glares at you with green bananas and spoils your taste for lettuce? Father refuses to let anyone send it to an exile in the attic, because Uncle Josiah bravely killed the bird and saved every fowl in the chicken yard about twenty years ago. Still, if he thought someone could really use it, he would probably relent, so that Hawky

POETRY

SYMPHONY

The leader lifts his thin baton;
The house is quiet as the dawn;
Then with a flow of perfect sound
The cellos with their tones profound
Softly, quietly, as a dream
With clarity pronounce the theme.
Violins wail the plaintive tune;
The brass and woodwinds gently
Crumets blare with razing zest;
Basses growl their deep protest.
Together blended, clear and bright
The sounds float through the lonely night.
—Sammy Kirby.

THE BLUE RIDGE

Still and calm,
In purple robes of kings,
The low-hung mountains sleep at the edge of the world.
The forests cover them like mantles;
Day and night
Rise and fall over them like the wash of waves.
Asleep, they reign
Silent, they say all
Hush me, O slumbering mountains
Send me dreams.
—Harriet Monroe.

ADVICE TO A GIRL

No one worth possessing
Can be quite possessed,
Lay that on your heart,
My young angry dear,
This truth, this hard and precious stone,
Lay it on your foot check,
Let it hide your locket,
Hold it like a crystal
When you are alone
And grace in the depths of the icy stone;
Long, long look and you will be possessed.
No one worth possessing can be quite possessed.
—Sara Teasdale.

would become a part of the Salem College science collection. Of course, Hawky could not be a collection all by himself. He must have the collection of butterflies that Benny made when he was a boy. So, the skin of the snake that bit the cook, and the old globe that never heard of the World War. If you live in the mountains, have no interest in astronomy, and still keep the old telescope, which Great Uncle Billy handed down, it would be best to get rid of it before someone accuses you of having curiosity about the neighbors. Salem College needs them all. Through all of Salem's progress the equipment of the science laboratory has been modern, and the instructors have gradually built up a priceless assembly of scientific materials. In this effort, Mr. Haggren, with his characteristic thoroughness and energy, solicits the help of every friend of the college. Certainly it should bring results, and it is hoped that they will come quickly.

THE PERSONALITY OF SALEM

(A Letter From a Loyal Alumna)
What shall I say about Salem? There are so many things that could be said at a time like this—endowments, scholarships, enlargements, prospects, progress. But I was told to reminisce, and that means to think of the Salem of the old days. Most of us have been away from her long enough to be in the real reminiscing class. Salem is still to us the Salem of alcoves, room companions, day keepers, bath periods, fudge and cream puffs from Winkler's bakery. They were certainly good cream puffs. None have ever tasted quite so good since, but the mere sight of a cream puff takes me back to the memorial steps in the playground where we usually gathered to exchange the contents of paper bags from Winkler's. Salem has changed a lot since

OYSTERETTES

By CALE YOUNG RICE

LONDON
With a shawl 't flog thrown over her shoulders
London waits in the rain
For the next bus, the next train from Waterloo;
The next ship from Thames-mouth,
The next word
Of an empire falling from her:
Waits like an old woman, poverty-shaken,
Remembering her youth, in the rain.

BERLIN
How shall the great destroyer save herself
From being destroyed?
They have torn her clothes away
Broken her limbs,
Starved her body; her breasts no longer give,
Down Silesia Allee or Unter den Linden she roves,
Leading her children in search of food,
Her eyes tormented
Of shame, misery, revulsion, despair.

The mad dogs of war
Have bitten her and she runs
With ribbons through the East—
Her peaceful mouth forgotten,
Her willows hung with poons,
Her honor among nations,
And Buddha forsaken
And left with empty bowl
To beg from door to door.

NEW YORK
A young Amazon
Towing over all cities
With beautiful strength,
Showing herself to ships coming in from the sea,
Half born of America
Half of other lands,
That fate her to be the harlot of civilization
Or proud mother of new and mighty

those days in details of government and discipline and daily habits. In many of those things we would hardly recognize her. But fifteen, twenty, fifty, forty years make a long stretch of time and we ourselves have changed. We have tried to keep modern and we can only expect that Salem should keep modern too. No I shall not speak of the changes there, but of the qualities that do not change. As I said about her as I tried to hang my many reflections on, this phrase came to me. "The personality of Salem." And it stuck in my mind. I wonder if we have thought of Salem as having a personality? Not atmosphere or uniqueness or grace or traditional beauty! All those things we might aptly apply to her. But a combination of all those things—and something more—real personality.

We might use a modern, rather flippancy term and say that Salem has "it." Maybe all college girls think that way about their Alma Mater, but I think if they think it quite as deeply as we Salem girls do. There seems to be a sort of deep-rooted reverence about our sisterhood everywhere—the kind of unquestioning devotion that a well disciplined, well trained child has for its parents. For we were disciplined, even if it did seem most awfully unnecessary and irritating sometimes. But it is a strange twist of human nature that children always respect and love more deeply those guiding hands that exact obedience.

Most of us were mere children when we were at Salem and I am very thankful that we had lessons in exact obedience as well as in lessons in Latin and math and science and dancing. We needed discipline and I would like for our daughters to have some of the same variety. It is just as important a part of a girl's education as the development of her mind and talents, for it means the shaping of her character.



It is now time to begin marking off days on the calendar. You will really be surprised to see how little time is left before school is out.

Isn't the election system working perfectly! We are all looking forward to another successful year in student organization.

Ask Marian Hadley about her latest song. It seems that Mr. Currier was quite impressed when he heard it during the early part of the week. It begins in this way, "It's not because your hair is curly—"

Take an hour off and go over to see the new library at the Academy. Also be sure to go to the Fashion Show tonight. Let's show the Academy girls that we are really interested in them.

Anna surely must believe that prosperity is on its way. Here's hoping her tires are as good as they look!

It would be as impossible to describe the personality of Salem as to describe the personality of someone we love. It is just that. Salem has had it since those first days when a small handful of pantleted little girls gathered about their sewing teacher to learn the art of making samplers.

Time has dignified that personality and has allowed it, the spirit of the old South has given it poise and assurance, but the charm of its personality is just itself—just Salem! Some people are born with charm of personality and many are not. It seems to be a thing that cannot be altogether acquired. Just where Salem got this personality we cannot exactly know, unless it was the combination of being born to fill a great need and the brave gentleness of those who nurtured her. We do know that the sweetness of simplicity hangs over her as one of her greatest charms and that she has never lost it regardless of Alice Clewell and Louise Britton building with private baths and swimming pools, with a Liorna Fines Practice House carrying last minute equipment of every variety, with a Patterson-Bilston Fries Academy overlooking a golf course, bridle paths, a stadium and a little theatre, with all the extra additions that spell prestige and affluence. All really great things are simple in taste and bearing. If they lose their simplicity, then they may not have been so great at all.

When you approach Salem with its quiet brick exterior and classic porch it is like meeting a person with grave, simple cordiality. Then you go inside into the mellow atmosphere of the old halls and your heart is warmed with a growing acquaintance.

And finally you stand on the rare intimate square where the fountain splashes and the ferns grow—and there you find the real personality of Salem, the sweet enfolding stillness that brings a tug at the heart strings and merges your smouldering friendliness into an enduring love.

Let us think of Salem as a personality, one which each of us in her day and in her way has helped to create, and one which the distance of years can impress more vividly upon our affection.

Dore Korner Donnell, '08.
Kernersville Salem Alumnae