

ON A COTTON PLANTATION

As Told By A Gentleman To A Salem Girl

It was a long time ago—at least, you girls would think so. To me it seems almost like last night. I had been travelling through the South in my buggy—that was before the day of automobiles. The country through which I was going was not very thickly populated. At times before I could get to a city, night would come upon me.

At the time that I'm going to tell you about I was in South Carolina. At nightfall I came upon an old colonial house which was in the center of far stretching cotton fields. A little distance from this stately old house I saw some negroes ginning cotton. I drove towards them, drew up and looked for the overseer. A white man came up to the buggy and greeted me in a kind voice. I asked him if I might stay in his home over night.

"Well, I'll be very, very glad," he said. "We are getting this cotton ginned before I stop work. I'll be glad for you to stay, but I won't be able to entertain you."

I told him that I would be glad to get a place to spend the night and that I would not expect him to leave his work on my account. He gave me instructions to go to the barn and unhook "The wife and children were at the house," he said.

I unhitched my horse and put her in a stall. As I started towards the big pillared house I noticed a young looking woman talking to three alert children. I greeted her and told her of the invitation of her husband.

We sat on the porch of the big house and looked over the seemingly endless fields that spread before us. The lady told me of certain historical incidents that were connected with the country; she also told me the stories and superstitions, some of the pre-war days that were connected with the region. After a time the men came from the fields. I was the guest of the family at one of those delicious Southern suppers.

After eating, the husband had to go to the barns to see to the cattle. The lady and I went again to the porch. She asked me where I was from. When I told her that I lived in Ketterville, North Carolina, she said that the name sounded familiar, but that she couldn't quite locate it.

She began asking me questions about the school. I was able to tell her of some recent changes, of the additions to the faculty. I also told her that I was lucky in having a Salem girl for my wife.

After I had told her all that I knew about present conditions, she began talking about the school as it had been when she was there.

"Every afternoon we would walk under the supervision of a teacher. We marched very sedately, not daring to look sideways at any of the young men we met—nor at anyone else as far as that was concerned. Whatever we did was done under the direction of a teacher. There was some one to see that we minded our clothes, that we took our baths at the right time, that we said our prayers before we went to bed. We called ourselves the prisoners. At times we wanted to get far away; we wanted to do something violent to shock the prim teachers."

"Although we were closely guarded, times—and believe me, we made the best of those opportunities. At night after we had undressed by the fire and had run into the big cold room where we slept, we would tell secrets and make plans which we never could carry out. Of course we had to be very careful not to giggle aloud."

"We were with girls all of the time, but that did not mean that we did not think about boys a great deal. We had read stories that had given us very romantic ideas about love. We believed that secret meeting places, notes placed in hollow trees, heroes who always appeared at exactly the right time to help fair maids in distress were necessary to the great game about which we really knew nothing. Our ideals were patterned after the great men of gallant stories. I dreamed that some day some prince, charming would come to snatch me from the horrible life that I was subjected to."

"One day I happened to see a boy who answered to the description of my ideal. It happened that I ran up with him on the campus one afternoon when there was not a teacher in sight. We talked together. Here was a chance for a romance. This was a charming lover. I agreed to write to each other. I would tie my note to a cord and let it from the window when no one was looking, he

would place his reply on the string and give it three tugs. For over a month I was in a paradise of dreams and delight. I felt that the great desire of my life had been fulfilled. I managed to meet the boy again. I found that he was not the person that my imagination had made him to be. The world crumbled under my feet. It was a long time before I gained confidence in mankind again.

"I enjoyed my life in Salem more than I was then aware of. I was sometimes miserable when I should have been happy. Yet, now I can smile at my worries and troubles. The pleasant things are always coming to my mind. I find that the friends that I made then are the ones who have meant most to me in after life. Some of them I have never seen since I left Salem. Some I see occasionally, some I write to once in a while, with some I have lost touch. I love them all. Would that I could visit Salem again! I am going to send my two daughters there when they are old enough. I wish that my little son could go too."

Had many other people were directing their thoughts to that old school of traditions that night? I'll wager that there were hundreds.

MARY LOUISE MICKEY IS SPEAKER AT VESPERS

"A Girl's Service to Her Family" is Discussed

An enjoyable vesper service was held in the campus living room of the Alice Clegg building Sunday night. The service opened with a piano prelude by Mary Absher and immediately following was the opening hymn "Be Like Them That Bred of Life". Jane Williams read the scripture lesson. George Dickson interpreted Jacobson Godard's "Bereave" on the violin and he played it to such perfection that those who attended the service remember it with delight. Mary Louise Mickey talked on "A Girl's Service to Her Family" and brought out in the beginning of her talk the idea of the importance of the family in life in general and its influence on history. Next, she explained service in the family and how important it is for girls to take part in household duties to help their families by sharing, and as she termed it, by "oilng the wheels", so to speak, or filling in parts of the household duties that have already been planned by the parents, who, after all, know just what needs to be done. She ended her talk with a quotation from Aristotle: "These things we learn by doing; prayer by praying; love by loving; forgiveness by forgiving."

The concluding hymn was "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind."

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HUMOR

There're some French profs in Salem who are Determined to keep size here on par. One first set the pace With Buddy as a base The other with her petite car.

There's an official in Salem named Blair Who must have a negative air For in bogging for cuts They will arise bulls And answers that bring forth despair.

There is a "bug" teacher called Roy Whose manner is terribly coy For he's learned that the way In good favor to stay Is to keep the shy blush of a boy.

There's a young teacher of German named Yough Whose sister was married this morn. But the lady's not sad In fact she is glad For her turn is soon as next born.

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After the two first games away, the Davidson Wildcats came home to their old stamping grounds and successfully withstood the invasions of V. M. I. when they trimmed the visitors 6-0. They were not so successful in the homecoming clash with Duke's Blue Devils, but the attendant social functions ran true to form.

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