

The Salemite



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ON SPINACH

Spinach is very disgusting, especially when we must eat it whether we like it or not. Many of us rebel; even the meekest will defend themselves if confronted with too many plates of the abominable stuff: But the merits of the hated weed cannot be denied, although its calory value may far exceed its tastiness. Some few, however, have been courageous enough to admit that they actually like it!

So spinach can't be as bad as its reputation would have it be. And that's the unfortunate case of books, especially good books, which must always be persecuted by the terrible things people say about them. We don't mean that books must be slandered before they reach greatness (quite often they deserve it), but frequently a reader is scared away by the awful name "classic," or the revolting remark: that a book is "dry."

The comparison will seem absurd to those good people who hate the thought of spinach and love good books.

Literary enthusiasts will shudder at the very thought of comparing Milton with a common garden vegetable. We can't blame them, but we can add that to some, spinach is the more preferable of the two.

Seldom do we peruse a book as an adventure. We are usually reading for history or English parallel, 240 pages to be devoured in some forty frantic minutes. Soon we begin to say, "What a bore this fellow must have been," referring to Thomas Carlyle or what have you.

It is hard to sit down and concentrate on Carlyle's works when there is a good movie showing in town. Personally, we know that we would enjoy the movie more, even if the literaturers do acclaim Carlyle the greatest writer of history who ever lived.

And that brings us right back to the spinach again. If we have pudding for dessert, the spinach becomes less disagreeable. Why not try reading one afternoon and going to the movies another? Very soon we will be grateful for a pleasure that is not a terrific strain on the pocketbook. We may learn to enjoy reading with discrimination without tormenting ourselves.

Cultivating a taste for a certain dish is like rearing a child on cod liver oil; it's a poor substitute for the real thing. We don't have to cultivate a taste for reading; it's already there, practically starving

This week's issue of the paper was co-edited by Virginia Garner and Mary Elizabeth Reeves.

TAKEN FROM SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETT LXXVI

He Expresses Things We Would Like to Say in Such a Beautiful Manner

Why is my verse so barren of new pride
So far from variation or quick change?

Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?

Why write I still one, ever the same
And keep invention in a noted weed,

That every word doth almost tell my name
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent.

For as the sun is daily new and old
So is my love still telling what is told.

PERIOD OF TRAINING BEGUN

Two Athletic Points Awarded

The Athletic Council has announced that training shall be observed during the various sports' seasons. If training is kept for the entire season of each sport, two athletic points will be awarded each person. The training rules are as follows:

1. Get at least eight hours sleep each night.
2. Eat three regular meals a day.
3. No eating between meals, except fruit.
4. Drink no coffee or tea except for breakfast. Drink no coco cola or carbonated drinks.
5. Drink at least eight glasses of water a day. Suggestion: one or two glasses upon rising and preceding meals.)
6. Take at least one half hour exercise per day, outdoors if possible.
7. No smoking preferred. Maximum, three cigarettes a day allowed.

Two breaks a week are permitted but not more than one break in each rule may be made. Everyone is on her honor to keep the above rules. If she has done so, she will please tear out and sign the following pledge and hand the signed slip of paper to Margaret Ward or Agnes Brown at the end of the hockey season:

I have been on my honor to keep training for the two weeks of the hockey season and I have done so.

Signed

Miss Knox: "Did you enjoy your vacation?"

Dr. Rondthaler: "Yes, but there's nothing like the feel of a good desk under your feet again."

Like to Be Sure They're Wanted
"Can't something be done for that ship in distress?" asked an old lady at the seaside. "It's all right, mam. He sent a line to the crew to come ashore," said the surfman.

Old Lady (excitedly) — "Good gracious! Must they have a formal invitation?"

—Bristol Messenger.

for something to eat. Why not stop slandering or criticizing a book because it has the approval of the intelligencia? We might just settle down some afternoon and read it. Then if it displeases us, at least we'll feel better about it.

POETRY

"A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine affluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight."
—Shelley.

PRETTY WORDS

Poets make pets of pretty, docile words
I love smooth words, like gold-enamelled fish
Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds
Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in herds,
Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,
Or purring softly at a silver dish,
Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.
I love bright words, words up and singing early;
Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing
Warm lazy words, white cattle under trees;
I love words opalescent, cool and pearly,
Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
Gilded and sticky, with a little sting.

—Elinor Wylie.

THE GHOST

"Who knocks?" "I, who was beautiful,
Beyond all dreams to restore,
I from the roots of the dark thorn am hither,
And knock on the door."

"Who speaks?" "I — once was my speech
Sweet as the birds on the air,
When each lurks by the waters to heed;
'Tis I speak thee fair."

"Dark is the hour!" "Ay, and cold."
"Love is my house," "Ah, but mine?"
Naught but vast sorrow was there
The sweet cheat gone.

—Walter de la Mooc.

TRICKSTERS

I am bewildered still and teased by elves
That cloud about me even through city streets.
One sings a stave and one a dream repeats,
One, coueller, in some old resentment delves.

"Sight, touch, lips, eyes yearned in vain."
"Long dead these to thine..."

Silence. Still faint on the porch
Break the flames of the stars.
In gloom groped a hope-wearied hand
Over keys, bolts and bars.

A face peered. All the gray night
In chaos of vacancy shone;
I am aware they are my other selves,

Yet to what dazzling vision each entreats,
Casting a glamor over shows and cheats,

Enabling cant, breezing by tens and twelves!
So when my smiling grieves the passerby,

I strut in all vacations not my own,
Wearing the centuries like a boldoic slung;

Whilst shabby I gawk at this splendid I
Ohrous and momus through my lips intone,
Archangels, heroes, — rascals yet unhung!

—William Rose Benet.

THE SILENCE

A song between two silences life sings,
A melody 'twixt night and patient night.

He strums his lute against the fading light
To gild the shadow that the gloaming brings,

A throb of music staying music's flight,
A little note that hardly shall requite

Thine outstretched hand that
Yet, when the last faint echo of that note

Has stirred the cypress leaves at eventide,
When night has stilled forever
Life's white throat,

And his gold lute lies shattered by his side,
We two shall follow through a world remote

The silence whereinto Love's music died.
—Archibald Mac Leish.

SECOND GAME PLAYED BY SENIORS AND SOPHOMORS

Tuttle Makes Goal

The Yellow Eleven against the Black Eleven furnished a game — not spectacular nor in good form but interesting. From the sidelines one would gather that either the Sophomores had evidently underestimated the ability of the Seniors or the Seniors overestimated that of the Sophomores. But after the first half in which Betty Tuttle made a goal for the Seniors, the Sophomores put up a strong fight, preventing the Seniors scoring again. However, in spite of the good work of the line, the Sophomores were unable "to carry the ball down, through to their goal, the game thus ending with a score of 1-0 in favor of the Seniors.

The line up was as follows:

Senior Line
Margaret Ward Left Wing
Betty Tuttle Left Inner
Cokey Preston Center
Bushie McLean Right Inner
Rebecca Hines Right Wing
Back Field
Edna Higgins Left Half
Lib. Gray Left Full
Libby Jerome Center Half
Rachel Carroll Right Half
Ann Vaughn Right Full
Margaret Wall Goal Guard

Sophomore Line
Jo. Ritter Left Wing
Tee Little Left Inner
Mavis Bullock Center
Martha Nolan Right Inner
Rebecca Baynes Right Wing
Back Field
Cloe Rawlinson Left Half
Kea Council Left Full
McVeigh Hutchinson Center Half
Bessie Lou Bray Right Half
Kate Smith Right Full
Tick Fraley Goal Guard

START EARLY



He (passionately)—I would go to the end of the earth for you.
She (calmly)—Good by.

8:30 ITEMS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
arrested education.

Friday:
Mr. McEwen introduced the two chapel speakers. Stephanie Norman spoke on "Preparing for New Kinds of Service." In the past, prestige and honor have always gone to those who possess wealth. Now a new conception of social values may appear due to the further invention and use of machinery. But machinery cannot replace people in all fields. There will always be opportunities for service; for the making of a great life is as important as the making of a great fortune.

Virginia Garner spoke on "Continuing Education Throughout Life." Working men today have a great deal of leisure time and they should be given a chance to discover whatever pleasure they might have.

Educating adults is important in education in the future for we need leaders now, not 20 years later; and then too, children cannot get past their parents, we must educate them first. Adults can be educated through forums, lectures, discussion groups and the library and in this way education is made continuous with life. Saturday:

George Stone had charge of the chapel program today. Since this is Education Week, he chose for his topic, "Our Flag." There were present on the platform two members of the Boy Scouts' Organization, two non-members and Margaret McLean and Mary Penn. They were all called upon to salute the flag.

One should salute the flag 15 feet before and after the flag has reached her and while the flag is raised.

BONERS FOUND IN PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMS.

Did You Make Them?

Perhaps you have heard the one about the little boy who wrote at the bottom of his examination paper, "Dear Teacher, remember that you have to split fifty-fifty with me on all the boners you get from this paper." In the psychological examination which was given at the beginning of the year several excellent boners were found and we are taking this space to give them all due recognition. The test was the completion of a sentence with a word containing a given number of letters. All of you who have had the intelligence examination must remember the "nightmare" you suffered in the class room while trying to find a six letter word which is an official enumeration of the population of a country. Perhaps you are the one who supplied the word "police"; some one was on the right track when she completed it with "censor."

A "dime" is the tenth part of a cent—you knew the dollar had depreciated, but did you know that the dime had gone down? "Knowledge" is the doctrine that all things are subject to fate. An "adhesive" is a tough band of tissue serving to hold an organ in

PIANO AND VOICE RECITAL THURSDAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

III
Halian Concerts Bach

IV
Wayfarers Night Song Martin

Pastorale La Forge

No More Carols the Sweet
Nightingale Gretchaninoff

The Little Shepherd's Song Watts

V
Intermezzo Op. 119, No. 2 Brahms

Ballade in A Flat Chopin

VI
Bondage Test

A Fairy Went a-Marketing Mason

Chanson Proncale Del Acqua

There will be no Music Hour this week.

Over His Dead Body

Poet: "Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in your magazine?"

Editor: "There may be. I'm not going to live always."
Florida Times-Union.

place. Some one thought a "bandage" would serve the purpose. A building for beasts to lodge and feed in is a "tavern." "License" is a freedom from occupation or business.

In an art class one day the teacher defined art as "an external manifestation of an idea." The next day a student wrote on his paper "Art is man's external festation of an idea." Was it you?