

In This Manner Born

by Ione Bradsher

On cold winter nights Harry and Amy Smith would sit on either side of the fireplace in their den. The blinds would be closed. The small room formed a nucleus in the big cold house.

Harry Smith sprawled in his leather chair on his side of the paneled room. The radio was a few inches from him, and he had it on loud to listen to Gabriel Heatter. Harry Smith was a small man; sparse grey hair fringed his nearly bald head. His forehead was lined from squinting over prices of lumber, and worrying about the O. P. A. Through his half-closed eyes he observed his wife on her side of the room in her sateen-covered chair. She was holding a Sears Roebuck catalogue on her round stomach. She was fat and had fleshy ankles that folded into her grey flannel slippers. Her pink striped wrapper was split at the seams. Now and then she would direct her gaze toward the row of diplomas on the wall.

"Harry . . ."
"Uh."
"Harry!" Sharper this time.
"Huh?" Leaning from the radio.
"I wonder if Mary got that cake I sent her off at school."
"I reckon so," He turned the radio down.
"Do you reckon she's cold up there there in Virginia?"
"I don't guess so, Amy. They've got steam heat in the dormitories!"
The clock struck nine-thirty, and a log chunked down in the grate.
"Harry . . ."
Aren't you glad you went into the lumber business and made all that money so that our children could have advantages? Now they have a place to bring their college friends."

"Unhuh".

He turned the radio up louder and settled his stiff knee on the hassock in front of him.

"Well" she continued recklessly, "I don't know. If you hadn't made all that money, our children wouldn't be away from us now. I'd have Mary to help me, and you could have Ed and Harry Junior to help you in your business. But, just think, the boys through college and making something of themselves and Mary about through too."

She turned a page of the catalogue and looked at the winter hats. A strand of wiry hair straggled over the rim of her bi-focals.

"Amy."
"Yea, Harry?"
"Why do you work so hard? You just drive yourself all the time."
He moved uneasily in his chair and rearranged a doily on the arm.
"I don't rightly know. I suppose I'm always finding things to be done. I've got to get that raincoat off to Ed tomorrow. Wasn't it fine that he got honorable mention in the short story contest! Harry, are you sure that you locked the garage door?"

Harry rose and went out into the cold, dark hallway. His shoulders were stooped as he walked away. Sometimes there was a sparkle in his eyes, especially when Mary was at home.

Amy smoothed her sleeves down over her plump arms and folded her hands in her lap. Again she admired the diplomas of her three children and turned her head toward the fireplace.

The coals in the grate glowed on the new andirons . . . Sears Roebuck . . . Ten ninty-five . . .

March 13 is Salem-Davidson Day

Still Back, Still Forth

by Nancy Carlton

The rocking chairs on the porch of the boarding house go back and forth. They creak together, companionably, as if talking among themselves. One chair, the stiff-backed one with its seat high up from the floor, creaks quickly, back and forth, worried for fear of missing a beat. After lunch Miss Carter always scuttles between and in front of the boarders to hop into this special chair. The back and forth creak of the rockers echoes in the click-click of her knitting needles or the tap-tap of her fingers on the arms of the chair. Back and forth. Back and forth.
Steady and deliberate is the heavy creak of the neighboring chair—back, still back and then forth, still forth. It is the favorite one of all

the boarders, but Mr. Walker always sits in it. After lunch Mr. Walker never hurries to the porch; he saunters. As he leisurely approaches the chair, Mr. Saunders who is reclining in it abruptly decides to leave. He sidles out of the chair, and Mr. Walker settles comfortably in its depths.

The back and forth, back and forth rocker and the back, still back and then forth, still forth rocker creak rhythmic messages to each other. Miss Carter and Mr. Walker are silent. Miss Carter, winding and unwinding the handle of her knitting bag, is thinking, "Will Mr. Walker speak to me today?" Mr. Walker leans his head against the cushioned chair back and shifts his position. Back, still back and then forth, still forth.
Back—

We Note With Interest...

that Martha Scott and Jean Dungan were pictured on the front of a recent Davidsonian as sponsors for Midwinters. Scotty sponsored for Kappa Alpha fraternity and Jean for Pi Kappa Alpha.

that Miss Florence Neely formerly an instructor in the Salem science department is now on the faculty of Grays Harbor College, Aberdeen, Washington.

that the Honor Roll for the term just ended at UNC included the name of former Salemite Jean Pierce.

that the excellent sound system recently installed in Memorial Hall by Western Electric is a gift of the class of '48.

that Margaret Carter was Miss Shush in the contest sponsored in the last issue of the Salemite. Chesterfield prize winners were Carolyn Taylor, Peirano Aiken and Bitsy Green.

that Mary Motsinger is recuperating from a collision with an automobile.

that a box of snuff was sold to Cat Gregory by Mr. Welfare. And she chews bubble-gum too!

that "Babe" Efid Little, ex '48, is the proud mother of a baby girl, born February 10.

that Dr. Vardell is a poet of sorts. He paraphrased "The Night Before Christmas" using the names of all the music faculty.

Peterson To Visit Here

Mr. Edwin L. Peterson, professor of creative writing at the University of Pittsburg, will come to Salem on February 26 and 27 as the guest of the college.

He will speak in various English composition classes and will be available for private conferences for students interested in writing. The hours of these conferences will be announced at a later date.

Mr. Peterson comes to Salem through the arrangement of exchanging professors by the Arts Program of the Association of American Colleges. He will speak in chapel on February 26 and this is to be his only public appearance.

Miss Jess Byrd's advanced composition class is preparing a booklet of sketches, written by members of the class, to be discussed by Mr. Peterson. The sketches appearing on this page are included in the booklet. They are examples of three types of writing done by the class. Still Back, Still Forth is an experimental piece; In This Manner Born is an experiment with dialogue; and Life With Father is a character sketch.

My Hero

THE RAPE OF THE FLU GERM, OR, MY HERO, THE HYPO

by Frances Gulesian

Oh Muse, what heavenly body can see
The terrors and dangers awaiting me?
The ice of the alcohol rubbing pad,
The flash of the needle, knocking me dead.
Such things are not foreseen by human eyes,
To supernatural vision, only arise.
Whence this flu germ, by what angry god sent,
That men would impious deeds sore repent?
I'll tell thee the story of the disease
That ye may judge, and angry gods appease.
Recall front campus, that great snow figure,
So like unto Jove, just a bit bigger.
Perhaps he th'ignoble statue espied
In fury, and seized from his trembling side
A thunderbolt deadly, with germs of flu,
Which he hurled towards our earth,
"shot from the blue!"
It brought us this thing which everyone dreads,
Makes the infirmity crowd all its beds.
Our hope was fast fading, what would we do?
Suddenly science took hold of the flu—
One shot in the arm—a measly prick,
The germ was defeated, stabbed to the quick.
Thanks to the HYPO, GERM'S power was seized,
And man was no longer sick or diseased.
Which all has been a Popish way of saying that:
If you take your flu shot, my little kitten, you may grow up to be a cat.



March 13 is Salem-Davidson Day

Life With Father

by Carolyn Taylor

"And, furthermore, Alethea, I believe that you are Christian enough for both of us, and I'm relying on you to get me to Heaven." With that, Daddy picked up the Sunday paper and began reading the sports page, oblivious of the ringing church bells.

Daddy tries to be religious and Christian, but thinks going to church more than twice a month is abnormal. Mother is a born church-goer and will always be one, but Daddy says that he never approached godliness until he married Mother.

Daddy was born in Morehead and reared there in a big, Victorian house on main street. His parents were strict, hard-working Scotch-English. When I show signs of laziness, Daddy lectures me about how he, at my age, worked from sun-up until sun-down. When he was seventeen, he went to V. M. I., where he failed calculus four times and got his face stepped on in football practice. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for going to V. M. I., but I wouldn't go again for a million dollars." He still, however, proudly sings the alma mater and bemoans the fact that V. M. I. never wins any football games.

After graduation, Daddy spent a year as a traveling salesman selling cigarettes in western North Carolina. Unfortunately, Daddy did not sell many cigarettes and came home at his father's death to take over the menhaden fishing plant.

The year that Daddy came home a certain girl graduated from Queens and came to Morehead to teach school. Daddy says, to Mother's indignation, that it was less Mother and more the red dress that she wore in a Memorial Day parade, that attracted him. Mother had a hometown beau and wasn't too interested in Daddy, but he finally convinced her of his good qualities and they were married the day after school was out.

With my arrival three years later, Daddy assumed the role of the doting father. Mother still teases him about the time when he became infuriated at the visiting minister because the preacher made the mistake of saying I looked more like Mother than Daddy. I remember one day, when I was five, Daddy took me to the "Black Cat", a negro casino

closed during the week, and let me wrap myself in the crepe-paper left over from the Saturday night dance. When I got home, Mother put me in a steaming tub to rid me of germs and blessed Daddy out. "Well, she's MY child, isn't she?" Daddy shouted, completely forgetting that Mother had any part in my being here at all.

Daddy's great love is people. When I was seven, he assumed the managership of Morehead's one hotel and we moved there for the winter. Daddy thoroughly enjoyed himself, socializing with the guests and making Mother's life miserable by insisting that she give up the missionary society meetings and play bridge with the guests of Monday afternoons.

Mother has always enjoyed being an active member of all civic organizations. I shall never forget the holocaust Daddy raised when she announced she had been elected president of the missionary society. "Why don't you just sit back and let somebody else do the work? You can't say no to anybody." Scarcely two weeks later, he came home one night and said that he had been elected President of the Rotary Club. "Wonderful bunch of fellows, those boys. Sure appreciate being elected." Mother and I exchanged glances, but she said nothing.

With all his masculine blustering and shouting, Daddy is, in some ways, as fastidious as an old maid. Every night before he goes to bed, he tours the house, banging the doors twice to make sure they're locked, and turning off the water so that the faucets won't leak. He runs a fan summer and winter because he likes to hear the noise. He won't stay at a party later than twelve and insists that the whole family retire at the same time so that "I can go to sleep and not worry about where everybody is." He considers himself very independent, but when Mother goes visiting for a week, he is completely lost and complains about the lack of organization.

He has had his hand in every business venture in town and has done everything from running a picture show to managing a filling station. What he'll do next and what he'll say next, nobody knows. That's what makes Life with Father what it is.

Boney Reviews Fashions At Salem and Davidson



For new Valentine gowns at Salem see Boney's fashion news.

by Betsy Boney

Amid a shower of hearts and cupid's, the A. A. sponsored a wonderful dance in the gym Saturday night to celebrate Valentine's Day. The Salem girls took advantage of leap year to invite their heart's choice to trip the light fantastic and to show off their new formals. (Presents from Santa of course!)

Eaton Seville resembled a very sweet Valentine, (any man would love) in her shining red satin. The skirt was shirred in rows from the waist to the floor. The top was strapless, most provocative.

Agnes Bowers danced merrily in an eye-catching red net ballerina. The strapless top is made of lace sprinkled with rhinestones. A note

of glamour is the tiny red lace shawl worn over the shoulders or draped over her head.

Lou Myatt took her Valentine dress down to Davidson, where we're sure she caught many a glance. Her dress was a pale shade of red appropriately called "Pink Lightning". An interesting feature is the sparkling rhinestone straps which fasten like a necklace around her neck. Very fetching.

Janie Morris says her date didn't like her dress. We can't understand why. Janie wore a beautiful grey chiffon, splashed on shoulders and skirt with huge pink and red roses.

Mary Jane Trager wore a beautiful black lace and net dress. The strapless top was made of lace and ended in a peplum at the hips.

Connie Neamond wore a black dress. The skirt features rows of different colored cord.

June Elder wore another of her beautiful "Southern belle" dresses with a huge hoop skirt.

Mary Louise White wore her new black taffeta dress to Davidson. Her date proudly told her slip was showing, but it was only the blue ruffle sewn so coyly beneath the skirt.

At the tea dance, hostess Peggy Watkins looked lovely in her royal blue crepe, splashed with silver sequins around the neck. Jean Griffin was charming in her honey beige satin suit. Susie Knight wore a good-looking dress of black crepe with a gold lame top.

Of course we didn't get to see all the newest dresses because several of the Salemites packed their bags and went to Davidson and State. We hear that Jean Dungan wore a stunning dress. Helen Brown's maroon (Continued on Page Six)