

## Renewed Interest

... in creative writing should result from the lecture and forum that Edwin L. Peterson will conduct on campus next week.

Mr. Peterson, professor of creative writing at the University of Pittsburgh, will be at Salem for two days instructing and advising. This is an excellent opportunity for any Salemites interested in writing as a vocation or as an avocation to get first-hand information.

The outstanding sketches of the advanced composition class have been compiled in a mimeographed booklet and will be discussed at the Thursday afternoon forum. Four of them have appeared in two recent issues of the *Salemite* in hopes that members of the student body will be interested in attending the forum.

We commend the English department for initiating what we hope will be a minor renaissance on campus, and we urge the student body to support the move with attendance and interest at the events on Mr. Peterson's schedule.

## Editors

... for this issue are Bitsy Green and Mary Porter Evans, members of the junior class and potential candidates for the post of editor-in-chief of the 1948-49 *Salemite*.

## Let's Co-operate

with the action initiated by the Student-Faculty Board: the Campus Living Room has been opened to organizations for special occasions and speakers; and to the students for listening purposes in the morning.

Such a privilege entails the responsibility and the respect of the students in caring for the appearance of the room.

B. G.

# The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company



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Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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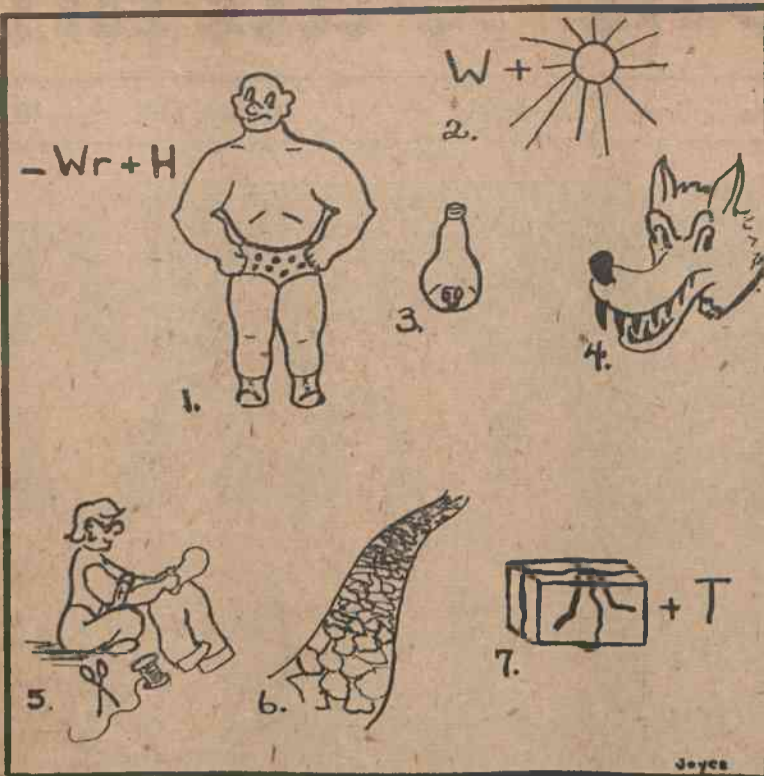
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It may look strange, but the above drawing pictures the names of seven juniors. The first five people who present Porter Evans with the correct answers not later than Sunday will receive recognition and a pack of Chesterfields.

## Beware Of The Dog

by Frances Gulesian

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious book of unfamiliar Latin,  
While I struggled, nearly crying, suddenly there came a sighing,  
As if of someone slowly dying, dying in the hall—  
Just the sighs, and that was all.

Up I jumped, the door threw open, half-way fearing, sort of hoping,  
To see the guest whom midnight offered, offered at the stroke of 12.  
In the hall, so dark and roomy, the atmosphere was slightly tombly,  
Everything was all so gloomy, gloomy as my wretched mind,  
Round which were wreaths of woe entwined.

"Spirit," said I, "Protoplasm, come into my inner chasm,  
And this matter we shall settle, else my sanity depart."  
He nodded "Yes," and in a hurry, throat dry from fear and worry,  
The shape that seemed so dim and furry, I led into the smoking-room,  
Smoking-room, so like a tomb.

When I had my wits disassembled, into order vague assembled,  
I softly asked how to address him: he spoke then one grand word,  
Horace!"

Then thought I of each Latin ode, translated in neglectful mode,  
And all the care to Horace owed. I thought, and for this man I shuddered,  
Whom in translation I had murdered!

He guessed the pain these thoughts were giving, and with a smile while stern, forgiving,

Motioned me to hear a moment, while he all his grievances aired:  
"First," the sheet-clad poet sighed, "you often hurt poetic pride  
With free translations you provide—translation needs a certain care,  
And more than a minute to prepare."

He'd said that I must oft address the dictionary, and not guess.  
Hasty working all messy things he'd spent his life in writing.  
"Teacher's angry," my first tears brought, "but do your Latin as you ought.

And wonderful changes will be wrought: the shameful past you will condemn,

Remembering my warning, "Cave Canem!"  
Oh, weeks had fled since Horace left, and of good vows I was bereft.  
Bereft because each stupid promise to my nature was remote.

I sailed on gaily, always thinking I could break promises without blinking,  
Of of the consequence forethinking—but now they sing my requiem:  
Horace warned me, "Cave Canem!"

## Ski-view And Review

by Ronnie Aiken

SKI-VIEWS: It happens in Sun Valley, but you can see it right on campus at the I. R. C. Show Shack (title original with Tootsie Gillespie) in Old Chapel Friday night.

"Sun Valley Serenade" concerns a swing band that decides to bring a Norwegian refugee to the Idaho playground for a publicity gag. Expecting a child of five, the men are properly surprised when the little stranger turns out to be Sonja Henie. For the first time on the screen Sonja ceases to be just a skating specialist: she is also a skiing champion and something of an actress. In the picture she immediately sets her ski on piano-player John Payne, who substitutes her for his blues singer, Lynn Bari. Supplying the laughs are Joan Davis and comic Milton Berle.

Glenn Miller and his band execute the Mack Gordon-Harry Warren score, which consists of "It Happened in Sun Valley", "I Know Why and So Do You", "At Last", "The World Is Waiting To Waltz", "Lena the Ballerina", "The Kiss

Polka", "In the Mood" and the long popular "Chattanooga Choo-Choo".

REVIEW: Having gained coveted admittance to the Campus Living Room with the magic password "the paper", I respectfully tiptoed in the other evening to hear the purchases of the Record Committee. They were most pleasing. Besides a fat collection of popular singles, there are three albums of Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw and Morton Gould. But the big surprise is an album featuring that mysterious instrument, the theremin. It's music out of this world—pardon me, "Music Out of the Moon" with themes by Harry Revel. In case you haven't heard, the theremin was responsible for those eerie, voice-like strains in the background music of "Lost Weekend" and "Spiral Staircase". The tones are produced by the motion of the hands over an electronic field. Although the player never comes in actual contact with the instrument, the right hand controls the pitch and the left one the volume—it says so on the cover, honestly.

# SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

Enlightment has descended upon Little Aesthetic. "For twenty years I have lived in a fog," she said to her roommate. "For twenty years I have been borne on the River of Life like a stick of wood, carried listlessly about by the chance currents, mute and insensible, neither seeing or hearing, . . ."

"Put down that *Cosmopolitan* and go to sleep", her room mate snarled, pulling the bed clothes over her head. Little Aesthetic slowly complied, but her heart was seething with rebellion. She stared at the huddled body of her room mate. "Stick of wood!" she whispered, her eyes narrowed to slits. She lay in the darkness thinking.

While she thinks, let us glance into the intricate pattern of the past to try to determine what events could have so formed the lives and thoughts of our characters that the above episode came about. Little Aesthetic had been gently reared; by cultured parents in a gracious home. That is to say; her mother was a member of the Eclectic Book Club, her father was a Rotarian, and they lived in a furnished apartment, and she had been brought up by a succession of cooks, and went to the show every afternoon and the Kiddie Matinee on Saturday. Thus you can see that the main fruits of our culture had been presented to her in her impressionable years. The seeds of greatness had been sown. They had lain dormant until just a few days before our story, however. Then, the accumulated weight of 15 years of schooling, plus the added maturity of being a Senior, plus the fact that she had just discovered the *Reader's Digest*, all combined to shed the light on Little Aesthetic and to bring her to the realization of this world. Now, none of her friends realized this change, and thus it was that she found herself out of tune, so to speak. That very night, she had suddenly realized how wasted her life had been, and wanting to tell it to the person nearest to her, she approached her room mate. The heart-rending results you have already read.

Her room mate had had a childhood that was completely the opposite. She had been reared in a large family of hearty people who thought that eating and sleeping and making money were the most important things in the world. They never read the *Digest*, went to no movies but Abbot and Costello, cared neither for book clubs nor civic improvements. You can see how this type of person would be completely out of sympathy with Little Aesthetic's family.

"Poor girls," she sighed. "They will never know Truth, or Beauty." She got up and went to the window. She leaned on the window sill, flattening her nose against the screen, and pondered briefly on the moonlit world outside. Then she turned to her room mate, who was smiling fatly in her sleep. "She'd never get up to look at the night", she said as she got back into bed. And it might be suggested that Little Aesthetic smiled fatly herself.

Through the night Little Aesthetic dreamed pale dreams of Life, Art, and Beauty. Her room mate dreamed of Bacon, Toast, and Coffee for breakfast. The next morning, rested, they both secretly resolved to be kinder to each other.

## Distress

Gosh, little typewriter  
Why are you broke?  
Now Miss Byrd  
Can't read what I wrote.  
Your ribbon's undone  
Your keys won't press.  
Gosh, little typewriter  
You're a mess!