

A. A. Thanks

I want to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped make Play Day a success. It was a success, not because of what the A. A. did, but because of the splendid co-operation we received from all sides. I want to thank especially the students who shared their rooms and beds with the girls from other schools who stayed over-night. A big "thanks" is also due to all of you who helped to entertain these girls and who did all you could to make their stay at Salem a happy one. Everyone from the schools represented here Saturday was impressed with the friendly atmosphere of Salem. Many girls told us that they had never had such a good time and had never met a more friendly group of girls. These are not compliments to the A. A., but they are compliments to all Salem girls.

I want to thank, too, the administration who co-operated with us in every way possible. Without their help, it would have been impossible for us to have this Play Day. Another thanks is due Miss Stockton and the kitchen staff who gave the girls a meal and a party that they will never forget.

Yes, Play Day was a big success because you made it one.

Here's hoping that Salem will have many more Play Days in the years to come and that everyone will co-operate in the same wonderful way that you did this year.

Ann Carothers
A. A. President

Food For Thought

Whatever became of the committee formed to keep the calendar from being jammed up? Last week, there were three movies on campus, a lecture and Play Day. From the looks of the calendar between now and commencement either the students are going to stop working or not attend any of the cultural events offered.

Why don't we ever have exchange classes between various members of the faculty? For instance, when a class is studying English Romanticism, why not let Dr. Jordan give one of his inimitable lectures on Rousseau and Voltaire. Or if painting and sculpture are being discussed in various history courses let Mr. Bromberg give his talks on the particular artist. The discussions would have to be superficial; but why not have a sketch from an expert instead of just anybody? This would also give the students a chance to hear some of the faculty under whom they have never studied.

Editor

Joan Carter Reed is editor of this week's Salemite. Next week's guest editors will be Dale Smith and Bonnie Aiken.

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

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-in-Chief _____ Peggy Davis
Associate Editor _____ Peggy Gray
Assistant Editor _____ Nancy Carlton
Assistant Editor _____ Carolyn Taylor
Make-up Editors: Margaret Carter, Dale Smith
Copy Editors: Laurel Green, Clara Belle LeGrande
Feature Editor _____ Mary Porter Evans
Music Editor _____ Margaret McCall
Sports Editor _____ Gloria Paul
Editorial Staff: Cat Gregory, Peirano Aiken, Betsy Boney, Marilyn Booth, Janie Morris

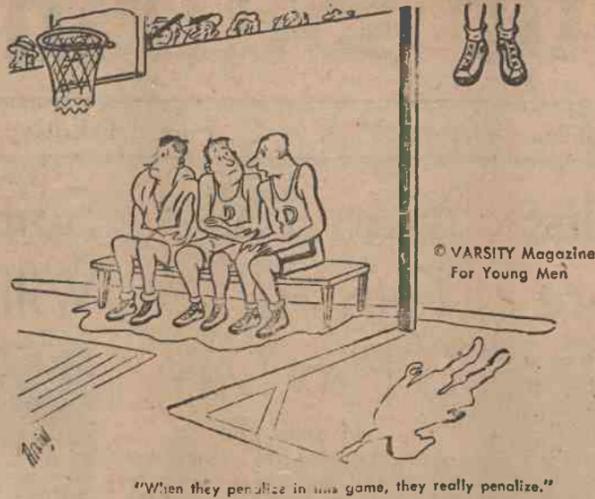
Editorial Assistants: Dot Arrington, Helen Brown, Debbie Sartin, Anne Dungan, Zetta Cabrera, Tootsie Gillespie, Frances Gulesian, Susan Johnson, Joy Martin, Mary Mot-singer, Joan Carter Read, Andy Rivers, Peggy Sue Taylor, Barbara Ward, Amie Watkins, Fran Winslow.

Club Reporters: Betty Page Beal, Mary Elizabeth Weaver.

Fileists and Typists: Betty Holbrook, Marilyn Watson
Pictorial Editors: Ruby Moye, Peggy Watkins.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager _____ Eliza Smith
Assistant Business Manager _____ Janc Morris
Advertising Manager _____ Betsy Schaum
Assistant Advertising Manager _____ Mary Hill
Circulation Manager _____ Virginia Connor



Struggling Scribes . . .

by Peirano Aiken

The Writing Workshop booklet of Miss Byrd's second year composition class is "out", in case you haven't noticed the cessation of moans from her literary neophytes. More place description, illusion of reality, definite point of view, dominant impression—what "comp" student doesn't have a ringing in the ears from these refrains?

The booklet contains eighteen complete compositions by Ione Bradsher, Nancy Carlton, Jane Church, Hazel Crenshaw, Mary Porter Evans, Jane Morris, Margaret Raynal, Frances Reznick, Carolyn Taylor, Frances Scott, and Marilyn Booth, an ex-member. Three short excerpts from papers by Dot Arrington, Isabelle Leeper and Betsy McAuley are also included.

These pieces are mainly incidents and not stories. Showing various means of characterization are "Life With Father," a humorous outright character essay, and Marilyn's "Pierre", written in the medium of a small boy's thoughts about a French camp friend and cleverly portraying both children. "The Closed Door" by Ione deals with character through incident: it's about a little girl who visits a friend whose grandfather has died. Some of the dialogue is delightful: we must quote:

'You don't look sad—Are you?

'Certainly, I am, I feel like crying—You better go home.' And again, when asked if the body could be seen, the young hostess replies, n'Sure, I've seen him fifty times already.'

Genuinely humorous "Intervale School" by Porter and "Night Watch", a picture of Mocksville as seen through the eyes of a night-watchman and recorded with some social implications by Jane Morris, are the best examples of place description.

Either from their own or Miss Byrd's inclination, the comp writers used chiefly real life situations and wrote in the more common mediums. There are no poets this year to take the place of Catherine Gregory and no satirists like Nancy McColl. For variety's sake the book would have been enhanced too by one or two more imaginative numbers. The only piece that borders on fantasy is Booty's "The Mirror", about a personified mirror that reflects and reflects on a family of drab women and their self-delusions. Also Pinky's "Back and Forth" (in the last Salemite) is experimental, impressionistic and commendable.

The stories with plot, excepting "The Red Sash" by Jane Church and "Birthday Party" by Waldo, are mostly ambitious but not quite successful attempts. The former concerns a woman whose dull husband gradually stifles her individuality and cuts her off from her friends. The latter, told in the first person, is about a child who meets class distinction for the first time when she is forbidden to have a playmate from the mill to her birthday party. Of all the booklets we shall remember "Birthday Party" the longest—perhaps because it has something to say and says it compactly and with feeling.

A survey indicates that the best work is done in short incidents and in stream of consciousness, usually first person. Also parents and children make the best subjects. This possibly explained by the fact that the process of growing is one of seeing more, of acquiring the broader point of view. Thus, it is difficult for the young writer to get outside of his personal experience and expression and still be able to interpret with understanding.

Northrop Lecture Brings Various Campus Comments

"What did you think of Northrop?" Good? Bad? Indifferent? Flop? The reporter got weary Of inquiry And finally decided to stop.

She did, however, gather a few reactions to Dr. Northrop's lecture last Thursday night which were as follows:

Mary Lou Langhorne: Dr. Northrop's plea for a common ideology to save us from another war was vaguely hopeful. However, with two billion people on the earth, nine-tenths of whom have no ideas, and the remainder, rugged individualists, each of whom has his own answer, I think it will take nothing less than a "second coming" to prevent war.

Lib Kennedy: Although Northrop had an interesting philosophical approach, he didn't fully discuss the practical application of his "ideology".

Peggy Gray: Idealistic, but nice.
M. J. Trager: Too idealistic. He didn't discuss the economic and

sociological factors fully. His "ideology" isn't one concerned with our civilization.

Frances Gulesian: Even though people might not agree with a word the speaker says, it's good to go to the lectures anyway—just to keep from forgetting completely that there are some really big things happening.

Carolyn Taylor: Optimistic in his ideas, though they weren't very practical.

Marion Ellis: Northrop's ideas were good, but he repeated himself too much.

Mr. Leach: I enjoyed it. He didn't say anything that was not already in the book. His analysis of the difficulties in France was correct. I disagreed with Northrop in his belief that we have to get a world ideology before we get world government because we can give adequate definitions to amount of terms necessary to set world government into effect in area, and in international security.

SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

There was all about that hushed suspense which the world has when winter is over, and spring has not yet come. The air was fresh, the earth was green, and Little Mumbly looked at the world with joyful eyes. She felt wonderful. Exuberantly she pushed back her bangs and breathed deeply. For one transcendent moment she felt really alive. She looked at the great world and laughed aloud for pure joy. The next thing she knew, damp clinging tendrils were clutching and entangling her. It seems that she had inadvertently walked into a willow tree.

Desperately she fought her way clear and had just stumbled out, when she became aware of a figure bearing down upon her.

"Wait!" said Miss Byrd, for she was it. "Peterson's coming!" she said as she drew nearer. Paul Revere and his midnight message could not have been more urgent. Little Mumbly stood paralyzed with fear.

"Listen," said Miss Byrd with real desperation, "Peterson's coming and you've got to write a paper for him to criticize. Now go back and create. Put your soul in it and have it in by two o'clock." And she was gone.

Little Mumbly ran full speed back to the dorm and wrote for three hours. Then she arose, completely drained, her mind blank. Out of the dorm she walked, staring vacantly. She walked and walked, no thought in her mind, dazed and silent.

Then slowly she became aware of sounds, of movements. There were shouts—whistles—and she was dressed in a white gym suit.

"Where am I", she said.

Hands propelled her along. The cheers grew. "Get out and fight" someone said to her. She slowly focused her eyes and looked about. There were people running, and there was Miss Stout!

"Win Play Day!" she shouted encouragingly to Little Mumbly, and motioned her on the court.

"Help!", screamed Little Mumbly.

"Play Ball!" said the referee.

And so, because she always gave in when Fate had conquered her, Little Mumbly made the best of the situation in which she found herself and played basketball for two hours.

Late that afternoon, as the sun was fading and long shadows left the gym in darkness, a small figure staggered through the door and out into the afternoon. It was Little Mumbly. The game had long been over, the people gone, but she had just recovered sufficient strength to start the weary climb. She was dazzled by the last remaining sunlight, she shivered slightly as the air stirred around her. Then she hunched her shoulders and began to toil upward. A passerby, looking into her face, would have seen there no vestige of personality or of any human qualities. For you see, though she had had full command of her limited resources that morning, the paper had drained her mentally, and the game took away her physical strength.

At last she seemed to weaken, and she tottered. One thought found its way through her mind, then she dropped to the ground.

"The new spirit is sweeping the country!" a compelling voice said into her ear hours later. She lifted her head from the ground and looked around.

"That's it, dearie! Out of the mire of dirty capitalism! Join the party!" Two men and a woman were bending over her. Little Mumbly painfully moved and turned to them.

"Win with Wallace!" she said.

Wind and Mind

Susie Knight

Ever together are mind and wind,
Sweeping anxiously thru the darkness,
Picking up stray bits of unknown thoughts
Then casting them aside as known ones.
Mind and wind together,
Always reaching for the new,
Always searching for the different,
Hurriedly flipping thru the pages
That reveal the wonders of life.
Ever searching, ever seeking,
Trying to find the promised land—
Onward, outward, ever reaching,
Leaving no thought untouched,
No leaf unturned.