Intervale School

by Mary Porter Evans

The ''Shop of Sorts'' now stands where the one-room school used to be. The outside hasn't changed much: there is still a row of oversized windows on the north side with cheap glass that distorts objects on either side; a rose granite block is still the step that leads to what used to be the cloak room, a small antechamber with black hooks at a convenient height. The white clapboard still needs a coat of paint and the green trim on the door and window sills is blistering. I imagine the clock that jumped ahead everytime a ball hit the south side of the building is still inside. I imagine the woodshed, adjacent to the schoolroom, is still full of short fat logs. I haven't been in the Shop of Sorts. I only remember the building as the one-room school house I went to when the family stayed in the mountains late to enjoy the Indian summer.

My desk was strategically situated near the wood stove and near the doors that led to the girl's and boy's room. These chambers weren't heated and were well ventilated. In the late fall it wasn't uncommon to ''blow smoke'' without benefit of a cigarette while you waited. On particularly cold days, I found I could be far more comfortable if I urged other girls that I was in no hurry, that I could wait; and thereby assure myself of a warm seat.

The woodstove, a big black cylindrical-shaped monstrosity, was hourly attended by one of the overgrown fifth graders. Not much heat, but a good woody smell permeated the room. This smell was even better from ten till noon. Punctually at ten a responsible seventh grade girl would collect raw potatoes from the children who brought them to school and put them on the sooty ledge inside the wood stove where they baked in time for ''dinner'' at noon. Potatoes baking while you learn was also alien to me. From time to time Mother was forced to put raw potatoes in my lunch bag. Though slightly uncooked on one side they seemed better than any potato I'd had before.

An hour for ''dinner'' left too much time on the hands of a heterogenous group such as were the fifteen children who lived too far away to walk home to lunch. Much of this hour was spent in bullying those who were different. Willy Rose was a frequently plagued person. He had glandular trouble of some kind I'm sure: he was fat, terribly fat. His stomach would have been big enough on a middle-aged man. In addition to his obesity, Willy Rose had red hair and freckles. The real bullies used Willy as an acorn target. Larry was another bullied boy. An anemic outcast, Larry had been pampered by women all his life and couldn't ''take it''. One day he was solocitiously given some chocolate candy which later turned out to be a laxative. The only girl we plagued was Mary Jane. Mary Jane's little silk dresses and patent leathers made her a misfit in Intervale. One day she was indoctrinated into the ways of the country by being pushed into the mire of a pig pen. Manure and mud from her brown ringlets to her neatly shod feet, Mary Jane richly rewarded her audience by running up the hill to her near-by home screaming ''Auntie'' all the way.

Miss Wiley, the singing teacher, had store teeth that didn't fit very well and a trembling unsteady voice. She must have put something across to us in her weekly visit because I can remember a song about ''There was an awful battle in the orchard yesterday, A real one that you read about, you know . . .'' which went on in an extended metaphor about North Winds and falling leaves. Singing, at least, was one activity that the entire school could share. We also shared our painful exercises in imagination. These exercises consisted of making up a story from pictures the teacher had clipped from an old magazines. I cringe still when I think of some tale I told about deer tracks on our tennis court in which I used the expression ''deer's feets marks.''

We weren't supposed to share the lessons with other classes but with one class at the board or discussing inventions of the Industrial Revolution it was impossible to concentrate on our own dull work. While the first grade read from an obviously-illustrated chart—one little boy once remarked that he could read the sheet with his eyes shut—, the second grade drew pictures of ''Something I Did This Summer.'' The third grade added sums, the fourth grade read about the products of Spain, the fifth grade was responsible for more problems in arithmetic, and between note-passing the sixth grade studied grammar. How the teacher started all the grades on their lessons was a process my observant eight year old mind missed. Except for an occasional outbreak she also maintained fair discipline.

Yes, the white clap-board building is still there. The outside still looks the same; the blistering paint, the big windows, the faded green trim. The building still resembles a school, though the sign now says a ''Shop of Sorts''. The old sign has been taken down. There's still a fresh patch over the outside door, where the white sign with INTERVALE SCHOOL written in green wobbley letters used to hang. The pupils who shared the dying institution of a one-room school now ride the bus to a consolidated school in a dingy railroad town ten miles away.

Crenshaw Reviews Classic; Finds Universal Interest

by Booty Crenshaw

The critics consider Dostoevski's **Crime and Punishment** one of the greatest novels of the 19th Century. Typically Russian, the novel is wide in scope. The author depicts every aspect of 19th Century Russian society, drawing from the heterogeneous inhabitants of St. Petersburg. The most potent problems of that era are discussed—socialism, nihilism, heredity and environment. But the all-enveloping question is that of crime and the punishment of crime.

Dostoevski shows us St Petersburg through the eyes of Raskolnikov, a poor but aspiring student. We have a sense of participation as Raskolnikov paces the city streets and meditates on the social problems of his day. With the hope of aiding society, he devises a plan for the murder of a pawn-broker, whom Raskolnikov regards as a social parasite. The crime is intellectually conceived and carried out. But it results in the mental break-down of the murderer. Dostoevski gives us a close analysis of a sick mind, which leads to the murderer's confession. Raskolnikov does not confess because of any sense of humility, but because he feels that he has violated something fundamental.

Crime and Punishment has a plot of many threads. Raskolnikov's mother, sister and close friend become involved in a situation of their own, and contribute an element of pathos. A poverty-stricken family figures in the story. And in spite of Raskolnikov's aid, it becomes increasingly miserable. Dostoevski shows us a result of bad living conditions. Sonia, a daughter of the family, is influential in Raskolnikov's confession. Sonia's innate goodness, despite the ignominy in which she lives, helps him to realize the gravity of his crime. The suggestion of their marriage at the end of Raskolnikov's exile furnishes the optimistic note on which the novel ends.

Crime and Punishment is a sprawling but not unweildy novel. A story fashioned from universal problems, it maintains a universal interest.

The sketches appearing on this page are representative examples of creative writing done in campus English classes. ''The Old Man'' and ''Joe and Sarah'' were written by Miss Byrd's English 2, ''Intervale School'' for Advanced Composition class. ''My First Kiss'' and ''The Question'' (printed elsewhere in the paper) are from the freshman classes of Mrs. Berglund and Miss Shamburger.

Gray

(Continued From Page Two)

improving American social conditions.

In the final summary a majority of the delegates agreed that the United States had only one choice—adopt the Plan. In other words, money is of little moment with our way of life at stake. Delay on the part of Congress might prove fatal.

Society

(Continued From Page Five)

Convention at Raleigh. She is lecturing to state highway officials on ''My Accident and How It Could Have Been Prevented'', using illustrated slides.

Educational Trips

Mr. Homer Sutton will journey to Johns Hopkins Hospital this weekend to observe an operation on a two-headed grass-hopper. The operation will be performed by the eminent English surgeon, Dr. U. Jump Up. **Miss Jess Byrd** will fly to N. Y. to audit an intensive course on ''Modern Trends In American Mouse Traps.'' She is expected back early Monday morning.

Miss Essie will visit Hot Springs, Arkansas, to get further tips on ''The Caring and Cleaning of Bath Mats''. **Miss Hedgecock** will make a trip to Chapel Hill Friday to take her oral exam on her extensive thesis, ''Mispelling In Old Southern Cookbooks.''

Boney

(Continued from page five.)

V-neck and three-quarter length puffed sleeves. The skirt flares gently from a black cummerbund effect at the waist.

Beth Kitterell's spring coat of all spring coats—a fitted affair of salt and pepper material. A smart note is seen in the huge pockets which have rows of tiny buttons down the side. She also has YELLOW calf shoes to wear with her coat and gold silk dress.

Gerry Allegood's smooth little white lastex bathing suit. Wolf material, but def!

Susan Jonson's strictly tailored navy gabardine suit and **Bunny Pierce's** demure blue crepe dress which features a pearl trim in the belt.

Davis's had some darling little orduroy pedal pushers in grey, honey tan and aqua. We say ''had'' because **Jeanne Dungan, Nancy Wray, Candy Untiedt** and **Sara Clark** all dashed out to buy a pair. Planning a beach trip, girls?

Have you been approached by the ''earbob Salesman''? **Lib Smoke**, a former Salemite, is making the cleverest ear clips from tiny shells, all colors and unlimited designs. See **Miriam Bailey**—since they're only one dollar you can buy several pairs, yes?

Trilling Found Good Tome By Faculty Reviewer

by Helen Sanford

The Middle of the Journey, a first novel by Lionel Trilling, possesses maturity and lack of sensationalism, two advantages all too often missing from modern novels.

Trilling will perhaps be remembered by Salem College seniors from his visit to North Carolina in the spring of 1946, when he was leader for the discussion on writing at the Arts Forum in Greensboro. He should also be remembered for his short stories, which are very original, extremely well-written, and, incidentally, interesting. One in particular, **Of This Time, Of That Place**, comes to mind with the reading of **TheMiddle of the Journey**. Both show the same sensitivity in dealing with words and with characters.

The story of the novel concerns a young man, John Laskell, who is trying to understand his relation to the modern world. It is also the story of Arthur and Nancy Croom, whose superficial lives reveal to Laskell his own inadequacies. And, more important, it is the story of Gifford Maxim, the ex-communist.

The action is not too important. Laskell has been ill, very ill. His friends, the Crooms, ask him to spend the summer recuperating at their place in Connecticut. He goes expecting them to be the same comfortable friends they have always been, talking the same liberal ideas—a young modern couple who are concerned about the world's problems and have advanced notions as to the cures. The important thing he discovers is that they are the same; it is he who has changed. He now sees them as they are—two people who never think deeply and who live narrow, self-satisfied lives. Also into the picture comes Maxim, their mutual friend, a strange radical who has been intensely devoted to his work in the Communist Party. The book deals in large part with the reaction of three people to Maxim, who has thrown over communism to embrace religion. All three feel an intense dislike for Maxim—the Crooms because he upsets their stability of thinking, Laskell because he is pursued by Mavim's ideas and almost overcome by them.

Of the four principal characters, Maxim is the most powerful. You have the feeling that all the world must pay attention to the words that come from Maxim's tortured and distorted mind, and this in spite of the fact that the author's dislike of him is so evident. For Maxim is a man who feels the guilt of the whole world on his hands, and in the personal terror of that knowledge he tries to persuade Laskell to share the guilt with him. Maxim is over-dramatic, he is ugly in his abruptness, and he commands our attention. He is Laskell's inquisitor and we are forced to put ourselves in Laskell's place.

The novel as a whole is finely written. Many scenes stand out for their own particular beauty or effectiveness. The chief regret is that the developement is not completed. Perhaps Laskell is only ''in the middle of the journey'' toward finding himself, but the end of the novel leaves you wondering just what he accomplished other than ridding himself of his previous complacent ideas about life. He lacks the magnitude of a hero and consequently the novel never reaches the heroic proportions it might have.

Joe and Sarah

by Avalee Mitchell

Harry, a short, dark, heavy-set man, had always loved a drink. Fortunately he was brought up in a decent home, or he would surely have grown up a drunkard. I do not guarantee that it was only his upbringing that saved him from a drunkard's fate. It is possible that in spite of that he might have been able to outdrink twenty sailors, if only he had had the means. But his wife Sarah managed all his finances and did not let him have a penny to spend on his own. The work itself, the labor that earned their bread, was done by Harry, who repaired shoes. When the work was finished, it was Sarah who delivered it and collected the money.

Naturally Harry was not pleased with this state of affairs.

''Whatcha think I am? A thief or what?

That is what Harry often said to Sarah, and he always received a clear, unequivocal answer on the spot from his tall, ugly wife.

''Heaven forbid! Who said you was a thief? All you are is a soak. Don'tcha dare tell me you ain't.''

To deny it outright was not easy. Yet to go ahead and let his silence confess that he loved to take a little drop was not so agreeable either. He took refuge in a pun, as he frequently did, for Harry was a true son of Israel. He piously attended the dim synagogue every Sabbath with his little black scull cap atop his gleaming bald head.

''Listen to the woman! All she can say is soak. Soak! If I have a bottle in my hand, do I ever soak anybody with it? All I do is drink it.''

Scratching his beard, he looked up at the ceiling and said;

''Oh, go to the devil!'' his wife sputtered.

''Together with you, beloved, I'd go through the fires of hell,'' he answered dramatically, as he flung his arms out to Sarah. His gray beard trembled, and for a moment his redrimmed eyes twinkled like a schoolboy's when he pulls a little girl's pigtails.

What did he do when Sarah came home with some money, and handed him a few pennies to buy bread, shoe polish, and a new brush? He became as soft as butter and as sweet as honey. His respect for women in general and Sarah in particular rose immediately. He stroked his high, white forehead and mused thoughtfully, philosophically.

''I can't understand what a wise man like King Solomon had against you women. Do ya know what King Solomon said about women? or don'tcha?''

''Who cares what King Solomon said? You go to the store for that thread and shoe polish and brush, and see thatcha don't lose your way to Joe's.''

''Next you'll be telling me to wear mittens in July. Which way is Joe's and which way is the dime store? And besides, who would think, in the middle of the week, on a working day, of going off for a drink?''

At this far-fetched idea, Harry burst out in crackling laughter.

But even while he was talking he was counting the money Sarah had given him by transferring it, greasy nickle by grimy dime, from one gnarled hand to the other, and looking spiritually up at the ceiling with one eye closed. He was figuring out exactly how much he would need for thread, how much for shoe polish, and how much for a brush. With a deep, deep sigh he quietly went out of the house, and straight to Joe's Beer Garden.