

Dear Editor:

In order that the student body might know of the plans that were proposed for November 12, we would like to quote excerpts from the letter which Dr. Rondthaler wrote to Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin, president of Wake Forest College.

"Four groups of Salem College students are, through me, extending an invitation to your football team to take an informal dinner here in the Salem College Refectory as guests of the students on Friday evening, November 12, 1948, at 6:00 p. m. sharp. The organizations involved are the Student Government, I. R. S. (I Represent Salem), Athletic Association and the Y. W. C. A. They are eagerly hoping that this invitation can be accepted, particularly because of the approaching re-establishment of Wake Forest College as a part of this community . . . The student groups above mentioned also ask whether a special diet is necessary and, if so, of what this diet should consist. . . ."

The letter which Dr. Rondthaler received in reply is not available, but the gist of it was something to the effect that the cordial invitation was sincerely appreciated but due to strict training and diet, it would be impossible to accept.

We are disappointed that we can't entertain the team, but at least the gesture was made to promote better relations between the two colleges since Wake Forest is moving to Winston-Salem. It was for that purpose that the invitation was issued.

Betty Holbrook

Dear Salemites:

In this issue of the *Salemite* I'd like for you to meet a friend of mine, Little Ditto (see cartoon). Little Ditto dittoes every Salemite's daily trials and tribulations. Her life fits right into yours; in fact, she might be you!

She stays up too late—too often. She has Saturday classes. She overcuts assembly. She has six 8:30's and a Monday afternoon lab. She tries all the fads and of course, she would not trade Salem for all the colleges in the world. No doubt, that's what makes her a real Salemite.

Polly Hartle

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

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SATURDAY 10:20



by U. Tel Awl

The question is: How do you keep a sound mind? The answers are printed below.



Joan Hassler, senior French major, said, "Psychologically speaking, I'm tone deaf so sounds of any kind bother neither my temporal nor my mendulla. Incidentally, I passed Psychology 101; and therefore, I have absolute control and a mature outlook at all times. The only things that really bother me are the little men in white coats who insist on doing my homework for me."



Betty Holbrook, of Lowell and Bitting 201, commented, "It's all very simple to have a sound mind—all one has to do is struggle through three years of college and then go to a brain specialist, have the cerebrum removed, leave the cranium empty, call 7121, skid to a screechy halt in a Blue Bird cab at a concrete mixer, have the cranium filled with Portland Cement and enter the last, and final, year of college."



"My answer," said Ione Bradshaw, English major, "is to listen to Stan Kenton, to forget May Day for a while, and to take vitamin pills. In my leisure, moreover, I read Dryden's 'Principles of Satire,' draw maps of Asia, recite 'Quem Quertis' to my room-mate, and

see how many shades of brown I can make from two jars of paint. To prove that my method is the way to sanity, I put my curly hair up on seventy-eight bobbe pins every night."



Bet Epps, Home Ec major, says, "At the time I was asked 'How do you keep a sound mind?', I wasn't so sure that mine was sound. I was tearing my hair trying to prepare for my first day of practice teaching. Now, if I were telling my class how to keep a sound mind, I would probably say, 'Drink cocoa for breakfast rather than coffee because the former has more nutritive value; always add sugar to baked apples if you want them to keep their shape and remember, milk has a high percentage of calcium and vitamin A.' My advice to potential graduates of an institution: in order to keep a sound mind, don't be a practice teacher,—but it really isn't so bad."



Tootsie Gillespie, an Economics and Sociology major, said, "I sit in the smoke house with three million girls and two record players going simultaneously, one playing 'How High The Moon' and the other playing 'Fine Brown Frame.' I count the bricks over the fireplace. It also helps to eat beef, three-day old bread, salomi boiled in cream, Ry-Crisp and squished grapes. After all, you are what you eat."



Peggy Watkins, a chemistry and biology major, offers her advice, "To keep a sound mind I don't let teachers' assignments bother me, I think that it won't be long before I get that 'sheepskin' and I forget the past and look toward the future."

Moore And Weeks Dispute Cronin's "Shannon's Way"

by Catherine Moore

In Edward Weeks lecture, Dr. A. J. Cronin's novel *Shannon's Way* was the first book reviewed. After such a recommendation I attempted to rediscover merits in a book I had considered just another book about the medical profession that had made the best seller lists.

First of all, the author did write about his own experiences. A. J. Cronin received a medical education at the University of Glasgow and practiced in South Wales and London for four years. In 1930, while on an extended vacation, Cronin began writing a novel. In three months *Hatter's Castle*, which critics compare with works of Dickens, Hardy and Balzac, was published. Since that time four of his other books have appeared, but *Shannon's Way* most nearly approaches the greatness of *Hatter's Castle*.

In *Shannon's Way* Cronin tells the story of a doctor in the twenties who puts his keen interest in medical research ahead of everything in life. Robert Shannon, the hero, is able to secure a medical education only because of money left by a relative for that purpose. At the age of twenty-four, having received a degree and fellowship award, Shannon was one of three associates with Professor Usher in the Department of Experimental Pathology in London. Longing in his poverty and obscurity to astound the medical world and to fulfill the ambition of a silent, re-

tiring nature, he hoped by research to find the explanation for current epidemics in the British Isles that were classified as influenza. However, Robert was to face many obstacles, beginning with the selfish viewpoint of his superior in the department.

Here, as in all Cronin novels, the author shows his ability as a gifted storyteller, as an observer and sympathizer with human emotions. Perhaps his greatest attribute is Cronin's ease in getting angry in prose. He has his readers disgusted with the lack of time Professor Usher gives Shannon to do his own research. The complete lack of facilities at Dalnair and Eastershaws (hospitals) infuriates the reader. Then there is the love affair between Shannon, a Catholic, and Jean, a strict Anglican, which seems impossible to work out successfully.

On the other hand, I felt that Dr. Cronin was so interested in the medical details of his hero's life that he had Robert perform an emergency operation, lose a diphtheria patient because of an inefficient nurse, and have the heroine on the verge of death. To me these incidences seem melodramatic and overdrawn. After an almost improbable number of disappointments and lack of money, a happy ending appears. Jean comes back to Robert, he has an offer of a research-lecture job, and the hero and heroine live happily ever afterward.

Reznick Reads O'Connell's New Book On Musicians

by Frances Reznick

Charles O'Connell, conductor, author, music critic, and music director in several record corporations, can now add another proper name to his list of accomplishments—that of "gossip." It is not every man, though, who can prattle on about such notoriety as Lily Pons, or Jose Iturbi, or Jascha Keifetz. Mr. O'Connell is well qualified to write about these musical artists through long association, personal and professional, with them. His is not just idle gossip, though. In his new book, *THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RECORD*, he reveals the truth about the musical "greats."

This book tells little known anecdotes and facts about the personalities, looks, and idiosyncracies of such conductors and soloists as Eugene Ormandy, Kirsten Flagstad, Sergei Rachmaninoff, and Serge Koussevitzky. Its merit lies not only in the eye-opening facts it imparts, but

also in the smooth, readable manner in which it does its shredding. With the perfect poise and characteristic case of the conductor, Mr. O'Connell tells of Lily Pons's love of publicity or Arthur Rubinstein's preoccupation with a Pretty Face. It takes a brave musician to say in print about a contemporary (Rubinstein, in this instance), "When he is not immediately engaged upon serious work he looks Demon Rum straight in the eye without a qualm." Chatty and intimate, the style is at the same time intellectual. We find a keen insight into the lives of these people. Also, a relevant quotation prefaces most of the chapters, each of which is about a different artist.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RECORD is just what its title says. And Charles O'Connell lets us know that the reverse side is not always as pretty as the popular version of a record.