

Grey Day

by Betsy Farmer

I walked out of the house with its noisy people and smoky haze. The deserted beach seemed even more desolate in contrast to the gay scene within. All along the beach the gruff waves pounded out their rather mournful symphony of foam and froth. Most of the houses were boarded up and rather stark in their loneliness. The valiant little jetties ran out to meet the ocean and then dashed against it in a sprout of spray. The beach was still smooth with that smoothness that comes from a winter of idleness with only crabs and waves to mar its soft surface. Spring had not come, and the late afternoon sun strove vainly to break through the muddy clouds that hung sullenly overhead.

I turned to walk down the beach. Slipping off my shoes, I let my long-pent-up toes curl comfortably in the cold sand. It was a good feeling to catch a little shell and fling it away. It gave me a kind of wild abandon that made me feel my kinness to the primitive savage. I wanted to run down the beach until I could run no more. I wanted the wind to run its fingers through my hair, and the salty moisture to make it glisten as it streamed out behind me. I felt free, as though no power on earth could hold me back.

I don't know how long I walked and ran down the grey and tan beach. I chased the sophisticated terns and made them scatter in a flurry of wild flight. A skittish crab scurried for his sandy home. When I finally thought of turning around, I had gone far down the beach. The feeling of exhilaration had passed, and I had returned to the world around me. The clouds had grown darker, and they appeared ominous and foreboding. The sand clung to my ankles and tried to drag me down. The myriads of shells cut at my feet, and the jetties loomed high and weathered in front of me every hundred or so feet. The terns wheeled and cried with a restlessness that announced

the impending storm. Softly the first drops of rain fell. There was the clean smell of the rain in place of the smell of the sea. It fell harder, and the pellets of rain tasted fresh and sweet as they mingled with the salt on my lips.

The rain seemed to be waiting for me to get inside before it hit with all its fury and majesty. I ran toward our cottage. The shells passed underfoot unnoticed, and the sand was just that part of the earth on which I ran. Like all of nature, I ran in the face of the coming storm.

When I reached the house, I felt almost reluctant to go again into the warmth and bustle of my friends. The moment of solitude was gone as the first torrents came crashing down. I opened the door, and the warmth and friendliness of the room seemed to reach out. I became just another one of the group that took me in, full of concern, set about drying me out.

Polly Studies Lit. And Art But In Vain

by Polly Hartle

Why do these things always happen to me?

My majors are English and Art. My test shows my mental ability Has corroded and fallen apart.

Whereas I have studied music and dance,

French, drama and history, with wrath

I find that my carelessly taking a chance

Placed me first not in LIT. but in MATH!

Heat Wave

by Jane Watson

The August sun has not yet surrendered to evening its midday triumph over the small Florida town which swelters beneath it. There is very little traffic this time of day, and the almost barren main street stretches broad and shining. The shimmering heat waves rising from its surface beckon and dare anyone to step barefooted on its blistering cement. The suffocating, stuffy smell of roasting peanuts from the corner stand permeates the air. The few cars seem to be heading toward the beach and they short-temperedly honk their disapproval at any delay. Their shiny surfaces catch the sun rays and flash back multi-colored blazes of defiance as they hurry toward the enticing bay, bril-

liantly blue, sparkling in the distance.

Pedestrians, too, head for the beach, their bathing suits wrapped tightly in a towel. The sandals of the young girls slap the pavement eagerly, and the moccasins of the boys showing beneath their rolled-up dungarees pad softly, though equally as eager to be away from the heat. Loiterers have chosen the small patch of shade in front of the drug store. Here the crisp, clean smell of antiseptics coming from the screened door vies with the sticky smell of melting tar from the street. Grocery-laden housewives in once crisp and neat cottons climb wearily into their cars complaining, "This heat has become unbearable."

(Ed Note: The Salemite is happy to print these descriptions written by freshmen in English composition.)

Music Hour Presented

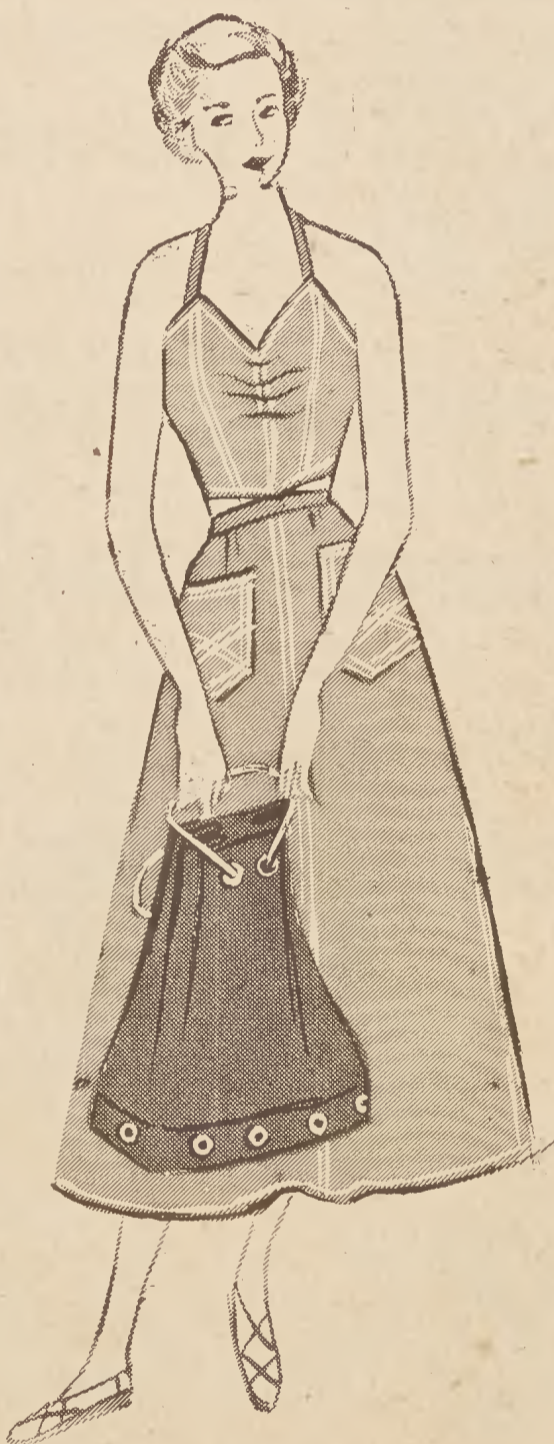
The School of Music presented a students' recital Thursday afternoon as the regular weekly Music Hour program.

All performers were advanced music students. Their recital included piano, voice and violin selections.

Pianists and their numbers included Norma Lee Woosley of Clemmons, "Rigaudon" (McDowell); Eula Mae Cain of Fayetteville, "Melodie, op. 10, no. 1" (Mozzkowski); Martha Bowman of Hickory, "Andante and Variations, from Sonata in A major" (Mozart); Jean Tegtmeier of Mountain Lakes, N. J., "Adagio molto and Prestissimo from Sonata in C minor, op. no. 1" (Beethoven); and Eleanor Davidson of Gibsonville, "No-velette in E major, op. 21, no. 7" (Schumann).

Students of voice and their selections were Roslyn Fogel of Georgetown, S. C., "Ah, Love but a day" (Protheroe); Sarah Ann Slawter of Winston-Salem, "Spring Came" (Edwin MacArthur); and Katherine Ives of New Bern, "Traume" (Wagner). Betty Sheppe of Martinsville, Va., and Betty Jean Mabe of Clemmons, sang the "Flower Duet" from Madame Butterfly (Puccini).

The two violinists and their selections were Daniel Hodge of Winston-Salem, "Sonata in G major, no. 6" (Mozart); and Bennie Joe Michael of Gastonia, "Maiden with the Flaxen Hair" (Debussy).



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