

God, The Great Artist

by Anne Simpson

God is the Great Artist. True, men of great genius have rivaled even Nature in their scenic masterpieces. Some of these masterpieces have been greater and more beautiful than Nature herself? Hardly, for God painted the picture first; men can merely copy.

God painted a sunset. Choosing water colors as His medium, He first dipped red; dissatisfied perhaps, He thinned it into pink clouds against a deep blue sky. From pink to rose, rose to palest orange, then into yellow and maybe a little brown, He brushed until a vast and veritable rainbow of colors had blended their variegated hues with the constant blue of the evening sky.

God penciled caricatures in the clouds. Any old man with a long white beard may look above him on a cloudy day and see himself mockingly portrayed in a floating mass of visible vapor. A child, day-dreaming in the summer sun and gazing lazily at the sky, may delightfully perceive a flock of playful lambs prancing about the heavens in a fluffy form. These are not just figures of the imagination, but comies of clouds created by God.

God drew a city in twilight. With pen and ink He carefully outlined Man's massive structures against His wide horizon. The grey of the big buildings, splotted with deep black shadows, contrasts just

enough with the Damascus steel tint of the twilight sky to produce a distinct profile. God sketched a moment when "the busy world was hushed."

God depicted people. Each individual is a human canvas, a living example of His portrait work. His ingenuity and deft ability are illustrated in a charcoal of a wrinkled old fisherman, an oil of a majestic royal family, a pastel of a young Swiss maiden, a tempera of a Spanish senor at his siesta, or a crayon of a Bowery bum.

God painted an Autumn forest in oils. Using the mountains as His locale, He took for His background the green of the pines, cedars, and firs and the purple of the faraway, rolling hills. Here He dabbed in bold red the oak's changing cloak, there yellow gave evidence of the elm's slowly ebbing sap, and everywhere the pale pink of the late-blooming mountain Rhododendron showed its delicate hue. Who else but an Artist of infinite genius and skill could have created, blended, contrasted Nature's myriad color schemes and scenes? Who else but God, the Great Artist.

Editor's note: The above is the third story submitted to the Salemite literary contest for freshmen.

All Our Co-Eds

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It makes for a more technical style, and really improves vision." E. J.: "The Navy took care of its boys who were especially trained for certain jobs. My best buddy was a carpenter's mate, third class. He'd been a psychology teacher in civilian life."

Enter Jarrard and Wes Snyder. Jarr: "I got these ten books on sale at Raylax. Pretty interesting, too. Here's one on the technicalities of the Metropolitan Flooring Plan."

Sny: "Let's see it. They tell me that Bing is going to change all of this in the next month or so. This place where Melchoir said Traubel stood is worn too thin, it's a major consideration, even for Pons."

Bell rings. Enter Bob Sawyer and Ken Fansler.

Time: 11:15 Saw: "Let's play a quick hand of 'All Chaos'."

Fan: "What was our conducting assignment?" Enter Crim and Hodge.

Crim: "Deal 'em out quick." Hodge: "I don't want to sit beside Fansler."

Saw: "Hey, Wes, finished your symphony yet?" Sny: "You know better. What with rehearsal last night and orch. to do."

Gray: "Yes, the Japs really had that type of warfare down to a fine art. I'm surprised we didn't

lose more tonnage than we did. Let's see, in '44 the figures that Captain Jones quotes are about twice that of the tonnage we lost in the year of 1812."

Way: "Does anybody have the correct time?"

Saw: "Ha, ha, Danny got a pile of 'em that time."

Jarr: "Here's an interesting book by Cranial Edman, the specialist on the cockney accent of the English. Got it for just a quarter. Reckon not many people interested in this sub."

Snyder: "Smith, did you hear the Philharmonic last week? I thought that interview was one of the worst in years. The diction was pretty bad."

Smith: "I see they're going to interview Earnest Charles next week in the 'Green Room'."

Bell rings. Time: 12:15 P. M.

Enter Boyd Morris and Ray Simmons.

Hodge: "I've got to go practice. Anybody going o the hall?"

Morris: "Are you gonna study any Latin this afternoon, Ken?"

Simm: "Let's play a quick round of 'All Chaos'."

Crim: "Deal 'em out!"

Saw: "I'm heading for the hall with Danny. We BM's haven't time for such as this."

Thomas: "Got your lunch today, E. J.?" Looks like my wife has enough for ten people.

Ever: "Hey, Boyd, how's your term paper doing? She told me that I'd have to get a different subject entirely."

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Leppert Reads

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with a multitude of human types—thence, the delightful panoramic whimsy of his novel *Tom Jones*, which he published in 1749.

This brings to mind the story itself, which presents a terrible problem; for as has been previously stated, this novel is so complex, so fraught with incidents that are at once perilous and laugh-provoking, morally suggestive and sin-tilting, delightful and didactic, that one (your reviewer) scarcely knows where to begin in the telling. However, she has endeavored to condense the plot into two short, pithy, succinct and concise sentences, which she shall now quote: "a foundling is born of a gentleman who passes him off on her brother, is reared as a son, is attached to his benefactor, and wins the love of a neighboring girl but by his blunders and a misrepresentation of his legitimate half-brother, is separated from his uncle, and by the opposition of the girl's family, from the girl. As a result of continued indiscretions, he is brought to a hopeless state of fortune, his life is in danger, his sepa-

5 Actually the work of an ingenious young English professor who makes his home somewhere in Winston-Salem.

6 Situation at the beginning.

7 Initial action resulting from primary situation.

8 Causes further action.

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