

"A vein of poetry exists in the hearts of all men..."

The Interpreter

He stands, with arms upraised, alone and yet surrounded, Poised, alert, and watchful. He nods his head, his arms swoop down, As one, the many instruments sweep into The intricate movement of the symphony. His body sways; his hands bring forth The glorious tones of muted violins, Deep cellos, trilling flutes, wailing oboes, Tinkling bells, beat of kettle drum, and clash of cymbal. But always as a full ensemble. They seem not to watch him, all these players, But out of the depths of rhythmical sense and musical knowledge They know his every wish for soft and loud, fast or slow, Crashing forte, whispering pianissimo. He stands above them, yet among them, And knows each note they play. His hands command them, caress, implore them, And weave the instruments through the intricacies of the music. He is consumed by the power of the music; He lives it; he is lost in its beauty! The music sighs to an end, his arms fall to his sides. He stands oblivious for a moment to the applause of the audience; The applause which is for each member of the orchestra, But which is primarily an ovation for him, An interpreter of art. —Marilyn Shull

On A Rainy Day

Darkness in the sky looks o'er the earth, And covers all the world with deep despair, As raindrops misty soft disturb the air, And leaves man void of any thoughts of worth Of life, so filled with Nature's bounteous mirth, Pleased if some mortal Beauty's gift will share— The rainbow's prisms, colors pure and rare; The leaves and grass to diamonds bright give birth. Oh man, so blind to lovely Nature's powers, Take from your heart this darkness, hear and see The dancing smiles that lift the face of flowers, The penetrating laughter of the sea. Enjoy life's gifts which eternally are ours, And leave life's sorrows and despairs to me. —Lillian Allen

Nags Head

The moon cast its silver beams o'er the sea, And each foaming wave reflected its light Which did illuminate the still black night, And revealed the dark world's vast symmetry. The shoreline was washed by the glistening sea, And silver streaks sparkled in the wet sand, When the waves threw white foam upon the land, And transformed it to a bright imag'ry. Tiny cottages nestled 'neath the dune, Silently watched the rolling tide come in, While waiting for the dawn which would come soon. And thoughts heard above the waves mighty din, On seeing this breathless scene 'neath the moon So insignificant the race of men. —Elizabeth Smith

All That Glitters To A Cockroach

On third finger of left hand I wear a ring, oh, so grand. And that entitles me to be A true and loving fiancée. But all that glitters is not gold: There are disadvantages to be told. It's Saturday night and where is he? Seven hundred miles away — not with me! How to spend my blue week-end? Well, in my life there still are men. Perry Como, Steve Allen, Ed Sullivan, too. God bless those channels 12 and 2. I never run to answer phone, 'Cause he's saving pennies for that home. And if I get a line a week My ego really hits a peak. When all the girls discuss their dates I point out what could be their fates. To sit and dream and sometimes ponder, Does he miss me way up yonder? And then I really stop and think: Why, I'm actually in the pink. Best things come to those who wait. Someday I'll have a steady date. I guess I fall into the class Of the "low heels and high ideals" lass. So as not to corrupt your idea, I had just better end right here. I could go on and prove to you Advantages top disadvantages ten to two. Although at times complaints rank high, I would never trade for another guy. —Patti Ward

Ode: To A Commode

There you is sitting there, All white, and slick, and bare. You ain't got no fret or care. Ain't you glad? Oh, I wish I could be like you And flush away my worries, too. But I is sad. —Lene Alston

Prayer

Dear Lord, Sift the sands in my life's container Through the mesh of Thy gold strainer When my soul is black as night, Cleanse it, make it pure and white. Wash it in Thy calmest streams; Polish it until it gleams. It is the very heart of me— Lead it toward eternity. —Erwin Robbins

Oh, little Cockroach on the floor, Don't you come out of your hole anymore; I bought a new dress so pretty and fine, And you ate out the whole behind. Last night as I lay half asleep on my bed, I felt you prancing all over my head; I jumped from the covers and onto the chair, And there you were carressing my hair. I turned on the light and sprang to the floor, Screamed for help, and opened the door. And there in the halls stood all of South Dorm, Wailing the troubles too long by them borne. The little men came and they sprayed and sprayed, But you little Cockroaches, you ain't afraid. Though Mr. Yarborough and Otto have tried and tried, All you've done is multiplied. —The Cockroach Committee of South

Tail Tale

I'll pony tail so soft and fluffy now you look so like a powder puffy then you will grow I hope you're able to be in a bun like a pony in stable beautiful hair so soft and joyish oh crush, oh pity tomorrow you'll be boyish —brenda goerdel

Tendrils

The rain is falling hard and straight Like steely arrows of ice. Before, it fell Gently, softening the chipped brick in the wall. When the brown vine creeping Up the wall turns green again, Then the rain will fall softly on The young leaves, and they will Bend and nod with the weight of the droplets But the sun comes and dries up The droplets; and sucks the strength from the fiber of the vine More and more and more. The chill of the wind sent from the Receding rays of the sun Shrinks the Source and chokes its remaining strength. The leaves strain, and curl, and Twist and writh until a Brown death creeps over their veined surface. The Vine-source hardens and Becomes brittle; and the wind Snaps the connecting stem of the leaves. But a few hold miserably to the Strengthless vine. And the rain, the February rain, soaks them. And they fall too. Miss Essie sweeps them up. —Jean Smitherman

Snow

'Twas in the country on a cold brisky night Everything was quite still, High above others on a hill Stood a house with little light. In the house sat mourners around a dim fire Shedding a few tears, Trying to conceal all their fears, Dressed in their complete black attire. The family had been on which was close Until the snows fell, Opening the doors of hell, When death had come on one they loved most. Leaving the mother and father alone With the death of the frozen child, not yet grown. —Jean Stone

The Awakening

When morning breaks above the distant hills, But Salem girls are still asleep in peace In buildings shaded by the "virgin trees" Before the clock has chimed e'en seven trills. Then "Luke" and friends sit 'neath my window sill. They build a smoldering fire that smells like hell. They run machines whose crashing sounds do swell Into my very bedroom, dark and still. My head leaps up as does the frightened deer, My dreams are shattered to the very core. My sleep is gone; I shake with startled fear. The windows rattle with tympanic roar. Oh, could I but destroy the budding dorm, Or else, oh, quiet Wake Forest, here I come! —Jane Bailey

Barren Muse, or The Cow Is Dry

How many hours it is taking me To call on my Muse for inspiration! But it's all in vain, and I receive none, And here I still sit as the clock strikes three. Muse, grant me some thoughts to set down in verse, I realize sunrise is drawing near And time is proving I'm no sonneteer, For my mind is as empty as my purse. How free flowed my verse a few weeks ago! But my poetry was not well received By my love, who told me where I could go! Please understand I'm not in the mood And I would like to get some sleep tonight. Muse, you've failed me is all that I conclude. —Anne Siler

On Wordsworth

Upon a theoretic abacus Emotion in tranquillity recalled He calculates judiciously, appalled No longer by the mental incubus Of sorrow's startling present stimulus; Pain, pleasure, sympathy, and longing—galled Him once though they may have, dumb emotion scald His soul though it did then—now, thank God, are dust. This poet, in insulated comfort pent, (Some genial after-dinner circumstance,) Last season's sorrow leavening his content, Eliminates emotion's present tense, Domesticates the urge of eloquence, Tenders a polished shard of sentiment. —Shirley Bowers

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