

One Small Voice

I've just finished reading *The Fountainhead* by Ayn Rand. In it there's a man who seeks to control the world, by mastering minds and wills collectively. His inchoate weapon is a syndicated column called "One Small Voice." His ambition is, of course, thwarted. One of the men who helped to defeat him once gave him advice that I shall follow. He said, "Write what you want to Ellsworth, but keep it small." I shall try to keep it very small.

That's a book, by the way, that I like. The author is a woman, a Russian, who came to America in 1931 to write about "what she wanted to." She wrote a play *The Night of January 16th* that you probably saw in movie version a few years ago. *The Fountainhead* came out in 1943, and I feel that it must have been sort of a sacrifice for her to share with the world a story that so obviously contains the "pouring-out" of the author's soul.

I think most people who read to any extent are looking for an expression of what they themselves feel. They like to identify themselves with a character in a novel, for instance. Or feel a great satisfaction when they find in print an idea that they had "thought up alone." It's human nature, I guess. That's my self-justification for liking particularly a passage in *The Fountainhead* from a speech by Howard Roark, the protagonist: "I do not recognize anyone's right to one minute of my life . . . I am a man who does not exist for others . . . the world is perishing from an orgy of self-sacrificing." The theme of the book is a man's struggle to maintain his individual integrity in a world of collectivism, socialism, and all the other share-yourself-isms. When you think about it most of us haven't got a self really worth offering for sacrifice.

But this voice is going to be small.

Norma D. Ploom

Salemites Begin Exam Week

By Carolyn Taylor

I opened my history book. Let's see. The exam starts on page 300 and ends—oh, my aching back—! That's almost 400 pages. I looked around the library for comfort. There, with her head in a Romanticism book, was Virginia Smith. Well, she had 1800 pages. My spirits soared.

I again looked at my book. First topic—reconstruction after the Civil War. I tore through my notes. Oh, me. I've lost my notes on reconstruction. Maybe Betsy Schaum has hers. I got up from my seat, and stumbling over Elizabeth Lee, studying physics, I tiptoed over to Betsy. She was studying English with no sign of history notes. Oh well, I won't study history now.

Chemistry. Uh-uh. Deciding to study Physical Ed, I got up and walked out of the reading room and down into the reserve room. Tripping on the last step, I fell in the doorway. Twenty-five girls, in unison, said "sh-h-h". Throwing my shoulders back, I walked over to the shelf to find the basketball notes. Hockey, tennis, modern dance—everything but basketball. My shoulders now drooping, I went back upstairs. Just coming up the steps were Meatie and Henny, with economic books under their arms. Oh, these seniors, lucky souls, with so few exams to go!

Through the open door, I heard shouts of laughter. Wondering who could be happy at this eleventh hour, I ran out of the door and down the steps. Why, they're going to the movie!

"Hey, Eaton, wait for me. Is Van Johnson on?"

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Rondthalers Plan Short Trip

Dr. and Mrs. Howard E. Rondthaler will take a trip on January 27, 28, and 29 to visit alumnae clubs in Durham, Raleigh, Rocky Mount, Wilson, and Greenville.

Husband of Alumna Killed In Crash

The former Eloise Podrick, Salem alumnae of the class of '35, was widowed by the crash of the Miami-bound Eastern Air Line passenger plane near Fries, Virginia last Sunday. Her husband was the pilot, Captain Harold M. Haskew. Mrs. Haskew, with her two sons, lives in Miami, Florida.

Brailowsky

(Cont. from page one)

concert artists' work in movies: "From the purely artistic point of view, it isn't good, but you get paid; that's good already!" He said that he had refused to play in a screen version of the life of Liszt because it meant to cut the music. "You play the middle of a composition, the end, and then go back to the beginning," he said smiling with the blue eyes and wide mouth. (But the article didn't mention the prominent spiral-shaped viens that curled along each temple with a most Satanic effect when he smiled.)

The interviewers remembered the phrase "fabulous repertoire" (Mr. Brailowsky knows from memory every piano composition that Chopin ever wrote plus a vast number of other composers' works,) and asked what happened to Beethoven's "Appassionata" that was listed on the program but replaced by the overworked "Moonlight Sonata." Appassionata? the pianist said astounded and reached for one of the programs he had been autographing. "Somebody has made a mistake already—me or still my manager."

Intermission and the interview ended as Mr. Brailowsky dropped his cigarette, stepped on it, and extended a hand to the press. The "press" had a pencil in its hand, but it shook anyway, and backed out the door already now completely confused and wondering yet how to translate this genial Russian into a Salemite article now, already.

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Salem Regrets Higgins' Illness

Mr. Charles H. Higgins, head of the Science Dept., has been unable to meet his classes since our return from the holidays. He is a patient at the Baptist Hospital and was admitted there Friday, January 3, 1947. At present he is not allowed to have visitors but it is hoped that he will soon be well and back with us again.

Upperclassmen Perform Thursday

The School of Music held a student's recital in Memorial Hall on Thursday, January 16, at 4 o'clock. The selections were as follows: "Rapsodie on Noels," Ruth Scott; "Wie Milodie Zicht Es," Jane Mulhollem; "Quel Ruselette," Jean McNew; "Hopak," Wolfgang Siebel; "Ein Schwan," Sam Pruett; "Etude in E major," Sara Haltiwanger; "Mit Deinen Augen Blauen," Betty Lou Ball; "Er Ist's," Gwen Mendenhall Yount; "Concerto in E flat major-Allegro," Geneva Beaver.

All of the performing students were upperclassmen, including several of the outstanding music majors in the senior class.

Virginia Sale

(Continued from page one)

seemed to go over; so she's been doing it ever since.

And she really does it! She thought Salem provided a "wonderful" audience and even said that she wanted to send her Ginny here. Coming in on a train two hours late, she said she just couldn't have played to a "hard" audience Friday night. She confessed that the "School Mr. am" always steals the show and is one of her favorite characters.

Virginia Sale left Salem Monday A. M. with memories of rest and quiet in Salem's "peace" and a piece of Mr. Regan's wood patched on her trunk.

Peggy Davis

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Faculty Enjoys Diverse Christmas Experiences

In the words of the little song, you will probably remember, "When we said that we were leaving, our professors were not grieving." As of December 19, the faculty had a great many interesting plans for itself. For examples:

Three of our professors attended educational conferences during their Christmas vacations. Dr. Jordan went to a meeting of the Modern Language Association in Washington, D. C. Mr. Leach was in New York City for a conference of the American Historical Association at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Mr. Lerch was invited by the Juilliard Alumni Association to attend the Decentralization of Music Conference in New York; the purpose of this meeting was to encourage the presentation of good musical programs in the smaller communities.

Miss Paugle went to her home in Omaha for the holidays and found ten inches of snow on the ground, with the temperature hovering around five and ten below zero. She also spent four or five days in Chicago, where she saw a play, a

ballet, the premiere of *Cain and Abel*. Miss Byrd visited her family in Morganton, where she attended Ann Carter's wedding, and was kept busy with the usual holiday activities. Dr. Willoughby seems to have set the long distance record with a trip to Arizona.

Miss Marsh and Mrs. Pyron enjoyed a week's vacation in New York. Miss Stout, after stopping in Philadelphia and New Jersey, joined them in the big city on New Year's Eve. It seems they spent most of their time in theaters, as they saw nine plays in that week, not to mention the Ice Follies that Miss Stout and Mrs. Pyron attended in Philadelphia. Among the plays were "O Mistress Mine," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Happy Birthday," and "Joan of Lorraine," which they stood up to see.

During Miss Shamburger's holiday, she published an article entitled "Southey and The Three Bears" in the Christmas issue of *The Journal of American Folklore*. The article deals with Southey's sources of the fairy tale *The Three Bears*, which he wrote for his own and the Coleridge children. Dr. Lachmann, a former member of our faculty, helped Miss Shamburger in the translation of a German source.

Rosamond Putzel

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