



Gwen M. Yount To Give Recital

Gwen Mendenhall Yount, soprano, will be presented Monday evening, March 10, at 8 o'clock, by the School of Music of Salem College in the first of the graduating recitals.

Gwen, a member of the Senior class belongs to the Choral Ensemble and is co-chairman of music for the May Day Committee. She is at present a member of the First Baptist Church choir, having been soloist at Calvary Moravian Church for one year.

She has been a pupil of Mrs. Nell Starr for the past five years. Mrs. Nell Folger Glenn will accompany her Monday evening.

Gwen's program begins with a group composed of "Tu Lo Sai" by Torelli, "Let The Bright Seraphim" by Handel, "Ah Lo So (Il Flauto Magico)" by Mozart.

The second group of selections includes "Mondnacht" by Schumann, "Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel" by Schubert, "Impatience" by Schubert, "Er ist's" by Wolf.

Gwen's aria will be "Una Voce Poco Fa (Il Barbiere Di Siviglia)" by Rossini.

For her concluding group of songs, she will sing "The Nightingale and the Rose" by Saint-Saens accompanied by Mrs. Hazel Newman Slawter at the harp, "A des Osieux" by Hue, "Rapunzel" by Sacco, and "Joy" by Winter Watts.

Midsemester Grades Will Be Available

Mid-semester grades will be available in the faculty advisers' offices March 31, Miss Hixson announced today. The actual chronological middle of the semester will be March 25, and the faculty members will turn in grades to the Academic Dean's Office March 29.

Paradise Lost Or Regained?

By Mary Porter Evans

It was a wonderful week-end. The two of you just clicked. Would-you-write was answered with a subtle version of if-you-write-first. The necessary day for him to get back to his destination has passed. The two agonizing days during which you think the U. S. Mails are the most inefficient ever have elapsed. At last here it is in your hands, the first letter from the latest love. Consciously or unconsciously, you go through the six stages of reading THE LETTER.

The last shall come first and the first shall come last. After tearing the envelope from its precious contents, you immediately flip over the pages to see how he ends it. You look at the little word that means so much, then go through the second of "Fast Reading Stage" (if we could only read collateral as fast). "Wonder time . . . dull weather . . . missed bus."

Thirdly, comes the "Absortion Stage" during which you carefully reread the letter to find out it was his room-mate who had the wonderful time, and the fact that he missed the bus enabled him to see the movie you didn't want to go to.

The fourth stage is the Analytical or Interpretative Stage. You look for messages and meanings between the lines. You wonder what he means by "the weather is bad, and not much is happening around here."

You draw strange connotations from phrases such as "planning a dance," "big time," and "the next few months." You notice a downward depressive slant in the handwriting and wonder if it's because he misses you.

The fifth stage is one you share only with your Inner-Self. This is the Critical Stage. You admit that he spelled "all right" "alright," that he abbreviated twice right in the middle of a sentence, and there are more than a few comma faults. You justify these minor mistakes with the fact that he was probably in a hurry to get the letter off, so he'd hear from you sooner.

The last stage comes at 11:55. With the letter carefully folded in your bathrobe pocket, you walk down the hall till you come to the room where, by the dull glare overhead light you read the letter the last time for the day . . . alone.

Speakers

(Continued from page one)

something that she likes to do; she should be more professional than personal; and finally she should do the job to the best of her ability.

Mrs. Clark, in an interview Tuesday afternoon over Station WSJS, answered the all-important question of "How does a liberal arts education fit one for the business world?" She stated that "First of all, it enables one to have a greater appreciation for living, and secondly, it affords one invaluable experience in personal discipline."

Dr. Elise Strang L'Esperance, founder of Cancer Prevention Clinics in America, and now director of the Strang Cancer Prevention Clinics at Memorial Hospital in New York, was the third lecturer in the 175th anniversary symposium. The topic of Dr. L'Esperance's address was "Women in Medicine."

Dr. L'Esperance reviewed the history of women in medicine from the age of the medicine man, witchcraft, midwifery, herb remedies, and primitive medicine through the ages to the present day. In the eighteenth century it was almost impossible for women to enter the field of medicine.

Today there are 8,000 women doctors as compared to 170,000 men. Although women are still in the minority, Dr. L'Esperance stated, women will soon qualify themselves to be capable of holding high professional positions on a equal basis with men.

In answer to the question "What fields of specialization do women choose at the present time?" Dr. L'Esperance stated that pediatrics, psychiatry, public health, obstetrics and laboratory sciences. Although the trend now is to regard without discrimination all medical school graduates, the battle for equality is nowhere near won.

Dr. L'Esperance is both a writer and a physician. She received the Clement Cleveland Medical Award in 1942, and the American Woman's Association award in 1940. She received her degree from the Woman's College of New York City, and she is a fellow of the Academy of Medicine, New York City.

Salem College's Symposium Week was organized in commemoration of its 175th Anniversary. The general concept of the Symposium was to attempt to bring the value of a liberal arts education in relation to preparing young people for jobs and trying to place them in various fields.

Sick Salemite Records Experience In Infirmary

By Nancy Carlton

It's bad to have a cold on Saturday morning. It's worse to be put in the infirmary because of it. At first, after regaining consciousness following the blow of Paradise (alias Saturday) Lost, the infirmary didn't seem so bad. The beds are undeniably comfortable, and still sleepy from last night's light cut and early morning classes, I went soundly asleep. A low rolling growl startled me into wakefulness. Quickly glancing from side to side, I saw no National Park bear standing over me, no menacing police dog mistaking me for an escaped "Moitle de Moiderer". I relaxed again in relief. Another growl came from mid-air and I realized the horrible truth. It was my own pancreas speaking for food. I sat up and asked my fellow patient when dinner was served. "Oh soon," she answered. "Can't you smell the chicken cooking?"

Ah, I sighed contentedly and visualized chicken for at least fifteen minutes. Then in came the maid with a heaped up tray of chicken, creamed potatoes, apple sauce, and cookies. Quickly I arranged my lap; the other girl got the tray. I waited fifteen minutes, half hour—my knees still posed to hold the weight of a tray full of food. The nurse finally came in. With tears in my eyes, I asked for my dinner. "Here it is," she replied. "Now drink it slowly." The final blow was the repeated statement of the other girl, "I wish they wouldn't bring me so much to eat. I'm not at all hungry."

"It's time for the game," she

Salem Surpasses WSSF Goal

Emma Mitchell, chairman of the W. S. S. F. drive, announced this week that \$914.00 had been collected in cash and pledges in Salem's W. S. S. F. drive. This is \$136.23 over Salem's goal of \$777.77 plus. With such results it is hoped that Salem will reach \$1,000 when all dormitories have reported completely.

Over three hundred dollars, in cash of this has already been sent in to World Student Service Fund headquarters. The remainder will be forwarded after April first, when pledges are due.

continued, and turned on a bedside radio. "Good. The V. P. I.-State game. I'm from Virginia."

"Good," I weekly answered. "I'm from Raleigh." Let us omit an account of the next two hours. V. P. I. won.

Then it was time for the other girl's supper—bless her full little stomach. Oh, and I mustn't forget the flowers some friends of her family sent—the flowers that bring me hayfever.

Such is—achoo!—life. Think on it. And put that kerchief on. It's cold outside.

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