

## For A Place In The Sun

(Ed. note: This is the first installment of a serial that will run as weekly as possible in the Salemite).

"Ah-Choo! Ah-Choo!" Miss Effie sneezed twice as she stepped out of her grave in Sunrise Cemetery for the first time in thirty years. As that spirited lady put it, "A body could catch his death of cold in that hole." And Miss Effie, former Most Weighty Ounce of the Little Ounces for the Prevention of Disease in Coughtown, Flu Dampshire, had decided she could not stand another winter underground. She had to get some sun. Most people of fifty plus thirty years with one foot in the grave were on their way in, but not so Miss Effie.

She stopped to admire her tombstone. "Ephigeniah Carlotta McWhorter, 1867-1917," it said with a pretty lamb, which she liked very much, carved at the head. These plain modern slabs were all alike.

Getting out in the world wasn't as easy as she had thought. After wandering around in the cemetery for several hours, hopelessly lost, she sat down on a nice, clean stone. She had to admit she wasn't used to such exercise.

What Miss Effie didn't know was that two new and very efficient policemen had been watching her for over an hour, and now decided that this would be the ideal moment to seize her for vagrancy.

"Arrest a McWhorter? Impossible!" she cried indignantly.

"Impossible is right," returned the men. "The last McWhorter in this town died ten years ago."

"Little Elmo," Miss Effie sighed, reminiscing a moment. "But I'm only here to get warm. I mean I—" But by now the McWhorter blood was boiling, and she was so warm she couldn't even speak. She just glared. The two policemen just glared, too, for a minute. Then they grabbed her firmly by the arms, put her in their car, and drove to the station.

The chief was exasperated. He called up the mayor, and they checked the census of the newspapers, and the legal files. "Everything distinctly says that she died in 1917. And I defy anyone to contradict the official records of Coughtown. She's either an impostor or a lunatic!" Naturally, the dull policemen could not understand a phenomenal lady like our heroine, and they stupidly decided she was unbalanced.

Poor Miss Effie shivered with alarm, as she heard them call the Coughtown Insanitarium.

P. A.

(Continued next week)

## Fellowship Elects Four New Officers

The Presbyterian Fellowship had its election of officers for next year Wednesday night at 6:45.

Virginia Smith, rising senior from Dillon, S. C., was elected president. Lomie Lou Mills was the other candidate. Virginia has been Vice-president of the Fellowship this year.

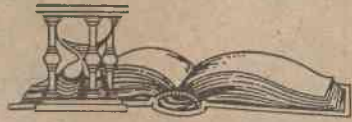
Lomie Lou Mills, rising senior from Wadesboro, N. C. was elected vice-president. Barbara Ward, Ann Carothers, and Mary Billings were also nominated for the office.

The corresponding secretary is Mary Elmore Finley, rising senior from North Wilkesboro, who ran against Polly Harrop. The recording secretary is to be Margaret McCall, rising Junior from Salisbury, who ran against Dot Redfeare.

Mary Billings, rising senior from Morganton is to be treasurer next year. Betty Holbrook and Mary Hill were the other candidates.

The annual banquet of the Fellowship is to be given by the Presbyterian Church next Thursday evening, April 24, at the Church from 6-8 p. m. The Reverend Paul T. Jones from High Point is to be the guest speaker. Any girls who wish to attend should see Joanne Swasey before Monday night.

## Qwertuioop



Or, if you don't care to risk the pronunciation, The Column with The Classical Sound. But that's a word we've admired for a long time. It's easy to write on the typewriter -- all it needs is a quick glissando down the third row of keys. Unlike the Paralytic Reviewer or the Weighty Lifter or worse, it doesn't tie us down with big promises. This column will be about books, but we won't often write reviews, and won't always lift our material from sources as heavy as the New York Times. Qwertuioop doesn't say anything about once a week, either. Even though it will be supplanted as soon as a better name is found, it's one of our favorite words. It does mean that we welcome contributions, and if you want to say anything about any book, there's plenty of space here.

We remember hearing Edward Weeks bleat out vehemently last year that no self-respecting reader ever looks at the Best Seller lists. We just committed the unpardonable sin, and at the wrong time, too. Lydia Bailey is number one on the fiction list, with *The Wayward Bus* second. A book called *Peace of Mind*, by John Liebman, is the most popular in the non-fiction group.

Since we haven't seen Lydia Bailey at close range, though, and there have been all kinds of people crouched over a copy in the bookstore. We've been among the crouchers and can speak with the partial authority that comes with being almost through. We do hope everything Steinbeck writes isn't so flattening. This book lacks the heavy truck-force of Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, but nonetheless we shuffled right queasily home. Its skillful realism has so blinded us that we doubt it all adds up to anything more than a wad of money for Mr. Steinbeck. An erudite acquaintance says she's sure it's a satire on something, and we hope eventually to find out on what. In the meantime we'll keep on thinking that Steinbeck dissipated his talent this time. And we won't be hasty to finish it, either, although somebody whispered that we hadn't even come to the good part yet.

*Peace of Mind* is so popular that we couldn't do justice to a copy. Hugh Snavely said they were out again, and sighed. But the most comforting excerpts were reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*, and we got hold of that. It's a slicked up little proof that Christian philosophy overlaps modern psychology, and recognition of that fact is supposed to make us fit to endure all the cares of modern life. Mr. Liebman advocates Getting It off Your Chest. We moderns deplore repression, and did not Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob tear their hair on occasion? It goes on and on at this level, and we doubt that anybody who can read likes to consider himself such an out-and-out novice, thanks to Sunday school on one hand and the movies on the other, as this book presupposes.

In fact, the only person with any use for *Peace of Mind* would be an extravagant innocent, fresh from *The Wayward Bus*. He, indeed, would tend to snatch up the book with the calm title and the big blurb, and he might enjoy Mr. Liebman's platitudes. Aside from the book clubs, that's the only excuse for its popularity, and Liebman probably owes Steinbeck more than he dreams. At least it all keeps the publishers happy.

We hope to find out something about Lydia Bailey, after which we mean to be through with the Best Seller chart. We also hope to dispense with the ten-foot pole soon.

Nancy McColl.



REBECCA CLAPP

## Clapp To Sing Monday Night

Rebecca Clapp will be presented by the Salem College School of Music in her graduating recital in Memorial Hall Monday evening. Becky's soprano voice has become familiar to both the students and the townspeople of Winston-Salem in her four years here.

The first group of her program will include: "Presto, presto io m'innamoro" (Mazzaferrata); "Within my heart of hearts" (Bach); "Let me wander not unseen" (Handel). Three nineteenth century composers are represented in the second group: "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" (Schumann); "O wusst'ich doch den Weg zurueck" (Brahms); "Die Forelle" (Schubert); "O liebliche Wagen" (Brahms). For her aria, Becky has chosen "Regnava nel silenzio" from "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti. The third group represents the late nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Included in it are: "Les cloches" (Debussy); "L'invitation au voyage" (Dupare); "La Chanson de l'Alouette" (Lalo). The latest group includes composition in the contemporary field, beginning with Dr. Vardell's "A Song of April." Then, Becky's own composition "Lost." William Bergsma's "Jimmie's got a goil" and "Ecstasy" will conclude the program.

Ushers for the recital will be Bettie Jones, Joanne Swasey, Mildred Hughes, Margaret McCall, Virginia McIver, and Sara Haltiwanger.

Becky has been active in campus organizations during her four years at Salem. During her senior year, she has been president of the Choral Ensemble, soprano soloist at the Moravian Church, and columnist ("Clapp Chats") for the "Salemite."



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ELNORA LAMBETH

## Sophomore Plans To Wed

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lambeth of Littleton, N. C., announce the engagement of their daughter Elnora to Mr. William Leigh Glasgow.

"Boots," a sophomore, during two years at Salem has been active in Pierrettes, I. R. S., cheerleader, and the War Activities Council.

Bill, recently discharged from the Navy, is majoring in mechanical engineering at N. C. State in Raleigh.

The wedding is to take place June 7, 1947.

## History Society Has Meeting

Saturday, April 19, the history department of Salem College will be host to the North Carolina Historical Meet.

There will be three meetings. The afternoon meeting will be in the Wachovia Museum. At 6 o'clock there will be a dinner meeting in the club dining room, and after dinner, the group will go to Salem Tavern for the final meeting.

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## Salem Returns Davidson Favor

by Margaret McCall

"Salem-Davidson Day," April 26, will be a great day on Salem campus. Hundreds of men will flood the ancient grounds of dear old Salem College. A girl without a date will be like "a ship without a sail." Plans have been made to give these boys a day to remember. We have the boys; we have the girls; all we need to do is to match them up!

Tables are being placed in front of Bitting every day at lunchtime until Wednesday. There you may deposit your \$1.75 and sign again for your planned blind date. Please do not avoid these tables, for they are placed there for your convenience. You will not want to be caught "without a sail" on Salem-Davidson Day.

What is the \$1.75 for? This mere sum of money will pay for the entertainment for you and your date. Attractive favors are being planned for you to give "him," and the afternoon and night have been arranged to the minute for fun: a rousing game of softball is being offered for all big athletes; each dorm is entertaining in original ways; a Danny Kaye movie, "The Birth of A Star," is being shown in the Old Chapel; a picnic supper is being served on the hockey field and the Club Dining Room is the center for round dancing. You, too, can have a wonderful time on Salem-Davidson Day! All you have to do is send in \$1.75 and sign for a date. This is no trial offer or free sample; this is a genuine, guaranteed product. If you are not satisfied on the day after, chalk it up to a hang-over and go back to bed.

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