

Joanne Field Daydreams At Night

By Joanne Field

It was dark, dark, dark. As I stood there looking up at the dark portentous building, the clock across the way chimed seven times, dully and softly. It was time to go—up the cold steps. Pull open the heavy oak door. There, I'm inside—The lobby was big with a bigness that overwhelmed me. Many great people had been here—really great people. I wondered how it had affected them—The lights blazed out into the night—“How does it feel to be back after all these years, Miss Field?”—Thrilling—“How was your European Tour?”—With a light, airy wave of the hand—“Divine!”—Bennie Jo and Rose Ellen passed me on the steps with a funny look—I'd better be careful. It wouldn't do to let anyone know how this place affected me. Besides, it's only here at night, alone, that I feel this way, a little awed and fervently more ambitious than in the day—There's the clock again—Time to go.

Up the steps—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—I looked back—Hundreds of people thronged the lobby below. Their formal clothes sparkled against the dull walls and the dark floor. They were the ones who couldn't get inside to sit down—They were clapping and shouting. They wanted me to play a thirteenth encore. Really, I couldn't be bothered—That drafty stage and those horrid radiators—“No, truly, I couldn't. It would be the thirteenth, and it might be bad luck.”

The first landing—Through the swinging doors. They sprung to with an air of finality—like prison doors. Wonder how it feels to be in prison! Dirty old grey uniforms, cropped hair, if it were like in the movies—“Judge, I'll be glad to go to prison if it's what you think best. I only stole that million dollars from that horrid old politician to give it to those poor people who had nothing to eat. I didn't keep a penny of it for myself.” Clang! The doors closed behind me. I was there for life! “Live on, Field—Come on”—Anne gave me a brisk pat on the back—why do people think it so smart to call others by their last names?

Up the steps to the third landing—one—two—three—four—five—six—I hadn't gotten any mail all day—Everybody had forgotten me—It's funny how people forget things—“Try to remember your name, try”—“I—I—can't”—“You must remember”—“I'm trying, but I just can't,” I sobbed, alone and forlorn—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—At last—the top. I dropped wearily against the wall and stared at the many slips of paper on the bulletin board—Then—on—I stopped outside the first room. Inside, at the piano, Sis Honeycutt was plowing through that beautiful passage of Macdowell's “Novelehe”—Ouch! That discord hurt—“Joanne, do you want room one? I'm through”—“Thanks”—Room one, room ten, room hundred—What difference. Down the hall—See, saw, see, saw—Wonder why violins always either sound like the feel of velvet or else the howling of a stray cat?

—“Ahem—Miss Field, we know that you're very busy and we hate to interrupt, but we come from the Society for Better Music for the World. Recently a World Symphony Orchestra has been formed. We, of course, have given great thought to the choice of a concertmaster and have chosen you as the one most fitting for the post.”—“But, gentlemen—a modest look around—are you sure that you want a woman for this position? A woman has never before held such a place of high esteem”—“Never before has a woman, or

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Shown above practicing for the Pierrette production “Pygmalion” are, left to right, Winkie Harris, Bryan Balfour, Elissa Hutson and Dr. Todd. The play will be given at 8:30 on Thursday and Friday nights, March 15 and 16, in Old Chapel.

“Pygmalion” Presents Climatic Point Of Pierrettes' Debut As Major Organization

By Lola Dawson

Salem Is . . .

(Continued from page two) we are separated from our parents, we are starting to mature, or should, for now we are faced with problems—problems which we alone must solve, decisions which we alone must make, and thoughts which we alone should think. We should question everything; we should not be mere receptacles, for now in college the principles upon which we will base our future lives are being formed.

Yet, this beginning development of independence should not hinder us from considering and helping our schoolmates—Just because we are beginning to think our own thoughts, let's not become smug with the idea. Not everyone is going to agree with everything—let these points of conflict between us turn from their antagonistic tendencies and become points of stimulation. Let's let our points of difference bind us together just as much as our interests do.

But we don't. We gripe. We are afraid of taking the responsibility of letting our opinions be known. We are afraid that our opinions will not be valued, that we will make enemies and that we will make fools of ourselves. Consequently, we remain static. Why should we complacently accept the rules from the years before if we disagree and have suggestions for improvement?

But we have brought hypocrisy with us. We say hello very sweetly to the girl passing by; then talk about her behind her back. We adhere to rules that we don't believe in. What kind of citizenship is that? A lot of us enter hypocritical and graduate unchanged.

Here we are, three-hundred girls, a comparatively small number for a college. Since it is so small, each one of us affects those about us—at least we should. Each one of us should take an active interest in this community of which we are a significant part, caring and thinking about one another along with ourselves. College is the place where responsibility should be taught and learned.

(Continued on back page)

Midst the flurry of rehearsals for Shaw's “Pygmalion”, preparations for Tag Day and plans for student-directed plays in April, the Pierrettes are proving their worth as a major organization on Salem campus.

The club made its debut twenty-six years ago with the presentation of 3 one act plays; “Suppressed Desires”, “Enter The Hero” and “The Maker of Dreams”. In February 1925, a box was placed on the front page center of the Salemite which read:

Don't suppress that desire!
Have you a Hero?
See
“Enter The Hero”
Did you know that cupid had gone into business?
See
“The Maker of Dreams”
Laugh and be Merry!
Memorial Hall, Saturday
8:15 P.M.

Miss Isabel Wenhold (daughter of Dr. Wenhold) played in “Suppressed Desires” the part of “Mabel, an excitable dreamer who imagines that she is a hen.” All three plays were highly praised by the Salemite and were said to “surpass all expectation and delight a large audience with their dramatic ingenuity and art.”

Miss Dorothy Siewers (niece of Miss Grace Siewers) was the first president of the Pierrette Players. Under her leadership the first group of Pierrette members was initiated on October 23, 1924, and upon Dr. Rongthaler was bestowed the title of “Honorary Pierrette.”

Following their debut, the Pierrettes have presented a varied program through the years including “The Romancers” by Rostand, Wilde's “The Importance of Being Earnest”, “Electra” by Sophocles, and Chekhov's “The Marriage Proposal”.

In 1936 Miss Isabel Wenhold became Director of Dramatics and Old Chapel was changed from a

library into a theater for the Pierrette Players. (The stage in Old Chapel used to be the periodical room of the library.)

And now, 26 years old, the Pierrettes are on trial as a major organization. Under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Reigner and the leadership of Polly Hartle, the organization is succeeding in presenting a year of dramatic activity.

The main Pierrette activity for the year '50-'51 is to raise money for a new curtain. In October, a tag day was held and approximately twenty dollars was donated by the student body. A talent show has recently been presented which enlarged the curtain fund amount to fifty-five dollars. The initiation service begun by Dorothy Siewers and the first Pierrettes expanded into a formal induction service held in December of 1950 in Memorial Hall. The productions of “The Romancers” and “Suppressed Desires” have been replaced by the November presentation of “Goodbye, My Fancy” and the workshop performance of “The House of Bernarda Alba” followed by a critical discussion.

The second semester major production, “Pygmalion” is on its last lap of rehearsals and will be presented March 15 and 16. Three members of the Theater Class will follow up this performance with three student-directed workshop plays to be given in April. Another tag day and induction service will be held the first part of May.

This is the work of the Pierrettes in the year '50-'51. Their industrious year speaks for itself in proving their worth as a major organization.

Calhoun Gives Out-Side Information

By Jean Calhoun

Remember Charlie Chaplin in one of the first moving pictures saying, “Wanta buy a duck?” Remember waking in the wee hours of night crying to mamma, “I wanta glass of water?” Remember thinking, “I sure do wanta date Sid,” or “Boy, do I wanta fur coat?” Think of the first time someone said “Wanta drink” or “Wanta Smoke.” Keeps popping up all the time, this word ‘wanta’, even on college campuses.

Wanta go to Europe? Wanta go to summer school? Dr. Clemes Sommer of the University of North Carolina Art Department and Mrs. Sommer will again conduct a student tour of Europe. Lasting from July till September, this tour will be similar to the one conducted last summer. Dr. Sommer will teach the course, which will contain baroque art and literature, as well as serve as tour leader. Each course will carry six quarter hours of credit at the University.

Wanta be a ‘free bird’? Head for Wake Forest or Carolina, because both college communities have asked the General Assembly to make them bird sanctuaries. If the proposed bills are passed, it will be illegal to kill birds in Wake Forest and would give our ‘fine feathered friends’ of Carolina freedom except in the open season.

Wanta make a few pennies? A tearful Sally Rand discovered that when Harvard Freshmen invite a fan dancer to their smoker, they don't expect her to read a speech on foreign ideologies. Not even when she is donating her services. More than a thousand students greeted her at the affair. When Sally proceeded to read her prepared speech, the hecklers in the audience sprinkled the stage with pennies. Undaunted, she finished her talk and then fled the hall in tears.

Eagerly greeted by North Carolina college students was the news that Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton and Agnes Moorehead will be appearing in matinee and evening performances at the University of North Carolina March 10. They will present “Don Juan In Hell”, and admission will be three dollars. Students from nearby campuses are making plans to attend the performances of these three famous actors.

From Northwestern University come a few tips, supposedly good for students who would be a success in class on any campus: (1) Look alert, take notes. If you look at your watch, don't stare at it unbelievably and shake it. (2) Ask for outside reading. You don't have to read it. Just ask for it. and 3) Laugh at your professor's jokes. You can tell . . . If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has made a funny.

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