

SPORTLIGHT

Volley Ball

Now that the Sophomores have hung their purple and white on the basket ball cup, and their vast superiority is an established fact, the other classes have decided to change the course of events. Thus Volley Ball was brought back into its own Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. H. St. With Alice Stough as manager and spring jump around the corner, why not put a little pep down on the volleyball court? Many of the girls displayed their interest by attending a volleyball game at the "Y."

Swimming

Life saving classes are being conducted at Reynolds High School Swimming Pool by Raymon Eaton. "Pat" Holderness, the two Prentiss and Josephine Walker, tried out classes ended Thursday night.

Riding

Night rides are the proper things around the campus now. Any afternoon or night that you find it possible to go riding please notify the most active riding manager, Bebe Hyde.

Golf

Miss Atkinson is still giving private coaching in golf. She reminds all the girls interested in going to bring their clubs back with them from Easter holidays.

Tennis

There will be tennis tournaments conducted this spring. Many girls are already shinning up on the game so if you want to be in the racket get going with the racket.

JAZZ IS FEATURE OF MUSIC HOUR

(Continued from Page One)

ing. This piece took the country by storm and gave impetus to the adding of minor chords to jazz. It is rather interesting to know that "Some of These Days," still sung today, marked the first appearance of minor harmony which is so popular today. This piece really shows harmonic ingenuity.

An epidemic of war songs came in 1905. The interest of composers centered on jazzing Indian war dances. "Novells" was probably the most popular of this group.

Then followed what Mr. Vardell termed "The Turkey Trot Era." Such amusing pieces as "The Kitchen Sink" and "Grizzly Bear" were included in this phase of the development of jazz.

During the world war, the popular songs were jazzed, but the "blues" were more prominent. The majority of these songs have faded as all such music does. Irving Berlin was at the height of his glory at this time.

In 1925, jazz received a new consideration. Critics began to claim it as an American art and brought jazz operas, ballets, and concertos into a new atmosphere. While this professional treatment resulted in good uses of modern harmony, nothing ever came of it so far as art was concerned. Gershwin and Carpenter contributed much to jazz.

There seems to be no question about the latest development of jazz, the "crooning songs." In Mr. Vardell's opinion, they illustrate in sound the weakest point of Americans—their extreme sentimentality.

The speaker stated his firm belief that jazz will not sweep good music away. Good, artistic music lives because of its refinement, its crystallization, and its beauty. Jazz has none of these qualities which insure permanence of approval. A certain amount of jazz is highly permissible at social functions, but it can be emphasized too much. On the other hand, good music can never be emphasized too much. Mr. Vardell reminded the students of the part they may play in raising the general appreciation of finer music. Great art will never be "popular" in the sense that jazz is, but it will never die.

In conclusion, Mr. Vardell played Mozart's "Libretto," pointing out an appreciative audience which shared contrast between this essentially simple, yet perfectly formed composition, and modern jazz.

Kochanski Wins Praise In Brilliant Concert

Audience Is Delighted By His Own Composition

On Tuesday night, March 1, at 8:15 o'clock, in Reynolds Auditorium, the Civic Music Association presented Paul Kochanski, the Polish violin virtuoso, in the last concert of the season.

Mr. Kochanski is truly an artist. He played with such absolute ease that his brilliant and faultless execution seemed to be almost without effort on his part. He was surely alive to the emotions he interprets. Rarely does one hear a violinist who secures such pure and exquisite tones—sometimes almost transparent, like a whisper. The accompaniments of Pierre Labuschutz at the piano added much to the effect.

To many people, perhaps, Bach was beautiful and understandable for the first time when Kochanski opened his program with "Praeludium, E. Major." Others gained a new appreciation of the playfulness of Bach in the reiterated harmonies. The fine harmonic sense of "The Devil's Trill," by Tartini demanded the brilliant violin virtuosity which Kochanski was fully able to give it. He gave us encore after this number two French Dances.

In the Mendelssohn "Concerto in E Minor" Kochanski had much chance for contrast and variety. The impassioned first movement in perfect classical form was followed by a soulful Andante. After a short dramatic interlude, the last movement entered, sparkling with wit and staccato. As an encore to this powerful number, Kochanski played Kreisler's arrangement of the beautiful Indian love song, "Pale Moon."

Another favorite was Schubert's immortal "Ave Maria." Against the long sustained phrases which bring out the deeply religious note, the piano accompaniment was particularly pleasing. The violin seemed to be making a deeply emotional application as it played in octaves. The high tones were particularly beautiful. Gradually, as the prayer is answered, the melody descends and becomes more calm. Kochanski's "Flight" was a realistic composition which left his audience breathless and almost dizzied by the high tones, the chromatic passages, and the busy tremolos. Prolonged applause made him repeat the number.

He played the beloved Brahms "Waltz, A. Major" so delicately that it was almost a whisper. He also repeated this number.

"Gypsy Airs" by Sarasate was extremely fitting as a finale because it embodied so much contrast—both technical brilliance and tonal beauty. The characteristic folk themes, and the peculiar rhythm of the musical gypsies of Spain were particularly captivating.

As encores, Kochanski played two brilliant Spanish Dances—one by Sarasate and the other by Manuel de Falla.

A STRANGE VOICE SPEAKING

It was a raw blustering night in mid-winter. Cold sleep beat against the cobblestones in the streets of old Salem. Wind howled around the corners of every house. No one ventured out into the night unless it was absolutely necessary.

In the parlor of Salem Tavern, guests formed a wide circle about the great fireplace where logs burned brightly. Leisurely they discussed the news of the day. The right from wheel of the steagecoach had given away about a mile south of the town and there had been delay for half a day before the journey could be continued. A lame old gentleman who had been in the coach, told how the accident happened and how the passengers experienced queer sensations when the coach fell down. Two single ladies had been so upset by the accident that even now they were upstairs trying to recover their equilibrium.

The tavern keeper had just thrown a hickory log on the fire, the flames became brighter, the fire wood crackled and hummed. The guests had just settled back in their chairs contentedly and were watching the bright flames in a moment of silence, when a low moan was heard just inside. It came in a hall of wind, and it sounded like the groan of a human being in distress. The guests started in surprise. Men rushed outside. Women ran to the windows but it was too dark to distinguish anything in the night.

In a few moments, amid great commotion and shuffling of feet, the men hurried again into the Tavern, supporting and half-carrying a middle-aged man, with an ashen white face, thin sunken cheeks, an emaciated body, and dark clothes rain soaked until they clung to his body like an octopus around its prey. His hands were stiff with cold and his fingers nails were turning blue.

Plainly the stranger was very ill. He was put to bed as soon as possible. A cold chill racked the wretched body, and low moans escaped his lips. Presently he became quiet and lost consciousness. All the while there was anxious stirring in the house. Bricks were heated to warm his feet. Brandy was brought and forced with difficulty through purple lips. Nothing roused the stranger from unconsciousness. A young boy was hurriedly dispatched to the doctor, who lived a short distance north of the church. Without delay he came to offer his services but the time he arrived it was too late. The stranger was dead.

From the time he was rescued until he passed away, the man had not uttered one word. Down in the parlor the guests discussed the tragedy in the low subdued tones which people adopt when death is in the midst. They were deeply concerned about the poor man. He had ridden to the door on a scrawny old horse and there he had dropped, too weak to go forward, and unable to call for help, except by low moans. Within an hour he had died and as yet no one knew who he was or from where he came. He was surely not from this part of the country and a careful search of his saddle bags revealed nothing. Truly the people were at a great loss.

Unknown though he was, the Moravians gave the man an honorable burial, and the small flock of villagers stood above his grave and wondered what secrets were concealed beneath the sod.

Not many days passed before the servants in the Tavern came to their master, Mr. Shober, with wild stories about a voice out in a dark corner of the servants' hall, which kept calling someone in the night. Practical, level-headed Mr. Shober refused to believe such preposterous nonsense and told the servants to go about their business and forget it. Probably the wind was blowing through a crevice in the wall. The servants choked back their fears but they always rushed by that dark corner in haste lest they should feel an invisible presence and hear a voice in the darkness.

Again the servants, wild-eyed, came to Mr. Shober and again he sent them away, telling them their fear was absurd, that it was impossible that a voice could speak out from nowhere. Finally the servants refused to go through the back hall at night and they frantically begged Mr. Shober to come see for himself that they were truthful. Sleepably he descended the few steps separating the front of the Tavern from the back and stepped into the narrow passage.

Suddenly there was a low murmur and a swishing sort of noise, and there was the strange feeling of an invisible presence over in the corner. In spite of himself Mr. Shober shuddered and trembled slightly. The noise rose to a moan, then out of the blackness came a faint voice, hardly perceptible at first but finally becoming fairly distinct. Cold beads of perspiration appeared on the brow of the inkeeper. His eyes grew wide with surprise. Motionless, he waited and wondered what was going to happen. The voice was trying to say something and the man leaned

forward, his muscles tense. Softly a name was spoken—"Thomas Grant"—then came the phrase—"death of a stranger". The inkeeper instantly thought of the strange death several weeks ago and his temples began to throb violently. Again he leaned forward, straining to catch anything else the voice might say.

Not for long did he wait. In a low tone came another name—"John Grant"—and, further—"San Antonio, Texas." Instantly there was perfect silence. The voice had stopped abruptly as if that was all to be said, and the feeling of an invisible presence disappeared. Powerfully impressed with his vivid experience, Mr. Shober stumbled out of the passage and up the steps. As if driven by a commanding force, he sat down at his large desk and began a letter. Far into the night he worked with great energy, carefully weighing each word.

A stage coach going south the next day picked up a letter at Salem Tavern addressed to Mr. John Grant in San Antonio, Texas, in which Mr. Shober asked if he had a brother, Thomas, who might have been traveling through Salem in Carolina, and the inkeeper described the pitiful remnant of a man who had been too weak to identify himself.

Months passed and no letter came from Texas. It was a long distance to have arrived if there really was such a person as John Grant. Mr. Shober again became skeptical and wondered how his imagination could ever have been so deceptive. As time passed the experience grew dim.

A stage coach from the south arrived one day and a letter was delivered into the hands of Mr. Shober. A strange sensation vibrated through his body as he opened the letter and read the contents.

"My dear Mr. Shober," it began, "Your description of the stranger exceedingly coincides with that of my brother, Thomas, who, many months ago set out for Boston by horseback, and intended making his way up through the Carolinas and Virginia. I am deeply grieved the news of his death but I find consolation in knowing that in your hands he was kindly treated and that he received an honorable burial." Further Mr. Grant expressed his gratitude and offered to pay any expenses which were incurred by the illness and death of Thomas.

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Mr. Shober clutched the letter and sat down almost overcome.

To this day no one has ever again felt an invisible presence or heard a faint voice in that dark hall.

—E. I.

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