

Women of the Week

MARY ELLEN CARRIG

The accent is fierce—nasal and northern as a winter wind—but it's no indication of what lies inside. For in spite of the abrupt speech and rapid conversation, Mary Ellen is as calm as can be. Often in the midst of some unhappy situation the sure and abrupt Mary Ellen will give as goodly counsel as the wisest of sages.

Once people would have said, "Aha—that girl has a head on her!"—And people would still say it, if they talked that way. But the fact is, Mary Ellen has sense—logical and deep-seated sense. She's as practical as a pair of saddle shoes—if you don't believe it, just ask her her formula for making an allowance last a month. She's as dependable as Big Ben—and if you doubt that, just ask anyone who ever begged a favor of her. All of which brings us to the part about Mary Ellen that is so amazing. Whether it be decorating, painting, doing math, coaching some poor soul, darning a sock, or sympathizing with you—Mary Ellen does her job thoroughly, cheerfully, and willingly. She's as interested and as eager to do her bit in any project as any on this campus.

Not a lot of people know Mary Ellen—she doesn't toot her own proverbial horn. She's more likely to be a quietly interested spectator in a noisy group than one of the chiefest rabble rousers. She shines forth in all her quick and agile glory when ever a sport is the cause for racket—A superb basketball player, a good gal behind a hockey stick, and a pretty mean baseball player.

But whether in a game, or in com-

KATHERINE SCHWALBE

A feather cut, a casual grin that shows her beautiful white teeth, blueish-green eyes that have a way of cutting to the right when she's amused . . . a Salemite more reserved than most is Katherine.

As a 'good ole gal,' she's among the best. All year she's been the calm, efficient, tend-to-my-business sort of Stee Gee secretary . . . but she's not all business! Everyone, at some time or other, has enjoyed hearing her opinions about Casablanca, elections, people, and lit. And if anyone drops in to leave a book by her room on second, she'll probably find Schwalbe and Mary Ellen piled up in bed during a Sunday relaxation session listening to the Philharmonic.

And as a student, one finds Katherine among the more stimulating. One moment she's attempting contortions timed to staccato four-four; and the next she's in comp. reading a delightful fantasy which makes others seem horribly tacky. Then close on fantasy heels, she'll launch a violent argument on the reality of Ernest Hemingway's characters.

So if you don't know a campus asset, cart your box to second and find Katherine. Although upper-classmen might remember the Goldberg analytic technique of her freshman year, you'll see her now in her true colors . . . a mature student . . . one of the people who enhance the beauty of Salem life.

mon every day affairs as living next door to you and bearing the brunt of a pie bed, Mary Ellen is a grand sport.



And what will Davidson - Salem - Queens day bring into the light? To quote Sarah Henry, "perhaps you'll meet your future" — and then did the girls sign up! But what Martha really thinks was responsible for the rush was Normie's appeal to the patriotism of each and every one — "After all," said Normie, "You can date an air corps boy." Maybe you saw the bulletin board in Clewell Wednesday night, but if you didn't here are a few of the messages:

ANNE CALDWELL, call Dick Port.

BETTY MOORE, call Walter Brown

PEGGY WITHERINGTON, JULIA GARRETT, NANCY KENNEY, NANCY RIDENHOUR, call operator twelve, Davidson.

ADAIR EVANS — telegram from Shaw Smith

But enough of Davidson-Salem, etc., stuff. BETTY JEAN JONES can hardly contain herself — after all, she's going to Philadelphia Thursday week to see her little med. student.

Martha has been more amused than she has been musing this week when DODIE BAYLEY pulled a false faint in order to keep her lights on and OFFICIAL PROCTOR McCLELLAND came rushing to the rescue to administer first aid. Yes, one glass of water for the swooning maiden.

Imagine MOT'S embarrassment when Mrs. Parrish saw the portrayal of Mot and Wilbo in Betty's Bottom.

Can you imagine GUDGER'S surprise when, after many fond adieus, Bill was transferred to Davidson for his training?

BETSY COLLET' is looking forward to Wake Forest this week-end, and SUT and MARY FRANCES are making big plans for that trip to Annapolis during Spring Holidays. And speaking of these spring dances SEBIA is going to Yale.

And then there's the story of FRANCES HENS DALE who almost missed her call from Von by trying to play hard-to-get with Bob. There's a moral in that story.

MOLLY and NANCY JOHNSTON have been deluged with invitations to Davidson this week-end. Ain't it grand! P. S. Neither one is going.

MAMIE HERRING is counting the minutes 'till she sees Tommy 'way out in Missouri. She can't convince us that all those pretty new clothes aren't for a trousseau!

And now, may I make one appeal to you Salemites. Either do something or don't keep what you do such a dad-blamed secret.

—MARTHA.

LACY'S MUSIC IS EXCELLENT

From the sublime to the inevitable was the course of events for Salem's graduating co-ed. For the day after Lacy Lewis had given his graduating recital last Monday evening, Lacy went home in preparation for joining Uncle Sam's army. The first of the season's graduating recitals was a most enjoyable one and fully promises a spring of brilliant concerts. Lacy played with authority and graciousness before a large and appreciative audience.

The program opened with two movements of Mozart's Concerto in C minor for piano and orchestra. Lacy displayed agile finger-work and his playing of the second movement revealed the more romantic qualities of the work.

The Bach Fantasia in C minor opened the second group. This provided opportunity for excellent staccato work as well as skillful manipulation of the voices. In the Nocturne in E minor by Chopin, Lacy played with an appropriate singing tone and treated the number with a clear sense of its romantic significance. One of the most effective numbers on the program was the Schumann Novellette in E major. The contrasting lyric interludes and the brilliant octave work were very well done.

The third group featured a Suite in Canon Form for two pianos, by Arensky. Dr. Vardell played the second piano for this as well as previously for the Mozart concerto. The suite is an intriguing treatment of melodious themes, each section of the suite having its own characteristic melody and development. The ensemble playing of Lacy and Dr. Vardell was particularly notable, and the contrasting moods were novel and interesting.

As his last group, Lacy played the unusual and appealing "Pastorale" by Liszt and closed with "Allegro" Scherzando by Pierné. The program evidenced concentrated study and noteworthy achievement. And with three ears full of friends and relatives from Asheboro (Lacy's home) to boost the recital, Lacy thoroughly enjoyed the occasion that most music students consider askance. And at the informal reception given Lacy after the recital, he solemnly promised us that when he becomes a rookey in the U. S. Army, he will certainly sneak us the words to that favorite song of the boys, "Dirty Gerty from Bizerte."

—SULLIVAN—
Meanwhile she continues to flash those brown eyes with "eye lashes that lean out and wave at you" (according to Seville), play all the bridge, and see all the movies she possibly can before tackling her new job. Oh yes, she majors in sociology and economics, and minors in history, too.
When we went by to interview Leila, the Juniors who thronged the room offered all sorts of suggestions as to her character—which added up to the fact that this outstanding member of the Junior class is a grand girl.
She says she hasn't any ideas for next year's annual yet but she is looking forward to the trip to Nashville this summer when she and the publishers can "dream something up." Leila has been thinking about the new staff and would undoubtedly like to know if you are interested in working on it next year.

—BROADCAST—
Choral Ensemble and will be entirely different in its contents from the first.

As their first selection, the Ensemble, under the direction of Clifford Bair, will sing "Fugue, Canzone, and Epilogue" by Karg-Elbert—a special feature of the program, written for women's chorus, violin and organ. Margery Craig will be organist and Hazel Horton Read, violinist.

Completing the program will be a modern composition, "The Rosemary Suite," by Randall Thompson, an American composer. Three numbers from this suite will be heard: "Chemical Analysis," "A Sad Song," and "A Nonsense Song." The lyrics are from "Tiger Joy," by Etopen Vincent Benet. Harp interludes will be played by Hazel Newman.
This promises to be a program well worth your half-hour; so don't forget, Sunday night at 9 o'clock in Memorial Hall over WSJS. Everyone is cordially invited to attend in person.

IF YOU AIN'T HAD THE PLEASURE

(Adele Chase)
If you've never been down in the infirmary on a Monday morning, this article will be meaningless to you. But if you're one of the over-indulging prom trotters who inevitably land down there on a Monday morning for Nurse Stewart's wash-out, you'll get a whiff of nostalgia as we review for you a typical blue Monday in the little red-brick retreat.

The alarm clock's shrill whistle seems to sound worse on Monday than on any other day . . . but on this particular Monday, you know you'll never find the oomph to tumble out of bed and stagger into that miserable 8:30 class. Well it wasn't your fault that the bus was two hours late last night . . . and that you had to wake Miss Turlington at 11:55 p. m. to let you and your three suitcases in! But oh! The weekend was so wonderful . . . Johnny's such a darling . . . Chapel Hill is God's Gift to a Salem Girl . . . and there goes your mind.

Oops—now that you're standing on both feet, you wonder why the room doesn't stop swimming around you. You feel wretched . . . you hurt all over . . . you seem to have no more power than a warped tennis racket . . . and a minute later, you're beseeching your room-mate to escort you to the "youknow-what." Before you have time to "reflect your emotions in tranquility" (with humble apologies to Bill Wordsworth's "Preface to Lyrical Ballads"), you find your nimble feet leading you to the little red-brick retreat.

Now the fun begins! But it's some comfort to see that you have plenty of company down there, and your fellow sufferers all seem to be moaning and groaning and sighing sweet nothings about Bill, K. A., Davidson, State, Dick, V. P. L., etc, etc.

To Miss Stewart your case is just routine. You try your best to convince her that you're suffering anything from a split appendix to cancer of the pancreas. But in between your moans and explanations, she stuffs you with pills as though you were a slot machine! Big pills and little pills, brown pills and white pills, green pills and pink pills, and on and on comes the March of Pills.

By afternoon, after having had a delicious and most appetizing unch consisting of one glass of ice water which refused to stay down,

PIANO AND ORGAN, VIOLIN AND CELLO

Four o'clock, and another Music Hour was about to begin. Edna Stafford began the program with Beethoven's "Theme and Variations in G Major." Suzanne Willis performed the rhythmic "A Canebrake Tune" by Wright. A touch of variety on the program was offered by Eugenia Shore who played the lovely "Contilena" by Golterman on her 'cello. Frances Cartner played "Grillen" by Schumann; while Louise Taylor, at the organ, rendered "Cantabile" by Loret. Technique and interpretation were both displayed by Martha Moore Hayes in Mozart's "Theme and Variations" (From Sonata in A Major).

The lovely "Legende" by Wieniawski was played by Elizabeth Swinson, violinist. Polly Starbuck created a quiet, serene atmosphere with "Nocturne," op. 15, No. 3, by Chopin. Josephine MacLauchlin, organist, skillfully played "Procession du St. Sacrement," by Chauvet.

Ella Lou Taylor has us wondering whether she should be a pianist or a vocalist—her rendition of Nocturne, op. 54, No. 4, by Grieg, was excellent. Catherine Swinson played the impressionistic "Bird Song" by Palmgreen. A brilliant close was achieved by Catherine Walker in "Sonata in D Minor" for the Organ by Guilman.

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you decided that your time on this cruel earth is at an end; but cheer up, old gal . . . you'll live! You always do, for many sufferers before you have managed to still limp around campus.
Hail and farewell, fellow sufferers. And on weekends remember: eat, drink, and be merry, for Monday we die . . . in the little red-brick retreat!

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