

Field Trips Are So-o-o Educational

(Nancy Stone)

The other aspiring designer and I piled hopefully into the instructor's car. With eyes bright with anticipation we were now on our way to take the long-awaited tour supposed to aid our creative instincts. We settled our pencils and sketch pads on the seats and waited with indrawn breaths for our first stop—the Reynolds Building.

From the building we were supposed to glean the inspiration for a dress. We leapt from the car and began scanning intently the stylized decorations on the building—backing up artist-like, squinting professionally. Mutters of "interesting pattern for a print" came from my fellow student. So engrossed were we, that we were quite unaware of the bizarre effect we gave—blocking the sidewalk, scribbling madly and gazing intently at the peak of the building. At one point my companion forgot that traffic ran down Main street at noon—and backed into the asphalt to get a better view. A screech of brakes and a muttered, "Darn screw ball" on the part of the taxi driver saved her from a severe whack in the nether regions.

After copying faithfully the details of the Reynolds building, we traveled to the Telephone building. Again we stared, scribbled, and muttered. Just as we were leaving—with necks cramped from so much upward gazing—two uniformed men

grabbed us firmly by the arms and scattered our precious sketches to the winds. "Just what," they belatedly, "are you doing? They put folks in jail for activities like this!"

Weakly we assured them that sabotage was not intended—and that we were meek and lowly students of Costume Design. Gathering up our papers, dignity, and courage we departed.

Children were playing in front of the church as we went in—and each dropped his jaw open to register amazement. The inside was cool and quiet. With a completely unsanctified air I went about copying the colors in the windows—"cathedral colors" I would call my creation.

As I gazed at the stained glass windows, a feeling of awe and almost reverence came over me. My matter-of-fact contemplations were broken, and I walked quietly out into the open to turn my sketching to outside views. The children thought this fine sport—and nudged each other, pointed and giggled. One grimy eight-year-old made whirling motions with his forefinger. Completely disgruntled and with a last-straw feeling, I strode to the car and slammed the door. Idly I looked over both of my drawings, and mused over a statement once heard, "Field trips are so-o-o educational."

—DEHYDRATED—

Africa, the R. A. F. dumped a heavy bomb tonnage on Duisburg, a steel, railway, and waterway center in western Germany.

Other good news from this front poured in from Holland and Belgium. A revolt in occupied Holland spread like German measles across the border to Belgium. Other accounts of sabotage seeped in from Poland, Yugoslavia, Norway and Greece.

ON THE AMERICAN FRONT—

Thuesday night Prime Minister Winston Churchill arrived in the U. S. to confer with the President and other Allied leaders. Not until Wednesday did the world realize the exact nature of the conference. Then the press discovered that the leaders had Pacific plans up their sleeves. Present at the fifth meeting of Allied chieftains are such notables as Sir Archibald Wavell, Commander in India; Sir James Somerville, Commander of the Eastern Fleet; Sir Richard Peirse, Indian Air Officer; Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of General Staff; Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord; and Sir Charles Portal, Air Chief Staff. After looking over the list, the world deduced that all war theatres and strategies are under heated discussions. The conference faces many knotty problems: the de Gaulle-Giraud friction, Polish-Russian relations, the German prisoner problem, and the European invasion.

In Congress a measure has been proposed to enable the government to delay strikes for 90 days.

The U. S. has also announced that it has built enough war factories for the duration.

—MARSHALS—

is the girl who smiles all over when she speaks to you. It's fun to watch those eyes twinkle. Mary Lucy may be found down on the athletic field most any time because she is interested in all sports. She has served as vice-president of her class, treasurer of A. A. A. and will serve as treasurer of Stee Gee next year. She maintains a high scholastic record, thus showing that she is conscientious and dependable.

Then I heard a voice "like a bolt from the blue" which could have come from none other than Jane Frazier. Yes, petite Janie, but quite capable just the same. She has served as treasurer and vice-president of her class and has been very outstanding in the Pierrette Players. Janie has all the qualifications of a marshal—even to her blonde hair, good looks, and her conscientiousness.

Congratulations new marshals and rising senior class for your choice.

Martha's

Musings

Yes, room-drawing is over and all the agony that accompanies it—roommates are happy; rooms have been swapped (and some still in the process); and everything is fine—except the seniors do feel oh, so left out. Well, we'll miss you too.

But this is no time for weeping, or crossing bridges before . . . or counting the chickens before . . . There's a big week-end at Davidson, starting Friday till (?) Off they go, NORMIE, CAROLYN, MOTT, BUTCH, JULIA GARRETT, STU (poison oak and all) and KHACKY. Perhaps there are more, but we'll have to let you know about that next week. But one last plea, girls, remember I. R. S.

Then there was SUE at Davidson last week-end. And imagine our surprise when we asked enthusiastically "Well, how was the dance?" and we received an equally enthusiastic answer "Oh, we didn't go to the dance, but it was a wonderful week-end."

LAURA HINE seems to have had a wonderful time at the Med dance last Saturday night, but we hear quite a different report from ADELE and CHARLOTTE RICHARDS—seems the weather was a little too warm, or something to that effect. And then there was JANE FRAZIER who was lamenting that everybody, positively everybody, was turning out for the affair except her.

KATY LOVE eyed with envy the girls who were invited up to Hanging Rock to the Signal Corps party—her Henry is up there, you know. And while we're on the subject of said party, we must mention JOHN-NIE SAYLER'S embarrassment when she ran into two old friends.

NORMIE is literally claiming kissing kin with the Suttons of Fayetteville after last week-end. Chee, the family was wonderful.

And then there's a story of COOTIE'S er, ah, graduating present. Mrs. Richmond was sweet to send her a white satin night-gown, wasn't she?

Has anyone been deprived of the privilege of seeing SEVILLE'S new picture of Ed? If so, she will be welcomed in 205 Clewell.

If, when passing the Day Students' Center, your conversation is completely drowned out it is only SARAH HEGE conversing in French (she's a wonderful torch-bearer, Dr. Downs) or more likely FRANCES KRITES telling her story of little Red Riding Hood—with colored illustrations.

"BATTLE!"

(Peggy Nimocks)

Ho-ley—di-bo-ki—wotten—dotten-choo—sold to the highest bidder—room 279, was the sound heard on Wednesday night as hundreds of room-hunting hags gathered to find a spot of comfort to live in next year.

"No, I want that room."
"You can't have it; I have it engaged."

"Engaged! Why you son-of-a-sea-cook, if you dare to move in I'll sleep on top of you!"

And so the battle started. Rooms! Rooms! Rooms! 275 is not taken—1013 isn't taken—inspection of respective rooms. Just as I thought . . . I'll take the "tub room."

"Anybody want a roommate? Along with the turmoil of rooms comes roommate trouble! Somebody ain't got a sleeping partner. Too bad, take a transfer."

After effects: Let's see now—you swap with Suzie; Jane moves out of there; Liz moves in; and Ginny may not come back; so Jane rooms with Mary; Mary's engaged so Jane changes plans. Two with; two without and still going strong! Jane takes th' transfer. And on into the hours this infernal fire burns.

After the motley battle, all we were able to do was to grab the nearest clothes pin and stick it on our respective noses and thank Zeus that we couldn't live on but one floor, and with but one girl, and the event of room drawing was over!

TEACHING IS FUN

(Rosalind Clark)

Have you ever seen a station wagon pulling away from ye olde campus at the luxurious hour of 9:30, and did you ever envy the heaps of good-looking gals (Salem—beyond a doubt) who looked at you equally as envious? Well, they have more of a reason to envy than you have. They are going out on their duty as practice teachers (Need I say more?) which lasts morning after morning for six weeks or more.

Anyway it is different—where else would you find out that your solid name was "Cutie," and that "necking" rhymes with "peeking." Of course it is quite a shock for the pipsqueaks to tell you to take out your gum 'cause they can't make out what you're mumbling or to suddenly pop up and ask for a date. Then after the trial and error method, you put the thumbscrews on and never say, "Will you please do this," but instead say, "Now listen here, you rats, you're going to do this or else—!" Of course you always have the lessons planned before and long in advance so you never have to rush. (Enough of that).

Maybe you'll keep on being a teacher, and after you have secured the position of professor in a famous university and you find that lots of your former friends don't remember you, come back to the school where you practiced teaching and they'll remember you.

NOTICE!

Let's make the Salem College Art Exhibit a success! Bring your hobby art for the hobby corner—cartoons and sketches of college life—portrait sketches—art work and craft work—to the art studio by Wednesday, May 19. The exhibit will be held in the Club Dining Room.

McMURRAY IS NEW SPANISH CLUB HEAD

On Tuesday night the Spanish Club met and elected officers for the coming year. They are as follows: President, Virginia McMurray; vice-president, Elizabeth Bernhardt; secretary, Luanne Davis; and treasurer, Mary Lou Stack. Sebia Midgett will be editor of *Apuntes Espanol*.

After the election the members enjoyed a few games of bridge, while refreshments were served.

—SHAMEL—

Polonais in C sharp minor and Valse Brillante showed excellent interpretation of two difficult numbers.

In the modern group, Aline began with *Autumn* by Chaminade, in which she lost herself entirely in the interpretation. A fascinating number was *Serenade* by Rachmaninoff. Two very interesting numbers were *A Ghost Story* and *The Punch and Judy Show*, both by Goossens. These modern numbers showed her feeling very definitely for the modern idiom.

The climax of the recital was the performance of Mendelssohn's *Concerto in D Minor*, with Dr. Vardell at the piano. This proved to be one of the loveliest concertos to have been played, and Aline came forth with all her ability.

Peggy Eaton, soprano, was Aline's able assistant. Peggy sang *Ich Liebe Dich* by Beethoven; *Vergebliches Stanchen* by Brahms—which was a dialogue, portraying Peggy's dramatic qualities—and *Mine* by Schubert. Peggy's voice was clear and her tone was full.

In her second group, Peggy sang the enchanting *The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes* by Carpenter; *Silent Noon* by Vaughan Williams, a number which she sang with much feeling, and the lively *Under the Greenwood Tree* by Buzzi-Peccia. This number was one of the most outstanding of Peggy's selections.

The recital was one of color and brilliancy. The audience thoroughly appreciated and was well aware of Aline's talent—their enthusiastic applause proved that.

WHAT, WHEN, WHERE

WHAT: Soph-Sr. Softball Game.
WHEN: 7:00 P. M. Friday.
WHERE: Athletic Field.

WHAT: Academy Play.
WHEN: 7:15 P. M. Saturday.
WHERE: May Day Dell.

WHAT: Broadcast.
WHEN: 8:30 P. M. Sunday.
WHERE: Memorial Hall, WSJS

WHAT: Fr.-Jr. Softball Game.
WHEN: 7:00 P. M. Monday.
WHERE: Athletic Field.

WHAT: Elizabeth Johnston's Recital
WHEN: 8:30 P. M. Monday.
WHERE: Memorial Hall.

WHAT: Dr. Dwight Ware.
WHEN: Tuesday.
WHERE: Chapel.

WHAT: Latin Club Picnic.
WHEN: 6:00 P. M. Wednesday.
WHERE: Fire Place.

WHAT: German Club.
WHEN: 7:00 P. M. Wednesday.
WHERE: Bitting Basement.

WHAT: Mr. Weinland.
WHEN: Thursday.
WHERE: Chapel.

WHAT: Annie Hyman Bunn Recital
WHEN: 8:30 P. M. Thursday.
WHERE: Memorial Hall.

You must see BIDDY CRESS'S new ring . . . Poor LOUISE TAYLOR has lost 'em all to the Army—Tommy left Wednesday . . . MARTHA is closing with Mrs. Rondthaler's words to tanned DORIS SMITH: "Doris, you just aren't going to take JANE RIERSON to the movies an afternoon next week!" . . . Take heed, girls; it is pretty close to exam time.

—STOKES—

Freude, die Wonne denn tragen" (Magelone) by Brahms were sung with deep feeling and clear, ringing tones. Her German pronunciation was excellent. A pleasant surprise was the brilliant aria: "Qui la voce sua soane" (il Puritani) by Bellini in which Laura Emily Pitts played a flute accompaniment on the last cadenza. Lindy seemed to put her whole self into her singing. It would be hard to decide who enjoyed it the most—Lindy or the audience. Laura Emily Pitts displayed her versatility in alternating between the piano and flute. Shelaid down the flute just in time to play the last big chord on the piano.

The program concluded with a group of modern compositions: "Beau Soir" by Debussy, the familiar "When Celia Sings" by Moir, "My Lady Lofu" by Warren, and "The Maids of Cadiz" by Delibes. Lindy's gestures added much to the last song: we expected to see her wing into a dance any moment.

When we walked back stage, we thought we had lost our direction and had ended up in a florist shop. Out of such an array it would be hard to choose the flowers we liked best, but we particularly liked the bouquet of yellow roses and iris tied with matching ribbon.

Judging by the enthusiastic applause, the only thing wrong was that Lindy's recital was over too soon.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC TEACHERS HAVE PARTY

On Tuesday evening in the club dining room Katy Bly Love, Louise Taylor, Juanita Miller, Peggy Eaton and Marie Jones were hostesses to Mrs. Mary Stagg, Mrs. Pleasants, Mrs. Lacy Butler, Mrs. Eric Detmold, Mrs. Amelia Daniel and Misses Willow Benbow, Alice Hoffmann, Helen Misenheimer, Augusta Wright, Frances Wortham, Mabel Reid and Mayme Porter.

The guests at the party were teachers in public school music under whose supervision the students had practice taught.

HOME EC. CLUB HAS RECEPTION

The silver spoon Mrs. Meinung used to dip the punch at the Home Economics Club reception was made in 1797. Mrs. Meinung is the fifth generation of her family to own this valuable heirloom.

The reception, at which this almost two-century-old spoon was used, was the bright spot of the campus Tuesday night. It was held in the Lizora Fortune Hanes Practice House which was decorated with iris, ragged robins and pink carnations.

Receiving at the door were present officers of the club and other members of the executive board: Ethel Stevens, president; Irene Cooper, vice-president; Becky Cozart, secretary; and Alyce Stevens, treasurer; Molly Boleman; Sara Bowen; and Lois Swain.

Mrs. Meinung presided at the punch bowl in the dining room and Miss Crow assisted in receiving and serving the guests.

The recently-elected officers of the club for next year received in the dining room. They are: Charlotte Richards, president; Treva Miller, vice-president; Mary Alice Neilson, secretary; and Molly Cameron, treasurer. Also assisting in this room were Elizabeth Willis and Margaret Ardrey.

About 50 guests called between 8 and 9 o'clock and were served punch, sandwiches, cakes, and nuts.

AT THE THEATRES

Carolina:
Mon. - Tues. - Wed.: "The Navy Comes Through."
Thur. - Fri. - Sat.: "Pride of the Yankees."

State:
Mon. - Tues. - Wed.: "Reveille with Beverly."
Thur. - Fri. - Sat.: "Swing Your Partner."

Forsyth:
Mon. - Tues.: "White Cargo."
Wednesday: "Meanest Man in the World."
Thursday: "Glass Key."
Fri. - Sat.: "Algiers."

Colonial:
Mon. - Tues.: "Mysterious Doctor."
Wednesday: "Once Upon a Honeymoon."
Thursday: "Silent Witness."
Fri. - Sat.: "Lost Canyon."