

## CLAPP CHATS

Herewith let this chagrined columnist offer her most profound apologies to Mr. Sigmund Spaeth . . . thank heaven he won't see what happened to his nice article in the OPERA NEWS on "tune detection" . . . last week's column seems to have reposed (except for a couple of paragraphs) on the cutting room floor—is my face red!!! Herewith let me give my collaborator, dear ole Siggie, due credit for all that wholesale knowledge I handed out last week . . . even Dean Vardell questions my ability to expound on Wagner's sources of melodies! . . . ahem! But . . . (whew!) . . . my intention was just to point out the popular melodies interwoven in opera (plug—I refuse to surrender until I have three Salemites listening to the opera with me without groaning—is it so horrible!?) . . . and don't be too, too surprised if Ezio Pinza comes out with "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" in the middle of FIGARO sometime . . .

Speaking of the BARBER OF SEVILLE (who was?), 'member that howl of an arrangement of the "Largo Al Factotum" put on by Luboshutz and Nemenoff, the duo-pianists! 'Tis now available on record—Victor, 11-8987, twelve-inch single . . . reverse side is Mr. Luboshutz's arrangement of Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois." . . .

Hope the radios were on Wednesday night—sorry I didn't know in time to warn you last week, but one of our piano virtuosos—June Reid had program all by herself at 8:30—a nice honor, but no more than she deserves. . . .

If my eavesdropping is correct, sounds like the whole of Music Hall is planning to move to N. Y. C. during spring holidays . . . Auditions, concerts, operas, and plain sight-seeing good times are on the bill of fare—send us a postcard, Bunny!!

Radio news: Lily Pons will be the featured artist on the Telephone Hour Monday night—her one operatic number will be the Valse Ariette from Gounod's MIRELLE . . . opera this week is LA BOHEME—hope it's as good as the recent Toscanini production, couldn't be better, that's a cinch! . . . The Boston Symphony is presenting an all Wagner program Saturday night at 9:30—for those of you who miss Junior-Senior . . .

Rubinstein seems to be making a revolution or somethin'—in his Carnegie Hall Recital last Sunday night (which was sold out two months in advance—that's fame for you!), he announced all of his numbers himself; there were no printed programs—nice idea! Think of the marvelous opportunities he had to change his mind—take heed all you recitalists—can't you see Ride deciding to play Gershwin instead of Grieg? — ha!

## A Bit On The Tired Side

The parrot does the best he can  
To imitate the talk of man,  
But since he has no gift for speech,  
The best the bird can do is screech.

And so it is with Juniors. With the coming of spring, with the budding of the willow tree, with stunt night and Junior-Senior, there comes a time when the paper must resort to amateurs. And so thus it is that we, the above signed, have struggled and strained, pulled and pained to give to you a newspaper that resembles the Salemite. The only things we can trust to be our standby are the type and black fingers.

Our attitudes towards editors have changed. And in fact here's the conclusion we've reached.

It must be terrible to be.  
The kind of editor that must agree  
A girl who'd rather write than eat,  
And doesn't have to run a beat;  
To whom three hundred reporters cling  
Who's not afraid of anything;  
Who aims with a nose for news

When everyone else is in the buses  
Whose wit and talent, genius, and wiles  
Demands articles of definite styles  
Who rises every day at six  
And words and phrases begins to mix  
Who all day long struggles to write  
Things newsy, interesting, and light.

Personally I prefer  
To be an editor—an amateur  
Who stares with vacant, wandering eyes.  
For signs of stories that are not lies  
Who couldn't write a column alone  
Without a cuss word and a groan.  
Who hasn't brains enough to know  
About the latest Hygiene show  
And doesn't know that teachers met  
To study laws of etiquette,  
An editor who lets her vigor lapse,  
In dusty papers, understood by saps,  
Who every literary art abhors,  
And every Salemite reader bores.

Although an editor like that disgraces  
Her friends in the upper places  
Although her hands are tired and fat  
There's something underneath the hat  
Of such a girl—a kind of demon  
That lets her boss three hundred she-men,  
Who walks all over the campus  
And brings her their stories fabulous.  
And though she's anything but clever  
She'll be an editor forever.

Apology to Samuel Hoffenstein.

## A Plea For Dramatics

"For lack of a nail, the shoe was lost," and for lack of a good dramatics department, Salem is in danger of losing some worthwhile students, both now and in future years. This has been proved by the large number of students who have sent their applications to other schools which offer extensive training in dramatics. It is only reasonable that they should want the best training possible and this is certainly not found at Salem.

The speech class is a step forward in the right direction, but it is not sufficient to meet the demands of aspiring Bernhardt's and Duses. There is a need for classes in diction, interpretation, stage department, makeup, and all the other factors which go into the making of an actress. If these classes were offered, dramatics would no longer be considered an extra-curricular activity, thus students would be more willing to put their time and efforts into play productions, knowing that they would receive credits for this.

Another thing the department lacks is adequate equipment. It is unfair that the Pierrettes must buy their own makeup, an expensive necessity, which should be furnished by the school. Drafty and cold. Old Chapel is still useable, but the curtains are ragged and torn, and the stage properties are inefficient. Given adequate equipment to work with and good dramatic training, Salem talent, with the help of its capable director, could go far in the field of drama, and Salem College would then be able to compare favorably her dramatics department with that of any school in the nation.

P. T.

## Poet's Corner

Through wooded hills of darken hue  
I journey, God, alone with you  
Through empty plains of desert sand  
My contrite heart can feel your hand  
A touch that kindles life afresh  
Within a soul where wilderness  
Once made the earth a barren land  
And peace a foreign thought for man.

A note of music fills the air  
One single note from out nowhere  
Its throbbing tone beats in my heart  
And I can feel myself apart  
Apart from man, gone from the earth  
Where sadness dwells in silent reign  
Where sadness dwells in silent reign

And thoughts are filled with aching pain.  
The rustling leaves upon each tree  
Sing a song to none but me  
A tale that other ears may hear  
Without a sign, and scorn a tear  
Of life through countless ages past  
Of humble masses lead at last  
To light and faith through love of Thee  
How strange the tale heard but by me.

by Lois Wooten

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## Cooperation

What is the matter with Salem students lately? The campus is in a slump. Maybe it is just the pre-Easter doldrums we have heard about. The students have not reached the throat-slitting stage yet, but they are on the way.

Now, do we have a remedy to suggest . . . a little bit of cooperation. That is what was needed this week in getting out this Salemite. Do you want to know what we went through? Well, here it is . . .

When we assigned articles we were answered with . . . "I can't write that, I don't know anything about it" . . . "I haven't got time this week" . . . "I just don't feel like writing" . . . "I wrote one last week, leave me alone this time." After the articles were finally assigned we waited for the copy. We waited until Thursday. Then we went around and collected it. Of course, they were not typed and no newspaper style was observed . . . some of them had not even been written. After re-writing and proof-reading we were finally ready to set up the type. Then there was the question of ads. Each business staff member had either forgotten that paper has to have ads or had completely ignored the fact.

Now, the Salemite is the students' paper. Every member of the student body should contribute in some way to its success.

Cooperation is the answer to success.

## Appreciation

The Salemite wishes to take this opportunity to thank the administration and all those concerned for answering our open forums and editorials.

The ink-wells, the telephone, and the larger sidewalks that we begged for have been granted. The Salemite is proud of these improvements on the campus and deeply appreciates the cooperation of the administration in listening to our requests.



Reprinted from the February issue of Esquire  
"It might be just as easy, dear, to hold your head still and move the brush"