

Where's My Music?

Where's my music???
 Mine's gone, too . . . golly pete!
 I saw your anthology in Susie's music a couple of weeks ago . . .
 Well, I had to buy a new one . . . there's three bucks gone up the creek . . .
 Such is the day-by-day conversation at Music Hall. Either that or, "Amazing! All my music's here . . ." And poor Mrs. Horton hears all the complaints—the best solution would be for her to buy a vault from the nearest bank, hand out each girl's music in the morning, and take it back up again at night. That way she could be absolutely responsible for all lost material.
 Of course, we can always hope the Administration will some day see fit to purchase some lockers for our music. It will be, we admit, on the expensive side . . . and besides, the shaky "bookcases" now being used for music racks will have to be taken out. While we're about it, let's just build a brand new music hall, equipped with sound-proof practice rooms, etc., etc., etc.

On the other hand, without girls losing music, what would Mrs. Horton have to bother her? Mrs. Horton in a peaceful frame of mind? . . . drastic!!

While we're complaining, let's fuss about little girls who practice in Music Hall at night in the teacher's studios. They leave the windows up, the lights on, and candy wrappers on the floor. What a lovely sight to greet Dean Vardell on Monday morning! Let's be a little more considerate—and thoughtful. Perhaps that way some of the music will stop disappearing. What do you think?

Campus Looks Better

Have you noticed the new improvements around campus?

Biggest and most appreciated item is the abundance of hot water in Clewell, Sister's, South and other dorms. Now it's possible to take a bath after supper, and still have hot water. It even stays warm until bedtime!

Lots of painting and grass sowing has been going on, too. Spring is really here when those first little shoots of grass come up down by the Dining Hall.

We're still appreciating the widened walk down there. It's the best example of fast work, we know of. Maybe we should complain more often. Sometimes we expect the Administration to read our minds for us. How can they know what we want if we don't tell them?

Let's hope they can get the planned Alumnae Room finished by May Day. Then we can really show off.

CLAPP CHATS

Did you see the "large charge" Dr. Vardell was getting in assembly Tuesday????? . . . orchids to Slye: Hong Kong really did the trick! . . . Templeton wasn't too stingy with the electrification either last Monday night—"The Ring in Five Minutes" was superb!! . . . Traubel and Melchoir had better look to their laurels 'cause Mr. T. has a little edge on them—unusual for one person to be a dramatic soprano and heroic tenor both at the same time . . . and according to the Dean (wonder how Clapp would chat without him??) the Ravel number was the "cleverest thing . . ."

Reminder: on the double, better be writing the checks for Civic Music next year tickets—deadline is Saturday . . . that "cheap music" is the most valuable stuff one can get in college—here's one green gourd who had never been to a real honest-to-goodness concert until her freshman year—and now look what I know (?????) O. K., O. K. . . . at least I know who Warrenmarkovadolintraubelluboshutznoff is. Do you? . . . don't forget; six dollars to Miss Bonney (bet she's rich!).

Guess you're all going to the symphony Friday . . . if you aren't, it's bad, 'cause you ought to . . . the conductor, Eric Leinsdorf got his honorable discharge from the U. S. Army 'bout a year ago . . . he's from Vienna originally, but now an American citizen—and oh, shucks, married to (wouldn't you know?) an American girl . . .

Bunny is really getting in the big time . . . all those grand N. Y. C. plans, auditioning for Dr. Raubenbush, and THE recital . . . next Tuesday night—see you there! . . . Ain't it excitin'!

Oh, joy! My favorite opera ('cept they're all my favorites—never can make up my brain—change every week!) is gonna be performed this week: LA TRAVIATA . . . with Albanese . . . who could ask more????? . . . See you there, in the same box with Milton Cross . . . (119 Clewell)—Haw!

From Where I Sit.... Poet's Corner

by B. C. (no headaches, plez!)

This is not about music . . . faint.

But what else is there but music???? Oh, Yes . . .

SPRING:

This fair season came in officially Wednesday night at 33 minutes after midnight, E.S.T. Even surer signs than our recent April showers, trimmed with thunder and lightning enough for all us witches—

Miss Burrell's Easter chapeau—ultra, ultra, we hear!

Jo Holler's latest—three-quarter length aqua—or is that the latest????!

Heaven-on-earth: Toodle House strawberry pie—ask Jane Lovelace . . .

The purty pansies in Dr. Rondthaler's button hole . . . and . . .

The daffodils, "that come before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty . . ." (guess who wrote that? Initials are W. S. . . ., Willie to you)

N-Y-L-O-N-S . . .

Two poems dedicated to the author of the faculty play:

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair.
 One more unfortunate,
 Shopping for hose.
 Here's the ambulance,
 In she goes!

Sob, sob—so tragic! On the brighter side . . . !

WANTED: A MATE

If I could only find a mate
 How happy I would be
 To end a hopeless single state
 That greatly troubles me.

Among my worldly goods I own,
 By some design of fate,
 One nylon stocking—one alone—
 Ah! how I need a mate . . .

MEN

While we're on the subject of mates, here's a way to vary yo' prayers, girls . . . just to break the monotony:

(Quote) Oh, Lord, I'm not asking for a thing for myself, but please send mother a son-in-law. (Unquote)

Clever . . . haw . . . haw . . . let me know if it works!

WOMEN

Have you heard? The ten most beautiful women in America, according to model agent, Walter Thornton:

- Housewife: Mrs. Laurence Tibbett (a grandmother!)
- Business: Constance Luft Huhn (cosmetician)
- Writer: Nancy Bruff
- Movie Star: Ann Sheridan
- Stage: Ruth Hussey
- Society: Mrs. John Fell, Jr.
- Opera: Helen Jepson
- Radio: Annamary Dickey
- Politics: Mrs. Harry Goetz
- Model: Betty Metcalf

What! No Salemites??

RUMORS — (sh-h-h-h-h)

I don't know any, do you?

Rumors are bad things anyway—they cause lots of misunderstanding in the world; . . . but aren't they exciting . . . ! (Corn, five bucks a bushel . . .)

GETTING LITERARY

Help! Because I still am in the process of reading Miss Byrd's freshman list . . . I can't quite begin to judge the current best sellers . . . besides, even music majors can look at the TIMES and see that Arch of Triumph (Remarque) and The Egg and I (MacDonald) are topping the list . . .

One thing I do know: the Book-of-the-Month is putting out a gorgeous, beautiful edition of Undset's Kristen Lavransdatter as a dividend . . .

While we're being literary, what's next on the bill for Dick drastic's bound to happen . . . whoopee! Can't wait . . . Tracy . . . ! With Brilliant and Mr. Diet Smith settled something

Bye for now (if you've read this far.) Come to see us morons in Music Hall . . . all the comforts of the bug house! . . .

Orchids to Miss Read for the extra, special nice orchestra concert last Thursday night . . . the music was purty, and you deserve a star in your crown for teaching fourteen people to play the violin from memory—(I can't play it looking at it!) . . . and wasn't it nice to see our Miss Adams up there . . . let's be hearing more from you!

THE VESPER HOUR

At the close of each beautiful day
 There is an hour of magic and charm.
 The earth is transformed into grandeur
 And is free from all worry and harm.

The sky is alight as the rainbow,
 The air is so calm and serene.
 The bird songs are now only twitters,
 The fragrance of flowers fresh, clean.

The bells in the church tower peal
 As the scene grows a little more dim.
 I render a prayer for the splendor
 As I look toward the heavens and Him.

Mary Elmore Finley

FAR AND WIDE

Mournful lament of train whistle
 sounds in the night-time
 Still is the night breeze
 the whistle shrills
 far and wide.

Early song of rooster
 pierces the bedroom quiet
 Warm is the friendly sun-rise
 the sun stretches
 far and wide.

Sharp clatter of dishes
 disturb the sleepy heads
 Sweet is the morning milk
 the prayer rises
 far and wide.

Simple lesson of living
 discovered day by day
 True is the soul and beauty
 True, oh, forever True
 far and wide.

Sue Moore

ACQUAINTANCE

I once knew a woman, oh Lord what a woman
 She hated all women she knew.
 If any female disturbed her
 By God you're a'heard Her . . .

Smiling . . .
 And cooing . . .
 At Bill

And
 Scratching the eyes out'a Sue.

Sue Moore

The Salemite

Published Weekly By The Student Body
 Of Salem College

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

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