

Clapp Chats

Hope all of you have the N. Y. TIMES . . . there's a "hum-dinger" of an article—"Lament for Music" by Morris Hastings—on the radio page. Wish I had space to print the whole thing verbatim . . . but doesn't permit. Please read it for yourselves—he complains about the lack of good symphonic music programs on the networks. True, we get an overdose of them over the week-end, but the result . . . "the devoted music-lover feels on Monday morning that he has been eating too much mince pie." They dress up a symphony concert into a variety show—intermission spots are filled with everything from senators to history and science—anything but music; and program notes are read by the announcer, "dynamized and filled with 'hep'" . . . !

High spot of this week was the broadcast by the Music Department, from Memorial Hall on Tuesday night—hope you all turned in. The Choral Ensemble was privileged to eat dinner at 5:30 (no complaints) to be ready for rehearsal at six . . . Mr. Peterson, Voice Department, and Mr. Lerch, String Department, sang and played the violin, respectively . . . there will be more of the same in the near future . . . we hope!

Picture-show news has the forthcoming musical "The Jolson Story" something to sing about. Winchell says: "It's a melodic jubilee. Al's lifetime will give you the time of your life. Mammy! . . ." With the original Jolson voice, what more can we ask? Lauritz Melchior and wife are scheduled to become honest-to-goodness American citizens December 13 . . . perhaps we've been a little mite hasty in criticizing Mr. M. for the "folderol" he sings in M. G. M. musicals . . . he justifies himself, saying he hopes that by coming down to the popular level, he can bring public taste slowly up the ladder . . . from a ballad to a Strauss waltz, then a classical aria,—how about that?

More Opera News: For the first time in five years, the Met is planning to produce a new American work . . . "The Warrior"—libretto by Norman Corwin, score by Bernard Robers . . . it's just one act, and will be combined with "Hansel and Gretel"—"in order not to injure or offend"! . . . Among the revivals will be Delibes' "Lakme" with Lily Pons in the title role . . . hope they broadcast it!

Funeral Arrangements

good criticisms are heard now and then of this one hundred seventy five years old female troupe and the main reason Salem has some connection with the immediate is her ability to profit from such criticisms. Salem may do well to teach young women the smooth path to social success via tea manners or table manners or class manners and the young gentle Salemite robots may tread through the future hacked with polished "how-do-you-do's" or "how-delighted-to-see you's." years would lapse by and generation and generation of polished tea manners or table manners or class manners would slowly nestle down on southern soil. if you are thinking of the future don't forget your special problem all your own . . . funeral arrangements.

S. M.

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Subscription Price—\$2.00 a year—10c a copy

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Alice Clewell Building-Basement
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street

Printed by the Sun Printing Company

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"Plop! Stop!"

By Catherine Gregory

About March every year the magazines and periodicals are flooded with rapturous poems about Spring. Life surges upward, bringing new joy and hope to mankind and transforming each sad little sack into a radiant being. The sweet clean air of the fresh dewey morn is filled with the sounds of birds singing and fancies lightly turning. Fainting hearts take new hope and shabby old lives are made pure and wholesome.

There is, however, another side to the picture. What goes up must come down so to Spring's contrasting season I will give the name Plop. Does anyone ever write sonnets to Plop, I asked myself? And from the dirty walls of "My Own Private Nook" came the resounding answer, "No!" Fixing my gaze on an almost-dead geranium plant, I swore to dedicate my life to the recognition and greater appreciation of this neglected season.

By great good fortune it was my week to write The Column and so I have chosen this opportunity to spread the word to the general public. For centuries The Authorities have suppressed the truth about Plop, knowing that if the masses saw it as it really is, there would be chaos that would wreck the whole foundation of our civilization. People, kept thus in darkness, have lived through 3 or 4 months of Plop every year since the dawn of time, plodding dully on with their little lives and even (oh, heresy) enjoying it.

And now I, out of all others, have been chosen to bring light into darkness. This is indeed a sobering thought. However, my course is clear and my courage is strong. The message I bring is this: Rosy Autumn is terrible! Indian Summer is awful! Fall is dreadful! In short, Plop is unbearable!

This is shocking to our narrow, smug little concepts, I know, but when the full meaning of this has sunk in, I think the new world will rise out of the ashes of the old, and this planet will be a better place. Winter, Spring and Summer will be spent in gay, riotous living. People will laugh and love and cultivate the fine arts of peace and friendship. Then, when Plop comes, life will simply stop. As the first little nip of crispness creeps into the balmy summer air:

- Teachers will stop in mid-lecture—
- Conductors will pause their batons—
- Martinis will be set down untasted—
- Hymns will die in throats—
- Fists will relax into hands—
- Vacuum cleaners will die into silence—
- Planes will light in the nearest field—

And every living thing in the world will whisper the words, "Plop! Stop!" and make straight for their own little beds from which they will not arise until Winter has really set in. Some slothful persons may choose to remain there until Spring but that is carrying it a little too far.

To prove my point about Plop, let me cite to you some examples of the disunity and general horror wrought by this season in our midst. If you examine your life, now that the shroud of ignorance has been lifted, you will see how this period has been affecting you. I only hope the realization will stir you to action to rid the world of the curse and blight of this insidious season.

The Salemite, unbalanced by this malignant influence, printed on its pages two erroneous statements. It stated, in firm, indisputable black type, that students were required to pass 18 hours per semester, instead of per year. My roommate, seeing this, leaped to her feet screaming, "But I'm only taking 16 and I probably won't pass them!" She fell to the floor and has been in a state of semi-consciousness ever since. Sometimes her lips form the words, "Has anybody been to the P. O.?" but other than that she has not moved.

The second heinous mistake was the report that Miss Farrell is the new secretary to the Academic Dean. This she denies. "My name is Farrow and you cannot persuade me otherwise" she declares firmly. So much for that.

Along this same line I have written a poem. It is based on a mispronunciation of the word sieve, but I hope you will let it pass.

During Plop an old gunman named Cheevby
Was always quite grumpy and peevy.
He'd pull out his gat
At the drop of a hat,

And soon all his friends were quite sievey.
Friends, I really think that Plop, Stop is the answer to it all. I hope you will give it your serious consideration.

Letters To The Editor

Salem College seems to be interested not only in developing its students' minds, but their bodies as well. It offers an excellent physical education program and makes a large number of sports, such as horseback riding, stand high; besides being an excellent form of exercise it is really most enjoyable. Salem seems to realize this and goes to some trouble to arrange riding classes for the students. "But they don't," objects the horsey crowd, "Give us anyway to get over there."

Unfortunately, that is, only too true. The students must not only pay a comparatively large sum of money for their riding tickets, but they must also spend a good bit more on transportation to get over to the stables. If four girls want to take a taxi over and back each one will have to spend well over fifty cents. Now when riding costs so much to begin with, it hardly seems fair for Salem to expect the students to keep on paying for the sport all year. The school really should provide a means of transportation to the somewhat distant stables, as the girls ought not have to pay, and pay. . .

If the college only would make it slightly less complicated for the students to reach the stables, we are sure that riding would become the most popular sport on campus.

Horselover

Answer---

Reply to Interested Inquirers:

The upperclassmen who question the activity or play periods required as a part of the physical education program are doubtlessly transfer students, members of the Junior class. Therefore to them is due an interpretation of credit in terms of semester hours—according to the standards of Salem. For each semester hour of credit there is a class period of fifty minutes or more throughout the semester; and each class period implies a minimum of two hours of preparation or the equivalent. In the field of art, studio work may take the place of preparation or home-work; in science, laboratory periods may lessen the amount of both class work and outside preparations; and in music, home economics, et cetera, practice periods, group work or other scheduled periods may serve as the equivalent of the customary period of preparation.

The courses given in physical education are standard ones, carrying regular academic credit, and therefore deserving of definite preparation, scheduled practice, or some equivalent activity. It may be possible, in fact, to think of the physical education activity period not only as a class preparation but also as an extra bonus of fresh air, good fun, and an ever-developing skill! Is this asking too much?

8:00



12:00

