

Clapp Chats

Last week "the long journey home" was over for Grace Moore, the golden-voiced Opera singer who was killed in a Copenhagen plane crash January 26. More than four thousand of her devotees crowded the First Baptist Church in Chattanooga, Tennessee, for simple funeral services. Dorothy Kirsten, soprano from the Met and one of Miss Moore's closest friends, sang "Ave Maria" . . . For a more fitting tribute than this, see the article in OPERA NEWS, February 10.

Two good concerts are coming up in Greensboro in March: Sigmund Romberg and company on March 6; and James Melton (there's a voice for you—even Li'l Abner thinks so!) in recital on March 13. Tickets available at the G'boro Music Company. . . .

If you noticed the "strange music" coming from choral ensemble Wednesday . . . t'was only a warm-up for the cheering squad at the basketball game. Don't say that musicians aren't versatile . . . you name it: Yells conducted by Day, or Palestrina conducted by Peterson . . . Rah, rah . . . hip!

The newly organized freshmen chorus will make their debut on a broadcast Friday night over WSJS . . . Judging from reports these six gals and six guys make a cheerful ear-full!

Tagliavini . . . Tagliavini . . . Tagliavini . . . a name to remember. He's the new tenor with the voice like nothing you've heard before . . . few of our present day singers can stop a performance at the Met and take a bow, but here's a guy who can! Not since the "good old days" (so they tell me) and Caruso has there been a lyric tenor with such a voice. Mr. Ferruccio Tagliavini just recently arrived from Italy . . . let's hope he'll take up permanent residence in the good ol' U. S.!

Hoagy Carmichael now has a half-hour program on Sundays at 5:30 . . . with his customary lowdown and mournful style, he ambles through whatever Tin Pan Alley tunes that happen to strike his fancy . . . It's all very wonderful, unmusical, and not-to-be-missed!

Opera this Saturday: RIGOLETTO . . . Leonard Warren in the title role . . . another must on my list.

Poet's Corner

The eyes of the maiden were dark,
The face of the maiden was fair.
The shade of an inky blackness
Was the shade of her lovely hair.

Her hands were as delicate flowers,
Her feet were so small and so fleet.
Her cheeks were as rosebuds in summer,
And her movements were graceful and sweet.

Her laughter was sparkling and bright
As a clear bubbling brook in the light.
Her voice was as merry and gay
As a soft apple blossom in May.

Her heart, so carefree and warm,
Was to many young lovers a charm.
Many had sought her,
But none ever caught her,
For she was only a dream.

—Mary Elmore Finley

For Seniors Only

By Hallie McLean

So little time—the last day of February and only three months left. A period of three months is a short interval and yet for us, it will bring rich experiences and a chance to collect many more memories for the future.

Making full allowance for these good times, let's get serious for a little while. This is an unwelcome but rather necessary note—especially in our case.

We are Seniors—awaiting with mixed feelings the big graduation day in June—the end of something wonderful and at the same time a beginning!

For those anticipating summer weddings, there is not the problem of indecision, but for the rest of us the question is—the beginning of what?

We seek the advice of those who know through experience. They outline for us the following vocations:

"Teaching—acquiring daily gray hairs or new wrinkles trying to discipline adolescents long enough to teach them something the majority has no desire to learn."

"Going to New York—balancing the thrills of city life with the need of watching the budget and perhaps finding that the budget problem surpasses and takes the thrill from the experiences."

"Working at home—making an attempt toward independence when Mrs. Jones refuses to accept the fact that 'little Mary' whom I have known since she began to walk' has reached maturity. No, budget balancing in New York is much to be preferred."

This sounds rather bitter, doesn't it? But each of us knows that something big, something made especially for us, is going to turn up, that Mrs. "Rockebilt," while searching for a companion to accompany her to Cuba, is going to find her qualifications in us or that one day a furnished apartment with a job attached is going to present itself . . .

Wonderful thought—to be out in the world—on our own, no assignments at night, to be independent. This one work brings a new world to a Senior. It means being our own bosses, controlling our finances with no more "financially embarrassed" letters home and no more term papers or book reports due "two weeks from yesterday."

Still the responsibility connected with independence is a little frightening. Imagine our being citizens—not those civic-minded founders who hand out good citizenship medals twice a year nor the type who profoundly state, "The world has gone to the dogs," and considers his duty done, but, (forgive our idealism) a citizen who keeps his eyes open for possible improvements and realizes the best and most effective (at the same time unoffending) method of accomplishing them—a citizen who thinks of the phrase "the world is what we make it" as more than a flowery statement.

Perhaps, too, we're a little afraid of being ridiculed. Enthusiasm or the desire to right a wrong doesn't go over too well with people, and we don't want to be antagonistic. We do know that there are ways and ways of going about things, and we intend to understand the people and the set up before we try to intervene.

A Senior and her future! But think of all those who have lived through the throes of indecision before. We know that there are two alternatives—to look on graduation as just another phase, an interim in which to kill time; or secondly and preferably for us, a chance to try our wings, to put into practice what we have learned.

Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move . . . for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

from Ulysses by Tennyson

Invest Now!

Vote. Vote. Vote. You've heard it for two weeks and you'll hear it for two more. It's important! The interest and activity that you show in the coming elections will be reflected in each of the major organizations next year.

If you make a wise, thoughtful investment when you cast your ballots in the next two weeks, you will receive valuable dividends in the functioning of Salem College organizations for a year to come. And there will be no diminishing returns if you consider the candidates with circumspection.

The hours usually devoted to chapel are being utilized to facilitate your voting. You can be present to cast your vote for continued capable student leadership for the coming year.

Spiritual Spring-Cleaning

Registration brings new classes, new teachers, and a new semester. With this goes a "cleaning up" and a "cleaning out" of old papers, used books, and old ideas which, in turn, are replaced by fresh and ready-to-go plans for the new term. Along with this should go a "Spring House-Cleaning" of our minds and spirits. The cooperation of the student body with the YWCA this fall has been, on the whole, very good and the general enthusiasm gratifying to all the cabinet members.

With the new semester, larger and broader plans for your enjoyment are being worked out. Religious services are planned weeks in advance and all programs are adapted to suit your taste and your request. We ask that you continue to support this campus organization whole-heartedly this semester-contributing all ideas and working with us for the continuation of an ever active Salem College YWCA.

F. C.

The Annual Thanks You

The staff of the Sights and Insights wishes to thank all those who gave their time and efforts to make the Male Review a success. Without the participation of the coeds their interest, cooperation and good sportsmanship—and without the entertainment by Mr. Peterson, we could never have put our show across. We also wish to thank those who lent us clothes for the fashion show.

Bernice Bunn

The Salem students express their sympathy to Miss Florence Neely for the loss of her father, Mr. Ralph B. Neely.

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That's the way it happens in the funnies.