

Another Modest Proposal

We believe . . . that pretty will do as pretty is. The condition of Clewell Smokehouse for the past few years has not been conducive to student interest in the appearance of the room. The furniture that has formerly been used in the room is well-suited to the recreation room in the basement of Clewell.

We propose . . . that, if the administration thinks it advisable to re-furnish the Smokehouse with attractive rugs and suitable furniture, and does so, the room will be used almost exclusively for dates and for family. There will not be the after-meal debris that naturally accumulates when a hundred students are gathered in one room, smoking and playing bridge on the floor.

We hope . . . that the need for an attractive room to which we may bring week-end visitors will be recognized, and the administration will give us the chance to show that we can keep a room "looking like home" that looks like home in the first place!

We do not ask . . . for thick, rich carpets like the ones in the living room of Bitting, or a baby-grand piano, or draperies, or floor lamps, or coffee tables, or wing chairs, or sofas and end tables, or mirrors over the mantles, or screens and andirons for the fireplaces, or a grandfather clock, or an antique secretary. But they would look nice. And the plastering needs repairing, too.

P. D.

Tradition Plus

Salem may be one hundred and seventy-five years old and have the reputation of tradition, but these two facts in no way prove that Salem does not participate in the new and original. This year, notable creations have appeared on campus to claim praise for excellent outsets and rightfully to accept good wishes for their future growth and success.

Without a doubt, The Salem Players have started out on the right foot, for they have progressed so fast that they no longer seem to be a "new" organization on campus. Special recognition should go to President Lomie Lou Mills, who has pushed the group forward.

Last week the Winston-Salem Civic Orchestra made its debut in Memorial Hall. Mr. James Lerch, head of the violin department at Salem College, conducted this new musical organization. The enthusiasm of the large audience proved the success of the orchestra's first performance.

A new idea which has not gained its way in many of Salemite's lives is the informal discussion each Sunday night after Vespers. Miss Wilson has opened her apartment to all students who wish to stop by and talk about current events—a good way to keep up with the times.

The coeds make up a new organization themselves, but their Men's Chorus has done especially good work this year. They have appeared publicly four times already and are becoming quite in demand. Hats off to Mr. Peterson, who has willingly set aside one night each week to practice with them.

A practice, which is not entirely new this year but was temporarily abandoned during the war, is "Salem-Davidson Day", which is sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. of Davidson and the Y. W. C. A. of Salem. We have already visited Davidson for a football game and dance, and on April 26 Davidson comes to Salem to spend the day.

No, Salem is not completely soaked in tradition and age. Some life still remains in the institution. New and original ideas are being carried out all the time.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Coeds!

Opportunity knocks and the Freshmen and Sophomores ignore it. The opportunity this time is in the form of the library contest . . . a contest sponsored by the library personnel for the students.

A great deal of interest has been shown in this contest in previous years. This year only three underclassmen have entered. The contest is discontinued unless ten people enter. It is tragic that college students are not interested in furthering their interest in books.

The rules of the contest are simple and easy to follow. It takes very little time for a person to make out a list of the books he wants for his own personal library. Names of persons who wish to enter the contest must be in the librarian by Monday, April 1. Freshmen, sophomores, and coeds this is your last chance.

Nip-ade-do-dah.

By Jane Paton

When Spring came up to Salem town,
Nip came up and out of the ground.
He looked up and looked down
And saw the Salemites all around.

Nip poked his head above his hole, home that is, made in the warm earth under the pansy plants and look a long slow look around. Sure enough he had waked up on time another year because Spring certainly was here. He scrambled out of his hole and stretched his legs. Yes sir, Salem and Spring were at it again, making his heart go hump-bump-de-bump-bump and snatching his breath right out of his lungs. He couldn't stand still a minute longer so hitching a ride on a sunbeam he came to Clewell Smokehouse. But what was the matter here? Death! With proper respect he hopped solemnly through the long dark room following the bobbing skirts of a young lady he didn't quite recognize. But she seemed to know her way around and sure enough down one flight of stairs was Salem in all its element! Nip stood and laughed for joy to be back where he belonged—his round blue eyes turned red as fire hopping from one girl's curl to another's eyelash, and his green leaf hat fell down on his ear laughing at their jokes and singing their songs! Mary sat studying, and he tipped over her book; Jean was reading, and he whistled in her ear; Ann was singing, and he took away her breath. But everybody laughed and not a one cared 'cause Spring was back again!

Nip continued along his way,
Perched on the nose of pretty Pay,
As out he went to spend the day
A'watching Salem out to play!

Nip wondered where he was going but didn't worry a minute. He knew that wherever he found himself he'd have plenty of company for Salem girls ranged far and wide. Lo, look ahead, he nearly fell off, sunbathing already. Yes sir, there they all were stretched out in, well, definitely a varied assortment of clothing. All of which was interesting to see. Pay didn't seem to be going to stop, but all the fun was just too much for Nip; he couldn't pass this by. He slid down her nose, bounced off her upper lip and landed in Lib's red curls. Such talking, great day! and altogether too many new names being talked about. Why did these girls have to change beaus every year? How would he ever learn all the new ones!

Nip hadn't picked a very good stopping place for Lib soon got ready to leave. But he knew she wasn't going far because of the very precarious position he was maintaining on her tennis racket! But this was nothing compared to how he felt while she was playing tennis. So very soon he dropped through a convenient space, lopped over to the side of the court and sat down on Dr. Rondthaler's hat, his favorite place. From this nice, high seat he could see and hear everything. The short, twisting skirts of the tennis players, and the smash of color of the archery target, the loud yelling of the softball game, two girls walking barefooted in the grass and thousands of other signs of Spring at Salem. He even once caught a glimpse of a book!

At night when stars abound around
Nip the trellis clambered down;
A Clewell window he perched upon
And hung way out to see the fun!

Nip was delighted for this high third floor window was still a fine vantage point. He could even see the corner way over there on the left this year. Last season that one was just too dark. (Guess Miss Wilson perched on the window too.) All the girls looked so pretty—why couldn't he remember the magic formula which made a gremlin a human being. Because he'd certainly like to date that pretty—why couldn't he remember the magic formula which made couple in overalls and sweaters! Ah-ha, a cabin party. And he hadn't known of it. A terrible mistake! Imagine missing a cabin party!

Nip kept hearing hisses and snickering. Sounded close by too. Where in the world were they coming from? He didn't have to look far though, because those windows beside him which had appeared so quiet and dark were really filled with giggling girls! Spectators' Alley was certainly well-occupied this year! Almost as full as the date book.

The big old clock struck twelve. Nip laughed at the sudden burst of activity. Girls running here, there, and everywhere—but mostly indoors and mostly to bed. All but Nip. He stayed awake and alert hopping in and out of windows, stirring the breeze in the curtains, sweetening the dreams of the girls. For Spring was here and Spring at Salem was Nip.

Clapp Chats

This is Toscanini week—the great maestro celebrated his **eightieth** birthday Tuesday! For sixty-one years, he has been steadily multiplying his honors as a conductor—ever since the historic occasion in Rio de Janeiro, when he stepped from the 'cellist's desk and conducted AIDA from memory!

There are so many things to tell about the genius of Toscanini: . . . his knowledge . . . his memory . . . his insistence upon technical thoroughness . . . his practical knowledge of orchestral instruments and their capacities . . . most of all, his mystical power that transforms routine musicians into inspired interpreters of tone!

In his repertoire are several hundreds of operatic and symphonic works. Since the 1920's he has turned increasingly from opera to symphony. His musical philosophy can be summed up in the maestro's own words:

I played the first Stravinsky, the first Sibelius . . . I worked and fought with all my power for the new music, which is what a young artist, above all others, should do. Now, let the young men take up this fight. I want to understand Bach and Haydn and Beethoven a little better before I die.

(Apologies to Mr. Olin Downes for the above.)

GREAT DAY FOR RIDENHOUR: April 12th, eight o'clock, First Presbyterian Church, Concord. The man: B. C.—the music: "Uncle Charlie" and "Lib" Hamrick . . . Here comes the bride!!

Rave notices have been coming from over Raleigh way, since the **Marian Anderson** concert there last Monday night. Her program included songs by Gluck, Vellini, Scarlatti, Schubert, Massenet—Irish tunes and specially arranged negro spirituals. The personal satisfaction Miss Anderson gets from singing: "If anyone thinks enough of my singing to come back and tell me that he came depressed and I gave him a lift, it's worth more to me than all the applause in the world." There's an **ARTIST** for you.

Reminder: Don't forget **Jane Mulhollem's** recital, Monday, April 14th—a wonderful program, with everything from Bach to Broadway . . . ! Oh, boy . . .

This is **Isaac Stern** week in Winston-Salem—Civic Music Thursday night and "Humoresque" Monday-Tuesday! The "Carmen Fantasy" from the movie has the audience singing along with his violin—Nice Easter present for all of you bunnies!

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College
Downtown Office—304-308 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES

Alice Clewell Building-Basement

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

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-in-Chief Martha Boatwright
Associate Editor Virtie Stroup
Assistant Editor Rebecca Clapp
Assistant Editor Peggy Davis
Make-up Editor Martha Lou Heitman
Copy Editor Peggy Gray
Feature Editor Nancy Carlton
Sports Editor Jean Sullivan
Cartoonist Margaret Raynal
Typist Margaret Williams

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Betsy Meiklejohn
Assistant Business Manager Betsy Long
Advertising Manager Jane Morris
Assistant Advertising Manager Helen Spruill
Circulation Ruth Scott