

Gerry Allegood Will Sing In Recital Monday Night

The School of Music will present Geraldine Allegood, contralto, in a graduating recital next Monday evening, April 4, at 8:30 p. m. in Memorial Hall. She will be accompanied by Miss Nell Folger Glenn.

The first part of the program will consist of two Handel numbers, "Te Deum" and "Alma Mia", followed by "Nel Cor Piu Non Mi Sento" by Paisiella, and Durante's "Danza, Danza Fanciulla Gentile". Three German numbers by Schumann: "Er, der herrlichste von allen", "Ich grolle nicht", and "Fueignung" by Strauss will compose the second group. The French group will consist of Debussy's "Beau Soir", "Bonjour Suzan!" by Delibes, and "Jeune Fillette" by Dolayrac. The aria will be the famous "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from Samsbn and Delila by Saint-Seans. In the last group she will sing "When I Have Sung My Songs to You" by Charles, "Honor! Honor!", a Negro



GERALDINE ALLEGOOD

spiritual, "Daddy's Sweetheart" by Lehmann; and "Life" by Curran.

Ushers for the recital are Lib Kennedy, Frances Summers, Ione Bradsher, Jean Padgett, Molly Darr, and Margaret McCall.

Evans Prints New Puzzler

The right answer on a quiz will give you a good grade, but if you make the grade here, you can get five packs of Chesterfields.

Here's what you do. Consult the Chesterfield ad which appears on page six. There you will find the answer to the ABC clues given below. Then, write the three answers on a Chesterfield wrapper and bring it to the Salemite office, located under the loggia of Main Hall, not later than 10 p. m. There will be only two prize winners, each will receive five packs of Chesterfields. Winners will be announced in next week's Salemite.

Here are the clues:

- A. The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la
Have something to do with the case
This bloom could be called a "robbea"
But you can't put it in a vase.
- B. Nothing was left, so it must be right. And right it is in the middle.
- C. Cimmer red hill mud.

Activitus Attacks Laundry Ends Up In A Quandary

by Harris and Haskins

Poor Activitus squirmed uncomfortably. Finally she gave a horrible yowl, and threw off the cover. "Child, what's wrong?," her roommate groaned from the other bed.

The answer came forth in a rush; "Three months ago I sent my laundry down and got back one sheet and twenty-four wash rags. I'd already lost five blouses, and three pajama tops. I could overlook that, but I knew I'd sent down two sheets so I went to the laundry to claim the other one.

Miss Wash M. Good greeted me all smiles. "Honey, three weeks ago you sent down two sheets and a pillowcase, the week before only four sheets, and last week five, so two plus four is six minus five is one. I'm sure you understand that."

After much meditation, though, I realized that I had begun the year with four sheets and now I had only three. (Even I know that much about math!) So I figured it all up on the adding machine and showed her the figures.

This time the grin had begun to fade a little. She used different tactics, "Honey, I bet you haven't even looked for that sheet. You know those cracks in the floors of Sister's House are mighty big. My, my, I remember when I lived in Sister's, we had some rare times! All those underground tunnels—we got away with murder."

All this reminiscing fired my intense imagination. I went away thinking how wonderful it must have been to live in pre-Civil War Days. I could see myself in billowing hoop-skirt with a handsome cavalier making mad love to me.

"Mah dahlng, ah love—" Walking smack into a door shattered my reverie. My sheet! I still didn't have my sheet!

I looked everywhere and I decided to go to the laundry one more time. But this time, I was the foxy one. I had an elaborate campaign planned. I thought of an answer to everything she could possibly say.

I got a math major, a general's daughter, and a speech major to help me out. I also got a stenographer to take notes for future reference.

The lady Wash M. Good wasn't even amused. "Grrr rrr," was her first remark. She rolled up her sleeves and pitched in. "Listen, you! the first time you complained, I sent you back four extra handkerchiefs, the next time an extra sock, the third time three gym suits, size forty-four. What more do you want?"

I was almost stumped, but my aides came to my rescue. "Don't forget the campaign," was the battle cry and this spurred me on. Giving the jungle yell, I leaped on the shelf and began to orate.

"Miss Good, you don't seem to understand the seriousness of the situation. For weeks I have looked in every conceivable place, even the library, and now my search returns me to this site. As a free citizen, I demand my sheet!" I crumpled exhausted to the floor, amid cheers and applause. Through the noise I heard her voice bellowing, "Have you tried the Academy?"

Once more a flicker of hope arose in my befuddled mind. I picked myself up and zipped to the academy. There I succeeded only in disrupting a Virgil class, and found my purple and yellow striped blouse, three hair pins, slightly sprung, and a 1772 edition of the Salemite.

Foiled again! Breathing flame, I crawled back to the laundry. This time I would use torture. The doors were bolted and barred, but with superhuman effort I plunged my fist through the wall and crept in after it. I knew I wouldn't return without a sheet.

"Well, did you get one?" came the tired murmur.

"No," said Activitus, "but it didn't take me long to sew these washrags together, it could be worse!"

"Yeah, yours is really the saddest story I've ever heard!" With that her suffering fellow human pulled up her glued-together pillowcases and began to snore.

Curie

with the Free French and was in London during the blitz. She then returned to America to lecture on the war and the importance of defeating the Fascist forces. The Vichy government deprived her of her French citizenship because of the pro-ally feeling shown through her lectures.

During the war, she toured the globe and visited the front lines. Her second book, "Journey Among Warriors", is an account of this extensive tour. Then in 1943 she entered the Volontaires Francaises, the French equivalent of the WACS, where she served for two years. Since the end of the war, Mlle. Curie has become co-publisher of the "Paris Presse", well-known French daily.

It is difficult to be the daughter of the immortal Curies, but Eve Curie has done an excellent job of it, as well as attaining fame in her own right. Salem is very fortunate to have such a versatile speaker to close the year's lecture series.

List

times before the conference ended, and the last time President Truman was his page-turner. From that Mr. List gained the title of "Potsdam Pianist". When he was honorably discharged in 1946, Eugene List was a celebrity.

The program for the evening is as follows: "Overture" to the Marriage of Figaro by Mozart; "Intermezzo" to Cavallaria Rusticanna by Mascagni; Concerto in B Minor by Tchaikovsky, with Eugene List, pianist; "Entracte" to Act III, Carmen by Bizet; "On Wings of Song" by Mendelssohn; Paul Bunyan Suite; "Dance of the Blue Ox", "Country Dance" and "Night" by Bergsma; and "March Slav" by Tchaikovsky.

The doors at Reynolds will open at 8:00 p. m. Tickets are now on sale at the office of the School of Music, or may be purchased at the door for \$1.50.

News

(Continued from page one)
NEW YORK

The men who know, on Wall Street, say that inflation is dead. As a matter of fact we have been in a period of deflation for quite some time. This week the Federal Reserve Board took antideflationary measures by decreasing the margin requirement from 75% to 50% cash on the price of securities. Such a measure has already stimulated the New York Stock Exchange. The price of some securities has increased from one to three points.

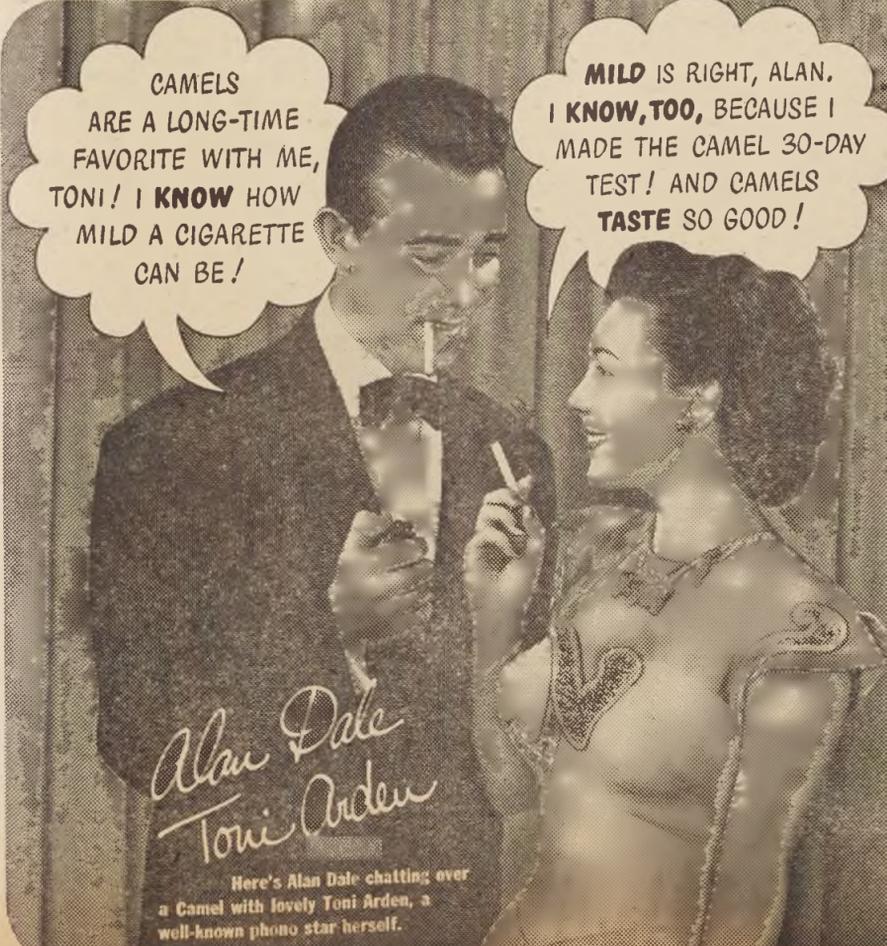


With fans who know...it's Alan Dale's

"MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND" (Signature Record)

• Alan Dale, a top-ten phono favorite, gives out with the solid dream music. Yes, for starry-eyed dancing, just ask for Alan Dale's new number. And

for mild, flavorful smoking pleasure, just ask for Camels! Take it from Alan—"Camels are a grand smoke... a cool, mild smoke!"



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Alan Dale
Toni Arden

Here's Alan Dale chatting over a Camel with lovely Toni Arden, a well-known phono star herself.

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