

Suits and Claims

By Kitty Burrus

There are certain times when my family wishes heartily that my father had never crossed the steps of Georgetown University Law School. Other men not as well versed in suits and stature books allow their wives to do innumerable foolish and delightful things that could easily get them into the defender's box, but my father's legal knowledge has always kept his family carefully safeguarded.

Every time Mother comes home from the PTA or the Missionary Circle and announces to the household that she has been elected secretary-treasurer, Daddy lets out a protesting roar about penalties for perjury and embezzlement of funds. And in the end Mother goes to the phone to call Mrs. Randel and explain that she has been thinking things over, and she really is afraid she has too many duties and responsibilities to do full justice to the secretary-treasurership of the PTA. Of course Mrs. Randel and all the rest of the members are cool to Mother at next meeting to let her know they don't approve of anyone who won't even contribute any of her time to the organization, and Mother is hurt. But Daddy comforts her by continually predicting that sometime one of these senseless women is going to make a mistake in quotations or calculations and find herself in a long chain of legal difficulties. True, no one ever does get into these difficulties, but Daddy confidently assures Mother that all she needs is to wait a while, and someday Mrs. Randel is going to wish she'd married a man with some sense.

Personally, it was never any sacrifice to me to refuse the nomination of secretary-treasurer of a neighborhood club, but the matter of brush fires, automobile accidents, and Halloween caused no great happiness. At the first sound of a siren or the crash of two cars, our entire neighborhood of children would run squealing to

the scene of the disturbance to watch the excitement, but I was always confined to the sand pile at such a time. Daddy was afraid I might see some important facts of the calamity and be called into court as witness. He seemed to think there was something very undesirable about being a witness, but I rather liked the idea and harbored a secret ambition to be called on to testify. I was sure I would get the chance one time when I saw a coal truck turn over in the Stevenson's flower bed right across the street, but nobody ever knew I witnessed the accident. Daddy came out and hustled me inside before anyone else had a chance to get there. He wouldn't even let me watch out the window except by pulling down the shade and looking through a pin hole.

Even worse than not being able to go to fires and collisions, though, was being forbidden to ring doorbells and to soap windows on Halloween. Daddy said that action of this sort could make me liable not only for trespassing but also for destruction of property, illegal entry, and uncontrolled mob action. In spite of my annual pleas to go along with the crowd, he rigidly insisted that he was going to see to it that his daughter was not guilty of these crimes and misdemeanors if other parents did want their children prosecuted in the Juvenile Courts.

All these restrictions were of course very annoying to me, but the thing that worried me most was the matter of the Belvedere Club. The Belvedere Club was formed by some of the men in the neighborhood who decided that the people living in our section needed a park in a small patch of woods back of our house. The main attraction of this park would be a swimming pool, and the initial fee of fifty dollars per family was going to be used for this purpose. Mother and I were both thrilled with the prospect of a swimming pool, but when Daddy heard about it he let out his usual protesting roar about suits and claims. He was indignant that Mother could be so stupid as to think he'd be so stupid as to join. Why, if someone got drowned in the swimming pool, the victim's family could sue every member of the club for every cent any of them would ever make. This of course put an end to Mother's enthusiasm for the Belvedere Club, but I was humiliated that they were the only family on the block that didn't pay the fifty dollars. I coaxed Daddy periodically for the next three years to join the Club, but he never would give in.

In fact, he refused to give in on any of his decisions, although in all my twenty years not one secretary-treasurer of the PTA has been jailed for the embezzlement of funds, not a single child has been called to testify for going to a fire, and no member of the Belvedere Club has been sued for one cent. (Partly, I suppose, because the pool has never been built). Sometimes I point out this evidence to Daddy in a plea for permission to follow a fire truck, but his only answer is to give me that look which plainly says, "How can a daughter of mine be so stupid?" and patiently repeat, "Just wait awhile. Someday you're going to be thankful you've got a father with some sense."

Joanne Field

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man either, for that matter, played as you do, Miss Field"—a soft laugh—"Oh, gentlemen"—"Is anybody in room one?"—On down the hall—around the corner—Past the time-checking chart—

Slow down. I almost missed my practice room. It wouldn't be the same room that I'd been in that morning. It was little and narrow with a dim light hanging down from the ceiling—there wasn't a window—just a skylight affair. The huge black monster hulking in the corner was waiting to pounce on me as soon as I opened the door—I could suffocate in there and nobody would know till the next day—"Give me air—" No! No more time for that.

I sat down. Listlessly my fingers moved over the keys—a-b-c-d-e-f-g-a - - a-b-c-e-f-a - - a-b-c. I stopped—Absolute silence—I and the walls listened—Did I hear a funny noise? No, it's just imagination—a-b-c-d-e—Silence.

The clock across the way chimed eight times, dully and slowly. Time to go—I flew down the first flight of stairs—Footsteps pounded behind me—I pushed the swinging door with a vicious jab. There—that would catch them right in the face—Down the last flight—Out through the heavy oak door and down the brick steps. The cold air met and cooled my face. Immediately I slowed my pace. I wouldn't let anyone know how this place affected me.

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Weekly Music

(Continued from page one)

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Betty Jean Mabe
Concerto in C minor Vivaldi
Daniel Hodge

Arcade
FASHION SHOP



Miss Elizabeth Reigner is pictured above shortly after she returned from working with the New London Players in Summer Stock.

Reigner Evaluates Year; Sees Change In Pierrettes

By Lee Rosenbloom

Three years ago Miss Reigner came to Salem as an instructor in the English department.

In the fall of that first year, she directed "Stage Door", and the finished product came as a great shock to most of us. Miss Reigner had succeeded in producing a play, such as we had not seen before at Salem, a play far superior to the usual college production.

In the last several years Miss Reigner has directed "Liliom," "Goodbye My Fancy," and now she is working on "Pygmalion". She has introduced and taught courses in theater and speech at Salem. Certainly if anyone is able to evaluate the work of the Pierrettes this year, Miss Reigner is that person.

She feels that there has been a great change since she came here. "I was more or less acting President of the Pierrettes, when I first came," she said, "and this year is the first time I've been able to really act in an advisory capacity. Now the girls volunteer for crew work, and I think that's one of the most encouraging things. My first year I painted the set for "Stage Door"—and you remember what a vile pink it was—all by myself one Saturday afternoon, and felt like such a martyr."

"But the best thing about this year is that we've done everything we planned to," she continued. "We're giving two major productions, Miss Nicholson has produced 'The House of Bernada Alba', and the curtain campaign has gone along fine without any help from the faculty."

In the three years Miss Reigner has done a great deal for dramatics at Salem. Perhaps part of this is

a result of her own experience at Northwestern and in summer stock. Last summer she acted with the New London players in the hills of New Hampshire. They gave ten plays during the season, and Miss Reigner had parts in eight of them. She, herself, feels that besides having an awfully good time and working hard, she learned a lot too.

Anyone who has worked under Miss Reigner can truthfully repeat those words. She makes you work hard, there is no doubt about that. Just try asking to skip play practice one time! And because she rarely loses her sense of humor, working with her is a lot of fun. She is never quite satisfied with her own work. And she always offers honest if not flattering criticism to her actors. But perhaps most important is the feeling that she is doing what she likes to do, and in return the members of the cast strive to do the best they can for her.

And here, just when I am beginning to ask about the latest cooking experiments and the new apartment, she dragged me over to Old Chapel. "Let's go over your blocking," she insisted. "Everything has already been said about me." And with that, our interview ended.

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Desdemona Triumphs At Davidson

By Betty Parks

Desdemona Q. Snicklesnout, affectionately dubbed "Desmo" by her friends, meditated before the bulletin board in her dorm, pencil in hand. "To sign or not to sign," said Desmo, mentally footnoting the passage to Shakespeare to avoid plagiarism. The notice she was reading stated that March 10 was to be Salem-Davidson Day, and ninety girls were to be taken to Davidson on a glorified goodwill trip. All Desmo had to do to be included on the list was give her name, her mother's maiden name, her birthdate, year of small-pox vaccination, height, weight and motives for visiting Davidson. All this information was vital, read the poster, in order to insure companionable matching of the boys and girls. It all seemed fairly safe to Desmo, so she signed her name on the first line. Funny—the poster had been up four days, and no one had signed it yet. Well, that just made more dates for Desdemona Q. Snicklesnout!

Finally the Big Day dawned. Desmo bounded out of bed at 6:58 and started getting dressed for the trip. She cut her three Saturday classes to polish nails, curl eyelashes and outline conversation starters in case her blind date were the silent type. By 2:00 she was trimmed to the gills and overflowing with snappy conversational bits. At 2:05 Desmo boarded the bus with her equipment—a whisk broom, suede brush, and booklet entitled "So You've Finally Got a Date?"—and headed for Davidson.

The trip was sorta lonely for Desmo. She and the driver got a bit bored with each other by the time they got to Statesville. But Desmo consoled herself with thoughts of what lay ahead. At last the bus rolled up in front of Chambers, and a blast from the air horn brought the Davidson boys bounding out to the curb. Foreseeing that the moment might be a bit tense, as the boys were expecting ninety girls instead of one, Desmo clutched her equipment a little tighter, put on the smile she had been practicing all week, and climbed off the bus. Never let it be said that Desdemona Q. Snicklesnout couldn't handle a Tough Situation!

At first the boys looked dis-

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