

# Baker Remembers First Stage Appearance As Smallest Swan

By Emily Baker

My first appearance on the stage came when I was all of three years and four months old as I portrayed the smallest swan in Swan Lake.

I didn't have any ideas about the story, the dance, the stage; all I knew was that I would be led by an older ballarina in the swan chorus. Had it not been for her firm grip on the back of my tights, I would never have made an entrance or an exit.

I am told I was quite an attraction in the ballet, for up to that time there had never been such a small swan in the chorus. Because of my great attempts to trip the 'light fantastic', it was agreed by all that it might be a drawing card for the show.

They even considered making me the ugly duckling, but because I was an only child, the teacher feared this would hurt my mother. (They didn't know my mother very well, evidently!)

My costume took less material than anyone's and because my skirt was so very short, I didn't get nearly as many sparkles on it as the other girls had on theirs. I fussed so much they put extra

sparkles on the skirt; so many that I'm afraid I looked more like a shiny star than a swan.

The other girls had a bandeau of white feathers that came over their ears very gracefully, but my bandeau was of ordinary, short, white legan chicken feathers. All the neighbors saved them for us when they killed chickens.

My feet looked like packages wrapped in white tissue paper. On each shoe was placed a half yard of wide white ribbon that was tied in a massive bow. The others in the chorus had one yard of ribbon on their shoes.

In the composition of the dance, I became lost under all the big white skirts in the tour jete. The only solution was to put me out front.

Since it was my first experience, my mother was very proud of me. It didn't matter to her if I was wearing chicken feathers, if I was smaller than all the rest, and if I did jump up when all the others went down.

After all, this was my first experience on the stage; and I was only three years and four months old.

## Here's The Score

By Jo Smitherman

Tomorrow (Dec. 11), Salem will be represented at the annual meeting of the North Carolina Athletic Federation of College Women. Leaving for Raleigh and Meredith College at the crack of dawn, possibly eight delegates will attend a full day of discussions, elections, and fellowship, and return in time to dress for the Christmas Dance.

Donald Caldwell and Jo Smitherman were elected by the A. A. to act as official representatives and to vote for the Salem delegation. Other students planning early in the week to attend were Katherine Oglesby, Betty Morrison, Ann Darden Webb, Francine Pitts, and the adviser, Miss Collett.

Donald will lead a panel discussion on the weaknesses and possible corrections in the schools' award systems.

The intramural volleyball tournament ended Wednesday afternoon when the sophomores trounced the seniors 41-34. Having already defeated the freshmen and juniors, the sophomores, also winners of the hockey tournament, led the threatening seniors during the entire game.

## Orphanage Party

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boys and girls, and to present a Christmas program.

The program consisted of solos by Ella Ann Lee, piano, and Barbara White, vocalist. Group singing was led by Martha Thornburg, Joyce Taylor danced, and Charlton Rogers played the ukulele. The story "The Littlest Angel" was told by Maggi Blakeney.

The juniors placed second in the round-robin tourney. They won two out of three possible games.

Except for Duke's preparation for the Orange Bowl, king basketball has set up his kingdom and begun to reign. The Blue Devils began drills last week for their clash with Nebraska in Miami on New Year's Day.

State, Wake Forest, and Duke all opened their respective seasons with scores in the hundreds. But this week, the scores dropped and two of the three dropped from the undefeated list.

On Tuesday night, State beat Wake Forest 100 to 81; and Clemson edged by Georgia 74-72. Maryland sneaked by Duke, 49-47, and Davidson trounced Guilford 78-69.

# A Visit From William Olvis Thrills Salem Choral Group

By Jo Smitherman

The Salem Choral Ensemble, rehearsing in Memorial Hall for Thursday's chapel performance, gazed in astonishment at handsome William Olvis, tenor opera and concert star, when Mr. Peterson called "Bill" down from the balcony.

Young Olvis, a success at the ripe age of 24, was unusually well-at-ease before the fifty admiring choristers who hung on every one of his beautiful-spoken words. He appeared last night on the Civic Music agenda.

Eager to learn about Bill Olvis, we exploited a very ready source and came up with some tales about this 24-year wonder.

Salem concert-goers should know that young Olvis very nearly missed entering the profession that in two seasons has brought him success in concert, opera and radio.

It seems that the six-foot singing star set out in earnest on a musical career only a few years ago, and then mainly at the insistence of friends who admired his voice. From boyhood, he had an insati-

able taste for the outdoor life; when he was not on the athletic field training for track or in the gym scoring in basketball, he was hiking in the San Bernardino mountains.

Now, even though he's a full-time musician, his love for the outdoors remains. With his wife, Norma, he manages to hit the ski-trails in season, and now that his first nationwide concert tour is under way, he plans to take time out and explore new mountain trails in the Rockies and in the East.

Bill admits to the vice of collecting. "The records, scores, and books are crowding us out of house and home," Olvis admits, "but I can't arrive in a city without immediately looking up the second-hand book stores. I'm only 24, and there are hundreds of old scores that I still need in my work. So, wherever my tour takes me, I lose no time hunting for new trophies."

Mrs. Olvis has found one cure however. "If I can just find a new movie directed by Elia Kazan, Bill often gives in, and we do that in-

stead of the bookstalls." Since Bill himself hails from Hollywood, the movie usually wins out.

Young Olvis still recalls with a shudder how he almost got locked out from one of his earliest professional dates. The young American singer and his wife, who usually serves as his accompanist, had driven from their Los Angeles home to a city several hours distant, where they were scheduled to appear in a recital before an august ladies' guild. Wishing to freshen up with a shower after the long drive and dress, he found the only available quarters were at the local high school.

After wangling permission to use these facilities, Olvis warmed up with a bit of practice, finished dressing, and then prepared to leave the building. To his horror, he found he was locked in, and only the most frantic shouts managed to rouse the superintendent. The latter gentleman, convinced he had caught an errant youngster in the school "after hours," stoutly refused to open up, until the frantic Olvis finally convinced him of his error.

By the time Olvis reached the auditorium, the concert was a half-hour late, but his spontaneous explanation of the reason for his tardiness had the audience in his hands before he'd sung a note.



Gala party dress with the new "Long Look"



# Merry Christmas

From

## Guild House

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