

# Around the Square

(Editor's note: Judy Graham took on the initial burden of the local column for this week. She is abetted by a number of lively freshman volunteers.)

Poets tell us that lovely flowers are a sign of Spring. We tell harrassed fathers that the enormous bookstore bill received last week is simply the sign of a new semester. And with each new semester the books become progressively larger—obvious proof is Senior Nancy Warren lugging her two pound Shakespeare book to class. But one reminder, girls, wisdom is not judged by the size of the book.

Bookstore bills could hardly dampen the spirits of seniors Barbara Durham and Kate Cobb. Beside their gleaming new fraternity pins, nothing else was important. Barbara's pin-ee is Claude Plumlee, Sigma Chi at Carolina and Kate Cobb's is KA Pinkney Fronenberger, now of Wake Forest Law School. Of course, the sophomores were not to be outdone and promptly produced a pin in their group. It seems that Johnny Goodman, N. C. State student, approved of our choice in May Court attendants and presented Susan McIntyre with his Pika pin last Saturday.

Our newest choice in May Court attendants is Jane Bridges, photogenic photographer for the **Sights and Insights**. But did you notice that no one seemed to know whether to sing congratulations to Jane or to "Potts."

Progress is also being made in other phases of the May Day preparations. Whether the turnout at Wednesday's tryouts was a result of "school spirit", Martha Jarvis' effective appeal in Chapel or simply a desire to become as charming as the "six raindrops seated on the stage" in Chapel Tuesday will never be determined. Regardless, the eighty Salemites who vied for parts as farmers, fairies, trolls and raindrops provided an evening's entertainment for spectators.

The participation in basketball practice has been almost as good as in the May Day tryouts. Lib Long and Henrietta Jennings have been standouts in the freshman offense—perhaps a threat to the undefeated Seniors.

Equally undefeated and perhaps undefeatable is the Wake Forest basketball team. Salemites who watched their games last week with Virginia, Duke and Clemson are already looking forward to the match with Carolina in the Coliseum on the 26th. And maybe other matches can be made in light of recent trips to Salem on the part of the second string players.

Since Christmas the bachelor's club has become badly diminished. Mr. Sandresky was the first to go, and it appears that Mr. Heidemann will follow in his footsteps. Look at the rock he's given Patsy Hopkins.

But take hope, you unpinned seniors. The club still meets regularly, with Mr. Stevens, Mr. Mueller, Mr. Farley, Mr. Cosby, Mr. Mr. Campbell, as active members. Paiue, Mr. Medlin, and of course While membership in the bachelor's club is steadily diminishing, another faculty organization on campus is flourishing. It is the newly formed Society of Cripples. The prerequisite for entry is a fall, a slip, or a flop; and the well dressed member completes her attire with a cast, a splint, a pair of crutches, or at least a walking stick.

Progress Report: Dr. Welch is about to resign, having put away her cane. Miss Byrd and Mrs. Patterson have removed their casts, but not too soon to keep Miss Byrd from becoming quite proficient at lighting her cigarette with her toes. Some of the members have asked us to announce that membership is open to the local male animal also.

Harry Truman, who had seven stitches on his head after a slip on the ice, is applying for membership. Speaking of men, we haven't seen much of the Gramley boys lately. However, Diggs and Stevie

were in the dining room Sunday—sitting with the family. For you Salemites who don't happen to know, Diggs is a sophomore at Davidson; and Stevie, a freshman at Reynolds High.

Many Salemites caught the bus to Zino Francescatti's violin concert Friday night, in hopes of obtaining some culture. Mary Margaret Dzevaltauskas, wishing to be comfortable as long as possible, decided to wear flats and carry her heels, at least as far as the auditorium. Dean Sandresky and his new bride missed nothing from their seats on the front row. Hans Hiedemann and his fiancée, Patsy Hopkins, created a buzz.

Perhaps Suzanne Gordon had the biggest thrill of all. She turned pages for Mr. Francescatti's accompanist while her date observed her from the very back row of the balcony. Even from that distance, her pink dress was quite becoming.

Ogden Nash made quite a hit with Salemites. As one of the girls commented: Ogden Nash came with a lec-

ture to Salem And was given real money for triteness. I wish he'd explain to my dear English prof. That my triteness is not such bad stof.

Controversy on campus—"If mah daddy knew thass, he'd tun ovah in his grave." This line was dug up from that cinemascopic, stereophonic, black and white flick, "Baby Doll". It was Tennessee Williams, and this time Williams was all Mississippi.

Salem made mass migration from these ivy-covered walls of learning to the shoddy halls of broken-down aristocracy. Salemites have made many comments on this movie, varying from the appreciation of Williams' subtlety to vivid descriptions of the raunchy scenes.

These comments are given to readers of the **Salemite** in another column, so these authors leave you with the immortal words of Archie Lee. "You'll get your birthday present!"

Another black and white thriller, "The Wrong Man", was a blown-up version of "Dagnet", with a few love scenes thrown in. Sure did get tired of seeing the inside of police stations, jails, bars, etc.; but Henry Fonda's eyes just snowed us. The whole movie rather contributed to the prevalence of claustrophobia on campus these days.

State basketball co-captains John Maglio and Cliff Hafer were almost barred from playing in the Clemson game on Feb. 2nd. Reason: Maglio owed \$132 and Hafer \$102 in campus parking fines. And we think we have parking troubles at Salem.

A Coliseum attraction just preceding the Wake Forst-Carolina game will be none other than Louis Armstrong—jazz artist recently returned from a globe circling tour. That is one no one wants to miss.

Arturo Toscanini, celebrated by **Time** as the "only one maestro" and also quoted as having "gone (Continued on Page Four)

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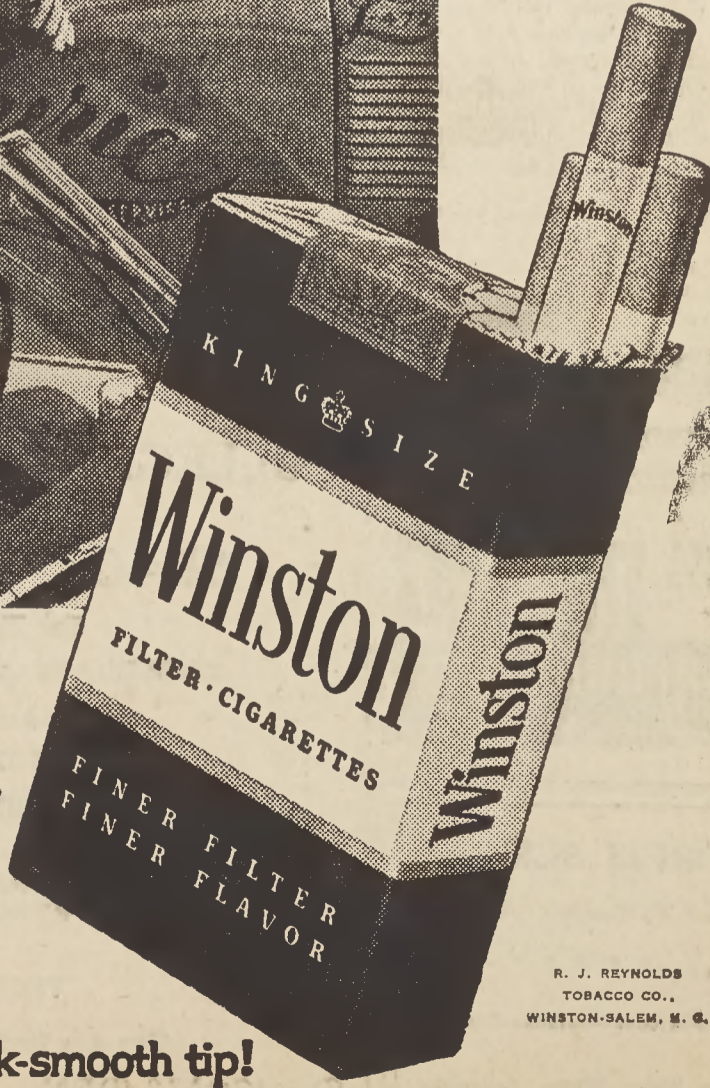
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