

Around the Square--with Allen

Editor's note:
Sissie Allen (aided by contributions from interested freshmen) is columnist this week.

This week I want to take you a little beyond the square to a place known as Virginia. The weekend between semesters four brave Salem seniors piled into a car and toured Williamsburg. I say brave because anybody not a Virginian who goes to Virginia is brave. Williamsburg was the seat of colonial government in North America, and thanks to John D. Rockefeller, has been completely restored.

After noticing our blazers, one guide was so kind as to remark: "Salem—oh, yes, I understand they're remodeling a few buildings there."

Another remark brought on by our blazers was: "1772—well, your college is not so young. You've seen William and Mary, of course. Now Harvard received the first charter, but it was actually William and Mary that first opened—the oldest college in America!" One sight of particular interest was the public jail "where the famous pirate Blackbeard was hanged."

After having our pictures taken in the stocks, we were shown inside and introduced to the "first indoor plumbing in America"—an indoor outhouse.

The taverns were of particular interest, featuring mugs of beer and sandwiches made with homemade bread. We recommend King's Arms Tavern where we spent two hours dining "in the traditional eighteenth-century manner," complete with yard-square napkins. This led us to wonder why Old Salem doesn't open the Washington Tavern.

The waiters at the King's Arms were William and Mary students. We were bemoaning our plight (of being poor, inferior North Carolinians) when one said, "You should hear what the tourists say when they find out I'm from Pennsylvania." After that we didn't feel so bad.

At a table next to us we overheard snatches of a conversation that consisted of "second-floor Strong" and "dropped a cigarette butt on Mrs. Heidbreder". Can't get away from it. Salemites all over.

Of course, no trip would be complete without some sort of transportation trouble. We were no exception, and in South Hill, Va., we became the proud owners of a brand new generator and a set of points, all gift-wrapped and ready to go. And father had to pay tuition the next day.

And now let's get back to Salem. We've had enough of Virginia.

Ogden Nash brought a full house to Memorial Hall and left an audience fully chuckling and satisfied. His only object was to entertain, and this he did well. But good as he was, I've heard as many chuckles caused by the introductions and panel moderating of Dr. Phil Africa. Sometimes you have to be on your toes to catch what he said, so listen well next time. It's worth it.

Ever heard of a group of girls planning for over two hours and then working three more just to cook breakfast? This occurs on Monday nights and Tuesday afternoons for a course known as senior cooking. And after all this preparation somebody put salt in the sugar can.

Tuesday, February 12, brought Abe Lincoln's birthday, and two concerts — one by the Winston-Salem Symphony and another by Louis Armstrong. Again Salem girls had to choose. But the surprise was that more appeared for the symphony than for "Satchmo."

The reason for this could be a few devoted music majors and Miss Samson's music appreciation class. But I heard no sighs of disappointment.

"Satchmo" had a small crowd, "not half full," and the top of the piano fell, but he was as enthusiastic as ever. Comments were "he was great"—"I enjoyed the concert more than my date"—"this is so

clean-cut compared to rock and roll"—"rock and roll is nothing like this."—"Did you hear that clarinet?" I wonder—is this the beginning of a change in taste?

Speaking of music — have you ever been up to fourth floor of Memorial Hall to the place inhabited by music students? And particularly on an average night. At some time between eight-thirty and nine o'clock, voices, pianos, and violins cease. The blend of Chopin, Prokofief, Mozart, and Beethoven stops. And for the next fifteen minutes or half-hour comes some of the best jazz you ever heard. Go hear it sometime.

Still on the subject of music—I think the program in Memorial Hall on Monday night sounds unusual. Listen to these combinations: chorale preludes for organ and trumpet, a cantata for soprano, violin, cello, and harpsichord, an aria for harp and organ, and sonatas for organ and strings. What's more, there's free coffee afterwards.

Those interested in basketball should be sure and take in the tournament next week. The teams this year show more quality than ever before. Watch the freshmen, they're fast and scrappy. But the real battle will be the senior-sophomore game. I'm prejudiced, but I still say the senior combination will come out on top. Of course, when the sophomores see this in print, they'll be more determined to win than they already are. This game I wouldn't miss.

When the weather ceases to bring surprises, I think I'll move to Alaska.

No rings or pins this week. Never mind, spring is just around the corner, and in spring a young man's fancy turns.

Jane (Potts) Bridges had an interesting experience last week end. She calls it her faux pas of the year. At St. A. Hall at U. Va. (Virginia again) her date brought her up to a young rushee. "Jane, I want you to meet Bowman Gray." Potts, hastening not to miss an opportunity, asked "Oh—built any stadiums or schools lately? You are the Bowman Gray." He was.

Potts made the news another way, too. She painted a picture of "Satchmo" and Jean Humphrey took it to the maestro for his autograph. He signed it "To Potts, it's a gassit."

The KA's from State haven't had a chance to come over and serenade Mary Gratz since she was pinned to Bach Doar but a few sympathetic freshman have filled the bill.

Mary was called to the window Wednesday night, given a lighted candle while a group including Lou Adams, Skippy Stone, Gynne Dickerson, Betty Ann Wilkins, Mary Louise Lineberger and May Terry poured forth with some lovely melodies.

The traditional bouquet of roses was only a branch of evergreens, but Mary was very impressed and

she said, "Wasn't that sweet!"

The midwinters weekend at Wake Forest was a big event for Salemmites. From the Kappa Sigma dinner party to the last dance of Saturday night, Salem was well represented. Having Woody Herman upon the bandstand made the celebration that much better.

At the concert Saturday afternoon the crowd excitedly approved his cool touch on the clarinet. The solo trumpeter, the vibraphone Limey, the solo trombonist and the drummer took turns jazzing up old and new tunes. Ann Luttrell enjoyed the music so much Saturday night that she was still Charlestoning as she left the Coliseum.

All this activity across town attracted many weekend guests to our campus. Woman's College, especially, sent down quite a few. Judging from the excited chattering stirred up by the weekend, everyone had a grand time. Vive les parties!!

To the studious Salemmites in Clewell's "Cozy" Tuesday night, the appearance of a MALE in the doorway caused quite a stir. It seems that Warren Lansler, set designer for the Pierrettes' "The Male Animal", was moving flats into the basement for storage. Perhaps Mr. Lansler will call again when the girls are dressed as proper Salem misses!

Barbara Durham, president of the Pierrettes, is also concerned about the male situation but in a different way. According to "Bull", there are not enough men available to complete casting on the play. Usually Salem works in co-operation with Wake Forest in casting male leads, but this month the Wake Forest theater group is working on a production of its own. In the future, will the Pierrettes be forced to rely on plays with all girl casts? Let's hope not!

Barbara Durham, just recently pinned to Claude Plumlee, a Sigma Chi at Carolina, had quite a thrill Monday afternoon. She received one dozen long-stemmed white roses from Claude's fraternity brothers!

"War and Peace" has arrived at last, and most Salemmites found some way to squeeze four hours out of their busy week in order to see Tolstoy's masterpiece on the screen. Of course, the appearance of Aubrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer may have had something to do with its universal appeal to Salemites.

After the Producer's Showcase production of "Mayerling", it seems that we just can't see enough of these two. Just looking at them was enough for Shirley Redlack, May Belle Horton, Puddin' Van Every, Anne Thompson, and Mary Hadley Fike, who sat entranced even though the tempermental television set in the Student Union decided to remain silent for about half the show.

And if these two favorites weren't

Indian Visitor Enlighten



Dip and Ann talk about India and about Salem.

A small school has many advantages, but there was one I never expected—the opportunity to become acquainted with a foreign person as charming as Miss Gurdip Singh.

Though knowing her for only several hours, I feel that she shared not only with me, but with all other students who heard her, the problems which so profoundly exist on the other side of the world.

We are capable of coming in contact with ideas and customs of enough for some of our less easily satisfied Salemmites, there were also some spectacular scenes, shown by some of the best photography we've seen; and please let's not forget Henry Fonda and Vittorio Gassman. Now there are two whose eyes could snow anyone. Why, we even felt sorry for Napoleon!

Funny how classes can't hold our complete interest for an hour, but we can sit in a movie for four hours without moving . . . Maybe we should import some new teachers, not that some of our faculty males aren't the most charming we've ever met, but there's just something about Ferrer, Fonda and Gassman—oh, well, we can dream, can't we?

foreign peoples through our books and verbally through lectures. But in this way, by being hosted to a person such as Miss Singh, I felt that Salem learned verbally and visually, and, in our very best way, helped to better our international relationships with another country.

—Ann Crenshaw

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