

May Day Practice Begins Monday, You Nimble Femmes



Benny Morgan Escapes

(Benny Morgan has lived with the Salemite staff, in the form of a lead galley, for two months. This week we found we must either dispose of him (melt him down into liquid lead) or expose him to the world. Here he is. Editor.)

Seven o'clock in the evening. A breeze, crisp and sharp, shuttles quietly through the campus. The night is clean and fresh.

Benny Morgan, 20 years old, gazes skyward and appraises the steel-like stars mounted in a sky of clear blackness. His pants are tan, buckle in the back . . . He is a college student, a sophomore.

The loneliness of the night, the deserted, walks and paths, the stillness . . . all these invite thinking. They probe the mind of young Mr. Morgan. He recalls the black screaming headlines of a tumultuous November. Headlines inspired on a foreign soil, mothered and nurished by a beserk mankind.

Headlines about the Suez Canal as Israel and Egypt battle, Britain and France threaten war. Blood-soaked hair mats thickly against smashed skulls.

Far away from Benny Morgan. A million miles from the cheering hysterical crowds of a Saturday gridiron battle. A million miles from the grammatical construction of an English composition. A million miles from a parade and a smiling queen who surveys her campus domain with happiness.

But war pays no homage to distance. The war-stained fingers of a grasping Europe point to Benny Morgan. They beckon and say, "The time has come . . . the bombs are ready . . . you are young and strong . . . and you must help

Uncle Sam save the world."

Not knowing when, not knowing where, the uncertain mind of Benny Morgan questions: When will I have to save the world? Will it be now? Tomorrow? Or is it possible that the time will never come?

Uncle Sam has a selective service board that will provide you with the proper notification.

When will the summons come? When will the postman stand in front of my house and deposit a letter that will take me from my home, my school, my friends?

No, Mr. Morgan, your question cannot be answered this night. You must sit and contemplate a world hungry for death. You must wait like a thousand other students.

Concert Set By Symphony For Tuesday

The Winston-Salem Symphony will present, in a concert on March 26, Miss Shirlee Emmons, a blond soprano who has been acclaimed both here and abroad for her vocal and dramatic powers.

Miss Emmons has scored notable success in her role in "Tosca" with the Baltimore Symphony and was the first American artist to tour the interior towns of Brazil.

She was guest artist with the Lauritz Melchior show in a trans-continental tour and was featured in leading oratorio roles with the

Committees

Committees for the Spring Gingham Tavern, sponsored by the home economics club, have started to work on the dance to be held in the Day Student Center, April 6.

Dance chairman, Jerome Moore has appointed the following girls as chairmen of the committees: decorations, Patty Kimbrough; tickets, Barbara Williams; clean-up, Lynn Warren; refreshments, Nancy Blum; music, Mary Belle Horton; and publicity, Lucinda Oliver.

Robert Shaw Chorale. The high point of her career was the portrayal of the Countess role in "The Marriage of Figaro" for NBC-TV opera.

Miss Emmons' repertory for the coming concert includes the "Messiah," Honegger's "King David," and Haydn's "Creation."

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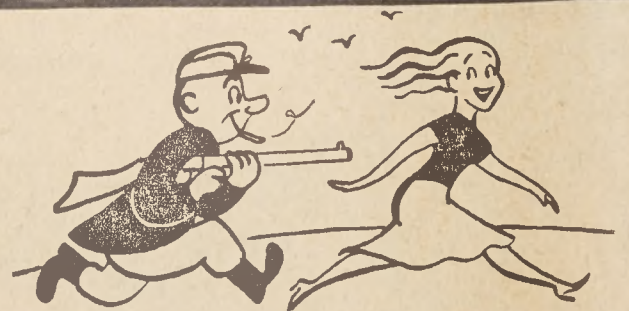
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