

# SYMPHONIE MODERNE

(Editor's note:—It's not our fault — really it's not! Until way past the dead-line, we expected a great big ad for this space. But it didn't quite show up: So while we're scheming up a law suit, we'll utilize this space as best we can with what should have been in the Literary Magazine, been in the Literary Magazine, either. Forgive us just this once, and take "Symphonie Moderne" for what it's worth.)

"Your make-up's frightfully interesting, Peggy. Is it liquid?"

"Peggy, was that a Powers' picture in the paper? It was terribly glamorous."

Ever so slightly, Peggy nodded her platinum head. She didn't say anything because she somehow didn't feel like talking. But she was glad to be at the party and glad to be able to relax. She was glad that she wasn't sitting under glaring flood lights with her head tilted at a precise angle . . . and glad that she could call these people her friends. They were gay and amusing and carefree; and they spoke with beautifully modulated, exquisitely bored voices . . . about flying down for the races . . . about States' new yacht . . . about Dabney's mint juleps. She looked at her poised slender hand with its tapering nails, and wondered why she had never been asked to pose for Revlon.

"You're so quiet, Pegs . . . and so beautiful!"

Peggy smiled at Haughton . . . she was a grand girl.

The sophisticated chatter continued, and Peggy wondered if she really were beautiful. She supposed she was. Her complexion was smooth and white, and her features fine and regular. Her eyes were almost violet, and her hair was magnificent. Yes, she was beautiful.

"That mink is stunning, Peggy. When and where did you get it?"

Peggy ran her fingers gently over the silky fur. What would they say if she told them that Uncle Hal had given it to her? What would they say if she confessed that she hadn't really bought the diamond bracelet herself? What would they say . . .

Peggy smiled demurely, "It was a Christmas present."

Haughton stood up and stretched.

"God, I'm bored!"

There was laughter and more light chatter. Haughton sat down at the piano and carelessly played a melody. She was bored . . . bored with tears . . . bored with parties and races and new yachts . . . bored with Libby and Connie and Harriet . . . bored with herself. She looked at Peggy and wondered if she were bored, too. She very easily could be . . . but from her immobile face one could never guess. She was too aloof and too removed from them since she'd ben in New York. Haughton thought it'd be wonderful to break away from the family and the friends and the village, and to get a job independently. Would it be very difficult?

"Peggy, did you have a trouble getting a job?"

"No, but Uncle Hal was a help."

Haughton didn't guess she'd be able to get a job . . . she had no uncle whose name was familiar to the whole radio world. It was strange that Peggy showed no particular talent . . . Uncle Hal with his music, and Uncle T. D. with his writing . . . but maybe she just wasn't interested in talent. Or maybe she was proving that beauty and brains don't mix. Lord knew that what she had in beauty she certainly lacked otherwise.

"Play a Chopin, Haughton. I'm sick to death of that modern stuff."

Haughton broke off the Dett she was playing and slipped her fingers through a few runs. That pleased Connie . . . she sauntered over and perched on the end of the piano bench.

"Haughton, will you look at Peggy? Really, if she doesn't stop wearing all that eye make-up, I'm going to regurgitate."

Harriet, guessing that gossip was in the air, languidly strolled toward the piano.

"If its-La Belle Dame sans Merci you're discussing, let me add that New York has complete ruined her. I frankly don't think she's good-looking enough to raise one of John Powers' eye lashes. And with Uncle Hal dead, I doubt . . ."

"Shut up, Harriet. Peggy's all right. It'd take more than eye make-up and liquid lip-stick to get the rest of us as close as his secretary. Peggy stayed there for over a year; and she did awfully well,

too."

"Certainly she did, but it's gone to her head so that we practically have to get down on our knees to say hello to her. And the boys swarming about her simply nauseate me. Do you know that Neil . . ."

Haughton banged her hands on the keyboard with a shattering dissonance, and slowly walked toward the Regency chair across the room.

"When are you going back, Peggy?"

Peggy leveled her gaze on Haughton, and deliberately tilted her head. She wondered why they all hated her . . . why they maliciously hurt her . . . why they spread filthy lies about her. She'd never been unkind to any of them . . . not to Harriet or Connie or Libby. She always tried to be friendly . . . tried to explain to them that Neil had come to her only for advice about Libby. She'd fought and humbled herself trying to make them understand her . . . and they'd made her life so unbearable that she'd had to go to New York. New York. How pleased they'd be with their final victory. John Powers' top flight model. Oh dear God, if they knew how she'd begged for those few ads! Now with Uncle Hal's death, Harriet was right . . . she didn't have a chance. Like everything else, advertising was based solely on politics. When was she going back?

Peggy looked at Haughton and smiled, "soon!"

### SALEM ASKED TO AID

(Continued From Page One)

organizations. Participation in the effort is one avenue of American student preparation for democratic citizenship in the adult world.

Suggestions from the Treasury Department are that our activities flow in the following channels: 1) Formation of discussion groups to promote defense activities; 2) Publication of Treasury news releases 3) Establishment of sales booths.

### S. O. S. FOR ROMPER BATALION

Salem is having a definite climb in an athletic sort of way. It's been rumored about that we were asked to send eight girls to Greensboro for an archery meet. Flattering? Indeed! It threw the phys. ed. department into a proud dither. They puffed all up, started arranging for transportation and out-of-town dwelling places for our swarthy athletes, and sent out tribes of scouts to dig up any one who was willing to learn how to draw a bow. It was a memorable day.

To top off the archery triumphs; another invitation, it is reported, arrived for swimmers to gather in Greensboro. The pool was immediately cleaned out and filled — a life guard was unearthed — a gala aquacade was planned for the pool's opening! It was hoped that talent would show itself in time to respond to this kind invitation. Say, ain't they got no athletes in Greensboro?

Dick: "I say, Jim, what is the Order of the Bath?"

Jim: "Well, as I have experienced it, first, the water's too hot; then t's too cold; then you're short a towel; then you slip on the soap, and finally the telephone rings."

### RED LETTER DAY

(Continued From Page One)

evening with the drawing of the underclassmen. Of course every girl saw the advantages offered by the new Strong dorm; and, of course, every girl wanted to stand aside in the Salem manner and let her friends have first choice at these beautiful new rooms. After much urging from the dean these noble, generous people were convinced that it was the duty of each girl to draw for every room so that the room-drawing plan might work out successfully. Then came a charming, girl-like rumpus. Eyes were clawed (quite accidentally), teeth were dislodged, hair was snatched loose from its habitation. The honors in the battle go to Miss Nancy Stone, of the hardy Virginian Stones, for her finesse in keeping the floor comparatively clear of competitors. Miss Stone's snatching ability was greatly impaired, however, by the strange disappearance of her trusty harlequins.

With the pace set by the Strong drawing, the drawing for Clewell went off with unheard of rapidity. Miss Lawrence had so fired the girls with a sense of duty toward drawing for every room that manners were completely forgotten. The girls did remember how delighted the freshmen would be with the third floor rooms; and tried, therefore, to restrict themselves to requesting rooms on the shoddy second floor. It was noted with great pleasure by her friends that Miss Lucy Farmer, of Sedgefield, has improved noticeably since her fall . . . she got the honors for the most successful blocks and the dirtiest tackles.

The real thrill of the evening came when the deans inspired by the exhilarating tangle with the underclassmen, called the seniors to their task. Miss Lawrence was a picture of serenity and too many fingers as she passed out the tiny slips for the drawing. She made no mistakes, and really gave one of the finest performances we have seen this year. Sara Henry, irked that she had her choice of rooms and was not allowed to draw, sat by with a long, sorrowful face. The first room of the lot went to the agile Louise Miller. Miss Miller in her usual quiet manner fainted dead away; and, still silent, had to be carried from the room. The seniors-to-be were all so thrilled at the prospect of moving to the spacious Biting dorm that the very meeting seemed wreathed in smiles. The happiest of the whole fortunate class were the girls who very luckily drew third floor. Doris Nebel had been heard to remark that if she didn't get on third floor she would just die. This little crowd had a meeting all their own after the drawing, and elected Frances Yelverton and Bobbie Whittier as stretcher carriers to cart the taller girls to their rooms for the next year (all this to prevent possible chipping of the precious ceilings). After the meeting, three healthy cheers were given for Reece Thomas who conjured up luck for some of the girls that they might draw third floor rooms. (Though this is quite incidental we would like to take this space to remark that in the physical check-ups Friday morning only three girls were reported already sway-back . . . Ceil Nichols, Carlotta Carter, and Doris Nebel.)

We hated to see the night of May seventh fade away, and we eagerly await another year and another drawing — though we know that the girls can never again be as satisfied as they were with the results last night.

Chairman of Prospective-Students Committee.

### SWIM, YOU MAY

The pool schedule has been made out for the next ten days. It will be changed again during exams; but until then, you may go swimming in the following hours:

Monday - Friday:  
10:20 - 12:00 in the morning  
3:00 - 4:30 in the afternoon  
10:00 - 10:30 at night.

Saturday:  
10:20 - 12:00 in the morning  
2:00 - 5:00 in the afternoon  
10:00 - 10:30 at night.

Sunday:  
3:00 - 4:30 in the afternoon  
9:30 - 10:30 at night

**Barber Photo Supply Co-**  
KODAK HEADQUARTERS  
6th Street Opposite Post Office  
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

**Paschal Shoe Repair Co.**  
We Also Dye Shoes Any Color  
"Best In Our Line"  
Prompt Call and Delivery Service  
219 W. 4th ST. DIAL 4901

**VOGLER SERVICE**  
Ambulance Funeral Directors  
Dependable for More Than 83 Years  
DIAL 6101

### COTTONS - - -

tailored to your hearts content. An outstanding collection from the tailored classic to dressed up frills and all so reasonably priced. Sizes from 9-15 or 10-20.

### IDEAL

**PERFECT PRINTING PLATES**  
**PIEDMONT ENGRAVING CO.**  
WINSTON-SALEM



oh happy day!

**LITTLE MISS MARY IS INDEED HAPPY**

Her parents just got her an I.E.S. Lamp . . . and she no longer has to strain her eyes while studying . . . and reading.

**Duke POWER COMPANY**

### A MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY  
WASHINGTON

May 3, 1942

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA:

This week a new campaign for the sale of War Bonds and Savings Stamps is under way throughout the Nation. It is the War Bond Quota Campaign.

It is urgently necessary that you double the rate at which you are now buying War Bonds and Stamps. This will mean the sale direct to individual Americans of War Bonds and Stamps to the amount of not less than one billion dollars every month.

One billion dollars a month is the National quota. It is equal to one-tenth the combined incomes of all Americans.

This money is needed to buy the tools of war for your fighting forces. It will not pay for all of them. Our war expenditures now are at the rate of about FOUR BILLIONS a month, and they are growing daily. But a billion dollars a month direct from the people will make all-out production possible. Without it we cannot do our best; without it we cannot put forth our full effort.

It is desperately needed for another reason. We can't fight a war and at the same time live and spend as usual. There are not enough goods to go around — the things we buy with money. If we go on spending at the 1941 scale, we'll be robbing the fighting man to add to our own comfort or pleasure. We'll be driving up the cost of living for all of us. We'll be imposing dire hardships on our neighbors.

What is asked of you is ten per cent of your earnings — a tithe for Liberty. It is not a tax; it is not even a contribution; it is a loan at interest, for your use and protection later.

Your Government asks you to cut down your expenditures, TO SAVE — your boys on the firing line and in the training camps, through your Government, ask you to save so that they may have what they need to win YOUR WAR for you — America asks you to save; to SAVE TO WIN THE WAR; to buy War Bonds and Stamps up to not less than ten per cent of your income.

Is Liberty worth it? Is Democracy worth it? Is America worth it? I think I know your answer.



Sincerely,

*A. M. M. Magenthauf Jr.*

The above letter was sent to this newspaper by Secretary Magenthauf in Washington. We publish it in the interest of the War Bond Quota Campaign and earnestly recommend that all our readers do their share in the tremendous job ahead of financing the War effort.



ENGRAVED

Invitations — Announcements  
Calling Cards — Stationery  
**H. T. Hearn Engraving Co.**  
632 W. FOURTH STREET

### AND NOW FOR GRADUATION!

Lovely Mary Chess sachets, perfumes, toilet water or dusting powder make fragrant gifts.  
Dainty pins and bracelets hand wrought from Sterling, or soft leather picture frames tooled with 14K gold make stunning gifts.  
Occasional pieces in hand painted china, sparkling crystal or silver make thrilling gifts.  
Sunday night supper aprons or NYLON hose make useful gifts.  
A FINE COLLECTION OF ATTRACTIVE ARTICLES MAKES GIFT BUYING EASY.

**ARDEN FARM STORE**

Across From Salem Square