

# The Salemite

Motto—"Sail on, Salem"

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## AN ANCIENT SEAT OF LEARNING

Salem, Jan. 7.—You observe I date my letter Salem, "which there ain't no such a place." That is, there is not today, but I recall upon my first visit here the ancient and honorable town of Salem had its separate existence as did the newer and larger town of Winston. For a long time, proud of its honorable traditions and its devotion to its "ancient landmarks" which it will not permit to be removed, Salem rather looked down upon the new tobacco and trading town which was geographically separated from it by a street and nothing more—except atmosphere.

The atmosphere was one wide gulf which at that time ran between them and it was a gulf that seemed impassable. Winston smelled of tobacco. Salem had the atmosphere of scholarship and the quiet calm of a town that had not been touched by the modern industrial rush and bigness.

What happened to cause the coming together of the ancient town and the new and larger city? Only one thing: understanding. With the increase in business, Winston became an educational town, built good schools and libraries, and Salem saw that industrial prosperity in Winston was a passion because its people believed prosperity essential to an opportunity for leisure for culture. And Salem men of wisdom were touched by Winston's growth and development and saw that large enterprise was not inconsistent with their ancient ways, but could promote the great educational institution that is the center of Salem life today as it has been for more than a century. Winston and Salem business and professional men learned that all that concerned the best interests of both demanded a union.

If Miss Salem was at first shy of the advances of Mr. Winston because she didn't like the smell of nicotine she soon found that behind the tobacco were brains and character and breadth. And if Mr. Winston thought Miss Salem too quiet and reserved and high-browed, he found that beneath the reserve was sound judgment and a true woman's heart and love of religion and learning. This mutual recognition of each other's virtues given the "bless you my children" was the music that gladdened the hearts of the match-makers.

It was not long after the bans had been published and the marriage celebrated before Winston-Salem (neither place lost its identity) was able to announce that the population of the Twin-City was larger than that of any other city in North Carolina. It was a sur-

prise to many and a shock to Charlotte. It was a stunner to some. In fact, Cary Dowd, editor of the Charlotte News, doesn't yet quite believe in the accuracy of the census figures. Today he was looking around the cities and seemed to think there was lacking the cosmopolitan air which marks the city of Charlotte. I really believe the Charlotte folks would have demanded a recount if a North Carolinian, Samuel L. Rogers, had not been at the head of the Census Bureau when the count was made. Everybody knew that Sam would not stand for no juggling of figures, and so Charlotte had to content itself with a formal congratulation and a promise to itself that by 1930 it would win back first place. Two weeks ago I spoke at the Charlotte high school and visited others of the public schools, and it seemed to me that I had never seen so many children in a city of that population, and I was led to believe that Charlotte was going to overtake Winston-Salem in the next ten-year period. Certainly it does not go ahead it will not be its fault, for the rule is to go back to large families. But yesterday, when I spoke at the Winston-Salem high school and saw the big new school buildings in process of erection to meet the need for the increasing number of children, I saw that the competition between Charlotte and Winston-Salem could not be decided by the birthrate increase for, with an equal start, these cities would maintain their present standing in population. The winner must depend upon attracting the most immigrants.

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This afternoon a large number of editors, accepting the courteous invitation of Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, president of Salem Academy and College, enjoyed a visit to this time-honored institution. It has grown in every way. It was once called "Salem Female Academy." There was much trepidation about changing the name for these Moravians hesitate about making changes in the ways of the father. But critical scholars have thundered so much against the word "female" that at last it was omitted from the name. "Can there be any gender in an academy or a college or university?" asked the critics. Technically the high-brows are correct, but if only girls go to a college is it not female? However, the high-brows made their impression and even those conservative Moravians could no more hold on to "Female" in the name of their school than the Methodists could keep "Female" in Greensboro Female

Academy or the Baptists at Raleigh could make their university, so-called at the start, show its sex in its name.

How long will there be any colleges for women alone? There are practically none west of the Alleghanies, but New England and the South, while taking the word "Female" out of the name, have not yet embraced the idea of co-education. I venture to predict that Salem Academy and College will be among the last to open its doors to young men. What a flutter it would make if Dr. Howard Rondthaler should greet a class in the dignified old library made up equally of men and women. I wonder if the girls would like it. Perhaps more than their fathers and mothers would approve.

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Salem College possesses many interesting traditions and none more striking than the true story of girlish loyalty to the Confederate States which occurred when the Union troops were marching through the old town of Salem after its surrender to Stoneman.

For precaution all the young women students were required to stay within the buildings as the troops marched by, but one irresistible Alabama girl opened her window on the top floor of Main Hall, northeast corner, and flung out to the breeze a Confederate flag waving it courageously, if rashly, in the faces of the marching Union troops.

A permanent flagstaff now stands above her room and is an appropriate reminder of the reckless but spirited enthusiasm of this young girl.

All day long and all night long the ancient bell which overhangs Salem College strikes the hours in the belfry in which it was placed in the year 1802. Ingenious minds of mathematicians have counted up the hundreds of thousands of strokes on this ancient bell that have announced the passing hours day and night without interruption during 120 years.

The bell itself has a rare and unforgettable sweetness of tone which is attributed to the fact that when it was cast in 1801, ninety men, citizens of this early community of Salem, each cast in a piece of silver as a gift to the bell of the community which still strikes the hour. This silvery tone is rare and musical and invariably catches the attention of the visitor to the old college.

Hard against the earlier building still remaining, which dates 1785, there is rising to early completion the most distinctive and interesting dormitory to be found anywhere in the South.

Externally it is a quaint and faithful companion piece to the building which it adjoins and which has stood the test and trial of a hundred and thirty years of use.

The tile roof of the new building harmonizes with the neighboring tiles which were hand made in the old community of Salem and have remained in place and in use since they were put upon the roof in 1785. The quaint dormer windows of the new dormitory match the ancient dormer windows and the Flemish bond walls, with their alternation of red and black brick harmonize with the ancient walls adjoining.

Within, however, this new building, which so successfully reproduces the ideals of two centuries ago in its exterior, will contain when finished the last word in modern dormitory construction for the convenience and delight of the new generation of Salem College students. Every floor and indeed the entire building is fireproof, soundproof and even smokeproof, demonstrating the latest word in fire prevention and fire safety construction.

Every floor contains its kitchenette for those social delights so dear to the hearts of college women. The main floor contains two spacious halls which will be furnished in appropriate colonial fashion.

Salem College is developing under modern conditions a campus group of buildings as distinctive as those of great English universities.

Salem College library building is notable in an interesting manner in view of the fact, commemorated in a tablet, that the first conference for education in the South, held on Southern soil, was held in this hall in the year 1901. I never attended a more inspiring gathering anywhere.

This conference, known as the Og-  
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### SNOW, THE USUAL ACCOMPANIMENT OF EXAMS.

More than once have you heard in the days immediately preceding exams this expression of rather doubtful comfort, "Cheer up, exams are yet to come!" The "weather prophetess" who predicted snow with the coming of exam week certainly hit the nail on the head, for the thickest white blanket of the season was spread on Thursday night, January 26th, and increased its thickness on into Friday. Indeed, for the last four years with every set of mid-term exams has come snow. Well may we term it the usual accompaniment of mid-years.