

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1941.

Another year is now ten days old and three hundred fifty-five days remain until we, amid the shower of confetti, the rumble of horns, and the tumult of people "en masse" shout "Happy New Year" and harmonize to the chords of Auld Lang Syne.

Frances Freshman greeted 1941 with anticipation of her first set of exams. She's at school now, studying with a conglomeration of determination and fright.

Susie Sophomore said goodbye to 1940 with a thank-goodness — it's gone — "Just think, the last three weeks of school I'll have Junior privileges. And I'll go to Jim's graduation in June. Oh, give me the will to get my diploma, but 1943 is a hundred years away!"

Janie Junior saw in the new year the job of entertaining the seniors, of taking over major offices in the spring, and of soon officially advancing to the final rung.

And Sadie-sad-eyed-senior (or Suzanne-so-pleased-senior (as the case might be) looked at Rudolph and said "Happy new year, darling." As he squeezed her hand the ring on her third finger hurt her, but not half so bad as her heart would have, had Rudolph sat quietly in his corner. When she had time, she thought of a long series of "lasts" waiting for her. Last "Standing at the Portals," Junior-Senior, Basketball banquet, Senior dinner, May Day, last days of holding office, last days in Louisa Bitting . . .

Frances cheered with the others; Susie shouted and danced on; Janie pushed her hair a little higher on her head and tossed back her head so her ear-rings would show; Suzanne moved a little closer to Rudolph while the vision of the little white house was reflected in her eyes . . . Susie sat aside by herself, even though people moved around her. Conscious was she of the passing of time, of the bigness of everything, of the waste of precious moments and of the indifference and unconsciousness of people. Four years were almost over, four years during which a college education had been put before her, four years of advantages, of friendships, of the potentialities of either greatness or smallness. Borrowed time had been allotted to her — to her personally to do with it what was in her to do — precious time, quiet, peaceful, a cool, crystal spring ready to be dipped into; a volumn of knowledge and experience with its book mark enclosed, ready to be opened; Jack Horner's pudding waiting for Jack to pull out the plum . . . two more sets of exams, apparent marks down the road and then a closed chapter, yet a chapter holding inspiration and stimulation. Four years or four days? Would it seem like this always? "What's that, Tom? Oh, yes, I'd like to dance — oh, by the way, happy new year . . ."

## DRAMA - ART - TRADITION IN WEEK'S CHAPEL

Tuesday morning, January 7, Salem students began their first chapel program of the year by singing "Standing at the Portals," which was in accordance with the aged Salem tradition. Dr. Rondthaler, who was the speaker, expressed his appreciation to the faculty and the students for their many Christmas greetings sent to Mrs. Rondthaler and him. After he read short passages from the Bible reviewing the Christmas story, chapel was dismissed by the recessional.

Rev. David Weinland, minister of King and Mizpah Moravian churches, spoke in chapel Thursday morning.

Mr. Weinland was a student and graduate of Moravian College and Moravian Theological Seminary, and also a student at Harvard, Princeton and Duke Universities.

Mr. Weinland, in delivering "Art for Arts Sake" said:

"The day is past when scenes, music, art, and literature are divorced from humanity." Art, he continued, is valuable only when it relates to the student. Religion, the end of all things, preaches that there is no such thing as art for art's sake. He daded in conclusion, this:

"Religion must work to be true, or it doesn't count for very much.

Friday, Miss Helen Copenhaver of Salem Academy spoke of the plays she saw on Broadway during the holidays. She reported that as a whole they do not measure up to previous seasons, comedy and plays in a light vein being predominant. "The Corn is Green" is the nearest approach to anything serious, she said.

While she was there she heard Alex Templeton in concert. "This is a treat none should miss if given the opportunity." After this admonition Miss Copenhaver continued by making brief remarks about "Panama Hattie," "Life with Father," and enthusiastic ones about Helen Hayes and "Twelfth Night."

## M. EMILE PLEASED BY ALL JEUNES FILLES

By Jill Nurenberg

Hang on to your hair, women, for blonde, brunette, or redhead, Emile of the suave Parisian accent loves you au naturel. While his wife, a joli blonde, threw his shoes into a suitcase in an adjoining room, Emile confessed to us that he was a fool for women of all complexions (wifey held her tongue and held on to the shoes). The wizard of the shears and pincurls went smoothly on, adoring Southern accents, the climate, the girls, even the Robert E. Lee, and all for your edification and delight.

Emile, as who doesn't know, was here to train operators of the Junior League Beauty Shop to guard the hair of his long-distance clientele in-between their New York permanents; and to dazzle the fairer sex of our fair city with the Things he does to an ordinary size 21½ head of hair. Anyone who saw his creations at the Fashion Show yesterday will wax eloquent over his genius in the upswept line.

The jeune fille (that's us), says Emile, should keep her hair long in back, either in curls, a soft page-boy, or a chignon caught with a velvet bow. Pompadours still rule the hairline, but you can always vary them with a soft chou of curls or a high bang or fringe. He insists that we should leave the upswept hairdos for Mamma and the anti-bellum belles. Spring, I am very happy to report, will show less of the Hedy Lamarr influence in coiffure and more consideration for flower-hats and off-the-face bonnets.

Shades of I. R. S!! Emile loves to see young girls without hats, their locks caught up in "leetle ribbons," combs, or fresh flowers, especially sweet-scented gardenias. He cautions, though, not to point up a mares nest of curls with an old-fashioned bouquet; there is such a thing as gilding the lily or shall we say tarring the licorice?

Emile's alter-ego and travelling companion, Marian Bylac, chatted with us too. Miss Bylac is the beauty expert whose products are soon to be a feature at the Junior League Shop, and she plans to be (Continued To Back Page)

## MEINUNG ON A. D. A. COMMITTEE

Mrs. Elizabeth Meinung has recently received notice from the Chicago office of American Dietetics Association that she is requested to serve on a national committee of the A. D. A. to prepare an outline for the "Ethical Procedure for Dietitians." The other members of the committee are Dorothy Duckles of Massachusetts; Mable MacLachlan, of Michigan; and Frances Law, of Texas.

Elizabeth Hedgecock, Salem graduate, 1939, who completes her internship as student dietitian in Philadelphia General Hospital in March, has been appointed as Assistant Dietitian in the hospital. Miss Hedgecock is just one of the numerous Salem graduates making a record in nutrition work.

## JUNIORS TO GIVE JAMBOREE SATURDAY

The Juniors are getting us back into the whirl of social life at Salem by giving a Jamboree this Saturday night, January 11, at 8:30 in the Recreation Room of Louisa Bitting at the regular prices of ten and fifteen cents . . . So forget exams and just remember those dances during the Christmas holidays and come on down to the Junior Jamboree.

## NOTICE

Friday, February 7th, is going to be a great day at Salem. Begin now to save your nickels for a 25c ticket to hear the Little Symphony of the University of Michigan at Memorial hall.

Last year this group gave a chapel program which was such a big success that the Choral Ensemble have asked to sponsor the orchestra in a night performance. This is an event that no one should miss!

## SALEM RADIO BROADCASTS CONTINUE

It was announced today by Dr. John Downs that Mr. Lawrence Kenyon will speak next Thursday gram "Salem on the Air." His subject will be "Art in Everyday Life."

So far this semester this new project initiated in the fall has proved to be a successful one. With the co-operation of the various members of the faculty, of the choral ensemble, of the Pierrette Players and Freshmen Dramatic Club, and of individuals students in both the music school and academic school the programs have already proved to be both interesting and informing. It is hoped by the committee that this series of programs will help to acquaint the public with activities at Salem and with the courses offered as well as give Salem students the opportunity to express themselves through a new medium.

This week's program will be broadcast from the Old Chapel and is different from previous ones in that there will be an audience. Trustees and their wives, and members of the Senior class are invited guests.

It is believed by the committee that this experiment will be an interesting one, since it will give the audience an opportunity to see some of the actual technical details involved in broadcasting.

Mr. Kenyon's lecture will begin promptly at eight o'clock.

## HOLIDAYS SEE WEDDING BELLS FOR ALUMNAE

The holiday spirit pervaded in all corners and circles and was noticeable for its large number of engagements and marriages of previous Salemites.

Leila Williams, a member of the class of '38, married William Henderson, late in December. They are now living in Orlando, Florida.

The engagement of Nancy MeNeely, class of '36 and president of the I. R. S. council, to Dr. Francis Barham, was announced. Nancy received her degree in organ here last year.

The engagement of Margaret Holbrook, class of '41, was announced to Jack Tillotson. The wedding will take place in February, but Margaret will continue her work here at Salem until her graduation in June.

Phyllis Clapp, May Queen in '37, was married to Frank Trotman, of Winston-Salem, on January 7th. They are now flying around Florida on their wedding trip.

Before school was dismissed for Christmas, the engagement of Betsy Moffit was announced to Floyd Goodson of Knoxville. The wedding will take place in April.

Ethel Watkins, class of ex. '39, was married to Chamers Watkins of Charlotte. The couple will make their home in Detroit.

## If Not Creative Genius --- What?

By Lawrence Kenyon

Recently, your editor and I were philosophizing concerning art. She has persuaded me to put down part of our conversation, and we are hoping to stimulate interest with the same words by which we may partially satisfy your general curiosity concerning what we are doing in the studio. We both feel that one of the best ways to experience and understand art is by active participation, and such participation can be appreciative as well as creative; there can be deep experience in both. If you are curious, join us in the next few lines and see how you agree with our analysis of the drawing lounging on the studio easels. An ever increasing number of students are stopping to view our cast drawings, still-life studies, and life sketches. If you belong to that group, our remarks are addressed primarily to you. If you don't, this is an open invitation to keep our words in mind and to come and see what you think.

To my mind, the significance of those drawings lies far less in their manifestation of technical skill, far less in their more or less scientific representation of subject, far less in any of their objective qualities, than in their inevitable reflection of each student's personality. This comes out in many ways: choice of position, choice of

medium, and choice of the main features which the individual decides to emphasize. I could name others, but these should give you the idea. All this accounts for the great diversity of those drawing, even when the same model or the same cast serves as the basis for the various attempts—have you wondered about this? Let me illustrate this inevitable stamp of the artist's personality by specific references to individuals. The most obvious example which comes to my mind at the moment is the way each person chooses to record her visual impressions. I hope you have noticed them. Betty Vanderbilt transposes what she sees into line; so does Minnie Louise Westmoreland. Both of them, regardless of the lighting and regardless of the subject, express their observations in linear terms; they seek precise outlines to define the structure of the forms and subordinate light and shade in order not to confuse the definiteness of their interpretations.

Katharine King represents the antithesis of that approach. She seeks volume and solidity at the expense of outline definition and uses soft and carefully graduated lights and darks to create her objects. Nancy Rogers and Dorothy Dixon use both means in conjunc-

tion and vary the emphasis according to their mood and according to the particular subject. Some of the others have different systems of expression, equally valid and equally individual, but I will leave them for you to pick out. All of them are asserting their places as interpreters, appreciative interpreters, even while they still struggle with the mechanics of expression.

From the above remarks, I think you will understand what I mean when I say that art is a means of communication. Those drawing represent the stored up impressions of several hours of studio work. Those impressions are here for you to share if you will stop long enough to receive them. They consist of intellectual observations flavored by and translated through the emotions aroused in the artist as she drew. Think of them as such while you look at them. Obviously, we don't claim that they are profound works of art comprehending the ideals of society or the vital nature of our civilization. Superficially they are merely exercises encouraging the development of technical facility. But over and above that is their cultural value involving the development of personal standards and tastes, of new attitudes of seeing and interpreting, and of new critical values.