

RONDTHALER BROADCASTS OVER WAIR

Outstanding in the events that took place in the city Tuesday was the broadcast over WAIR of interviews with representative South Americans. In the absence of Dr. John Downs of the language department of the college, Dr. Howard Rondthaler conducted the broadcast with the ease and dignity of one who had not only been having interviews all his life, but who has also been constantly active in radio work.

The three persons interviewed were Mr. Roberto Ancizar of Colombia; Mr. Lindburger from San Palo, Brazil; and Miss Janet Lauder, from Chile. Both the questions asked and the answers given were interesting, instructive and intelligently planned. Of special interest were questions on chief products, population of countries, climate and the like. Of more personal interest were questions as these:

Question: What do you think of American girls?

Mr. Ancizar: This is not a difficult question. Of course, I have not a great experience, but I find the American girls simply charming and lovely.

Question: What are the most striking contrasts between the North American and Chilean ways of living?

Miss Lauder: The children and women are very conscious of dress and keep up with European and American fashions. It is difficult to find ready made clothes, as they are too expensive . . . we do not have many night clubs or good orchestras . . . dances start about 11:30.

Question: What American authors

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TUESDAY'S PROGRAM

One hundred and ten strong, the South American "summer school" students at the University of North Carolina descended upon Winston-Salem Tuesday, February 11, and immediately became the topic of the day.

Arriving at 10 a. m., they were met at the city limits by an official committee and a motorcycle escort and were taken to the Hanes Hosiery Mill for an inspection tour. Later three of the group and Dr. Rondthaler, through station WAIR gave a short-wave broadcast to South America.

The highlight of the visit, as far as Salem was concerned, was the luncheon in the "Old Chapel." Dr. Rondthaler acted as master of ceremonies, and Mayor J. R. Fain welcomed the guests, making them honorary citizens of the city. The music for the occasion consisted of selections by the Salem choral ensemble, Harold Mickey and his string ensemble, and a quintet from the Winston-Salem Teachers' College. Dr. Sturgiss E. Leavitt and Dr. J. C. Lyons, both of the University, and Mrs. Mickey made short good-will speeches. Mrs. Mickey, who is a native of Argentina, led in singing native South American songs. The program was broadcast over station WSJS.

In the afternoon a tour of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company was followed by a visit to the Wachovia Historic Museum with Salem seniors and advanced Spanish students acting as hostesses. At 4:30 Mrs. R. J. Reynolds held an open house for the visitors and members of the Salem May Court. Afterward the South Americans returned to Chapel Hill, leaving with Salem a spirit of personal Pan-Americanism and leaving the students in quite a flutter over the visit.

DOES MR. STOWE SEE . . .



. . . THE FUTURE AS THIS?

(By Chubbv Hayes)

After many preliminaries I was seated very properly but humbly across the breakfast table from Mr. Leland Stowe in his room at the Robert E. Lee. It was 9:30, the morning after his lecture, and the typical hotel room was as neat as the proverbial pin. Mr. Stowe's Val-a-Pak was packed but not folded lying stretched out on the bed. We were seated at a table near the window and the bright sunlight fell directly on his head. His hair which had seemed very white at night and in all his pictures was definitely iron grey this morning. He looked very natty in a green suit and wine tie.

"Now, young lady, tell me just what sort of an interview you'd like to get out of me," he said.

So I told him something about our Valentine issue of the Salemite and how we'd like to get his views on American women in relation to the probable war, etc., etc. As I talked he consumed a glass of orange juice and started to work on his grapefruit. Each time I mentioned a new point he would cock his head in a rather bird-like manner, and look directly and intently at me. Before he began to speak, he wiped his lips on a towel which he had previously secured from the bathroom—lacking a napkin.

"Well,—(long pause) I think one of the biggest things an American woman—a patriot—can do, is to expect the most in service of country from the men she knows and nothing less. We've got to have the right attitude towards conscription and you girls can do a lot towards developing that attitude. If we're going to have any country at all we must be willing to devote a year to it, and a man does want to be a hero to his girl friend."

He finished his grapefruit and started on a poached egg and coffee. Meanwhile I questioned him concerning what girls our age were doing in other countries and what he thought we ought to be doing now.

"Well,—(long pause)—First of all, I think every girl should know something about First Aid and even Nursing with a Capital 'N,' if possible. Then she should know something about automobiles, ambulances and airplanes. There was a long, long pause and then Mr. Stowe jumped in his seat and said: "For instance, in Athens I knew two young women who drove ambulances six or seven hours a day, sometimes in the blackout, that's a

real job, and they were just little slips of things, too."

"In fact the women of Greece were doing a glorious job everywhere—especially with the wounded. They met every train; gave out hot food and coffee, helped with extra bad cases, wrote letters, etc. That's really a woman's work, and they are doing it beautifully."

"If we got into war—we wouldn't run short of man power. We wouldn't necessarily need women in industry. Therefore women in nursing, in social assistance should organize now, because they'll have a definite place in the scheme of things."

By this time he had finished the egg and two pieces of toast. Since I knew he was leaving at 10:30 o'clock for Greensboro and Duke, the end of breakfast seemed a fitting point at which to conclude the interview. First, however, we exchanged various personal amenities, in the course of which, I inquired about the unusual pin he was wearing, which I had noticed on his dinner jacket the night before. He informed me that it was a replica of a shoe worn by the Greek Guard, and that all the Greeks were wearing them.

"I brought gobs (sic) of them home," he said, "but my sister-in-law and my wife's other relative have distributed them all over the place."

He laughed heartily, and I rose to leave. On our way down to the lobby we discussed North Carolina and Connecticut, and he cracked several jokes. When I reached the street, however, the thought came to me that despite his chipper manner, his twinkling eyes, and his almost-ever-present smile, Mr. Leland Stowe was fundamentally a very serious man, and a very convincing one. No matter what his views were, there was a charm about him when he began to talk about the Greeks and the glory of their

fight, which cannot be denied. In any case he'd be a good man to have on any side for which he thought the cause worthy.

A LADY HAS FACE VIEWED

A man has examined "the face of the Earth." It was an Englishman, a member of a race with absolutely no imagination, according to Mr. Leland Stowe, one who had to mount "the wings of scientific truth" to take one of the longest trips ever taken back to the time before the earth ever had a face.

Thus, Dr. Francis Ancombe, teacher of history, philosophy and Bible at Salem, on Wednesday morning, February 12, at chapel, took his audience into the "chariot of scientific investigation."

First he gave his interpretation of the birth of the earth two thousand million years ago, a fiery mass torn from the sun. He traveled through the years in which this mass cooled down and in which a crust was formed upon its face. It was still "without form and void, full of chaos and desolation." Gradually the waters separated from the land, and life appeared—first vegetable and then animal forms.

After picturing the dinosaurs and reptiles who for so long ruled, he saw next man's advent to the earth and the beginning of civilization. He pointed out the progress which has been made by man within the last five thousand years. Looking out into his audience, Dr. Ancombe said:

"I see a generation of young women who live in the golden age." These young women, he continued, are recipients of the struggles of the past ages and of the great truths of such philosophers and scientists as Abraham, Jesus, Charlemagne, Bacon, Newton, Pasteur, Darwin, and Einstein.

From the present, he examined the face of the future—a face free from the revenge and violence of the past, free from war and fear. He saw the steady gain in the world. For, he continued, if it has survived Sargon, Sennacherib, and Napoleon, it will survive Hitler. He saw the promise of the future through the progress of the past. He saw a force sweeping away the

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HELEN JEPSON SINGS MONDAY

The Winston-Salem Civic Music Association is proud to announce the coming appearance of Miss Helen Jepson, who will sing in the city Monday night.

Critics have been generous in their praise of her. "A glorious voice, a vital intelligence, a winning charm . . . that is the rare trilogy of gifts represented in the radiant person of lovely Helen Jepson." A career of hard work, added to her natural talents, has brought success to this Metropolitan opera soprano. Her voice gave promise even in high school days in Akron, Ohio, but upon graduation she was not immediately able to pursue serious study. She worked as a clerk in a department store and sang a member of a church choir. One summer she sang for a director of the Curtis Institute of Music, who advised her to try for a scholarship there, which she did—winning three in a row! An engagement with the Philadelphia Civic Opera was followed by her first prima donna role of Nedda in "Pagliacci," then followed by a trying period of opportunity hunting. One day discerning ears selected her for a solo part on a leading radio program . . . she so distinguished herself that she was quickly signed and made its "star." Not long after, the great impresario Gatti-lasazza heard one of her broadcasts, became impressed with her beautiful voice, summoned her to his office, and awarded her a Metropolitan Opera contract. Her rise has been extremely rapid since. She is married to George Possell, who for thirteen years was flutist with the New York Symphony Orchestra. A lodge in the footside of the Catskill Mountains serves as Miss Jepson's retreat when absent from her rigorous career.

Miss Jepson has a spontaneous flair for the stage. She carries "the beauty, the warmth and the quality of human sympathy which distinguish her, charming the eye even before she conquers the ear with her fresh and lovely voice. Hers is a gift of radiance . . . hers the power to move every listener to homage to this glowing young goddess of song."

Buses will leave the college at 7:30 and tickets may be obtained from the dean's office.

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GIRLS' FUTURE PREDICTED

Miss Ruby May Jordan of the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School, spoke to the students in chapel Friday morning on the subject, "We College Women in Business." Speaking of the increasing difficulty of women to get a job, she said, that the college graduate had the best opportunity, among her fellow job seekers, of securing a position.

Miss Jordan spoke only of the secretarial positions to be offered in the business world, and stressed the fact that training is needed in this field, as in every other one. She said that this training, however, was comparatively simple to secure, and would offer the best advantages in the long run, for it enabled the secretary to secure a position in almost any field that she might be interested in. She cautioned those, however, who plan to enter the secretarial field, to select a feminine field, unless their training should especially fit them for competition in a field largely open only to men.