

I Heard It This Way...

Before we stack these last few ghastly weeks up with our less unpleasant memories, let's just drag them out for one final airing . . . after all, they can't hurt us now.

Most all of us seem to have emerged from exams without too many calamities. There were no break-downs, no suicides, no murders to speak of. There were, however, at least three good examples to be cited in favor of abolishing examinations: the positive bags under the eyes of 1) Doris Nebel and 2) Grace Frank Kilby . . . and the appearance and dispositions in general of 3) Cecil Nuchols. And while we're holding post-mortems, we might as well ask if anybody has ever seen the likes of the resultant grades . . . honestly, we didn't even know that SOME of those letters were in the alphabet!

Between-semester week-end served as a period of great celebration . . . more bags and head-aches and run-down conditions were accumulated. Poling back to registration was naturally an ordeal . . . rooting through the catalog, not necessarily for enlightening courses . . . haggling with advisors about the advantages of switching to a psychology major . . . and finally working out a perfectly beautiful schedule whereby we could sleep until ten o'clock during the week and all day Saturday, only to have somebody turn everything up-side-down and give us four Saturday classes and an eight-thirty every other morning! It's wonderful!

Then came another week-end with a few people sojourning to Davidson Mid-Winters and the rest of the people being perfectly content with Salem Mid-Winters. It was all gaity and fun . . . even being hoarded in by glaring deans at twelve-fifteen.

Now we can look forward to another week-end or so before we have to settle down to the education at hand. After Carolina Mid-Winters and Law-Meds, we'll have six-weeks and term papers . . . then we'll have May Day and exams . . . and then it'll all be over.

Speaking of things getting over with reminds us of this column, but may we first state ourselves on this new war time business. Frankly, it seems to us one of the greater evils of the world. Here we fall out of bed in the middle of the night, feel around for a flash-light with which to lead our bodies to breakfast, eat some cereal, stumble down to the gym, become deathly nauseated, and wish to God that we could die . . . all before the sun has creaked up on the horizon! Does anybody have any ideas about just what it is that we're trying to save? But it doesn't help to know that we don't have to go to bed before the sun gets down . . . thanks so much, Stee Gee, for the light-cut regulations.

RADIO PROGRAM

- Saturday**
 2: - 5:00 P. M.—NBC.—Metropolitan opera presents "Tannhauser" by Wagner.
 5:00 P. M.—CBS—Symphony Concerts.
 9:00 P. M.—CBS—Hit Parade.
 9:30 P. M.—NBC—NBC Symphony Orchestra.
- Sunday**
 3: - 4:30 P. M.—CBS—Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.
 3:15 P. M.—NBC—News, H. V. Kaltenborn.
 4:30 P. M.—CBS—The Pause That Refreshes.
 5:00 P. M.—CBS—The Family Hour. Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor.
 9:00 P. M.—CBS—Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
 10:00 P. M.—CBS—Take It or Leave It.

PASSING OF "CHARLIE"

(Continued From Page One)
a dinner for the Freshmen. It was the last time Charlie served in our house and I know now that he was in pain during the evening. But after the dinner was over, he said to me as he so often did, "They were fine girls tonight and they seemed to be having a mighty good time." As our guests came to the table, Dr. Rondthaler suggested that we sing the blessing. When we were seated afterwards, Dr. Rondthaler said, "Well, the person who has the best voice in the room, didn't sing," and he looked at Charlie, who broke into one of his quick brilliant smiles.

On Saturday morning two weeks ago he came to work, but Mr. Ellis had to take him home in a car; and the campus never heard Charlie's whistle again. We got him to

There is only one way to fail. One must will to do it. If you will to succeed, the battle is half won.

the hospital, and Mr. Ellis and Ida went with him. Later in the afternoon I went out and even tho it had developed that the real trouble was with his heart and he was so uncomfortable, he greeted me with one of his sudden lighted-up smiles. "Charlie," I said, "we love you and want you to get well; so many people on the campus are anxious about you." "Yes," he said, "I have the faith that the Lord will get me well if he wants me to." We talked a little more and as I left him he said, "I'm fine." That was our last talk for he passed away that morning early.

Last Sunday we laid him to rest on Happy Hill. It was a bright and sunny day and the little church of St. Andrews was packed and jammed with many white people and hundreds and hundreds of colored friends.

Charlie had told Ida long ago that he wanted lots of singing at his funeral," for he loved singing even more that he did preaching, altho he loved both." He was a sweet-voiced singer and belonged to many

organizations of men's voices. All these glee clubs and choirs sang in the little church and it was beautiful and touching. Dr. Rondthaler spoke of his love and friendship for Charlie, of his trustworthiness, his utter dependability, his sense of responsibility and his spiritual insight. And the colored preachers spoke. There will never, can never be another Charlie on Salem campus. He was dean of all the helpers on both campuses. In all campus crises he gave sound and sane advice. And so it has been thru all the years, thirty-five of them since Charlie came to Salem campus.

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