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SOPHOMORE'S GLORY ENDS FRESHMEN'S HAZE HORRORS

Court a Scene of Riot and Fun

At five-thirty yesterday morning, Sophomore Court officially began with the getting up of Slave-driver Nimocks. Little Freshmen were routed from bed to begin tidying up Clewell in order that nothing could hinder the urgent business at hand. When seven-thirty finally arrived, Black List Kenny was right there waiting for the Dining Room doors to open . . . in a black spangled dress, spike heeled shoes, and a glamorously veiled chapeau.

With the ringing of the eight twenty-five bell, hordes of cringing folk scuttled off to class carrying books in sheets or towels or blankets; those who couldn't find good enough hiding places were set to work making sure that no ash fell on the Campus Living Room floor or that no piece of furniture stayed too long in one place. The morning was bustling with activity; no Sophomore lifted a single finger that a Freshman could lift for her.

After lunch, Freshmen were scattered the entire range of the campus to do the entire range of Sophomore bidding. The best work of the afternoon was the sacking of Drs. Vardell and Downs as they nonchalantly departed from the dining room.

The Court proper got under way with the calling of Miss Kenny to the seat of honor, and the summoning of Miss Brown to cut and eat a thousand pieces of onion. Outstanding in the evening's entertainment, were the humble lasses sent into the audience to polish the shoes of Dr. Downs, Mr. Kenyon, Dr. McEwen, and Mr. Weinland . . . the oratory of Edith Longest upon snakes and wolves according to the Salem interpretation . . . the tub scene of Bet Hancock . . . the scratching of various faculty backs . . . the introduction of an anxious zombie to Hugh Sprunt . . . the hesitation of Martha Humbert to leave her chair . . . and Rosalind

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WHAT, WHEN, WHERE

- What: Red Cross Fair.
When: 7:30 October 24.
Where: Academy.
- What: International Relations Club.
When: 6:45 October 28.
Where: Bitting Recreation.
- What: Y Vespers (Marjorie Craig).
When: 6:45 October 25.
Where: Bitting Recreation.
- What: Student activities.
When: 10:20 October 27.
Where: Chapel.
- What: Dr. Vardell.
When: 10:20 October 29.
Where: Chapel.
- What: German Club Picnic.
When: 5:30 October 27.
Where: Fireplace on the hill.
- What: War Stamps for sale.
When: Every day.
Where: Corrin Hall.
- What: Defence Kits to Be Filled.
When: NOW!
Where: See Vivian Ingram.
- What: Senior snaps and activities.
When: By Tuesday.
Where: See Mary Lib Rand.

HOW IT ALL ENDED

With the coming of the twentieth century, Salem changed with the changing times. No longer did the Salemites wear bangs drooping from hats that hid any wigs girls might have beneath. Their manners, customs and dress have been revolutionized; and indeed, today's social privileges are lenient, in comparison with past times.

And the appearance of the campus is now entirely different. In order to accommodate her growing student body, academically and residentially, Salem built Main Hall and Alice Clewell. Then in 1937, for students' use and convenience, she added a modern gymnasium and a well-stocked library. Later, in keeping with Salem's face-lifting, Mrs. Hattie Strong erected a new dining hall to replace the small nook that's now the day student center. And in 1942, by building Strong dormitory, the same generous donor made it possible for Salem to accommodate the largest group of freshmen that has ever flooded the campus.

During these many years Salem has changed internally as well as externally. The school, bit by bit, assimilated a faculty that harmonized with the changing era. Later after years of hard work, her School of Music won the recognition of the National Association of the Schools of Music. Likewise, Salem holds membership in the Association of American Colleges. And, as ever, the standing of Salem emphasizes not the campus and buildings, though they are cherished for their artistic value, but the training of young women's minds.

And so the history of Salem . . . from 1772 to 1942 . . . from the Gamein Haus to Main Hall . . . from the gas jets to electricity . . . from room companies to suites . . . from side saddles to cars . . . from sewing and knitting to English Literature . . . from basement splash systems to individual in-the-room laboratories . . . from garden plots to a hockey field . . . from Sister Oesterlein to our beloved Dr. Rondthaler. And so the history of Salem. "Long may her praise re-echo; far may her song ring clear."

John Charles Thomas

Review

"BLOW ME EYES, HE DID!"

We all went to John Charles Thomas' Concert with the anticipation that he would present us a magnificent program, and "blow my eyes, he did!" Seldom have we enjoyed an evening more thoroughly. Mr. Thomas sang with great ease and sincerity, and successfully portrayed the individual mood of each song. Of particular note was his graciousness in singing a last minute request; Molotto's "The Lord's Prayer," which was requested by the visiting mother of a Salemite. And perhaps he also overheard one of us remark, "Gee, I wish he'd sing Figaro's Aria, that one in which he sings 'Figaro, Figaro, Fi-ga-ro!'" Costume, wig and scenery were the only things lacking to have made the setting complete. His inimitable characterization of the comical Figaro himself was perfect.

A more suitable selection of songs with which to please the audience could not have been chosen more fittingly than the last half of the program was. In "All Day on the

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THESE HISTORY TRIPS SOME FUN

"What do you know? Mr. Holder's lost his mind. No history class Friday. He's taking us to the Museum. We've got to go look at our Moravian background. Frankly, I'd just as soon go to that N. C. history class myself."

But we went and ploughed through all three stories of both buildings. And what was so strange about the whole procedure was—we liked it. With Mr. Holder acting as guide (he said he learned how in the Boy Scouts) and telling stories about the old furniture, clothes, utensils, and conveyances the people of old Salem used, we felt as if the people were coming alive and moving through the brick-floored rooms of the old Boys' School once again.

It seemed as though the soft whirring of the potter's wheel and the clang of the shutting oven door could be heard through the tinkle of an old air played on the spinet. Firelight glittered on the polished front of the fine walnut secretary and on the painted flowers of the bride's chest in the corner. The great leather-bound Bible lay open, and nodding in the massive wing chair, with her feet propped on a tiny needle-point footstool, sat a prim old lady. Around her neck was a soft white fishu and on her head perched an adorable little white doll's cap. In the next room the covers of the almost square tester bed were neatly turned back, showing the smooth lavendered sheets.

This peaceful picture soon disappeared, for across the hall was the boys' schoolroom with the hard, high-backed benches carefully placed in straight rows where the teacher at his platform desk could get full views of all his charges. However, this room would not quite come alive for us. Of course, the old porcelain stove in the corner was glowing and the ancient globe on the master's desk was whirling around, but there was too much else to detract from the scene—the two old organs—one with blue silk over the console, the other with a curtain reaching down over the pedals and with all black keys—the first altar of the Moravian Church, the old reading desk, the pictures of the bishops on the wall, the case of dolls and baby clothes, and the graceful candle chandeliers.

Once on third floor we became a history class again, poking into odd corners and attic rooms tucked under the eaves, oh-ing and ah-ing over the panorama of Salem as it

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Interview

"ABOUT SEVEN FORTY-FIVE" "SUITS"

Back stage . . . a quarter of eight . . . morgue-ish inactivity . . . two reporters staring at each other . . . two reporters being stared at by stage hands.

Back stage . . . eight o'clock . . . hushed arrival of Civic Music big-wigs . . . two reporters glaring at each other . . . two reporters being glared at by stage hands, and Civic Music big-wigs.

Back stage . . . eight fifteen . . . muffled conversations . . . eyebrows raised toward the door . . . two reporters scowling at each other . . . two reporters being scowled at by stage hands, C. M. b. w.'s, and ushers.

Back stage . . . eight-thirty . . . helzapoppin . . . impatient applause drifting back from out front . . . "He's still at the hotel! He can't get a cab!" . . . frantic stampede for vehicles with keys . . . two reporters grabbing their coats . . . two reporters being told, "Sorry. Not enough room!" . . . the grind

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Salem Donates Scrap

Recently Salem College put herself on the list of patriots with the presentation of a sizable amount of scrap to the government. A quantity of old keys, steel beams, guttering, plumbing, cables, and other articles stored unused were added to those of usable, though not essential, articles from the old dining room. The whole contribution amounted to about a ton and a half of metal.

The call still goes out from the government for more and more scrap. Students, who would like to help, could campaign here in the Salem community to add to the contribution from the college. Word has gone out that a pair of priceless antique armors were presented by a New Bern family to the drive: until the very last of the replaceable things have been salvaged for use, those few things so richly a part of our heritage should not go to the collection . . . students who ask, should request only junk.

The drive is still on—add your name to that of your college on the list of patriots!

DEHYDRATED NEWS REVIEW

IN RUSSIA—

Stalingrad fights bravely on, with a slender pontoon bridge two miles long, the only access across the Volga. Russian factories on the Volga in northern Stalingrad are receiving heavy bombardment, but the Russian flanks have halted the Germans before the oil tanks and warehouses.

The Reds have penetrated the second German defense line northwest of Stalingrad.

IN THE PACIFIC—

Navy sank one Jap cruiser, four destroyers, and a transport at Guadalcanal. Two American destroyers were sunk in the Solomons.

IN CHINA—

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek reports that China is shifting from the defensive to the offensive by strengthening step by step her preparations for counter attack.

IN EUROPE—

Eighteen out of approximately 350 R. A. F. planes making daylight raids on the Rhineland were lost. Fire from the bombing which concentrated on Cologne could be seen for twenty miles. Nine enemy planes were destroyed Wednesday when our own Flying Fortresses raided the German submarine base at Lorient, France. German bombers have raided the British coast without success.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—

The mastery of this, the great inland sea, remains under serious dispute, with the axis holding Crete, Rhodes, and other Greek islands off the shore of Turkey, while the Allies hold Malta, Cyprus and Gibraltar. Whether or not the British are planning a second front in the Balkans remains a military secret. The chances for the growing allied forces to hold their ground in North Africa are improving.

AT HOME—

The War Department is considering plans to release some men who are physically incapable for army service to speed production in industry and agriculture.

More than 6,000,000 pounds of scrap metal are expected to result from Forsyth County's drive.

Donald M. Nelson, chairman of War Production Board, has forecast a further curtailment of the production of civilian goods.

LT. SNAVELY VISITS CAMPUS



If you don't immediately recognize the man in the picture, blame those Navy hats! Mr. Brant Snavely, former associate to Dr. Rondthaler, graduated last Friday from the basic training school at Quonset Point, Rhode Island—and is now Lieutenant Brant R. Snavely of the U. S. Navy.

Lt. and Mrs. Snavely will only be here tonight, after which they will go to their home in Lynchburg. With them is Mrs. William Gilliam, the former Charlotte Denny, who is going to Lynchburg with them.

As with the armed services, nothing is yet definite for Lt. Snavely, but he expects to go to active duty soon. We're glad you're here, though briefly and wish we could say, "Welcome home for good!" Bon voyage, Lt. Snavely, and hurry back!

WASTE YOUR MONEY THE PATRIOTIC WAY

On Saturday night the Seniors are sponsoring a Red Cross Fair—doors open at 7:30. The purpose of the fair is to raise money for the Soldiers' Overseas' Kits. Admission is 10c, and there will be side shows, contests, games, fortune telling, spook houses, and such, for which you pay an additional penny or so. It's going to be lots of fun; so come one, come all—Salem Academy—7:30 Saturday night. Salem is sending her representatives, too.

DEFENSE COUNCIL SETS TO WORK

"We know that this war will be easy to lose but hard to win," states Vivian Smith Ingram, the Salem Defense Council President, in Chapel Tuesday. The role of Salem is important in aiding the war effort. American spirit and enthusiasm is not all that is needed to win the war.

Annie Hyman Bunn, assistant Defense Chairman, said that Red Cross work is open to all. Volunteers are needed to make bandages, to sew, and above all to knit. If everyone in her spare time would knit, she could contribute her part in keeping a soldier warm and comfortable in some cold place such as Alaska.

At present a defense conference is being held at the University of North Carolina. There are delegates from colleges in North Carolina, Virginia, South Carolina, and Tennessee attending this conference.

Everyone should cooperate in every way possible to meet the demands being made by the government. The use of the telephone should be cut to a minimum, and electricity should be conserved whenever possible. The concluding idea of Miss Bunn's speech was this: Which means more to you, SEE DEFENCE, P. Three)