

MUSIC HOUR

the training necessary for leading community sings.

There is to be organized a class which will study the organization and performance of community sings and patriotic gatherings.

For the piano and organ majors, they must be able to play the National Anthem without music. The orchestration class is going to orchestrate the "Star-Spangled Banner" for a small orchestra.

Voice students are to be taught songs of lighter nature to be used on radio or in the camps. The Salem Orchestra and quartet, also, will learn lighter music and will perform on programs of various natures.

The public school music majors must certainly learn how to put on patriotic programs for the schools.

Dr. Vardell also announced a contest for an original patriotic song—words and music. This might be a war song, patriotic hymn, or even a funny song. But more will be announced later.

One of the largest projects to be undertaken now is the beginning of weekly Sunday night broadcasts by Salem College and the music department, beginning February 14. Both faculty and students will take part on the programs, and every student will participate in some way or other. This is what the government wants music students to do, and the Salem College School of Music is trying to fully cooperate with the war effort in their own particular line of work.

—Margaret Winstead.

THE PLACE OF SMALL COLLEGES TODAY

(A. C. P.)

There is one basic requirement for successful development of the educational process, and that is freedom. The unique service of the small liberal arts, co-educational, church-related or independent colleges is in my judgment the maintenance and preservation of freedom.

Perhaps, some idea of the ideal size of the "colleges" or "houses" into which the great universities are breaking up their college departments in an attempt to recapture the virtues of the small college. It is believed that the very fact that a college is small makes for freedom and individualism.

The study of the liberal arts in itself means that emphasis is being placed on mental training rather than on the imparting of information or still less on specialization or technical training. To learn "how to think, not what to think," is the goal of the study of the liberal arts; its effect is to rain the mind for any emergency.

A church-related or independent college means first of all a college free from any kind of state control. It is submitted that the maintenance of his type of college is absolutely essential to the preservation of "The American Way."

It is certain that the Christian college which seeks to produce men and women who love their country so much that they are not only ready to die for it but to live for it, needs to rest, and so far as it properly may, to make it easy and natural for its students to rest upon the "everlasting arms."—Wm. Cullen Dennis, president, Earlham college.

Women of the Week

PEGGY WITHERINGTON

Tall, good-looking, sincere, and fun-loving . . . only a few of the adjectives which can be used to describe Peggy Witherington, for there are too many more to be listed.

Peggy is a conscientious and intelligent student. When others don't quite understand the lesson, she is willing to patiently explain it to them. Right now she has decided that her greatest opportunities for the future lie in having math as her major . . . and Peggy has the ambition and ability to stick to this decision.

Her great variety of interests help to make up Peggy's interesting personality. She is a crack bridge player and is always ready to stop for a hand. She is athletic, too— anxiously awaiting the basketball season, so that she can once again be on the court. A talented musician, Peggy plays both the organ and the piano; the one thing that she misses here is not having the time to spend on her music.

There is never a lull in the conversation when Peggy is around, and her friendly disposition causes one to feel at home with her. Recently she has been worrying about those sixteen pounds which have been added since her arrival at Salem, but all of us agree that they are most becoming. When Davidson happens to be brought into the conversation, Peggy's eyes begin to sparkle, and her interest takes a fresh awakening.

Peggy's popularity and the confidence her friends have in her is clearly shown by the fact that she was elected president of the freshman class. Peggy is truly a girl to be admired and respected, and there is every indication that her future will be as successful as the present has been for her.

NELL JANE GRIFFIN

She's that freshman day student with hair as red as . . . well, Without going further, you know . . . it's little Nell.

Yep, she's red-headed . . . freckle faced . . . green eyed . . . and pug nosed. And the face that supports all these attributes is always shining . . . the kid behind the face is always beaming with an impish grin.

Nell is well known among the day student ranks . . . she should be. At some time or another, that young lady has probably swapped tales with the best of them. If she isn't telling a whoppin' good story about her life as a country gal, she's dramatizing her latest mishap in the physics lab. You see, Nell Jane is a science major.

But science isn't her only interest . . . not by a long shot! The piano is well acquainted with her gentle touch. That's Nell . . . gentle, but oh so tough! She gets tough down at the gym . . . made the hockey varsity, that's what she did! Nor does she stop with merely hockey . . . she tries basketball, badminton, ping-pong, and heaven only knows what else.

Nell has a way with folks, too . . . she even cajoled the freshmen into electing her vice-president. And she also holds a coveted seat on Stee Gee.

Yes, Nell is a charming soul . . . but how does one get to know her? Just come to the day student center and look for somebody whizzing out of the place like superman; and if that same somebody whizzes back in again yelling, "I forgot my books!" . . . you'll know that you've been whiz to whiz with Nell Jane Griffin.

A MANLESS CHRISTMAS OH BOY!

A woman without a man, is like a ship without a sail . . . yeah, like potatoes without any salt or like spaghetti without the meat. This year, we of the finer and fairer sex suffered a manless Christmas. I never knew there were so many women in this world . . . everywhere I went there was a flock of femmes so thick that I had to pull a founce of hair to get to my destination.

Even though all men are sorta stuck on themselves . . . I must admit it was awfully lonesome and peaceful without them. Yes, this old lady sat back on the shelf and watched the little brother and the little sister have the fling that used to be hers. Them days is gone forever. I saw all of the good movies . . . bad ones, too . . . and all with nobody to conveniently grab when the crucial moments came! Went to some dances . . . had fun . . . as a chaperone! Went to a bridge party . . . no men . . . trumped my partners' aces! Did get rid of the circles under my eyes . . . plenty of sleep . . . several pounds gained . . . plenty of food (unrationed food). Wrote plenty of letters . . .

still no dates. Guess Cleopatra was right when she said, "A woman never knows what a good man a four 'fer' was till she turned him down." So listen to me, my dears, want you to understand . . . A woman never knows the fun she's had 'til she spends Christmas without a man.

—Peggy Nimocks.

—LOVE FEAST—

religious custom.

At Salem, during the early days of the Moravian settlement, the people held Lovefeasts either daily or weekly; but it was no longer a meal—instead, everyone sipped coffee or tea and munched buns or cakes. (Then, as now, there must have been a sugar shortage, for records show that frequently the people substituted cornbread for cake.) Whenever new settlers or welcomed visitors arrived, the congregation celebrated the custom.

Today, however, the Lovefeasts are not limited to Moravians, but non-Moravians may also participate in this celebrated fellowship service.

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Wishes You Luck



With the coming of '43 your reporter is back on the job and so are the rest of the Salemites—last minute parallel reading (?), term papers, book reviews . . . oh, it's gay. But nothing stops this thing called love and we find BETTY BRIETZ supporting that statement 100%.

HAZEL NEWMAN is also flashing a diamond, and so is PEGGY SOMERS.

CEIL NUCHOLS came back wondering how small towns offer such a good time while Charlotte was just another Death Valley—with the exception of those few days when Little Doc was home, of course.

GINOR seems to have made a real conquest—what with a caller last week-end and the same caller again this week-end.

CAROLYN'S new cigarette lighter and case (beautiful as it may be) really broke the sad news at home.

Phil's coming, Phil isn't coming—and so "PEG-LEG" just sits and waits. We sho' do wish he could have made it.

Never let it be said that the lack of gas and tires can stop Davidson men—as they say, they're suckers for punishment and they still trod the beaten path twice a week.

Will she, or won't she? That is the question we all ask and only time will tell whether KEMP will marry Roy or not. (It really wouldn't take me a minute to decide).

KAKA met her date, suitcase in hand and corsage on her shoulder. Perfect for an elopement, huh?

Of course everyone saw "Shorty" Parrish—who could have missed he and MOT traversing the campus daily.

The topic of K. T.'s conversation and the reason for those shining eyes will be on Salem campus this week-end. Yes, Punk of the blue eyes and blue sweaters.

The Ouija board board really has caused some discussion on the cam-

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pus, but the worst was when it declared that BUTCH'S Dick would marry NORMIE.

And if V. V. went around with a long face because she wouldn't marry Jimmy till '47, then where was GWILLE'S face when she found that Ed won't "pop the question" till '51.

Poor George, he's been here three nights waiting for BET HANCOCK to get out of the infirmary—and she hasn't gotten out yet. Well, George, while there's life, there's hope.

GRETA was flashing a letter from Jimmy—if that ain't sisterly love for you.

FARMER BRANTLEY returned from the Citadel Xmas and remained in bed with a bad cold the week following. Oh well, she thinks it was worth it.

First it Gene, then it's Jake, then it's both. SUE, won't you ever make up your mind?

At last DORIS has decided not to come back next semester. Of course we'll miss her, but we can't blame her.

MAC beamed Wednesday—what do you know! Bobby called and talked for twenty minutes. Now I ask you, is that patriotic?

We certainly did like MARY ALDERSON'S Howard. Sorry we have to use past tense, but that's the way it is.

FARMER sho' is being secretive about that air corps bracelet. Why don't you bring him out of the dark?

NANCY JOHNSTON did consent to talk to Bill over the phone, but she refuses to answer his letters—What indifference.

SUT heard that Shuford was getting married—but thank goodness, it's just another rumor.

Before we close we want to express our sympathy to JOYCE WOOTEN and wish her a very speedy recovery and return. Bye now.

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