

Mother of General Former Salemite

General Douglas MacArthur, who will most likely go down in history as the man who led our forces to the final victory over the Rising Sun, is the son of an alumna of Salem.

Mary Pinkny MacArthur, the Virginia-born and aristocratic daughter of a tar heel, Thomas Asbury Hardy, came to Salem Female Academy on August 19, 1865, along with her two sisters, Elizabeth and Emily Hardy. At that time they lived on the family plantation, "Burnsides," in Williamsboro, Granville County, N. C.

This distinguished alumna of Salem Academy was a colorful figure. At the age of 22 she married the famous "Boy Colonel of the West," Arthur MacArthur. This union of a northerner to their southern sister so angered Mrs. MacArthur's brothers that they not only refused to attend the wedding, but would not even speak to MacArthur.

Douglas MacArthur was very devoted to his mother. He was the first cadet of West Point on record to have brought his mother along with him to the Academy. Mrs. MacArthur lived in a nearby hotel while her famous son attended the Academy.

The story is told of the time Douglas slipped off limits one Sunday to visit his mother. While he was there a bellboy appeared and announced that the Superintendent of the Academy wished to pay his respects to Mrs. MacArthur. The mother cleverly piloted her son to a cellar and had the Superintendent shown to another parlor—if the two should have met when Cadet Douglas was off limits—things would have been bad for both son and mother.

In the cellar Douglas had a little trouble. The only way out was through a coal chute. He finally decided to risk it even with his dress uniform on. He came out looking like a black-face comedian, but grateful to his ever-helpful mother.

It is no wonder that the famous general still grieves for his mother who died in Manila, December 3, 1934. She was a great character—a daughter of Salem.

Days of Decorum



By Frances Law

From the girl behind the spinning wheel to the girl behind the incendiary pail and shovel—that is the change which has come over Salem in the mere span of a century and a half.

Salem of yesteryear was quite different, as can be seen by looking at the "Terms and Conditions of the Boarding School for Female Education (1806)." Here we find Reading, Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, German, Music, Drawing, and plain and fancy Needlework as the courses offered. Order and decorum was the keynote of school life, and sober rules to that effect were stated; for example, there was the rule which provided that all dresses brought to school should be "decent, avoiding extravagance." When one goes to college

in this twentieth century, one has a physical examination. Such a thing was not required then, but it was stated that pupils were "desired" who had had smallpox and measles.

Cleanliness was a primary concern in this conventional period and strict rules in this respect were placed at the top of the list in the "Rules of Salem Female Academy (1817)." Here is sedately stated that each pupil will have a place assigned to her in one of the washrooms and that "in no other room is she to wash at any time"; no washing whatever was to be permitted in other parts of the house. Following the puzzling declarations that the washrooms were to be used only for washing and that the bathrooms were to be visited only for the purpose of taking baths. Our ancestors seem to have had a suspicious turn of mind. But that is

not the most amusing rule. Below it is firmly stated that "Baths can be taken only by special permission at the time indicated by a teacher."

In 1943 the legislature has stated that smoking may be enjoyed only in designated places—smokehouses, etc. In 1817 it was expressly forbidden to carry about fire-brands or live coals. When a heavenly whiff of fragrance is smelled in the dorms today, we rush in to get some food. In earlier days, boxes were deposited in a "Box-Room," the key of which had to be obtained from the teacher by the famished student.

A Salemite's day was somewhat like this. She rose in time for breakfast, after which she remained in her room devoting herself to study and preparation for her first class at 8:00. At the sound of the dinner bell, the pupils assembled and

(Continued on Back Page)

Name-Calling Racket Continues

By Rebecca Averill

Two daze after Thanksgiving Dear Moron: (W-Hauser moron??) H-Averill treat in Stockton-ite. Have been in Weinland and instead of being in my cups am in my Tubbs, and completely Shouse-d.

Alas and a Lachmann, I have that Harris'd look but Stuart not will have to sleep it off.

Willoughby kind enough to tell me some more tall stories? The ones you wrote last time Horton be told. I've been a Rondthaler ones than any of yours, which makes you second Rankin King of skyscrapers.

If you'd been Meinung your own business, you'd know the difference between a J. Crow and a J. Byrd.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS, for you can ne-Vardell when you may Cash in on them.

The other day I passed the Salem Beauty Shop and she said, "Please Covington to the Wenhold and I'll Curlee." You see it's a Smith (myth) that the faculty are always Pyron over books.

Thanksgiving came. We had turkey and I Brona Nifong to cut it. (That's Reich up her alley.) Holder while I start to carve-Hey, but you gotta Schaffner first. It's hot work too. So Savacool drink for her when it's done.

We saw the Marsh of Time in the movie the other night. The topic was "Will Gillanders a big endowment???" Said Gertrude: "Pearce to me like Siewers going over the top." Catch a few big ones and make 'em unButner check books—then let Kirkland the little ones.

Today was such pretty weather I said, "Mac, E'wen Helen Saunder slowly over with some V Garden supplies. Denman go home Owen no one.

When you Reed this, I'm sure you can't Bair it. Remember Mary Alice Neilson, Annette time she wrote stuff like this? Well this letter begins where she left off.

Oh dear, there is the Campbell Blair-ing out so I must Pfohl up and quit.

Ven-us gets together again, you must bring your Viola, Ans-combe down to see me.

The family Jones me in love to you.

Yours, Gym Crackpot

Season's Greetings

PASCHAL'S SHOE REPAIR

219 West Fourth.

Phone 4901

KATHRYN'S



Merry Christmas Happy New Year



In honor of the past, and in spirit of this season, Let's pledge our all to the Future.

Dewey's

Your Baker
114 W. 4th Street
and City Market

Wishing a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

TO THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF SALEM COLLEGE



Precious, Warm

WOOL SWEATERS

Are an Inspired Gift

Choose from a grand collection of Braemer imported wools, American classics, novelties of weave in a glorious bouet of colors.

OSNIK'S