

# Salem Girls Sew, Walk, Flirt, Study, and Take Cold Baths

(By Sarah Merritt)

About sixty-five moth eaten years ago the third floor of Sister's House creaked from the hurried industry of prim young ladies—prim young ladies who were just peeping into their teens.

Suddenly the spot-light of happy memories engrosses Mrs. Mary Sicheloff, one of those young ladies who still remembers the stiff old maid school-teachers and rigid rules of Salem Female Academy in 1879, '80, and '81.

"I know that Salem has changed a great deal since I was there—it must have," mused the delightful old lady from Mount Airy, N. C. Then her eyes left the quiet room, and she laughingly told me how hard it was never to be allowed to talk at all when living in the dormitory with all the other girls. The teachers who were assigned to each end of the line of beds were very strict. One could not even whisper to her "bed-mate" after the gas lights had been put out. Two girls shared a small alcove with twin beds which were pushed together so that the cover reached over both beds. She said it was yet quite cold and dark when they got up before day and traipsed down to the basement of Sister's to brush their teeth and wash. Down here also were two small tubs with a dividing curtain. If the girls hurried on Fridays they might be lucky enough to have hot water; however, many Fridays produced nothing but cold baths like the other days of the week.

"We wouldn't dare to speak to the boys. Sometimes the boys would come under the windows and whistle, and we'd peep out! We were punished if we were caught! We went to the Moravian Church then too, and we would all sit in the balcony. The boys would come too and just look up—oh, but we could never talk to them."

Sleeping and flirting was not all they did—they had various classes or study periods until supper. They did not have to wash their own clothes, but the teacher would hand out the laundry and put aside all the clothes that needed mending. Friday afternoon was "mending day," and the girls were graded in sewing and mending as they were in other classes. Mrs. Sicheloff explained:

"I will never forget trying to learn to work a button-hole that first week. And one white stocking—why, I darned for weeks on that stocking!"

There was very little free time, but the girls could shop with a teacher on Saturday morning. A compulsory after-supper walk to "Old Town" was their main recreation. All of their walks were strictly chaperoned by several teachers. If it rained, which was the constant hope of the girls, they played tin-pins under the porch.

Then Mary became Mrs. Sicheloff again and smiled: "You have a good time now—we did, because we didn't know any better . . ."

# Sophomores Live To Tell Story

Sophomore tests! They're over now. Gruesome groanings, grindings, and grittings are through. Goodbye to that phase of life for the present.

The questions (doubtless many) ran something like this: where did the schajilha faphaghi and the veganhij zuchelbqa occur? Out of five generous answers any sophomore would know that the answer is metnorlumo. Easy as taking candy from a baby, providing the baby is ten feet tall and has the candy chained to his hand.

When the victims arrived in the Old Chapel, the fatal morning of Wednesday, March 15 (the Ides of March and income tax day—by chance. It drained us, too, by way of brainstorm and ideas), they found their soft chairs lined with baby blue satin awaiting their arrival. On the folding mahogany desk were presented two gifts to all sophomores. One was a gorgeous yellow tinted sheet of paper and the other a white card with the name of the raptuous person written in gold ink. Four proctors filled every desire of each sophomore such as bringing pink lemonade, fluffy white pillows and a parade of soldiers marching up and down the aisles. After lunch at the Robert E. Lee Hotel all sophomores were grief stricken to learn that the rest of the tests didn't arrive.

But with all kidding aside, these tests are going to prove to be perhaps the most helpful in a sophomore's career. Not only will these tests check up on the average of a Salem sophomore as compared with sophomores of other colleges, but they will also show that other things should be studied for a well-rounded mind.

### WEBSTER'S WORST

- defeat—things that cause the loss of stamp 18
- adore—opening into a room
- capitulate—what father says to daughter and what daughter says to fiance.
- grime—does not pay
- hymn—what all girls chase
- ground-hog—Hitler
- minus—keep care of us
- deceit—what you sit down upon
- abet—well, don't you know what a bet is????
- gem—where basketball is played
- defer—the outside covering of an animal
- wolf—need I say more????
- ideal—my turn to deal the cards this game
- decide—where you appendix is
- yukon—don't say you can't
- despair—the extra tire we don't have
- frizz—past tense of freeze
- fealty—dirty
- appeal—covering of an orange
- before—prize of the Army Air Corps

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# Painting of Smokies Inspires Girls in Salem Library

We are standing on a mountain side. It is an autumn midafternoon and the warmth of Indian summer encloses us. All around is the glory of autumn coloring—greens, russets, golds. Far down in the golden valley a lazy blue stream meanders along, and even further away in the distance to the west purple peaks rise through the afternoon haze. The rich earthy smells of autumn are all around.

With a jolt we are transported back to Salem library, back to weather which is now winter, now spring. The mountains of our recent visit are there on the west wall of the reference room—only a painting. Only a painting? But now we must know the artist—who and what is he?

Research in Who's Who In America reveals to us that Frederick Ballard Williams is a landscape and figure painter, that he has been an exhibitor at important art exhibitions in United States and in London, Paris, Venice, and Rome. He has paintings in the National Museum of Art in New York, at the National Art Gallery in Washington, at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts

and Sciences, at numerous other Art Museums—and, we add to ourselves, at Salem College Library.

How does it happen that Salem possesses such a picture? At Montclair, N. J. Ballard Williams became a personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Holt Haywood of Winston-Salem. When the library was built, the north wing containing the reference room was given by Mr. Agnew Bahuson, Mrs. Haywood's brother, in memory of his wife, Elizabeth Hill Bahuson of the class of 1911. When a suitable painting for the library was desired Ballard Williams was thought of. At that time he had begun a picture of the Smoke Mountains, and appropriately this identical picture was finished especially for Salem College Library. It is called "An Autumn Glimpse in the Smokies," and it hangs, backed by genuine American walnut, and placed logically at the west end of the room.

Anytime when studies and school affairs become too great a burden, "An Autumn Glimpse in the Smokies" is there waiting to give you a trip to the smokies—go west!

# "Battle of Britain" Is Fourth in Series

"Battle of Britain," fourth in the series of movies on the war, sponsored by the International Relations Club, was shown last night at 6:45 in the Day Student's Center.

The movie was an exceptional interesting one. It began with the revealing of Hitler's plans for conquering Britain. He seemed quite confident, for did not he have the might and material? Britain was weak and her people untrained.

But Hitler had to alter his lovely blueprints. He found out that, although the British were weaker in the number of guns and planes, they had a dog-like tenacity which kept them from quitting. He tried to panic them by mammoth bombings—first during the day and then during the night—but the British calmly turned from their factory jobs to man their anti-aircraft guns, going back to work when the ordeal was over. They gradually built up their defenses so that they were ready for the biggest attacks, which, beginning on September 7, 1940, continued periodically for a whole year.

Then the Battle of Britain was over—but the Nazis weren't the victors; the British were.

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# FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

"In Spring a young man's fancy of ten turns to . . ." Well, you know the rest. From all appearances, we'd say that Salem's fancies have started turning, too.

Dot Leonard is hopping a train to New Orleans to see Willard . . . Suzanne is expecting Jake Friday week! . . . Paul has been on campus and Mildred's all smiles. What we'd like to know is how she got him in the dining room! V. V.'s expecting Woodie sometime soon. Sauls can smile again, and don't ask why. Ah! Lamar, l'amour!

With Junior-Senior on its way, what to do, what to do? Seems that only two seniors can secure dates of their own. Well—there's a war on.

"Lin" is making a surprise visit home spring holidays. Mary Lewis is having a wonderful reunion with "Daddy"—He's been in Trinidad for two years. Normie is leaving Tuesday for Little Washington to see Cootie. Mac and Lea are off again—this time to Philadelphia. Mary Jane and Geachie are on their way to Fayetteville again.

Marie has lost Graham's pin again. Help her look, girls! Crowell, Calven, and the rest seem to have had a great week-end at VPI.

Doris Swann, on a carrot diet, acquired a new variety last Saturday. This one's a carat diamond engagement ring!

Martha Walton went home for the weekend, bringing back a box of wonderful you know what—chocolate candy.

Everyone was glad to see tall, dark, and handsome Vawter Steele back on campus again, especially Mary Lib Allen.

# AT THE THEATRES

Carolina:  
Mon. Tues. Wed. "Song of Russia"  
Thurs. Fri. Sat. "Tender Comrade"

State:  
Mon. Tues. Wed. "Jack London"  
Thurs. Fri. Sat. "Million Dollar Kid"

Forsyth:  
Mon. Tues. "Lady Takes A Chance"  
Wednesday "This Land is Mine"  
Thursday "Swingshift Maisie"  
Fri. Sat. "Beyond the Blue Horizon"

# It Was Something To Write Home About

From Dr. Rondthaler's cheerful until he practically had to push us out the door, the Senior dinner was wonderful. The miracle was the way in which Mrs. Rondthaler managed to put approximately 65 people happily at ease in the prettily decorated house.

The military motif was complete in red, white and blue with a "date" for each—in the form of a handsome soldier (our paper-doll place cards). Sarah Haltiwangers and Terrell Weaver's music between courses was, no doubt, inspired by the presence of Dr. Vardell. Conversation never lagged, for our hostess provided questions to keep us mentally alert. When we changed tables (we were in groups of four), we were guided by the arms of our escorts which bore the table numbers, and we carried our flags of truce, napkins. We were continually entertained with one attractive favor after another, such as: drum-major hats, lovely corsages, and novelty pins.

Course by course, the dinner, which makes my mouth water even now, was:

Orange and grapefruit sections on lettuce with a luscious cherry on top.

Green beans, mashed potatoes, turkey, dressing, dainty rolls, oyster patty, apple ring stuffed with cranberry sauce;

Ices in the form of a P38 or a cruiser, flag-decorated piece of cake; and salted almonds;

Coffee and mints.

Indeed, it was an evening to remember and to write home about.

**RAY W. GOODRICH  
PHOTOGRAPHER**

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