

Letters From The Service

From Ensign Betty Moore (Salem '44), now in the Waves:

"Each morning we're up at 6:00, cleaning up the room, fixing beds and getting dressed. We are in uniform now, with seersuckers on the hot days—except Sunday is always blues. And they are wool blues! Yesterday, we had a big storm; so today was cool and we wore our blues again—quite comfortable. Of course, we frequently start out with our heavy raincoats, rubbers, and havecocks, and it hasn't failed to clear up a single time! The choice is never up to us, though. . . .

"Went out to the Navy Yard. We went right in on our uniforms and I. D. cards and walked three-fourths of a mile to the piers. Oh, the ships we saw! There were two cruisers in dock, one of which, the Springfield, had been commissioned just yesterday. We requested permission to come aboard, saluted the quarter-deck then the officer of the deck. We immediately attended divine services on the quarter deck, right out under the sun and the sky. An enlisted Wave played a portable organ, and two more of them who were there sang a trio. The sailors and officers were all around us. We could hardly hear the chaplain part of the time for the noise of riveting on the near-by ships and the planes over-head. Behind the pulpit were several of the large colored signal flags.

After services we were taken to the officer's wardroom, which is their lounge and mess room, and met several of the officers, one a N. C. boy. Another took us all over the top deck and bridges, and showed us the guns, anchor, and plotting rooms. This took fully an hour, and it was good to put some of our text book knowledge into practice. We had been invited to mess, so went back to the wardroom after washing up in the Admiral's quarters!—the place he would stay if he were aboard. Some midshipmen had stayed, too, and we were told that we were the first women to eat in that wardroom. . . .

"Our teachers generally are gems. Some have marvelous senses of humor and keep us in stitches. They know we have no time; so they scarcely suggest outside reading. They tell us exactly what to learn and what we don't have to know. We have quizzes frequently, as often as every time, or every other time we meet a class. For the most part we have time to do our work sufficiently well. 4.0 is the grading scale, with passing at 2.5. Here's honing!

"Our rooms are inspected most everyday except Saturday and Sunday and have to be 'ship-shape' and seaman-like until 1630 in the afternoon (4:30). We have nothing out in the room. The beds take at least a half hour to make up on linen exchange day, but the rest of the time we sleep on our spreads! The blankets on top are called admirals, because they have a broad stripe



ENSIGN BETTY MOORE

on them, and they have to be folded just so, which is practically impossible. The towels and wash clothes also are in a specific way, the writing in a certain position. Our lockers have to have everything squared-off, hung in graduated length, and books arranged the same.

"It seems peculiar to be as casual as we are at Northampton about our trips to Boston and New York, when at home a trip to New York or Boston is planned for so well in advance, and looked forward to with such great awe and enthusiasm. Life in the Navy is much too exciting in itself for us to get excited about everything. . . .

"Smith College is coming back in session, and we see all the girls around in their pretty clothes and golf clubs and long hair. Some even have cars. The other morning we saw some of the faculty members in their academic gowns a liberal arts education on the side! The other night after our taps a bunch of Amherst boys serenaded the Smith College house across the street from us. Sounded very collegiate, and took us back to the 'ole days! . . .

"I guess you know that little tune which says, 'For I'm a Tar-heel Born, Born, Tar-heel Bred, Bred, etc. . . .' Well it is now graced by the new words of, 'For I'm a Comm-Wave Born,' and so forth with the words of the verse also being taken from Carolina's Alma Mater, and everybody on the Hill is singing it, humming it, and whistling it in the showers and in between class and on the way to mess. Tomorrow night at the lecture we are planning to give it its debut. Gee, but I sho' do feel at home with everybody singing that good ole' tune around here!

"We have our dog tags and are really wearing them around our necks. Also we have our little I. D. (identification) cards, with the pretty little pictures that make us look like fugitives—I couldn't tell you exactly what from. Mine is quite creditable, considering the source. . . ."

Counterpoint Carrie Looks, Listens, and Sighs

There's a little finella up in the tip top of Memorial Hall, and every time a music Major pulls open the ventilator, poor little Counterpoint Carrie gets a tearful earful.

She hears Phyllis Cooper la la-ing. She is wakened in the morning by Carolyn Furr's "Improvisation Moderne" (her own composition). She eats her pickled polliwogs at lunch time accompanied by Irene Dixon's pedal studies. And even when she jumps into her afternoon nitroglycerin bath, she is tortured by strains of "Malaguena." (Is there one music major who can't play that?)

All day long poor little Carrie has to listen while Mary Wells Bunting and Jean McNew go, "Mee Mee Mee Mee, Mo, Mo, Mo, Mo, Mo, Moo, Moo, Moo, Moo, Moo." Her little life is filled with "Inhale, exhale, curve your fingers, elbows in, feet and hands together." . . . The life she leads!

Only Carrie knows that the life of a music major is not all peaches and Phys. Ed.

And to think, that when Mary Hunter Hackney kindly condescends some day, "Yes, you may have my autograph," casually Carrie'll reminisce, "I remember when she sat for hours with her hands in her lap doing pedal studies, and kept me up all night trying to modulate unchromatically. Ho hum."

Ten years from now when Jane have their names in lights, Counterpoint Carrie will still be sitting up in Memorial Hall with her head in her hands; it's detachable, you know.

Mr. Higgins Will Attend Chemical Meeting

Professor Charles Higgins, head of the Science Department, will attend a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Charlotte on September 29th. Mr. Higgins is the chairman-elect of the Piedmont Section of the society, which had its opening meeting last year on the Salem campus.

Dr. G. H. Gerke, head of the U. S. Rubber Co. in Charlotte and an outstanding authority on the subject, will speak on the properties of rubber at this opening meeting. It is hoped that the next meeting of the American Chemical Society will be held here at Salem College.

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MRS. JEANNE FEUCHENBERGER

Thumb-Nail Sketch Of Freshmen Life

It is with tearful eyes and woe-tul hearts that we gaze upon the rejuvenated Salem. Where is the peace and quiet we left last spring? Gone. But then, who could expect peace and quiet when one hundred and twenty freshmen take over—and what freshmen! That record-breaking crew leaves no chance for upper classmen to make news.

Why, just last night while passing through Clewell we heard Paige Daniels muttering, "Verses to learn, socks to wash, names to remember, beds to make—ohhh, I give up! Sophomores, come and get me!"

And that Clewell smokehouse—it looks like Old Home Week in Rocky Mount. Did you check Lib Price's agonized look when the tones of that "smokehouse" piano reached her perfect pitch ears?

Incidentally there are quite a few campus cuties in Strong this year—and they're talented too! Babe's jiving and Marion's monkey shines are second to none. And for real versatility, we refer you to Sal—she can do it all!

Sister's is powerfully quiet this year, but the new students seem to like it almost as well as the girls of last year.

Those double decker bunks haven't brought on much of a change—Lehman is still the same ole place, friendly as ever. And passing through, we couldn't possibly miss Johnnie's new riding habit. That even gives us the urge to ride.

And Society's our new dorm this year. There're only eight freshmen, but that's enough to keep things popping—Agnes (Shorty) Bowers, for

I'm learning to be a housewife!" Jeanne admittes with unconcealed enthusiasm. Yes, Mrs. Jeanne Feuchenberger, who has kept house only one month, is here at Salem to learn more of the art of domestic science.

Jeanne, a freshman from Detroit, Michigan, says lots of little exciting things have happened in her life. But we can only work in the highlights here. Born in Minnesota, Jeanne later moved to North Dakota, where she lived for twelve years. Last fall, she entered Cadet Nurses Training in the Henry Ford Hospital. Then in June (June 10, 1944, Jeanne prompts us), she was married . . . and that's how her career changed from nursing to home economics.

Jeanne's husband, a First Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, is on his way to India. Until he returns, Jeanne states, "Salem is the perfect place for intervening years."

During the past summer, Jeanne travelled across the country twice, visiting twenty-two states. She finally landed here in Winston-Salem. Temporarily, she is making her home with the Persons . . . just down the street.

You'll like Jeanne. She has that lovely golden blonde hair that we all envy. Aside from being one of our prettiest and most interesting freshmen, she's friendly and ever so easy to know.

—Janet Johnston

instance. She's already started a movement to lower all the ceilings a couple of yards.

And did you see that Freshman at the bus stop the other day? She wouldn't even ride in the bus because the driver was a stranger. Well, after all, somebody has to follow the handbook!

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"Y" Column

Listen, little sisters, at last you can wear those white dresses which you were asked to bring. Sunday night is the time for Y. W. C. A. installation service in the Old Chapel at seven o'clock. This service will be held instead of the usual vespers. Picture over a hundred and fifty young girls in white with lighted candles in the darkened Old Chapel, and there you have our lovely and impressive service. All freshmen and transfers will participate. . . .

It is most interesting and inspiring to know that Salem College received a certificate of Highest Honor for the work done in the World Student Service Fund this past year. Our successful baby contest which was held last spring was given a write-up in the "Bright Ideas" section of the W. S. S. F. Handbook for this year. . . .

Freshmen, we are especially counting on you to back us up by your attendance at "Y" Watch and vespers!

—Jane Lovelace

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