

Sir Henry Storms Over The Campus

by I. R. Nutz

This is a warning to be extended to all unsuspecting young ladies who aspire to enter the realms of a college campus. I am weary and old, and wise in the ways of the world. But I, too, was once young as you are and I was not warned of the danger which is ever present on our campus. There is a being of the mysterious half-world living here, which even now is among us.

The creature lives only in the fall and retires to its home in the nether regions during the happy months of winter, spring and summer. But then when the dreaded first days of September come again, Sir Henry Hockey, scourge of our lives, feared monster of autumn, comes forth from his hiding place and is ready to strike the first victim who may come across his path.

Perhaps there are some among you who do not know where this goblin dwells. His grim castle of brick with its high turrets may easily be seen on east campus. A long winding staircase leads down to the rolling hills adjoining his home.

I remember the first time that I paid a visit to his abode. It was a misty, rainy Monday morning. With about twenty others, I made my way cautiously along the moss-covered steps, shivering as I went along. My scanty gym suit was hardly enough protection against the weather in which Sir Henry delighted.

As I neared the bottom of the steps, I heard in the distance the faint eerie laughter so characteristic of this monster. Sir Henry never revealed himself, but we were obliged to carry out his orders given to us by his representative, the gracious Lady Ver E. Plump.

Soon we were all arranged in our respective places on the field, apprehensively awaiting our doom. Suddenly, a shrill sound rent the air—we had to begin. I heard running feet around me, and began to madly dash with the rest, in a vain attempt to follow instructions. After some moments, I realized that the BALL was directly under my nose. I swung my stick high in the air; at the same instant, I heard the sound of cracking bones and a deadly calm descended on the field. Nearby, my best friend lay writhing on the ground in an agony of pain. Again Sir Henry's laughter echoed from afar. Lady Plump motioned some of the players to remove the body and "playing" was resumed.

As we swung and hit and ran and suffered, I thought of the world outside and the brightness of the sun, people laughing, smoking, playing bridge, and even studying. Little did I know it, but my fate was sealed.

Some instinct caused me to turn my head and I saw the ball coming straight at me. In that split second I thought of all the things that I wanted to do, and the things that I might have done. I regretted having screamed at my roommate in a fit of temper, and having given the hall proctor a pie-bed. With an inward groan, I knew that I had read my Economics chapter in vain, I could never hear it discussed. As I sank to the ground, I heard the call go out for another luckless substitute, and the sound of Sir Henry's glee persisted in my ears long after I had passed into the world of the subconscious.

Yes, my friends, I am old and bent today; I have suffered not only physically, but mentally. Another favorite pastime of Sir Henry Hockey was the exercising of mental torture. How often we were forced to cram our feeble minds with facts concerning his life; facts which we knew would never help us in any way except to please him. And if there were any among us who failed to learn exactly what he wished, the consequences were terrible indeed.

Who among you can brave the ordeal?

Gracious Living



English "Y" Representative Charms Salem; Advocates International Y. W. C. A.

by Peirano Aiken

Music Prof Has Problem

by Polly Harrop

"Now, let's clap out the time—1 and, 2 and, 3 and—" "Try to curve your finger's a little bit more—" "Not A—B!"

These are only a few of the expressions that can be heard these days drifting from the practice rooms in Music Hall. Yes, student piano teachers are at it again, and the tales they tell in Methods Class would make a Chinaman's hair curl!

HELEN CREAMER, for instance, likes to tell about her tomboy. Nancy comes to each lesson, wearing a hat of white gabardine—a casual close-fitting affair with a monstrous bill protruding from the place where her eyes ought to be. This "little angel" plays left field for the Poohdunk Pirates. When she was reminded that she should practice every day, our heroine told her teacher—Helen, to you—that she would try, but football practice afternoons kept her pretty busy!!

BOB SAWYER, our only co-ed "instructor", reports that his pupil, a very average little boy, is doing fine, except he doesn't know a thing! He seems to have that amazing faculty—somewhat prevalent on Salem campus—of having each word that his teacher utters go in one ear, through a complicated network of little tubes, and neatly out the other ear.

FRANCES HORNE, on the other hand, could ramble on for hours about her "little cherub" who is an "abominable sight-reader". It seems that Betty Jean is only a beginner but catches on quickly. She couldn't quite figure out the other day why, if sharps make a note higher, flats make it lower. As Frances related, "We were doing fine with our one f sharp, until that terrible b flat came along!"

GERRY BROWN has her troubles too, getting her pupil to practice, and POLLY HARROP was baffled when hers played a popular tune by ear (She's going to try it with her hands next week!) But old timers like MARGARET McCALL and BECKY BEASLEY PENDELTON just sit back and chuckle at the mishaps of their slightly green "colleagues". It's old stuff for them, but give the new ones time—they'll learn—or else!

Junior public school music teachers start their teaching this week, so they should have some interesting tales to tell too. The "Three Musketeers" of that department—SARA HAMRICK, EULA MAE CAIN, and MARY JANE HURT—will have not one pupil, but about thirty. At least, life won't be dull for them!

The handiest of social arts is the ability to attend a party, eat the refreshments and make away without encountering the guest of honor. But such was not the case at the Y after-dinner coffee Sunday. At the end of the hour there were still dozens of girls waiting to meet Miss Isabelle Catto.

Some of us were fortunate enough to talk to this little, auburn-haired English gentlewoman at length. We were impressed first with her travel experience. Miss Catto has not "bin" anywhere, but she seems to have "bean" everywhere. Although of Scotch extraction, she calls England her home—when she is at home. During the war she worked with the British Y. W. C. A., organizing hospital, housing and recreational facilities for English girls in the services. Her headquarters were then in Egypt. Since the war, however, she has done similar work in Italy, France and Germany. At present, she is in the United States for an international study group at Columbia University and general observation of Y work in this country. Miss Catto financed her trip to America herself because she feels that a unified world Y organization would be one step toward world peace.

The Y. W. C. A. as an international unit, she explained, faces a difficult problem in deciding how it is to meet the needs of post-war youth and stay within its special province. The German Y, for instance, scoffs at the emphasis the Americans place on recreation and similar secular activities, and limits its own work to Bible studies and worship. The English program, she said, is about midway between the two extremes. In this respect she praised the Indian delegates who, having been relatively removed from the war, could view the matter clearly and serve as mediators at the Columbia convention.

However, not all of Miss Catto's traveling has been purely business: she also told us of some exciting vacations. Probably the most picturesque place she described was her own home in Scotland—a fifteenth-century fortress complete with turrets and a hole over the door, from which one can conveniently pour molten lead on the bill collectors. Then she tickled our imaginations with pictures of trips down the Danube into the Balkans, where sidewalk cafes and gaiety still flourished. After trying for six months to get a visa into Rumania, she gave that up; but she enjoyed Czechoslovakia.

So on and on in this pleasant vein, until someone noticed that it was almost time for Miss Catto's next appointment. Trying to get her to her room in time to get ready, we braved the maze of Buena Vista. On the fourth attempt we found the right road and house and had to bid our guest goodbye. In all truthfulness we were able to say, "Miss Catto, it's been a pleasure."

Federalists Attend Meet

by Robert C. Gray

The Salem College Chapter of the United World Federalists was adequately represented at the second annual convention of the state organization held at Greensboro last Saturday and Sunday.

The Salem Chapter sent Mr. Leach, Mary Porter Evans, Peirano Aiken, Henry Highsmith and Robert Gray as delegates.

Porter Evans, Peirano Aiken and I attended Dr. Robert Lee Humber's Policy Committee. Dr. Humber is a well-known figure in Federalist circles. It was he who introduced the resolution in the North Carolina General Assembly calling for world government. North Carolina was the first state in the nation to take such a step. The main item of business was to decide the attitude of the North Carolina organization to the Committee to Frame a World Constitution. This latter group is headed by Dr. Stringfellow Barr, President of St. John's College. Dr. Barr has been aided by various individuals connected with the University of Chicago.

Henry Highsmith was the Salem representative on the Committee of Public Affairs. This committee concerned itself with political action on the part of North Carolina Federalists. The proposal to present another resolution in the North Carolina General Assembly favoring the establishment of world government was passed by the committee. Every chapter was instructed to urge its members to write letters to their respective Congressmen and Senators stating the case for world government.

The highlight of the convention was a lecture by Mr. Leland Stowe, noted newspaperman and war correspondent, Saturday night.

Mr. Stowe said that personally he could not hope for real security in a fifteen or thirty billion dollar military establishment. How long can the nation pay such a bill? He did not believe that anyone would win the next war. Some other answer must be found. Federalism gives that answer. He next launched into the trend toward federalization now in evidence throughout the world. He cited the Western Union of Europe. He seriously doubted that the United Kingdom would have joined such a union a few years ago. But today declining wealth and the advent of atomic power have made such a union imperative to Great Britain. Not in any way condoning the Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, Mr. Stowe said that the peoples of that area were living together as one for the first time. So we see that there is a trend toward federalization, a tangible trend.

Moore Sees New Styles In Town

by Catherine Moore

Pinch-hitting for fashion editor for this week means more than seeing The Newest in clothes. It means waiting to see the Advertising Manager. It means getting weary feet trudging up and down Fourth Street.

At Snead and Craven the Advertising Manager came out—eager to see me. In no time I was buried under suits of every description. After choosing as carefully as if I were buying for myself, I selected a sport suit with a boxy jacket and very straight skirt. The material was a soft Black Watch plaid woolen. In the common vernacular, a plaid with dark green and black predominating, accented with plum and yellow. The jacket buttoned all the way to the neck and had a pointed collar. Assuring Mr. Eager Advertising Manager that I would send him many customers, I hurried to Penny's.

After rambling through various store rooms and passageways, I finally found myself in the office. I explained my visit to the manager, and he called his assistant. Combining his hair as we went back to the first floor, this man introduced me to the head of the department. Mrs. Somebody found the blouse I described. It was white crepe with short sleeves and buttoned up the back.

Then, with foot fatigue setting in, I went to Ideal to wait for twenty minutes. Just as I was ready to leave, a busy little bald-headed man apologetically strolled downstairs. I explained my visit and after repeating my speech again, Little Man took me to the Millinery department. I said NO to about seven hats before the lady in charge brought a beret out of the stock room. It was of black felt, bloused to the front and caught with a self-covered button.

Next door at Montaldo's I went straight to the bag department. I didn't have time to wait for the Advertising Department. I knew the clerk who showed me a small, boxy black suede bag with short half ring handles and a goldplated frame. I wrote the description and thought of gloves.

The Anchor had a pair of smart, very short yellow cotton gloves stitched in black. They were perfectly plain except for a large pearl button at the wrist. Selecting these gloves was easy, because they were in the show case. However, the clerk persisted in asking me what size I wore, seven though I had told her I was interested only in a description. She wanted to make a sale!

Next, thinking that the weather might be cold, I went to Sosnick's for a coat. The advertising girl there immediately understood what I was doing and took me to the stock room. I looked through racks of green coats before I found the dark green one I was looking for. This was a full length coat of soft "Cloud Drift" material with slight back fullness. It was double breasted, had six gold buttons, set in pockets, turn-back cuffs, and a narrow shawl collar.

Checking my list of essentials for an outfit, I remembered shoes. I rushed to Mother and Daughter and rested my feet while waiting for the Advertising Manager. When I was finally directed to the shoe man, I sat until two high school girls decided on saddle oxfords. As the store was almost closing, the shoe salesman brought out a pair of medium-thick crepe soled black suede oxfords. These were perfectly plain, tied on the side. They also came in yellow and green, but I decided on the black.

As the doors were being locked I found my way to the door and the line waiting for the Salem Waughtown bus, foot-weary, but full of ideas for the well-dressed Salemite.