

In Gratitude . . .

The following were both read at the Rondthaler memorial service in chapel last Tuesday.

We, the members of the student body of Salem College, wish to express our gratitude to Mrs. Howard E. Rondthaler for the personal interest she took in every Salem girl and for the contributions she made to the activities of our life at Salem.

Although the present senior class alone had the privilege of knowing her as Salem's "First Lady", her influence was felt by every member of the student body.

When we were freshmen, she surprised us all by calling us by our first names and even knowing our home towns. Three flights of steps in Clewell were not too much for her to climb to cheer a homesick Salemite or to extend congratulations to a newly elected officer.

Her tours of Salem made vivid tales of former Salem days, her freshmen dinners, her stories of Moravian Christmas traditions in chapel and her help with the major and minor organizations on campus have endeared her to all of us.

This spirit of graciousness extended even during her illness when she entertained the Seniors at their traditional Christmas Carol party from her bedside.

To all who knew her, Mrs. Rondthaler was Salem.

We, speaking for the student body of Salem College and the community of which she was such a vital part, wish to express our deep sorrow and sympathy to the family of Mrs. Howard E. Rondthaler.

Kitty Burrus

Salem Academy and College wishes on this occasion to express respect, appreciation and affection for Katherine Boring Rondthaler, who for 40 years contributed so generously and effectively to the good life for good people on this campus.

As the wife of Salem's beloved President Howard E. Rondthaler, she was an inseparable part of Academy and College life, serving far beyond the call of duty in oiling the personnel machinery and tending the social, aesthetic and spiritual fires of this educational institution.

She was a woman of exceptional energy, of versatile ability, and of exemplary Christian character—She gave thoughtful attention to details; she had an amazing capacity for friendships; she evidenced always a great devotion to ideals.

For 10 generations of Academy and College students, Katherine Boring Rondthaler will stand always as an exemplar of the ultimate in unselfish service to others. Insofar as a human being can become a tradition, she is a tradition and with her husband, a partnership tradition, on this campus.

I regret personally that I had the privilege of knowing her less than 3 years. I regret sincerely that many of our students missed the privilege of knowing her at all.

Dale H. Gramley

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Memorial Resolutions

The following are two of the resolutions read at the memorial service held for Mrs. Rondthaler in chapel Tuesday. The first was read by Dr. Minnie J. Smith representing the faculty.

The Faculties of Salem College and Salem Academy wish to express their appreciation of Mrs. Rondthaler, as a fellow worker and as a friend. For some this has meant an association lasting over a quarter of a century, for others, perhaps, a very short time, but for all a realization that in her there was a unique quality of ability and personality.

One trait of her personality, her warmth of friendship, has been felt by everyone on the campus, whether a member of the faculty, of the student body, of the staff. Likewise many members of the families of these groups have had frequent occasion to be grateful for her help. She always had time to visit the sick, to comfort those in distress, or to rejoice with the happy.

In addition to her friendship for individuals Mrs. Rondthaler's service extended to a wide variety of organizations. One of these in which she was devotedly active for many years was the College Y. W. C. A. A somewhat contrasting interest was revealed in her work with the May Day organization. Here, as in all campus life, her infinite capacity for detail, her patience, her desire to perpetuate the traditions of Salem made of her

The following resolution was read by Russell Crews for the auxiliary staff of the college.

Inasmuch as this is one of the times in life when words are so inadequate to express our sincere and deep sympathy for those whom we respect, honor and love, be it

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
LIVING, in another room.

LIVING, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or schoolbook,
BUSY, in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
SERVING, in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my Love is Happy
Waiting in another room?

Robert Freeman

Be it also resolved that relatives and friends join the Negro Employees of Salem College in emulating during our remaining days on earth the broad, civic, unselfish Christian life of Mrs. Rondthaler—and
Be it resolved that the family

an invaluable counselor.

Another of her outstanding characteristics was her ability as a hostess. Her range in this respect extended from faculty children who came with their parents to after dinner coffee on Sunday to distinguished guests on the lecture series. She made the President's House a center of hospitality for faculty, for students and for their parents or friends. Her graciousness as a hostess was an important factor in co-ordinating the campus life of both Salem College and Salem Academy with that of the community.

In all her relations Mrs. Rondthaler exemplified her own appraisal of her work at Salem: that she regarded it as a calling not as a job.

We pay tribute to Mrs. Rondthaler's spiritual leadership, to her community service and to her contributions to Salem over a period of forty years and more. In all of these she has shown versatility and exceptional vigor of personality. In her going, the community, the church and the college have suffered an immeasurable loss.

The Faculties of Salem Academy and Salem College wish to express their deep sympathy to the family. The Committee asks that a copy of this expression be sent to the family and that one be filed in the minutes of each of the faculties.

Respectfully submitted by the faculty committee appointed by Dr. Gramley.

resolved that we recommend to the bereaved family of Mrs. Katherine Rondthaler the following consoling lines of the poet who could easily have had in mind our deceased benefactor and friend when he wrote:

Ode

By Betsy Liles

The lawn stretched out
A smooth green sheet,
Each blade of grass
Cut trim and neat.

Though this cover
Seems so calm
Beneath the grass
Quakes many a qualm.

Three spiders spin
A web so light,
And grin, "Oh files!
We'll dine tonight."

A lean grasshopper
Rests on a stalk,
And contemplates
The politic talk.

A humped-up beetle
With specks of red
Loads a clover
To feather his bed.

A foolish cricket
Chirps so clamorous.
An ant requests
Music more amorous.

Four poor insects
That crawl along
Argue and argue
"Taxes is wrong."

The lawn stretches out
All smooth and calm
—But beneath this sheet
Quakes many a qualm.



By Jean Calhoun

Once upon a time there lived in a lovely little spot all surrounded by pretty tall trees and all covered with green creeping ivy a large family of girls.

Now these girls' mother was called Sa and their father's name was Lem. Sa and Lem, like the classical figure of the Old Woman in the Shoe, had so many children (approximately 280) that they ran out of names. So they called their children Sa-lem-ites.

Sa loved each Salemite very much, but Lem got upsetter and upsetter because all of the children were girls. Everytime a new girl would be born, Sa would just smile at Lem and say, "It'll be easier this way to care for them."

Sa was right! Over each period of five years she would send another order to Snears and Rareback saying, "Please send four more dozen of those cute little dresses." The dresses would come and all the little Salemites would clap their hands with joy. "Oh," they would say, "Our's are such a lovely white," or five years later, "Our's are just a peachy shade of yellow." And they would lift the top part of the dress out of the box. The top would have short sleeves, with cute little snaps running down the front, a belt with a very stylish buckle, and its length would be just right. Right between the thigh and the knee. The Salemites would giggle with joy as they pulled out the little panties which would be the very same color as the little dresses.

Well, Sa thought she had all of her problems solved, but Sa and Lem lived in a cold part of the country and sometimes the Salemites got cold. One day Lem saw an ad in the Tournal-Spential for fur coats, which read, "Looks like skunk, smells like skunk, but does not cost like skunk." Lem would buy some for his cute Salemites. He ordered 350. (He had an eye for the future.) The Salemites were very pleased and they wore their new fur coats everywhere they went.

But Lem began to notice that they did not go out much. He knew that the skunk coats did not smell that bad. So Lem read his newspaper again. "Help wanted," the ad read, "280 boy children of the Dukes of Durham, the Davis of Davidson, the T. Heels of Chapel Hill and other prominent families would like to meet 280 girl children of prominent families." Lem sent for the 280, and the Salemites were as pleased as punch.

Now the Salemites made so many nice friends that they did not stay at home anymore and Sa and Lem got very lonesome for their children.

"This makes me very unhappy," said Sa. "Me, too," said Lem. So Sa and Lem, rather than tell their children not to go out, asked them to write a post card everytime they went out of town. The little Salemites were very happy to do this and their parents began to get more post cards than anyone else in their little city.

Well, before long Sa and Lem began to get cards from Niagria Falls. These cards were signed, "Your little Salemite and a hubby." And in a few years all the little Salemites sent their children to the lovely little spot surrounded by pretty tall trees and covered with creeping ivy. These grandchildren of Sa and Lem had taken the family name of Salemites and they all lived happily ever after.