


The book cover features a dark, textured background with a subtle, repeating pattern. A decorative border with ornate corner pieces frames the entire cover. In the center, a rectangular frame contains the title "Quill Pen" in a stylized, gothic-style font. Above and below this frame are decorative flourishes, including a central crest-like element at the top and a smaller decorative element at the bottom containing the year "1931".

Quill Pen

1931





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The
Quill Pen

of

1931

Published by

The Students of Salem Academy

Winston Salem, N. C.

Dedication



To

Mr. Rufus Patterson

Whose vision of service embodied in the
Mary Fries Patterson Building stands as a
memorial to a noble woman and as a
perpetual instrument for the furthering
of education in the south, the students of
Salem Academy dedicate the 1931
edition of

The Quill Pen



School





This Seating is Given in
Loving Memory of
MARY ESHE PATTERSON
WIFE OF J. L. PATTERSON
Class of 1862 by her Six
Sons and their Children as
1844 1927









Faculty of Salem Academy

ELEANOR C. CHASE
B. A.

Radcliffe College
ENGLISH, LATIN
PRINCIPAL

ELIZABETH ZACHARY
B. A.

Salem College
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

CHARLOTTA JACKSON

Columbia University
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MARGARET MURRAY
B. A.

*North Carolina College for
Women*
SCIENCE

MARY A. WEAVER, B. A.

*Randolph-Macon Woman's
College*
MATHEMATICS, PHYSICAL ED.

JESS BYRD, B. A.

Salem College
LATIN, ENGLISH

DOROTHY H. KNOX
B. A.

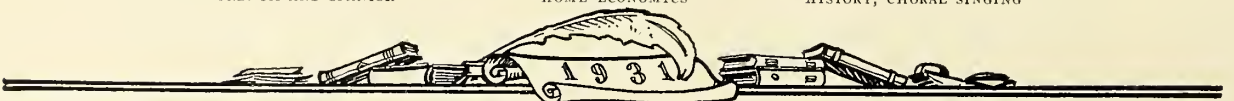
Radcliffe College
FRENCH AND SPANISH

VIRGINIA WILSON, B. S.

*North Carolina College for
Women*
HOME ECONOMICS

AMELIA HOLLIS, B.A.

Sweet Briar College
HISTORY, CHORAL SINGING





Classes



MISS MARY WEAVER
Class Sponsor

Miss Weaver is Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Deacon's Masterpiece" to us. She is versatile, lovable, energetic. May she guide many a senior class over high-ways—through byways and bring them sound and whole to their destination.



MISHEEW CRUDUP
HENDERSON, N. C.
President

"When pompous people squelch me
With their regal attributes
It cheers me to imagine
How they'd look in bathing suits."

N. B.—The verses and pictures from *The Cheerful Cherub*, by Rebecca McCann, which appear in this year book are used by arrangement with the publishers, Messrs. Covici, Friede.



Marshal

ALICE LANIER





FRANCES ALLEN

"Panky"

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Although there's beauty near at hand
To distant lands my dreams all stray.
I see the loveliness of home
Most clearly when I'm far away."

ELLEN SYDNOR DEBUTTS

GREENSBORO, N. C.

"I swear that I'll relax today.
My nerves are simply overtaxed—
Right now I'm all worked up and tense
I'm trying so to be relaxed."



Marshal
VIRGINIA SMITH

Marshal
FLORENCE JEFFRESS





NAT ALLE DUNN

"Chick"

RALEIGH, N. C.

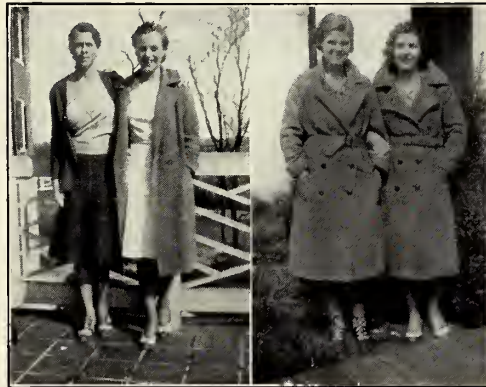
"Conventions cramp my sweeping style.
Why should I be ruled by custom?
Rules were only made, I think,
For those who are too weak to bust
'em."

JANE DWIRE

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

Treasurer

"I wish I had a different house,
With slides instead of stairs
And springboards on the landings too
And cushions everywhere."



Marshal
VIRGINIA GALE

Marshal
JEAN BUCKLEY





DOROTHY STEPHENS GNANN
SAVANNAH, GA.

"I think of witty things to say.
I'd be considered bright—
Except I always think them in
The middle of the night!"

LUCY GULICK-ROGERS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"I love a good hot argument.
I'll talk for hours anywhere—
But just one rule must be observed:
To use statistics isn't fair."



Marshal
MILDRED YOUNG

Marshal
HELEN LITZ





MARY FRANCES HAYWORTH

HIGH POINT, N. C.

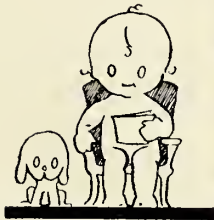
"I heard musicians tuning up,
And thought, "The discord and the
strife
That seem to fill my days right now
Are just the tuning-up for life."

COLETTE HOWELL

ATLANTA, GA.

Secretary

"I like to feel repentant when
I haven't done the things I should—
It makes me feel more virtuous
Than if I'd kept on being good!"



Marshal

NELL HUMPHREY

Marshal

CATHERINE JOHNSON





DOROTHY JEAN LEVIN
BURLINGTON, N. C.

"The noonday whistles' piercing shrieks
To me are music wild and sweet—
With gladsome cries that reach the
skies
They tell the world it's time to eat."

MARGARET STAPLES MAXWELL
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"I'd rather be mean to a person
Than mean to a dog or a cat,
For people can tell a policeman
And animals cannot do that."



Marshal
MARY LIB CUNNINGHAM

Marshal
JANE RONDTHALER



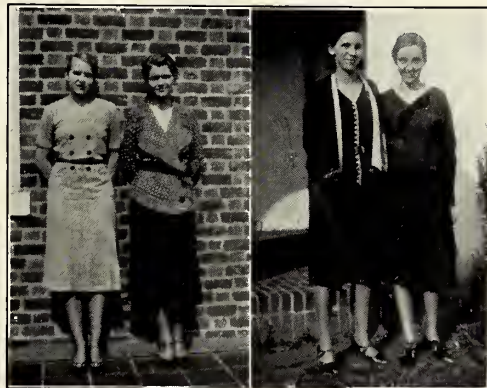


MARGARET FRENCH McLEAN
LUMBERTON, N. C.

"The butterfly just floats through life
As careless as a bubble.
I walk a stern and moral path—
A soul is lots of trouble."

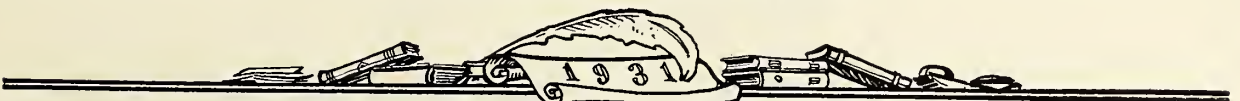
SARA BOYD PICKETT
MADISON, N. C.

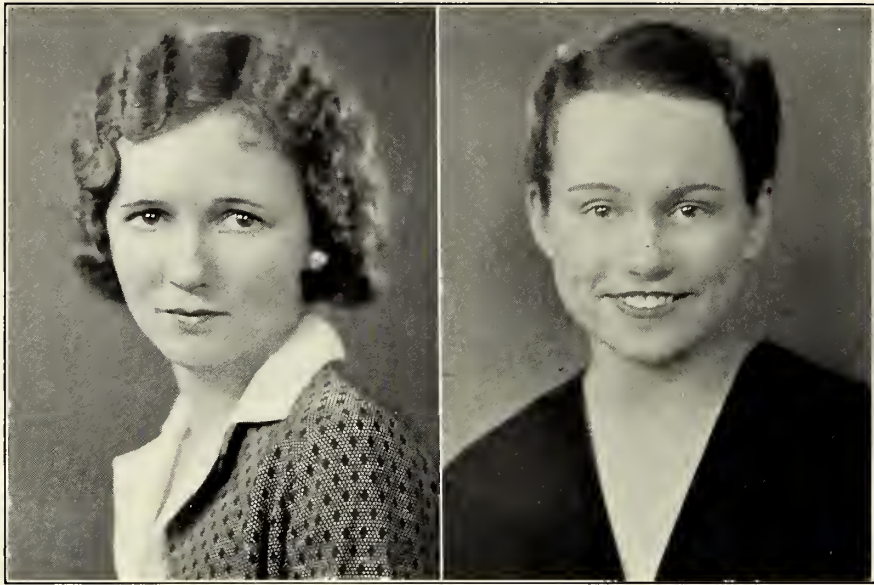
"I'll never have the fortune
Which only genius brings
But I have a lot of talent
For enjoying little things."



Marshal
JEAN BURROUGHS

Marshal
FRANCES HUMPHREYS





HARRYET POLHEMUS

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"I know a way to cure the blues
As sure as anything:
Turn on the bath tub water hard
And then get in and sing."

JEAN RITZ

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

"They say our hardships help us grow
And make us strong and wise,
But if there's one thing I dislike
It's blessings in disguise."



Marshal
ETHEL LITZ

Marshal
LIL HARMON





SADIE ROOT
RALEIGH, N. C.

HEISTAND SCOTT
DAVIDSON, N. C.

"I really hold radical views about life. Conventions bar progress I very well know. I always decide things with untrameled mind—I'm too nice to live up to my principles though."

"These books on "How to Win Success" Have left my problems all unsolved— They sound inspiring, but I find There's always too much work invol- ed."



Marshal
LUCY DORTCH

Marshal
MARIE LEONARD





BETTY CHURCHILL TUTTLE

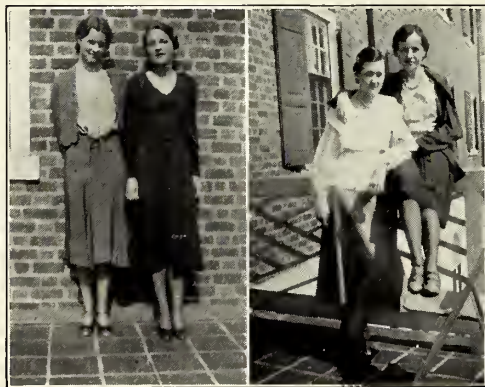
SPRAY, N. C.

"Though life is most uncertain
I'm sure of this one thing—
That when I'm in the bath tub
The telephone will ring."

HELEN DAVIS WARD

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I'd like to go where music grows—
While violin notes blew my hair
I'd wander through the organ groves
And gather little grace notes there."



Marshal

FRANCES BOWLAND

Marshal

LAURA LUNSFORD





MARGARET MINA WEIL

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

"Of all the many crimes
My wicked past bestrewing
I most regret the ones
That some one caught me doing."

LILA WOMBLE

Vice-President

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"I'm yawning from morning till night
It's awful the hours I keep—
I simply can't live long enough,
I'm afraid, to catch up on my sleep."



Marshal

ELEN ADAMS

Marshal

MARY LOUISE HAYWOOD





MARY ELIZABETH HAHN

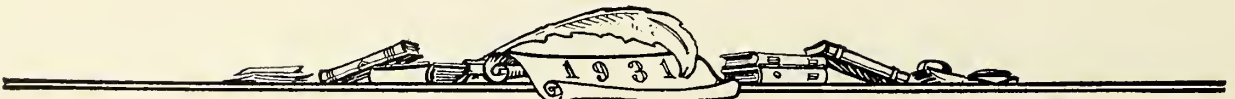
BATH, PENN.

Post Graduate

"I'm sure I have a noble mind
And honesty and tact,
And no one's more surprised than I
To see the way I act!"



Marshal
LOTTIE SCHRAMM





May your Class
Day be favored
with sunny skies
and your life be full
of happiness and
success

TUTTLE

Congratulations
for what's done -
Good luck for
what's to come
Mother and
Dad

You have aspired
and won, and
we rejoice with
you.
Mother and
Father

DUNN

WARD

Proud of you
always and
prouder to-day.
you mother

Congratulations for
what's done
Good luck for
what's to come
Mom

Congratulations -
you have made us
very happy
Mother
and
Dad

POLHEMUS

GNANN

ALLEN

Betty, having your hap-
piness and success
makes Mother and
Father happy.

Congratulations
and love to
Mary Heistand
Mother and Daddy

Congratulations. May
this day be an
inspiration to scale
the heights, and
reaching out grasp
the beautiful, high
ideals set before
Father and Mother.

HAHN

SCOTT

CRUDUP

Congratulations!
We are proud of
you.
Mother and
Dad

Love and best wishes on the
occasion of your first
victory - We know
you will continue
to succeed in your
undertakings.
affectionately
Mother and Father

HOWELL

McLEAN

May all of your acts
be as pleasing to us
as this one
Mother and Daddy

HAYWORTH





Class History

THE portals of Salem Academy in September, 1927 opened yawning jaws to swallow up some timid morsels of freshmen who in the course of a year were to leave these same portals with the seal of Salem clearly stamped on their newly-gained studious brows. That year under the sponsoring of Miss Virginia Wilson we put our name on the books, so to speak,—in line for bigger and better things. The result of our first political campaign was that Grace Wilkes was elected class president; Ruth Snyder, vice-president; and May Gray Efird, secretary and treasurer. We were royally represented in sports, often being victorious with our sisters, the juniors. Although we were one hundred per cent. in sport attendance, the sophomores were one better and of course won the cup. Our social season began and ended at the Rondthaler farm in a picnic we gave the juniors, but it was fun while it lasted.

September, 1928 rolled around; and, although we came reluctantly, since most of us were new girls and as green as the freshmen, we were eager to find out what it was all about. We were lucky enough, however, to obtain the guidance of Penny Allen, who “knew the ropes” of Salem. Penny became our president, and was assisted by the vice-president, Mary Lamar Reynolds, and the secretary and treasurer, Harryet Polhemus. We first distinguished ourselves in a reading contest challenged by the freshmen. Our talent secured us the victory. Then with Miss Mary Weaver as sponsor we made our first public appearance in the social world that year by establishing “Le Moulin Rouge.” This and a few other attractive entertainments enabled us to give a sumptuous feast in the form of a silhouette luncheon at the “Blue Willow” for the Seniors.

In athletics we again showed our worthy mettle except in basketball. Most of us were rewarded with S A's at the annual athletic picnic in token of our good sportsmanship.

September, 1929 brought only a few of us back. Among these only two were boarders so it was almost with raw material again that we organized ourselves for progress. We were not disappointed, however, but pleased with the newcomers. In fact they made the old wine sweeter. That year Jean Maclachlan was president; Katherine Pfaff, vice-president; and Colette Howell, secretary and treasurer; and Ruth Kreiter, cheer leader. Again Miss Mary Weaver was unanimously elected to sponsor our future. Under her direction we re-established our cabaret, this time calling it “Le Chat Noir.” Again we were successful, and consequently we were able to honor the graduates with a lovely Dutch banquet given at the Forsyth Country Club. We in turn were entertained by the freshmen at a rollicking picnic on the Rondthaler farm. In everything were we represented that year. Some of us were members of the newly-formed Edison Club; others of the Dramatic Club, known as Pi Delta Phi. We also starred in our stage success, “The Rivals,” which was the annual junior Thanksgiving play.

In the field of athletics we still gallantly fought and were rewarded with the loving cup for that year too.





Time never ceased, and in September, 1930, we joyfully entered the portals of a new Salem—but new only in structure. The old traditions and customs still remained to be upheld, and it was with this in mind that we solemnly took our rôles as dignified seniors. At the birthday dinner we cut the cake with the resolution to form customs and traditions for future Salem girls that would measure up to those handed down to us. The class was organized again under the sponsoring of Miss Weaver, and the officers elected were: Mishew Crudup, president; Lila Womble, vice-president; Colette Howell, secretary; and Jane Dwire, treasurer.

We were defeated in athletics many times but our sportsmanship still won admiration. Besides, senior studies rendered us less hardy than we had been in more youthful days. However, we did enjoy the delightful athletic banquets. These were lovely affairs, and you can be quite sure the pretty rainbow banquet, the last one, will be remembered for a long time.

This year was a big one in the way of social functions for us. We first accepted the kind invitation of the I. R. S. Association of Salem College to a St. Patrick's Day tea in the Louisa Wilson Bitting building. Then on April 24th came the formal dinner given by our charming hostess, Mrs. H. E. Rondthaler. This occasion was made even more brilliant—and enjoyable—by the doubling of the guest list to include a boy for each senior. (*Mirabile dictu!*) Next we were honored by the wonderful Junior-Senior banquet at the Forsyth Country Club. Miss Weaver, our class sponsor, gave us the privilege of seeing Salem "after lights" when she entertained at a pajama party in our honor. Finally, just before exams, we gave a breakfast party on the loggia for the faculty. Lastly there was the "farewell" supper at the Reynold's Grill where we all shed many tears in thinking of the parting. Amid the whirl of gifts and congratulations came the glorious days of commencement. Again we made our way through the portals of Salem carrying away with us the sweetest of memories—the memories of our Alma Mater!

—HARRYET POLHEMUS,

Historian.





Last Will and Testament

State of North Carolina,
County of Forsyth,
City of Winston-Salem,
Salem Academy.

To Whom It may Concern:

We, the class of 1931, being of supposedly sound mind and body do declare, to all whom it may concern, this to be our last Will and Testament.

ARTICLE I

To the incoming Senior Class we leave our dignity and privileges, this will, and all other unnecessary evils.

ARTICLE II

To the Sophomores, our sister class, we leave an escalator, in order to save their steps to Wednesday chapel.

ARTICLE III

To the Freshmen we bequeath plenty of height and hope.

ARTICLE IV

To Miss Hollis we will Margaret McLean's collection of Scotties.

To Miss Vogler we leave Miss Jackson's flashlight with which to hunt big game in Africa.

To Miss Weaver, our class teacher, we leave lots of love, good luck, and happiness.

ARTICLE V

To each girl according to her merit we bequeath the following:

To Jean Jackson, an all "A" report card.

To Carolyn Welch, a pair of low heels to bring her down to earth.

To Catherine Carmody, a copy of "How to be a Flapper."

To Dorothy Moore, a pin to get the point.

To Laura Lunsford, a copy of "How to be Content with What You've Got."

To Jean Burroughs, a "Big Ben."

To "Ginnie" Gale, a subscription to *Good Housekeeping* for future reference.

To Mary McCanless, a box of "pep."

ARTICLE VI

Dorothy Gnam bequeaths her quaint accent to Lottie Schramm.

Polly wills, with all best wishes, her sweet disposition to Nell Humphrey.





Margaret McLean leaves to Snooks her extensive vocabulary and pronunciation.

Chick Dunn leaves her indifferent outlook on life to Catherine Johnson.

Little Weil bequeaths her soft modulated voice to Mary Margaret Johnson in the hope that Mary Margaret may overcome her loud, harsh method of speech.

Sara Boyd leaves her Home Economic instincts to Lil Harmon.

Lucy Gulick-Rogers bequeaths her timely blushes to Ellen Adams.

Jane Dwire leaves her Alpine-climbing ability to everyone in general so as to make it easier to tackle the steps to the college.

Sadie Root bequeaths to "Ginnie Gale" her gracefulness—also her appetite.

Jean Ritz, our star athlete, wills her marvelous athletic ability to Jean Burroughs.

Mishew wills to Zaida Buckley her extraordinary poise in making announcements in Chapel.

Panky leaves, in all good faith, her guardianship of Jean to a certain party.

Margaret Maxwell wills her boisterous nature to Helen Litz.

Colette bequeaths her men and vaseline to Mary Nelson Anderson.

Helen Ward leaves her rosy complexion to Rhee Leonard.

Mary Elizabeth Hahn wills her mincing gait to Cammie Henry.

Betty Tuttle bequeaths her "iddy biddy" baby talk to Mary Lib.

Mary Frances Hayworth leaves her ability to play "hims" fast and furiously to her roommate, Nell Humphrey.

Lila Womble leaves her chemistry experiments to some unfortunate junior.

Ellen deButts bequeaths her bass voice to Arabella Putnam.

Dorothy Levin wills to Jean Buckley her eye-brow pluckers.

Lastly I, Heistand Scott do bequeath my surname to Miss Hollis. We understand that the change will take place some time in the fall.

ARTICLE VII

We hereunto set our signatures and affix the seal on this, the twenty-ninth day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

SIGNED (CLASS OF 1931),

—HEISTAND SCOTT, *Testator*.





The Prophecy

EAGERLY I seated myself at my desk, adjusted my chair, and tapped the tiny bell near my right hand. That tinkle served as the “go” signal for the patrons of Madame Lorraine Cladens, high priestess of a new cult, the science of astrology. My task might be compared to that of a steam roller, for I had to smooth the ruts and pack the dirt on the long, hard road to success. I was a trifle peeved this particular morning because I couldn’t attend the fifth annual reunion of the class of 1931 of Salem Academy. It was meeting in town that day, and I was forced to remain at my desk. However, I promised myself I would go next year, and tried to forget my disappointment.

My first customer I noted carefully—a young girl of about twenty, well-dressed, with an attractive smile. That smile! Where had I seen it? Suddenly as we used to say at Salem, “dawn broke”—Panky Allen!

“Miss Allen,” I said seriously, but chuckling inwardly, “you were born under the sign of Leo. Your work should be conducting a home for wayward children. You are fitted for it, my dear. I hear Jean Jackson today is a successful high school graduate. Carry on!”

My next visitor was an old pal, Mishew Crudup.

“Mish,” I said, “you were born under Pisces. Follow in the footsteps of Pavlowa—dancing is your one talent. Not one woman today can “jig” with the precision and queenly grace that you can. I’m proud of you—remember you passed Algebra; after that success cannot be far away.”

Thirdly I greeted “Chick” Dunn, by telling her that being a child of Gemini meant marriage and twelve children. “That’s six more than you always wanted, isn’t it?” I asked, laughing. She smiled and walked away inwardly visualizing a June wedding and an altar banked with roses.

“Goodness,” I thought when Jane Dwire entered, “this is better than a reunion—I can see them all personally.” I convinced her that having been born while Cancer ruled the heavens, her field of activity should be the acting of Shakesperian plays.

“Ah,” said she delighted, rushing toward the door. When she reached it, she turned and with a smile of triumph, shrieked: “Here’s the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!”

“Bravo,” I cried—“a perfect Lady Macbeth.”





Weil, after stumbling over the chair, finally was seated. "Weil," I said cheerfully, "Capricorn is your star and your calling is that of a train announcer." She seemed inspired for she sprang on the desk and shouted loudly:

"Memphis, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Paducah, Nashville, Mobile, Topeka, and Kansas City."

"Betty Tuttle," I cried as my next customer approached. When she was seated, I laughingly revealed the dark future. "You were born under Awuarius," I said. "The Tuttle curls will be world famous. You must be a beauty expert and bring dainty, fluffy ringlets to gladden the lives of women everywhere."

I next welcomed Colette Howell, saying: "Virgo is your patron and advertising is your field. You can make a success by posing for anything from Grape Nuts to Maybelline. I wish you luck."

To Ellen de Butts, I said, "I promise you a vast establishment and three hundred pupils to whom you must teach the secret of your ability to gain weight and keep it."

Dorothy Gnann came in next. "Your star is Aries and your mission is that of an actress," I said. "Because of your soft, Savannah accent and big blue eyes your name will be emblazoned eternally on the records of Broadway's greatest."

"Lucy Gulick-Rogers," said I to my next customer, "Your star is Cancer and I seem already to hear your husky, melodious voice calling always: 'Vegetables, nize vegetables, onions, turnips, tomatoes, and cauliflowers—vegetables, nize vegetables,' as you push a gaily covered cart through the streets of New York."

Sara Boyd Pickett came next—a child of Pisces. "Friend," said I, "in fifty more years Miss Zack and Miss Jackson, with the flashlight and little yellow pad, will have retired on a pension leaving the field open to you. You will make soccer a universal game and the 'Pickett kick' a household word for swiftness and accuracy."

I welcomed Harryet Polhemus and Sadie Root next. "Polly," I told them, "was born under Aquarius and Sadie's star is Gemini. As I look ahead I see great pages of every newspaper in the country devoted to the astonishing discovery of a great body builder, successor to Lydia E. Pinkham's. Imagine my surprise when I see you two smiling gaily at me from the printed page with the amusing title below, 'Before and after taking'."

Mary Frances Hayworth entered after Polly, shouldering Sadie, had staggered out. "You," I said to her, "are a child of Virgo. As I look ahead I see a new movement on foot—a woman's fire department with you as chief. I see you bravely fighting the flames as you did way back in 1931 when old Alma Mater





faced ruin. You will be a loss without Polly, it's true, but persevere and you will succeed."

Mary Elizabeth Hahn, whose star is Aries came after Fighting-Hayworth; to her I promised: "The Principalship of a big three million dollar preparatory school in Bath will be yours. Good luck!"

Dot Levin, a child of Leo, was my fifteenth patron. "Dot," I said, "Seniors will be graduating and marshals will be aiding in these final rights for many years to come. Madame Hancock has done well and it remains for you to carry on the great work. Dressmaking and designing is your job. I wish you luck."

Lila Womble, born under Virgo, entered next. "I foretell for you," I said, "a life of great activity. Club women everywhere will thrill to your scientific lectures." She laughed as she remembered what promise she had shown in Chemistry way back in the good old days.

"Margaret Maxwell," I said to my next customer, "Your star is Aries. I see you in the future as an interpreter in the court of Ranmarchand Bolingo, a prince of Asia. I remember how well you liked to talk when I first knew you and I'm not surprised at your choice of a life-work."

As I looked ahead I saw Helen Ward, a child of Virgo, who came after Margaret, as a great moving-picture star whose name would be immortalized in the annals of movie history. "You will be compared to many past rules of stardom," I prophesied, "among them Mary Astor; but even the great Mary will feel her throne tottering under the force of your vast popularity."

My last visitor, Heistand Scott, whose star is Leo, I greeted next. "You," I said, "seem to be the reincarnation of Lord Byron, for I see you acclaimed the most eminent poetess of all times." She hurried out so I couldn't hear but just a fragment of her reply but I knew I had spoken truly, for her words were:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Byron was a poet,
Heistand is too!"

and so the door slammed on Heistand.

Salem was a happy place I mused as I adjusted my crystal ball; wish I and the other twenty-one seniors of '31 were back again.

—MARGARET MCLEAN, *Prophet*.





Class Poem

The sun's brightly shining, the summer has come ;
The days are the longest, and soon we'll be home ;
It's the happiest time of the year, now, for some
But for Seniors it's sad.

The others have next year of happy school days
To think of and dream of and plan for always
But for Seniors it's over and life seems a maze
Of such difficult paths.

But since it's all finished one thing we can do
One way we can honor dear Salem anew
'Tis to love her ideals and to follow them through
In spite of the odds.

And when we have conquered in Life's risky game
We'll find some remembrance to kindle the flame
Of our pride in old Salem, always the same
Alma Mater we love.

—JANE DWIRE, *Class Poet.*

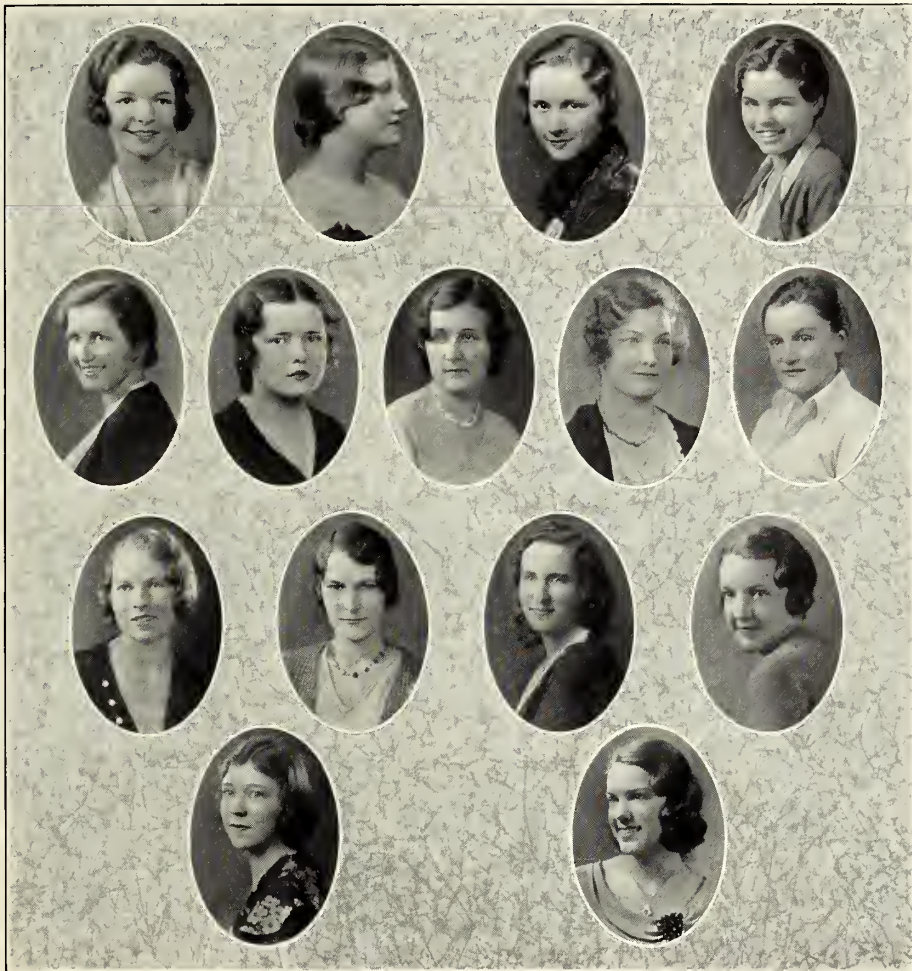




Junior Class

Miss Virginia Wilson, *Class Sponsor*; Nell Humphrey, Brooklyn, N. Y., *President*; Jean Burroughs, Conway, S. C., *Vice-President*; Frances Boland, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*.
Christine Adams, McCall, S. C.; Helen Allen, Newport, Tenn.; Mary Nelson Anderson, Mocksville, N. C.;
Zaida Buckley, Summit, N. J.; Catherine Carmody, Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Chandler, Alcoa, Tenn.; Marguerite Coffman, Harrisonburg, Va.; Mary Elizabeth Cunningham,
Greensboro, N. C.; Julia Davis, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Lucy Dortch, Raleigh, N. C.; Virginia Gale, Upper Montclair, N. J.; Frances Humphreys, Danbury, N. C.





Jean Jackson, Glen Ridge, N. J.; Catherine Johnson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Martha Jones, Red Star, W. Va.;
 Alice Lanier, Langdale, Ala.
 Mary Flora Lawrence, Raleigh, N. C.; Marie Leonard, New York, N. Y.; Laura Lunsford, Durham, N. C.;
 Arabella Putnam, New York, N. Y.; Jane Rondthaler, Winston-Salem, N. C.
 Fan Seales, Stoneville, N. C.; Lottie Schramm, Nicaragua, C. A.; Gertrude Schwalbe, Bethel, Alaska;
 Carolyn Welch, Greensboro, N. C.
 Sara Wilson, Cleveland, Tenn.; Mildred Young, Charlotte, N. C.
 *Helen Guerrant, Calloway, Va

*—No picture.





Sophomores

Miss Amelia Hollis, *Class Sponsor*; Ethel Litz, Tazewell, Va., *President*; Mary Louise Haywood, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Vice-President*; Jean Buckley, Summit, N. J., *Secretary and Treasurer*
Ellen Adams, Macon, Ga.; Katherine Gaston, Knoxville, Tenn.; Cammie Henry, Melrose, La.
Lil Harmon, Tazewell, Va.; Helen Litz, Washington, D. C.; Mary McCanless, Danbury, N. C.;
Virginia Smith, Salem, Va.

Sue Tinsley, Air Point, Va.; Adelaide Tucker, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Martha Louise Bullard, Winston-Salem, N. C.; *Mary Vestal, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*—No picture.



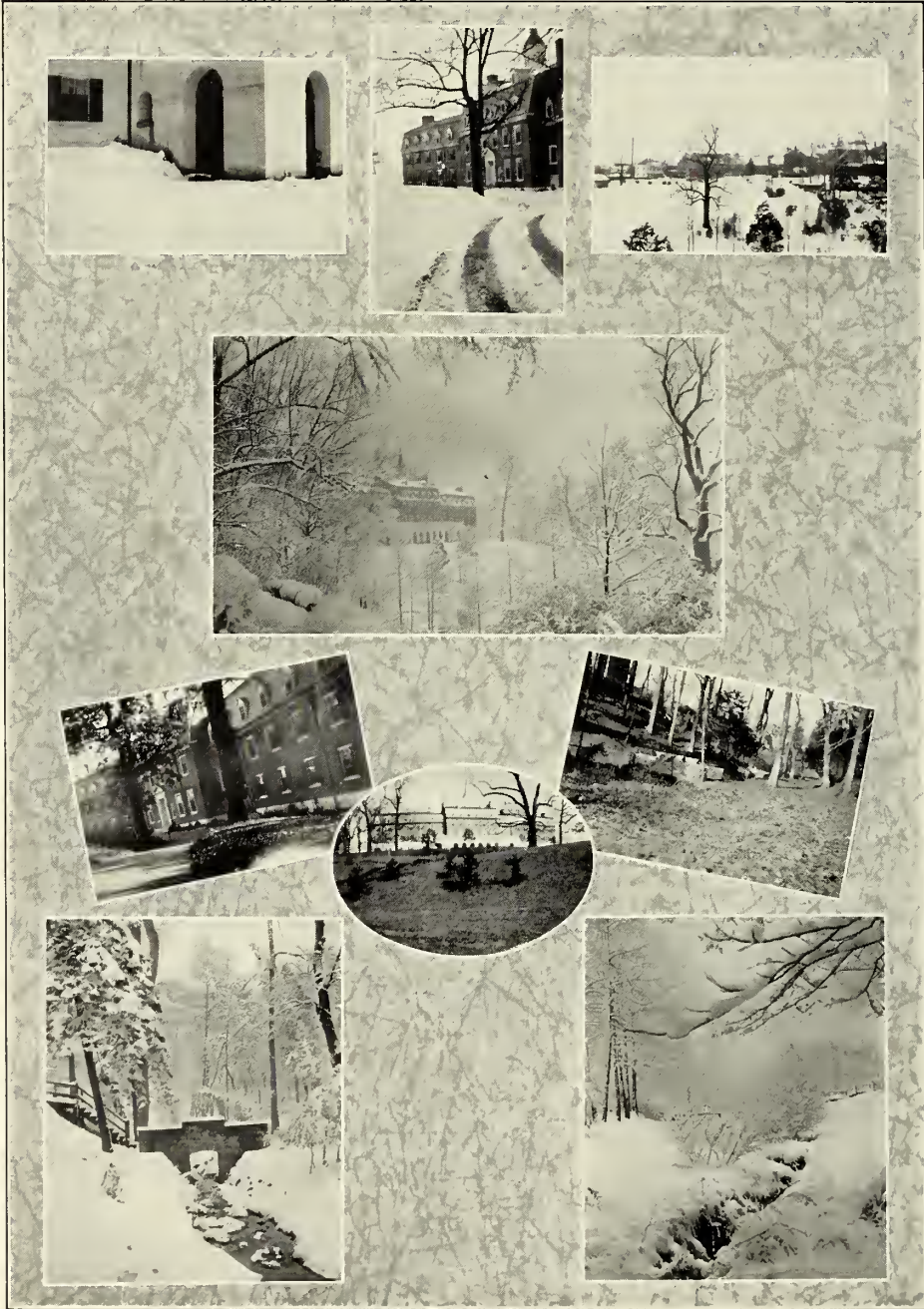


Freshmen

Miss Margaret Murray, *Class Sponsor*; Louise Frazier, Winston-Salem, N. C., *President*; Peggy Brawley, Pinehurst, N. C., *Vice-President*; Dorothy Moore, Southern Pines, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*; Gertrude Bagwell, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Faith Bell, Charlotte, N. C.; Florence Jeffress, Danville, Va. Mary Margaret Johnson, Old Fort, N. C.; Anne Perkins, Winston-Salem, N. C.



QUILL PEN





Athletics



Athletic Association

The Athletic Association is an organization whose purpose is to create an active interest in outdoor sports. Each girl has what might be termed an "athletic score-card" or record of the number of teams made, number of days of practice, etc. This information is kept by a point system and, if fifteen points have been merited, an award is given at the end of the year.

- First year..... Felt S. A.
- Second year..... Felt S. A. on a Background
- Third year.....
- Fourth year..... Silver Loving Cup

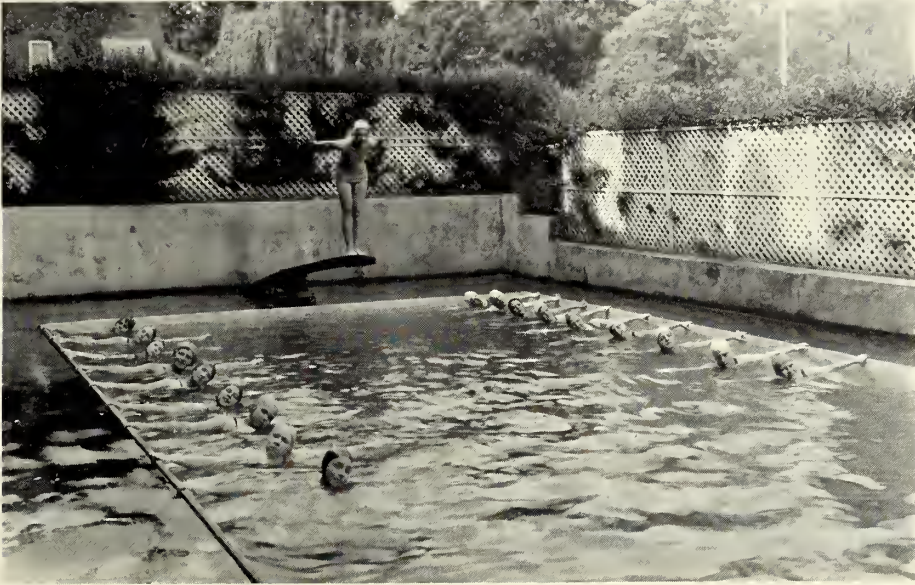
This year we changed our system of class teams to one in which there are only two teams from the entire student body—Evens and Odds. The Evens are those students graduating in an even year and the Odds those in an odd one. By reason of this change we have had more evenly balanced teams for our final contests and much good-natured rivalry has been shown.





Heads of Sports

VIRGINIA SMITH	<i>Swimming</i>
JEAN BURROUGHS	<i>Tennis</i>
MISHEW CRUDUP	<i>Basketball</i>
MARIE LEONARD	<i>Horseback Riding</i>
LUCY DORTCH	<i>Soccer</i>
FRANCES BOWLAND	<i>Speedball</i>
JEAN BUCKLEY	<i>Hockey</i>
FAN SCALES	<i>Track</i>
ALICE LANIER	<i>Archery</i>
SARA WILSON	<i>Hiking</i>
MARGARET McLEAN	<i>President Athletic Association</i>

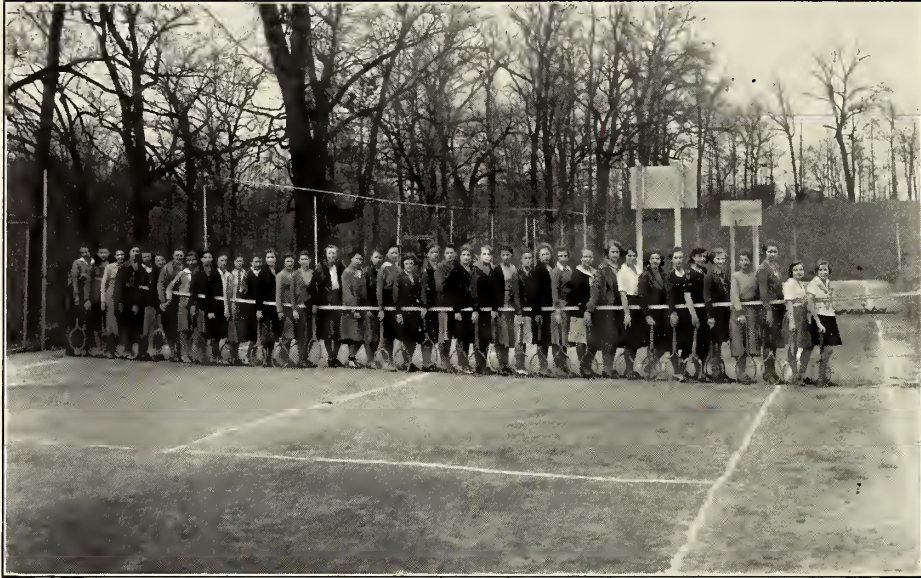


SWIMMING



ARCHERY





Tennis

At Salem, tennis is one of the most popular sports. If two or three pretty days happen to come in February instead of April, we all pretend there is going to be an early spring, and therefore all the courts are marked off ready for use. Imagine the disappointment of all the "Helen Willises" when they find one morning the courts buried in snow. Finally, however, spring does arrive here as it does in several other places and everybody can "play up a storm" of tennis.





Riding

Is there anything more glorious than rising at dawn and cantering through the woods with the hounds close at the horses' heels—scenting the fox? Then to come home to a breakfast of Mrs. Anderson's steaming hot sausage, coffee, and muffins. Or maybe a moonlight ride along a quiet, deserted road where one may ease along and watch the black trees silhouetted against the sky.

These, as well as the usual afternoon cross-country rides, have been the joyful experiences of Salem girls during the year.

A riding club has been organized, the purpose of which is to instruct and further the interest in the sport.

MEMBERS

JEAN BUCKLEY
FRANCES BOWLAND
JEAN BURROUGHS
CATHERINE CARMODY
MARGARET CHANDLER
MARY LIB CUNNINGHAM
LUCY DORTCH
JANE DWIRE
CHICK DUNN
VIRGINIA GALE
KAY GASTON

MARY LIB HAHN
JEAN JACKSON
LIL HARMON
MARIE LEONARD
ETHEL LITZ
HELEN LITZ
MARGARET McLEAN
ARABELLA PUTNAM
HARRYET POLHEMUS
HEISTAND SCOTT
BETTY TUTTLE

SARAH WILSON





Odd Basketball Team

MISHEW CRUDUP
JANE DWIRE
LIL HARMON

MARY F. HAYWORTH
COLETTE HOWELL
ETHEL LITZ
MARGARET WEIL

MARGARET McLEAN
HARRYET POLHEMUS
SADIE ROOT



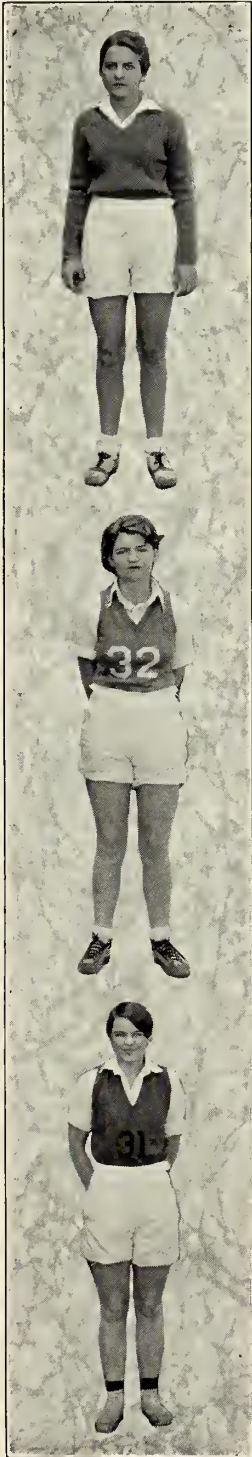
Even Basketball Team

HELEN ALLEN
FRANCES BOWLAND
JEAN BURROUGHS

LUCY DORTCH
FRANCES HUMPHREYS
ALICE LANIER
GERTRUDE SCHWALBE

ARBELLA PUTNAM
JANE RONDTHALER
FAN SCALES

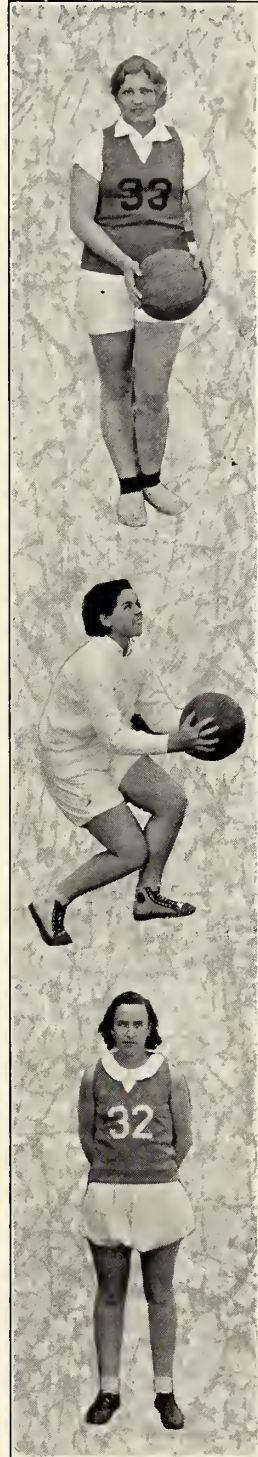




Basketball

“Jane, where is your jersey?” “Colette, haven’t you any socks?” “All right, Frances, let’s have ‘em a little lower!” These little reminders mean a basketball practice or game is about to begin.

Some of our preliminary games this year had all the earmarks of an exciting final contest, but it was the well-played Even-Odd game of March 25th that showed the real skill of our basketball stars. This final match resulted in a victory for the Evens by the score of 34-24.



Varsity Team

- FRANCES BOWLAND
- JEAN BURROUGHS
- MISHEW CRUDUP
- LIL HARMON
- ALICE LANIER
- GERTRUDE SCHWALBE



Odd Soccer Team

CHICK DUNN
 LUCY GULICK-ROGERS
 *MARY E. HAHN
 MARY F. HAYWORTH
 CAMMIE HENRY

COLETTE HOWELL
 *ETHEL LITZ
 HELEN LITZ
 *MARGARET MCLEAN
 SARA B. PICKETT
 *HARRYET POLHEMUS

VIRGINIA SMITH
 SUE TINSLEY
 ADELAIDE TUCKER
 BETTY TUTTLE
 MARGARET WEIL



Even Soccer Team

*CHRISTINE ADAMS
 *HELEN ALLEN
 *FRANCES BOWLAND
 PEGGY BRAWLEY
 *JEAN BURROUGHS

CATHERINE CARMODY
 *LUCY DORTCH
 *LOUISE FRAZIER
 HELEN GUERRANT
 FRANCES HUMPHREYS

*MARIE LEONARD
 JANE RONDTHALER
 *FAN SCALES
 LOTTIE SCHRAMM
 GERTRUDE SCHWALBE
 CAROLYN WELCH

*—Indicates varsity team.





Odd Speedball Team

KAY GASTON
 LUCY GULICK-ROGERS
 *MARY ELIZABETH HAHN
 CAMMIE HENRY

*ETHEL LITZ
 HELEN LITZ
 MARGARET McLEAN
 HARRYET POLHEMUS
 *VIRGINIA SMITH

*SUE TINSLEY
 ADELAIDE TUCKER
 *BETTY TUTTLE
 MARGARET WEIL



Even Speedball Team

CHRISTINE ADAMS
 HELEN ALLEN
 *FRANCES BOWLAND
 PEGGY BRAWLEY
 ZAIDA BUCKLEY

*JEAN BURROUGHS
 *LUCY DORTCH
 *LOUISE FRAZIER
 HELEN GUERRANT
 FRANCES HUMPHREYS
 MARY M. JOHNSON

*MARIE LEONARD
 FAN SCALES
 *LOTTIE SCHRAMM
 GERTRUDE SCHWALBE
 *CAROLYN WELCH

*—Indicates varsity team.



Salem Academy,

May, 25, 1931.

Honey :

I've simply got to tell you about the funny dream I had last night. I think you can appreciate it, because you will remember from last year most of the people I'll mention.

I dreamed that I went to a circus, but the circus grounds were Salem campus, and the big tent—why, that was the Academy building.

I walked up to the entrance and bought my ticket from the barker, who was urging the crowds to enter the tent and learn of the thrills in store for them just inside. The barker, my dear, was Miss Byrd. As I went in I noticed a stout man, dressed in the best circus style, standing by the door observing all who entered. I turned, and at second glance discovered this man, the boss of the whole show, to be Dr. Rondthaler.

In the tent I found three rings—Carrie Shaffner, Emma Bahnson, and Mary Patterson. The ringmasters, in red knee breeches and swallowtail coats, stood in the center of each ring, but red knee breeches did not conceal the identity of Miss Jackson, Miss Zachary, and Miss Chase.

Suddenly there was a roar of animals, and they began performing their best tricks, which they had learned as a result of regular drilling by their trainers. Skilled they were—these trainers, who were merely members of our faculty.

Then I saw the acrobats swinging over my head, but, honey, in spite of ruffles and fancy costumes, I recognized McLean, Scales, Frazier, Lanier, Tuttle, E. Litz, Dortch, and Bowland. It made me dizzy to watch them for long; so I turned to notice a group of painted clowns running about keeping the audience laughing constantly. They were well made-up, but no amount of grease paint could keep one from knowing Jean Burrough's and Sara Wilson's noses, that mouth of Helen Allen's; and even huge, floppy clown shoes could not keep Heistand Scott's toes from turning in.





Presently the clowns began to scurry out of the way, and some riders came galloping in, led by Marie Leonard and followed by H. Litz, Jackson, Gaston, Putnam, Coffman, Hahn, Carmody, and Dwire.

While they trotted around the tent, a lady in the center sang a clear "blues" tune; that voice I knew was Polly's. Somewhere in the distance someone was playing an accompaniment on a steam piano. I could not see the musician, but that touch could belong only to Mary Frances Hayworth.

After the main show, I began to visit the side shows. One was a fortune teller—a marvelous woman who could read your character by your hand-writing. That person was Miss Hollis.

Another show consisted of an exhibit of reptiles, and in their midst a snake charmer—Miss Murray.

And, my dear, there was a show of trained monkeys. They could bisect cocoanuts, walk straight lines, and hang at perpendiculars by their tails. Their teacher was a certain Miss Weaver.

The shouting of the owner of a hot-dog stand now attracted me, and I started in search of food. I found the crier to be Miss Vogler, and cooking the hot-dogs for the hungry customers was old Mattie herself.

Pushing my way through the crowd, I was startled by a shrill whistle in my ear—a traffic cop was at my elbow. He stood there, directing the movements of that great mass of people. I got a close-up view and discovered that it was none other than that cute Dot Etheridge.

And then I woke up!

Dreaming again,

MARY LIB.



QUILL PEN





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Mildred Young, *Junior Representative*; Mary Louise Haywood, *Sophomore Representative*;
Florence Jeffress, *Freshman Representative*





Pi Delta Phi



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HARRYET POLHEMUS	MILDRED YOUNG
JANE RONDHALER	SARA WILSON
MISS ELEANOR C. CHASE.....	<i>Honorary Member</i>





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JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

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 HELEN LITZ.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 MISS ELEANOR C. CHASE.....*Faculty Adviser*

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 JEAN BUCKLEY
 LOUISE FRAZIER

MARY LOUISE HAYWOOD
 MARY MARGARET JOHNSON
 ETHEL LITZ
 HELEN LITZ
 ANNE PERKINS
 ADELAIDE TUCKER





The Merchant Gentleman

(LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME)

By

MOLIERE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Monsieur Jourdain.....	JANE RONDHALER
Madame Jourdain.....	HARRYET POLHEMUS
Lucile	VIRGINIA GALE
Dorimène	MARGUERITE COFFMAN
Dorante	GERTRUDE SCHWALBE
Cleonte	CATHERINE JOHNSON
Nicole	ELLEN ADAMS
Covielle	JEAN BURROUGHS
The Music Master.....	HELEN GUERRANT
The Dancing Master.....	MARY E. CUNNINGHAM
The Fencing Master.....	VIRGINIA SMITH
The Master of Philosophy.....	ZAIDA BUCKLEY
The Tailor.....	FAN SCALES
Apprentice to the Tailor.....	HELEN ALLEN
Two Lackeys.....	} MARTHA JONES } FRANCES HUMPHREYS





"Patience"

A COMIC ESTHETIC OPERA

By

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Patience	HARRYET POLHEMUS
Bunthorne	JANE RONDTHALER
Grosvenor	CAROLYN WELCH
Lady Angela.....	MARGUERITE COFFMAN
Lady Ella.....	BETTY TUTTLE
Lady Saphir.....	HELEN LITZ
Lady Jane.....	LAURA LUNSFORD
Colonel Calverley.....	GERTRUDE SCHWALBE
Major Murgatroyd.....	CATHERINE JOHNSON
Duke Dunstable.....	JEAN BUCKLEY

Chorus of Dragoon Guards

Chorus of Rapturous Maidens

<i>Director</i>	MISS AMELIA HOLLIS
<i>Accompanist</i>	MARY FRANCES HAYWORTH





The Edison Club

The Edison Club, a society of students, aims, through its meetings, to promote a new interest in the various fields of modern science. The programs, conducted by the students, include presentations and discussions of recent discoveries, inventions, and theories.

Each member, during the year, takes part on the program by giving a demonstration or making a speech.

Although the Club is only two years old, we feel that much has already been accomplished and we trust that its influence may inspire its members to further investigation and greater work.

OFFICERS

JANE DWIRE	<i>President</i>
JANE RONDHALER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALICE LANIER	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY E. CUNNINGHAM.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
SADIE ROOT.....	<i>Chairman of Program Committee</i>
MISS MARGARET MURRAY.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>







TIME—52 B. C.

PLACE—In CÆSAR's tent and in Salem Academy.

CHARACTERS—CÆSAR, the Salem girls, the Salem faculty.

(When the curtain rises CÆSAR is seated at a table which is covered with papers. CÆSAR'S crown, an olive branch, is over on his left ear.)

CÆSAR: Now let me see; tomorrow night I'm dining with CLEOPATRA. *(He sighs.)* It's awful to be so popular. *(He is interrupted by a knock on the door.)* Come! *(A guard enters.)*

GUARD: There is a cohort of young ladies to greet you. *(CÆSAR brightens.)*

CÆSAR: Show 'em in. *(As he adjusts his crown, voices are heard from the outside, and a whole regiment of girls burst into the tent.)*

(CÆSAR holds up his hand to command silence.)

CÆSAR: *Avete, feminae inventes me videre vultis?* *(They all start talking again, and CÆsar once more holds up his hand for silence.)*

CÆSAR: Ladies, please, please! One at a time. *(A lovely young woman rises and walks toward CÆSAR.)*

MISS CHASE: We, the students and faculty of Salem Academy, have come to invite you to dine with us tomorrow night.

CÆSAR: I appreciate your invitation very much, but I am sorry to say that I'm dining with CLEOPATRA tomorrow night.

WEIL, CATHERINE, AND CHICK *(in chorus)*: There's no need!

CÆSAR: *(Much taken back.)* There is some need. You just don't know CLEO. She would wreck the camp if I didn't come.

HELEN LITZ: Now CÆSAR, don't let your neck hang out. You know she doesn't want you that bad.

CÆSAR: I'm sorry, ladies, but I just can't come.

MARY LIB: *(Walks up to CÆSAR and sits on the arm of his chair.)* Now, CÆSAR, luf! luf! *(CÆSAR giggles.)*

CÆSAR: No, no, I can't! *(A girl comes strolling through the door.)*

CHORUS: You're late!

JEAN JACKSON: It wouldn't be I if I weren't late. What's the matter? Won't he come?

CHORUS: No, he won't. *(JEAN looks at CÆSAR.)*

JEAN: Oh, come on, hon. You're a love. *(She winks and CÆSAR weakens.)*





CÆSAR: Oh all right. I'll have to call all my soldiers to go and inform CLEO that I'm sick. Where's that bugler?

CHICK, WEIL, AND CATHERINE: There's no need!

CÆSAR: Why?

(CHICK whispers to COLETTE. COLETTE shrieks and soldiers for miles around run to the tent.)

PANK ALLEN: Hot cha! He's coming. *(They all file out.)*

CÆSAR: Vale!

CHORUS: Abyssinia!

SCENE II. IN SALEM ACADEMY. CÆSAR IS SEATED AT
MISS BYRD'S TABLE

MISS BYRD: MR. CÆSAR would you autograph this napkin for me. *(CÆSAR takes the napkin, writes a few words and hands it back. MISS BYRD absent-mindedly writes "D—comma fault," on the back.)*

KAY GASTON: Oh, MR. CÆSAR, do you know any Sigma Chi's?

CÆSAR: No, are they Helvetians? *(Girls giggle.)*

JEAN BURROUGHS: That reminds me of a joke. Did you ever hear the one about the—

CÆSAR: Please, please, MISS BURROUGHS, I'm so easily embarrassed.

JEAN: Oh, all right, but it was a good one.

(Just then a very jolly looking woman rushes up to CÆSAR.)

MRS. RONDTHALER: Dearie me, CÆSAR, and how is your auntie?

CÆSAR: Oh she's fine thanks. *(CÆSAR leans over to take another helping of sweet potatoes and a picture of CLEOPATRA drops from his tunic.)*

MILDRED YOUNG: Oh, MR. CÆSAR, I know you just love CLEOPATRA.

MISS BYRD: MILDRED, don't be sentimental.

(JULIA DAVIS rushes up to the table.)

JULIA: Oh CÆSAR. Will you come out to my house tomorrow night for dinner. EGBERT JR. will come after you.

(CÆSAR is interrupted by an awful noise.)

CHORUS: A cyclone!

CÆSAR: A cyclone nothing. It's CLEOPATRA!

(The curtain falls as CÆSAR dives under the table.)

—M. Y., '32.





THE FACULTY
(As seen by a freshman)



YEARLY CALENDAR



SEPTEMBER

MOVING ROOMS



OCTOBER

ROBIN HOOD BANQUET



NOVEMBER

THANKSGIVING ~ FOOTBALL GAMES



DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS VACATION



JANUARY

EXAM WEEK



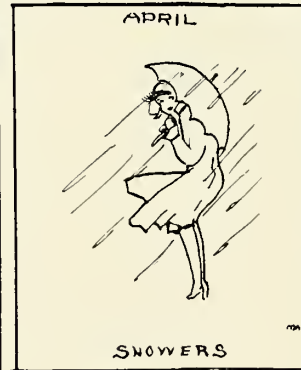
FEBRUARY

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY



MARCH

BASKET-BALL GAME



APRIL

SHOWERS



MAY

GRADUATION





WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Sadie were a leaf instead of a Root?
Carolyn were a scotch instead of a Welch?
Sara Boyd were a droppit instead of a Pickett?
Faith were a gong instead of a Bell?
"Chick" were a through instead of a Dunn?
Cammie were Robert instead of Henry?
Catherine were a news reel instead of a Carmody?
Mary Lib were a cunningsteak instead of a Cunningham?
Fan were a balance instead of a Scales?
Helen were a guardian instead of a Ward?
Jean were the "Palace" instead of the "Ritz"?
Mac were a Buick instead of a Chandler?
Mary were a tailor instead of a Weaver?
Dorothy were a raps instead of a Knox?
Eleanor were a hunt instead of a Chase?
Ginnie were a breeze instead of a Gale?
Dorothy were less instead of Moore?
Jess were a dog instead of a Byrd?
Mary Flora were the Hudson instead of the Lawrence?
Sue were a Goldsley instead of a Tinsley?
Virginia were a shoemaker instead of a Smith?
Mary were a McCanmoore instead of a McCanless?
Mildred were an Old instead of a Young?
Alice were Poe instead of Lanier?

—H. A., '32.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

Julia Davis's wreck.
Sigma Chi.
Polly's "Buddy."
Mary Flora Lawrence's week-ends.
Sarah Boyd's troubles.
Snook's nieces and nephews.
"Phone call for Mary McCanless."
The "Office of Worship."
The Old Girls on "South Hall."
Helen Litz on almost any subject.
Zaida Buckley, Jean Jackson, and Virginia Gale on "Northern night-life."
Colette Howell, Catherine Johnson, and Margaret Weil, on "Southern and collegiate night-life."

—L. D., '32.





SALEM ACADEMY LIBRARY

<i>The Keeper of the Bees</i>	MISSSES ZACHARY and JACKSON
<i>Old Curiosity Shop</i>	CAROLYN'S and DORTCH'S ROOM
<i>Between Rounds</i>	CRACKERS and MILK
<i>The Valley of Decision</i>	EXAMS
<i>Far From the Maddening Crowd</i>	SALEM ACADEMY
<i>The Man With the Iron Mask</i>	MISS CHASE
<i>The Conqueror</i>	LIL HARMON
<i>Boots and Saddles</i>	ARABELLA PUTNAM
<i>Old Fashioned Girl</i>	LUCY GULICK ROGERS
<i>The Man Who Would Be King</i>	ZAIDA BUCKLEY
<i>The Woman in White</i>	MISS VOGLER
<i>Call of the Wild</i>	BELLS FOR MEALS
<i>The Old Order</i>	WELFARE'S DRUG STORE
<i>Age of Innocence</i>	FRESHMEN
<i>The Purple Dress</i>	DOT ETHERIDGE

"What may I call you, lady fair?"
"Alice-for-Short," said she;
"But some call me *Vanity Fair*."
"They judge you wrong," said he.

"What was it that I heard?" he cried.
"That was *Ivanhoeing*,
'Ere *Lorna Doone* becomes his bride
Some flowers must be growing."

"Quite late last night *Dombey and Son*
Went in *David's Copperfield*;
And when they denied it, each one,
'Tom Saw-yer'!" David squealed.

"Very well," they said. "Then just ask
Not *Rob Roy* or the *Spy*,
But the *Man of the Iron Mask*."
David made no reply.

"When *Jane Eyre* married the *Egotist*
Kim vowed that *Twenty Years After*
Jane would long for *Oliver Twist*
And tears would come from her laughter."

"All these are *Twice Told Tales*," he said.
"Now you must *Kidnapped* be,
Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde
Shall greatly envy me."

—F. H., '32





Statistics



The Magazine Rack

THE BOOKMAN

Most Intellectual.....JANE RONDTHALER

VOGUE

Most Stylish.....LIL HARMON

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Most Athletic.....JEAN BURROUGHS

VANITY FAIR

Most Attractive.....MISHEW CRUDUP

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Best All Round Senior.....BETTY TUTTLE

Best All Round Junior.....ALICE LANIER

Best All Round Sophomore.....ETHEL LITZ

Best All Round Freshman.....LOUISE FRAZIER



THE BOOKMAN

MARCH 1931

LAST DAYS OF MANSFIELD
by Oliva Lloyd Wright

LAVINE

WANTED AUTHORS

"AND SO..."
by Anthony



VOGUE



AUTUMN SHOPPING, MILLINERY AND FURS

OCTOBER 15, 1930

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK (THURSDAY OF THE WEEK) CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.

PRICE 35 CENTS



vanity fair

For L'Espresso
1930



FEBRUARY 1930

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SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

Columbus: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

Queen Elizabeth: "Keep your shirt on, Raleigh."

David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra: "You are an easy Mark, Anthony."

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Droning on: "Mary followed Edward VI, didn't she?"

Class (Those awake in unison): "Yes Mam."

Miss Hollis: "And who followed Mary?"

Helen Litz (waking up): "Her little lamb."

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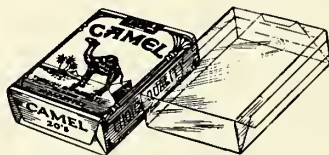
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