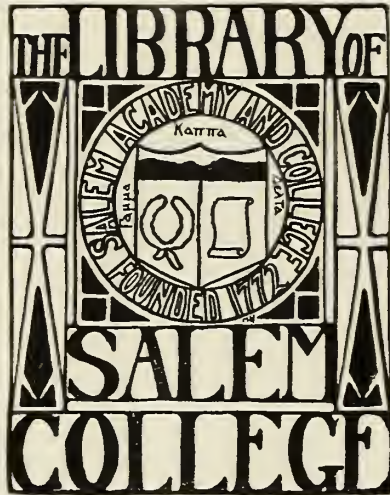


Cl. 376.63 Bk. Sa32Q

1934



Accession No. 13718.....

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THE QUILL PEN

of

1934



PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS

of

SALEM ACADEMY

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

DEDICATION
TO
OUR MOTHERS



WITH
MRS. RONDTHALER,
OUR DEVOTED FRIEND, AS THEIR
REPRESENTATIVE



Anne Perkins

School

13718



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Faculty of Salem Academy

HOWARD E.
RONDTHALER
PRESIDENT
PH. B., LL. D.
University of N. C.
B. D., M. A., D. D.
*Moravian Theological
Seminary*
BIBLE

MARY A. WEAVER
PRINCIPAL
B. A.
*Randolph-Macon
Woman's College*
MATHEMATICS

CHARLOTTA JACKSON
Columbia University
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

ELIZABETH ZACHARY
B. A.
Salem College
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MARGARET MURRAY
B. A.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
SCIENCE

JESS BYRD
B. A.
Salem College
LATIN, ENGLISH

DOROTHY H. KNOX
B. A.
Radcliffe College
M. A.
Middlebury College
FRENCH AND SPANISH

VIRGINIA WILSON
B. S.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
HOME ECONOMICS

GEORGIA WATSON
B. A.
Agnes Scott College
M. A.
University of Chicago
HISTORY
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

LAURA SUMNER
B. A.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
M. A.
Smith College
ENGLISH

HAZEL D. WHEELER
B. S.
*Boston University
Vesper George School
of Art*
ART



Classes



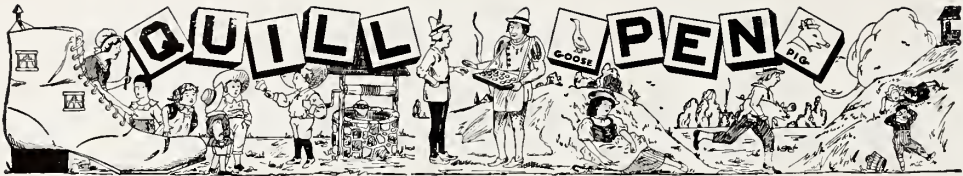
MISS JESS BYRD
Class Sponsor



FANNIE SWANN STOKELY
NEWPORT, TENNESSEE
President

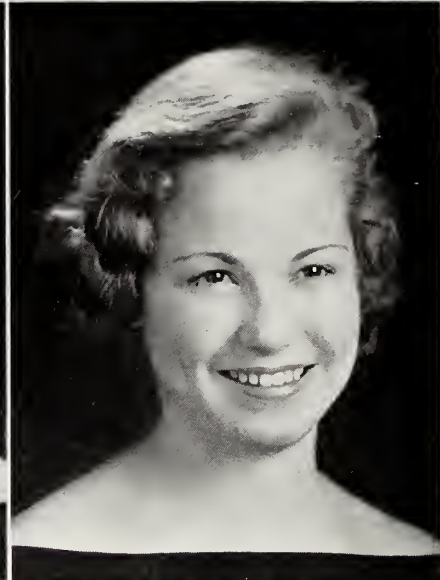
What a "nice" president Fannie makes! She has made such a success of her position that we are sure she'll succeed in anything she does. Fannie has backed her team too; her mighty kick has sent many a ball spinning toward the goal. She's always ready to do something for every one, and she certainly keeps the school supplied with cake. So—hats off to Fannie—one grand sport!





GERTRUDE HERON BAGWELL
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Where are those girls? They promised to come have their pictures taken!" And that's Gertrude storming through the halls in search of the miscreants. Any day after school one can find her carolling away on the stage in practice for the operetta. And Gertrude is a promising artist too; she is always willing to draw something for one of her many admirers. With all that how does the girl find time to sprain a hand during athletics at least once a week!



PEGGY BRAWLEY
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Treasurer

"Peg's mother is coming tomorrow and we're all going out with her!" This is the remark most often heard on first Carrie Shaffner. And in the classroom can be heard the much more familiar ones: "Peggy, put that apple in the wastebasket immediately!" . . . "Peggy, you are late to class; so you go to make-up hour this afternoon." Yet Peg always manages to head the honor roll list. When silence reigns on 1 C. S., you may be sure Peg has discovered a new book and has slipped off to her room, where any one can find her flung across her bed, brushing her mop of golden curls as she reads.





ADELAIDE LOUISE FRAZIER
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Salem Academy . . . just a minute please." If Weasel isn't busy twisting the wires at the switchboard, she's charging down the soccer field to the cheers of excited, admiring spectators. She's the loyal head of the Purples, is Weasel; and the Golds stand in mortal terror of her. Some day when you hear the tennis champion of the world mentioned, you will be proudly bragging, "Louise Frazier? Have I ever heard of her? Why, she and I used to go to Salem Academy together!"



BARBARA FULTON
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Bye, everybody! See you Monday." And there goes Barbara—off again to one of those hilarious week-ends at Chapel Hill. Although we see so little of her, we still like her as much as do the more fortunate boys at Carolina. Thank goodness, Barbara doesn't ride horses the way she makes announcements, for the latter are the standing joke of the school! We have been pestering the stubborn girl to tell us what her middle name is; and we have come to the conclusion that "A" must stand for "Attractive," but she is much too modest to admit the fact.





JOSEPHINE GRIBBIN
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA
Vice-President

"Josephine Gribbin, this is the last time I am going to tell you to stop writing notes! The next time I have to speak to you means make-up hour!" And Josephine goes blithely on with her conversation—and makes honor roll, too, in spite of the teachers' threats. She may day-dream in school, but during the week-end Jo's the "life of the party." What will Winston do without her when she goes to Asheville?



FLORENCE MAE JEFFRESS
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

The government's finances would be in a sad plight, indeed, if Flo's many admirers didn't keep well supplied with postage stamps. Even the delivery boy has commenced to grin tauntingly every time he appears with a special and we dash out to see who the fortunate one is. And Florence gets a "rush" in dancing, as well as through the mail. Then, too, the name "Jeffress" has become a by-word on the athletic field. When we see her coming, we politely give her the right-of-way.





MARY MARGARET JOHNSON
OLD FORT, NORTH CAROLINA

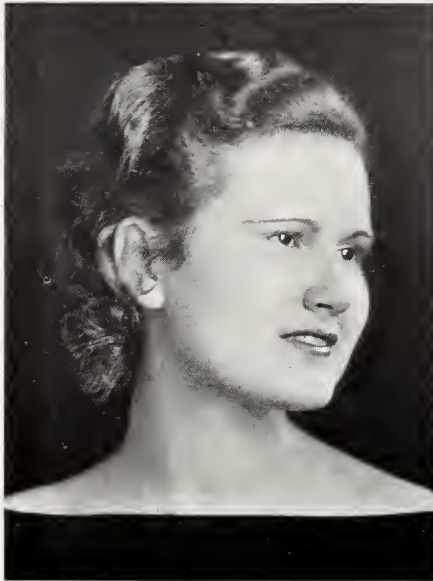
"This way, gentlemen; you can connect the wires right here." And that's the new telephone being installed for Mary Margaret Johnson—her calls are so numerous that we must needs present her with a private booth in order to enjoy a few minutes' gossip ourselves. M. M. also keeps Rob busy bringing her packages of food. She gets enough to keep the whole school supplied, and you may be sure the generous girl does for a week at a time. M. M. shines in mathematics and in athletics, too; indeed, she has saved the day for the Golds many a time!



KATHRYN KILGORE
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

If you ever come upon a book propped up in a chair, you may be sure Kathryn Kilgore is behind it. If she's not buried in literature, she can be found rushing down the field with a speedball or a hockey stick. Her name is Irish; and Irish-like, she has a quaint humor all her own. Kathryn's ORIGINAL too; in fact, for two whole years we have been trying to discover how such a little girl can have such a big brain.





JULIA KERN LAWSON
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Flaming red hair minus the flaming red temper, happy-go-lucky, humorous Judy! She nearly made poor Miss Knox have a nervous breakdown, for the hero didn't glance at her lines once until the day of the play. Perhaps the Head of the Golds was too busy playing hockey to concentrate on anything else. Poor Judy, she never has her privileges; but how can you expect a girl to keep her room clean when she has company all the time? If any one is interested in knowing who broke Miss Jackson's scales, just ask Judy. She *could* tell you!



KATHLEEN MADDEN
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Kathleen is so stylish that she can wear her bedroom slippers to school and make them look like a million dollars—even to Miss Jackson. It's hardly right to say she's been here two years; for if she's not "already gone, she's just about to leave." We have protested time and again, but we never see her a whole day at a time. Secretary of the Student Representatives, Vice-President of Pi Delta Phi, Poet—she takes an active part in everything.





FLORENCE CARR PEARSALL
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

"Can anybody tell me the date for the Industrial Revolution? I declare, I'd never live through these exams if I didn't get a letter every day." And Tootie manages to endure the horrible tests, for either a letter or a package is constantly arriving for Miss Pearsall. She always has food on hand—why doesn't she ever get fat then? She gives it all away!



ANNE WORTHINGTON PERKINS
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Oh, how marvelous! Are you really going?" shrieks a young lady at the top of her voice. And you may be sure that's Anne Perkins, the scatter-brained. However, her talents are scattered—or varied—too. She was the Madonna in the Christmas pageant; she is an accomplished actress and president of Pi Delta Phi; she is an artist and a girl famous for her long curls. Three cheers for Anne!





FRANCES JEAN REID

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Reid and V. M. I. seem to go together. You can't hear one name without immediately thinking of the other. She pretends to have a terrible temper, but underneath she is very considerate of everyone. Though the freshmen stand in awe of her, because it is rumored that she domineers over her poor little room-mate, "her bark is worse than her bite." And as I write, a taxi is speeding off with Reid—bound for Lexington!

MARGARET RICKS

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

A car glimpsed speeding around the Goose Egg, and Hicks is off, but not alone; for the good-natured girl usually has a carload of girls or teachers with her. And in case the members of the Loggia Club are interested, Hicks keeps her rosy cheeks by vigorous exercise. Hicks struggles valiantly with her lessons, as well as on the athletic field. What shall we do without our soccer captain?





BETTY BROOKE SANDERS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

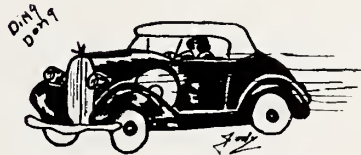
You know, that girl in the fashion show who wore the blue suit is Betty Sanders. If she's not in fashion shows, she's into something else. Poor girl, she spends so many week-ends at Roanoke that she has a hard job making up lost hours at the "switch" during the week. I fear she would literally fade away if the wires didn't vibrate with entertaining calls. Betty often sadly neglects her work because she is too busy dancing or giggling, but her grades seem to suffer little. You never know what the girl's going to do—perhaps the next thing you know, she'll be landing a job with the President himself!



BLEVINS VOGLER
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Secretary

Laughable, indeed, is the plight of the puzzled prophets! "Prophets puzzled? Impossible!" you protest. But seriously, what do you predict Blevins Vogler will be? Her name remains glued to the honor roll. She is a member of Pi Delta Phi, not to mention being secretary of her class. She never fails to make varsity in athletics, and she appears in all the fashion shows. And as for finding time to study every night, the only suggestion we can offer is that she cut the telephone wires. In short, what isn't she? Poor prophets!





MARTHA LAWSON BIRDSEY*
MACON, GEORGIA

When Martha graduated last year, the whole Academy unanimously declared that it couldn't do without her; so the good-natured girl promised to keep us company once more. It's said she's an indolent creature, but her Southern drawl gives her a right to be lazy. Yet she disappoints so many people—every time any one rushes joyfully to the overflowing "B" mail box, she reads only Birdsey—Birdsey—Birdsey on each letter! And in fashion shows Martha walks off with the prize. Would that we could prevail upon her to remain yet another year!

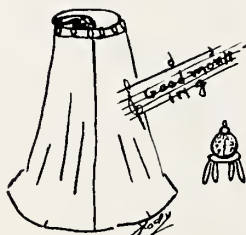
*Postgraduate.



HELEN ELIZABETH LITZ*
WASHINGTON, D. C.

What will two E. B. do without Litz to sing them to sleep every night? Our operetta will be sadly in need of some one to fill her place; it's an almost impossible job, I fear. Salem's so accustomed to Helen that it will just have to bring her back as court jester, if nothing else. Helen is always the one called on when information concerning anything from clothes to literature is needed. She acts—paints—reads—models—sings—and TALKS!

*Postgraduate.





Class History

IN the fall of 1930 when the new buildings were opened for occupancy, there came as freshmen to Salem Academy little girls with long curls, socks, and short dresses. Having been shown through the beautiful new school; having met the principal and all the faculty; and having been given permission at the request of their mothers to leave study hall at eight o'clock to go to bed, the members of the class of 1934 were launched on their eventful careers at boarding-school.

We chose as our class sponsor Miss Murray and for our officers we elected Louise Frazier, President; Peggy Brawley, Vice-President; and Dorothy Moore, Secretary and Treasurer. We entered bravely into athletics and fought nobly with our sister team, the juniors. After laboring hard all year with Miss Murray, we seven freshmen managed to entertain royally thirty-two juniors with a picnic on Pilot Mountain.

Most of us during the year joined the Harlequin Club, the junior dramatic group, and produced *THE ROMANCERS*. Also, after much controversy over the correct way to accept a formal invitation, we attended an enjoyable dinner given for the freshman class by Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler.

September 1931 brought most of us back again and we found ourselves "full-fledged" sophomores, even if we were not sophisticated. Miss Weaver was hailed as new principal of the Academy; Miss Knox was named our class sponsor; Florence Jeffress, Mary Mott, and Peggy Brawley polled the votes for president, vice-president, and secretary respectively; and it looked to be a promising year.

In the spring, we gained admirable recognition in *STUNT NITE*, an entertainment at the college; and we were awarded a prize for our contribution to the program. Some of our members had continued to work in the Harlequin Club, gaining positions as officers and finally having a large part in producing the play *FIGUREHEADS* at a banquet given for the trustees.

In May we entertained the seniors with a luncheon at the Blue Willow Tea Room, many thrills being caused by the corsages which we gave as favors.

In the fall of 1932 we organized as juniors with Miss Wilson as sponsor; Anne Perkins, President; Peggy Brawley, Vice-President; and Blevins Vogler, Secretary and Treasurer.

Some of us graduated from the junior dramatic group to the Pi Delta Phi, into which we were "very much initiated."

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Throughout the junior year we took our turn at keeping the "Y" store, which along with selling sausages and waffles on Saturday mornings, enabled us at the request of the seniors to donate a good sum of money toward the building of our beautiful entrance, instead of giving them the customary banquet. Nevertheless we had enough left in the treasury to entertain the seniors at a pajama party "after lights."

In the spring we were entertained exclusively by the freshmen, who chartered a special bus to take us to the play GREEN STOCKINGS, in which members of our faculty played leading roles. Afterwards we had strawberries, ice cream, and cake in the social room.

In September 1933 Salem found us truly dignified seniors. All signs of long curls had vanished, and we all wore silk stockings and long dresses. Five of us who have stuck by Salem for four years—Peggy Brawley, Florence Jeffress, Mary Margaret Johnson, Louise Frazier, and Anne Perkins—were pleased with our many new classmates. We started the year by electing Miss Byrd our class sponsor; Fannie Stokely, President; Josephine Gribbin, Vice-President; Blevins Vogler, Secretary; and Peggy Brawley, Treasurer.

Many of our members had prominent roles in the Pi Delta Phi play, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, which we repeated for the entertainment of our house-party guests in May.

As the first social event of the spring season, the seniors along with the other students, assisted in giving a tea for the mothers of the day students and for other friends in town. Also during the course of the season we were entertained by Miss Lawrence and Miss Riggan at a colonial tea, and by Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler at a progressive dinner. Soon following these delightful events, we were guests at a banquet given for us by the I. R. S. Council at the College. The Sophomore-Senior luncheon was the next joyous occasion; and then as a grand climax, we were guests of the juniors at the traditional banquet, given at the Country Club.

Shortly before graduation we entertained our faculty at a jolly breakfast.

June finds us tear-stained seniors. Graduation is our first big triumph; and although we are most unhappy at leaving the Academy, each one of us takes with her an indefatigable spirit—the spirit of Salem.

—ANNE PERKINS, *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 nineteen hundred thirty-four, being supposedly of sound mind and body and realizing the uncertainty of this life, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

To the faculty as a whole we leave our youthful spirit and vim and our appreciation of their helpful instruction and patience.

ARTICLE II

To the forthcoming seniors we bequeath several pairs of horn-rimmed spectacles, in the hope that a scholarly appearance may deceive the worthy faculty into boosting them above the seventy per cent line. To them also we leave our ability to make chapel talks with ease.

ARTICLE III

To our sophomore sisters we give our sincere congratulations when and if they become juniors.

ARTICLE IV

To the freshmen we give our congratulations for having three or more years of Salem ahead of them because graduation "isn't all it's cracked up to be."

ARTICLE V

To everybody we bequeath the privilege of having the college come over here for Y. P. M.

ARTICLE VI

Strangely enough, Fannie Stokely leaves her peculiar ability to pronounce "life," "nice," and "rice" to any of the admiring throng who may seize it first.

Anne Perkins bequeaths her poise to Martha Ann Glenn, hoping she will not use it to distract her fellow classmates.

To Edith Madden, Julia Lawson wills her flaming red hair and the qualities that go along with it.

Blevins Vogler leaves to Shirley Tompkins her ability to stand straight.

Martha Birdsey wills to Anne Florea her short but sure strides in the hope that Anne will be able to reach her destination as quickly as the donor herself.

Kathryn Kilgore bestows her soft voice on Jody Litz.

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Betty Sanders leaves to Caroline Gray the ability to know her lessons without the tedium of study.

Florence Jeffress wills her two most cherished possessions—rings—to the school, until at some future date she has made her important decision.

With her permission, we will Gertrude Bagwell's enthusiasm and good nature to Lizzie Trotman.

Helen Litz leaves her voice to Helen McArthur, in order that Miss Byrd may hear her in Latin class.

Louise Frazier bequeaths her curiosity to Katherine Lickliger, so that she may learn more about what is going on around her.

Two Emma Bahnson kindly leaves its numerous radios to the school in general, provided one is placed in the dining-room and another on the terrace.

ARTICLE VII

To Miss Byrd, our beloved sponsor, we leave our wish for future happiness and the hope that she may find a Latin class to whom verbs will be delectable tidbits.

We will to Miss Gillespie the numbers of some different hymns for chapel.

To Misses Jackson and Zachary we can bequeath nothing better than the relief of knowing that nineteen troubles, with their appurtenances, are subtracted from their list.

ARTICLE VIII

To Dr. and Mrs. Rondihaler we bequeath our undying love and gratitude for their interest in us.

To our Alma Mater we leave our love and appreciation for her traditions and for the training she has given us.

ARTICLE IX

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever, of what nature, kind, and quality, not herein disposed of, we give and bequeath to our principal, Miss Weaver, for the benefit of future classes.

And we hereby appoint this said Principal sole executor of our last will and testament.

ARTICLE X

In witness thereof we hereunto set our signatures and affix our seal on this the first day of June, nineteen hundred thirty-four.

SIGNED (CLASS OF 1933)

—BLEVINS VOGLER, *Testator*.

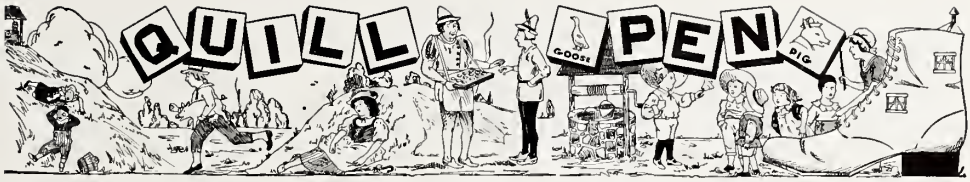
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Class Prophecy

THOSE of you who were in London during the winter of 1940 will recall that the fog was even denser and more penetrating than is usual in a city famed for its unpleasant dampness. As I happened to be passing through that winter, my delicate constitution, always susceptible to the slightest fluctuations of the weather, succumbed to the dread chill; and I discovered myself sniffling under four blankets, three hot water bottles at my feet, a battalion of doctors and nurses squirting atomizers, slapping mustard plasters, and in general showing themselves to be charming and congenial companions. Outside the medical diversions provided for my amusement, my one solace was in a battered portable phonograph for which I had but one record, a scratched disk carrying the theme-song of the Queen of Jazz, Peggy Brawley, and her orchestra—"California, Here I Come." After the fifth day of hearing it, much of an admirer of Peggy's music as I am, I must confess that I began to find the air slightly monotonous. It was just at this time that Miss Scroonch, one of my nurses, announced that I had a caller and handed me a card bearing the name of the wife of a noted London minister. To say that I was astonished would be putting it mildly, for I knew that my only London acquaintances, Davy Windsor (who is often called the Prince of Wales), his momma and poppa (called by many people the King and Queen), and the Duke of York were all down at Sandringham. When my unexpected caller was shown in, imagine my delight to recognize Kathryn Kilgore, who had noticed an account of my indisposition in the Market section of the *London Times*.

Kathryn, who had always shown an inventive trend of mind, had brought with her the latest product of her mighty brain, an extraordinary contraption resembling a small washing machine, which she called "The Spectre-phone." After throwing kisses at me, for fear of my cold, she explained that her invention was attuned to the most delicate ether waves, and that powerful mental application on the part of the operator of the machine, along with the manipulation of several gials, could produce an actual image of any scene or person concentrated on. The spectre-phone fortunately possessed a little attachment, known as the "Censor," which protected the concentratee from revelations of too intimate a nature.

On hearing this I was overjoyed, and immediately cast off two blankets and one mustard plaster, the better to think. What should I concentrate on? And then, like a plaintive wisp of old lavender, there blew across my recollection one of the happy scenes of my innocent girlhood: Salem Academy! Casting about wildly for the name of one of my old school-mates, I thought of the alphabet. Let's see—the letter A—who would that be? Why, Anne—Anne Perkins. I concentrated with all my meagre strength. Kathryn twisted dials. Horrible noises filled the room—a brilliant flash of light—and then upon the wall was projected an indistinct picture. It grew sharper. Behind a desk, benevolently nodding at dozing pupils, sat—why it was Anne! Fluently from an open book she was reading Latin to her sleepy class. "What a profound knowledge of Latin Anne must have!" I exclaimed, looking intently on the book she held in her hand. The book grew larger. Then I understood. Unsuspected by her fond pupils, she was reading from a translation of Cicero, which was hidden behind the covers of the class book. Oh, fie! fie! Anne. And who was that teacher carefully tiptoeing in and out amongst the pupils? Why, Helen Litz, as I live. She was Assistant Latin Instructor, and it seemed her principal duty was to move among the pupils to see that they used no Latin jacks.

Next I focused my attention on Gertrude Bagwell. The amazing scene that flashed on the wall looked very much like a scene from the motion picture "Trader Horn." A score of dusky cannibals were dancing about a huge pot, beneath which blazed a hot fire. From the pot peeped the inquiring face of a gentleman in a sun helmet. To one side stood the wife of the plump, boiling missionary. It was none other than Gertrude, a missionary

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herself. She was admonishing the savages in a stern tone, saying: "It is very wicked of you, you had Ethiopians, to be cooking my husband like this."

The next scene, which was produced by a concentration for Kathleen Madden, revealed the glorious facade of the Academy itself. There, posing on the front steps with a group of the students, was Kathleen, who was saying: "Gather around me, my chickens, so the man can take the pretty picture."

Just as I was beginning to think that our class had pretty thoroughly turned its hack on domesticity, I discovered Barbara Fulton, a howling infant in one hand, talking on the telephone to her circle leader in the Home Moravian Church, while through the hall door I caught a glimpse of her industrious husband dozing before the fire. Though I couldn't see his face very well, I noticed a remarkable resemblance to a certain young man whom I had frequently seen around the Academy.

At first I thought the next scene was a Wimbledon match between Helen Wills and Molla Mallory; but on closer inspection, it turned out to be Martha Birdsey and Florence Pearsall warming up for the forthcoming national tournament.

The next instant, I was returned to Salem, where I found Miss Vogler's place as dietitian taken by Frances Reid, who stood, a big can opener in her hand, before an object bearing the label "Libby's Tomatoes." She was reading a little booklet: "Dietitian's Guide Book," or "How to Open Cans." And in charge of the infirmary, M. M. Johnson was writing her report: "Martha Smith . . . Indigestion. Helen Jones . . . Indigestion. Carolyn Schnitzel . . . Indigestion."

The scene faded and was succeeded by the interior of a studio of a broadcasting station. Fannie Stokely, the announcer, was speaking into the microphone. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience, this is the J. Byrd Broadcasting Company. We are introducing for your approval this evening the famous actress, Miss Blevins Vogler, who is appearing in a little play written, directed, and acted entirely by herself, entitled: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The musical accompaniment will be given by Mr.—here a sudden blast of static drowned out the name—"from Winston-Salem, who is an expert on the jew's-harp."

The next scene was opened by the pop-pop of air rifles, and I soon made out the figures of Julia Lawson and Louise Frazier, creeping through a South African jungle, hunting ostriches. It occurred to me that these two adventuresses might do just as well to stay at home and look after their families.

Next in a tremendous office I beheld Florence Jeffress seated with her husband behind a huge desk, piled high with papers and surrounded by encyclopedias. Over the desk hung the sign: "Solution of America's Problems. Advice on any subject, Price per advice—\$1.50."

Then in a conspicuously clean room we saw Jo Gribbin and Betty Sanders rushing hither and thither in white aprons. A mob of frantic women beat on the glass pane of the door. The explanation for all this to-do was a newly invented method of applying permanent cosmetics, which could withstand any sort of weathering and handling.

But so much concentration was too much for my poor brain. Suddenly it gave way under the strain, a dreadful grinding noise issued from the machine, and bolts and springs were hurled about the room. With a cry of anguish, Kathryn leaped to the dials of her precious contraption just as the whole thing collapsed. "You have ruined it, ruined it!" she moaned, burying her face in her hands. "I shall never build another."

And though I have since tried to persuade her again and again to produce another "Spectre-phone," she has steadfastly refused, saying that the human brain must first be improved to such a degree that it will not injure her delicate invention. I must wait, therefore, until something has been done about the brain in general before I can hope to learn what has become of the other members of the Academy's beloved faculty.

MARGARET RICKS, *Prophet.*

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Class Poem

I am not blind. I see now with regret
Those things that I, unknowing, have passed by;
For empty days of leisure I now sigh.
Yet happily these things I'll not forget:
My room at Salem with its window-view
Of shady dell where May queen holds her court,
Of fields where comrades vie in friendly sport;
The lasting tie of friendship firm and true;
A host of thoughts that shall enrich my life—
And door-like open finally to reveal
Strange secrets to wondering eyes. They ever steel
My falt'ring heart at times when it is rife
With pain. As years go rolling on, I find
The great things still remain. No, I am not blind.

—PEGGY BRAWLEY, *Poet.*

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Junior Class

Miss Virginia Wilson, *Class Sponsor*; Ruth Greene, Asheville, N. C., *President*; Elizabeth Trotman, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Vice-President*; Jean Gray Scott, Graham, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*; Betty Bahnson, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Sarah Lyell Glenn, Winston-Salem, N. C.; *Laura Holcomb, Greensboro, N. C.; Josephine Litz, Charleston, W. Va.; Helen McArthur, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Ellen Moore, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Elizabeth Paschall, Miami Beach, Fla.; Mary Laura Perryman, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Kate Pratt, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Shirley Tompkins, East Williston, N. Y.; Marguerite Willingham, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Oliva Womble, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mary Charlotte Yount, Kings Mountain, N. C.

*Irregular classification.



Sophomore Class

Miss Georgia Watson, *Class Sponsor*; Dorothy Everett, Brevard, N. C., *President*; Mary Elizabeth Walston, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Vice-President*; Anne Florea, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*; Louise Kirk, Lexington, Ky.

Katherine Lickliger, Shepherdstown, W. Va.; Sara McCanless, South Boston, Va.; *Edith Madden, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nan Myers, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Katherine Read, McMinnville, Tenn.; Elizabeth Roberts, Asheboro, N. C.; Margaret Wood, Canton, Ga.

*Irregular classification.

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Freshman Class

Miss Margaret Murray, *Class Sponsor*; Bob-Ed Lasater, Winston-Salem, N. C., *President*;
Margaret Vardell, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Vice-President*; Ruth Templeman,
Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Betty Lee Bell, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Louise Bennett, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mary Spots-
wood Coan, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Eleanor Sue Cox, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Martha Ann Glenn, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Caroline Wilson Gray, Winston-Salem, N. C.;
Florence Lee Harry, Boissevain, Virginia.

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Freshman Class

Betsy Hill, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Jane Hill, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Marian Johnson, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Nita Montague, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Johnsie D. Moore, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Louise Moore, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Betsy O'Brien, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Marjorie Peterson, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Ann Dixon Pritchett, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Sylvia Shaw, Knoxville, Tennessee; Harriet Valk, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Seniors and Marshals



Organizations



Quill Pen Staff

Miss Laura Sumner, *Faculty Adviser*; Peggy Brawley, *Editor-in-Chief*; Blevins Vogler, *Advertising Manager*; Anne Perkins, *Art Editor*; Florence Jeffress, *Business Manager*.

Kathleen Madden, *Assistant Editor*; Betty Bahnson, *Assistant Editor*; Josephine Litz, *Assistant Art Editor*; Gertrude Bagwell, *Assistant Art Editor*; Barbara Fulton, *Photographic Editor*.

Margaret Ricks, *Athletic Editor*; Shirley Tompkins, *Assistant Business Manager*; Jean Gray Scott, *Assistant Advertising Manager*; Frances Reid, *Senior Representative*.

Marguerite Willingham, *Junior Representative*; Katherine Read, *Sophomore Representative*; Betsy Hill, *Freshman Representative*.



Pi Delta Phi

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Founded March 27, 1930

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MISS DOROTHY KNOX.....*Faculty Adviser*
 ANNE PERKINS.....*President*
 KATHLEEN MADDEN.....*Secretary and Treasurer*



MEMBERS

HELEN LITZ
 PEGGY BRAWLEY
 BARBARA FULTON

BETTY SANDERS
 BLEVINS VOGLER
 JULIA LAWSON
 MARY LAURA PERRYMAN

ELIZABETH TROTMAN
 ELLEN MOORE
 RUTH GREENE

JEAN GRAY SCOTT

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The Harlequin Club

The Harlequin Club is a dramatic club for members of the freshman and sophomore classes. This year the members presented several plays as features of entertainment at various social functions. Miss Margaret Murray is faculty adviser. The officers are: President, Dorothy Everett; Vice-President, Mary Elizabeth Walston; Secretary and Treasurer, Louise Kirk.

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HONOR ROLL

The following girls made the honor roll for the month of May: Miss Ann Anderson, Miss Mary Jean Baker, Miss Margaret Brown, Miss Margaret Lane, Miss Louisa Patton, Miss M. W. ...

GREEN STOCKINGS

Friday evening, May 12, a large number of the Junior I girls attended the play, 'GREEN STOCKINGS', at B. J. Reynolds Auditorium. They clustered as a mob to see the play...

Last Friday, May 2, the girls of the year were ...

THE FACULTY-SENIOR CLASS DAY EXERCISES

This afternoon at five o'clock class day exercises will take place in the lower campus. The program will be a colorful procession on the parade and making a bookman for the day. This program will be presented in which Anne Perkins as Mother, Mrs. Kathleen Madden as Father, Mrs. Barbara Fulton as Sister, Mrs. Mary Moore as Mother, Miss Mary Temple as Sister, Miss Mildred Thompson as Sister, Miss Montague as Sister, Miss Ina as Sister, Miss Ina as Sister...

PRESIDENTS OF MAJOR ORGANIZATIONS

- Senior Class: Fannie Stekely, Ruth Greene, Dorothy Everett, Bob-Ed Lester, Peggy Erawley, Anne Perkins, Dorothy Everett, Helen Litz, Betty Johnson
- Junior Class: ...
- Sophomore Class: ...
- Freshman Class: ...
- Girls P.M. Editor: ...
- Delta Phi: ...
- Harlequin Club: ...
- Scribblers' Club: ...
- Wrestling Club: ...

A MISERABLE MERRY CHRISTMAS

Three little darlings with lumps in their throats, Three little darlings hearts aching, Three little darlings, tears on each face, Press their noses flat against the snow case...

OUR NEW GATEWAY

The new gateway to the school is now open. It is a beautiful structure of brick and stone, and will be a landmark for many years to come.

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES TEA

The first red striped candy idea of heaven. The first time probably...

THE QUILL PEN

Volume III, Editors: Helen Litz, Winston-Salem, N. C., Friday, June 2, 1919.

FORWARD PROGRAM

Winston-Salem, N. C., Friday, June 2, 1919.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Friday, December 15, Josephine Griffin.

HERE AND THERE AMONG THE ALUMNAE

Well, let us see; Ruth Kennedy, recently and surprisingly popped up in our midst at all-oh no! I wouldn't call California "northern" all right. And Ruth Kennedy met Ruth Kennedy! But I am speaking in riddles. I mean to tell you that Ruth Kennedy is now Mrs. Jack Byrd and her husband's profession is in the navy—earned through Long Beach, California. ...

ALUMNAE BACK FOR LUNCHEON

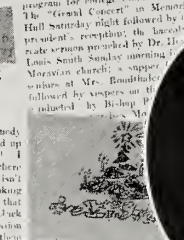
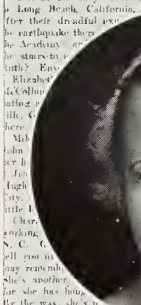
The following former students of the alumnae luncheon and the graduation exercises today...

SOCIAL

On Friday evening, December 12, the cheerleaders played a game of basketball at the gymnasium...

MAY DAY HOUSE PARTY

The party was held at the school and was a great success. The decorations were beautiful and the program was well planned...



HELEN LITZ
KATHLEEN MADDEN
JOSEPHINE GRIBBIN
MISS JESS BYRD

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Faculty Adviser

Scribblers' Club OFFICERS



Edison Club

OFFICERS

BETTY BAHNSON	<i>President</i>
JOSEPHINE GRIBBIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET WOOD	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS MARGARET MURRAY	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

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The Importance of Being Earnest

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

OSCAR WILDE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Worthing.....	JULIA LAWSON
Algernon Moncrieff.....	ELLEN MOORE
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D.....	JEAN GRAY SCOTT
Miss Prism.....	KATHLEEN MADDEN
Lane.....	MARY LAURA PERRYMAN
Hon. Gwendolyn Fairfax.....	ANNE PERKINS
Cecily Cardew.....	BARBARA FULTON
Lady Bracknell.....	ELIZABETH TROTMAN
Merriman.....	PEGGY BRAWLEY

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Student Representatives

The student representatives consist of one member from each hall and two day students. Every Monday evening at dinner this group meets with Miss Jackson and Miss Zachary to discuss suggestions for the improvement and the correlation of the different phases of school life.

MEMBERS FOR 1933-34

KATHLEEN MADDEN
DOROTHY EVERETT
RUTH GREENE

MARGARET WOOD
JOSEPHINE GRIBBIN
MARY ELIZABETH WALSTON

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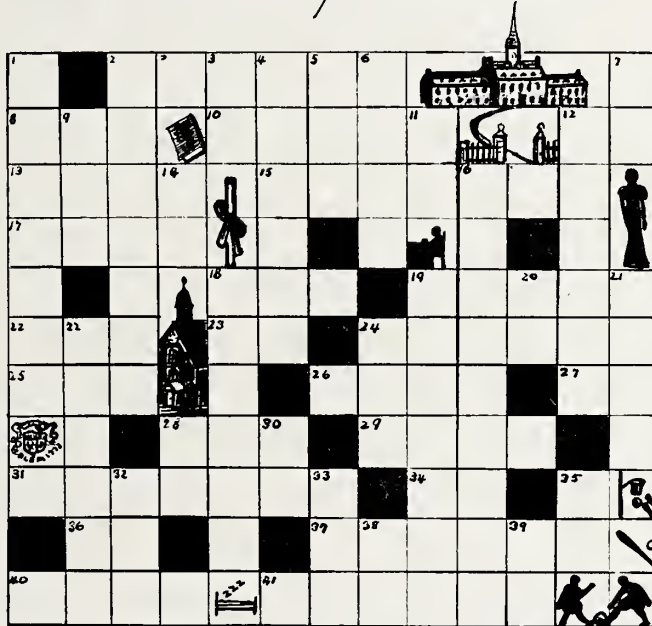


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The Faculty Crossword



Kathryn Kilgore
Vertical

Horizontal

- 2 One who makes cloth by interlacing threads
- 8 Singular of ashes
- 10 One whose intellectual growth ceases to develop after early childhood
- 12 Personal pronoun
- 13 French for dear
- 15 A southern state
- 17 Sharp
- 18 Encountered
- 19 A kind of bottle-shaped vessel
- 22 Mined metal
- 23 Abraham's home
- 24 The twenty-eighth president of the U.S.A.
- 25 The correlative of neither
- 26 Past of was
- 27 Negative
- 28 Mined metal
- 29 Superlative of good
- 31 First name of the twelfth president of the U.S.A.
- 34 Abbr. for member of Parliament
- 36 Egyptian sun god
- 37 A lake in New York
- 40 A famous antarctic explorer
- 41 A noted New England statesman and writer of the nineteenth century

Vertical

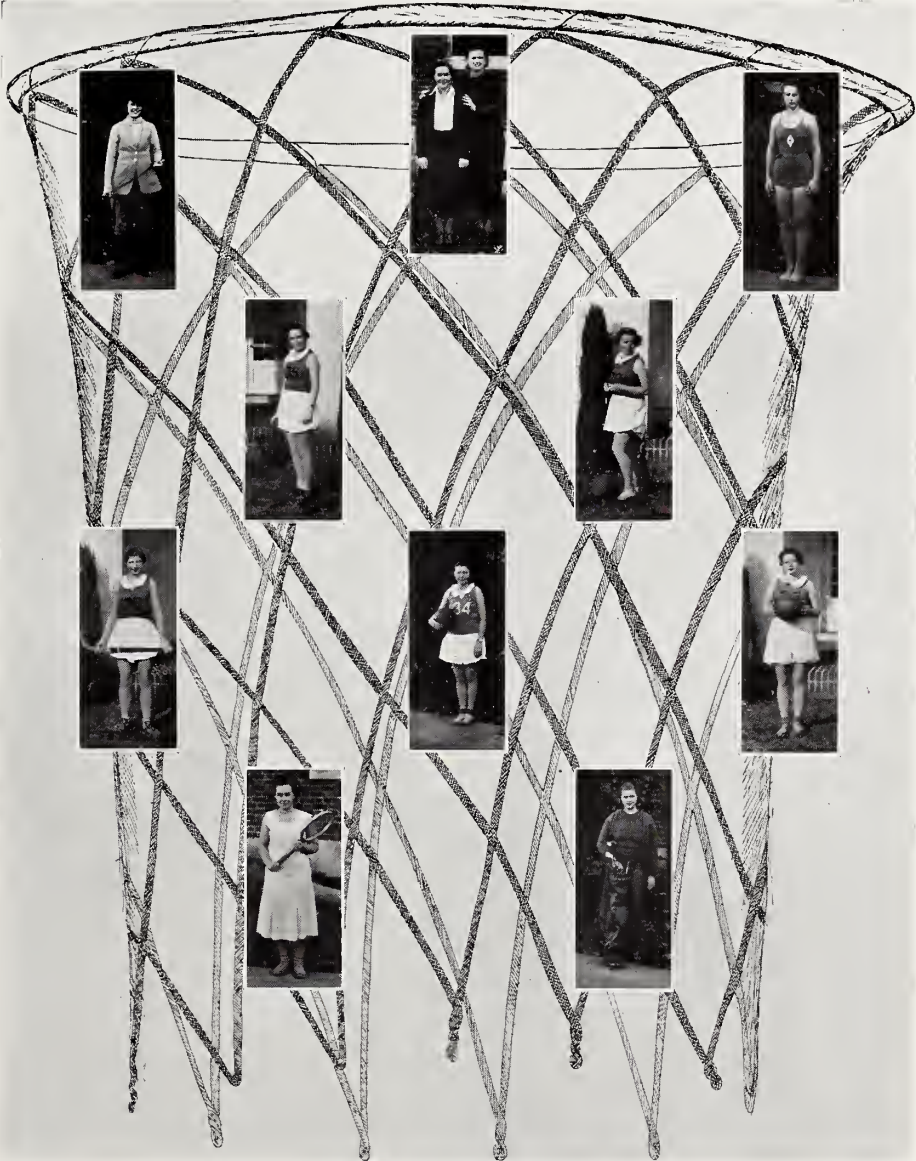
- 1 The capital of Mississippi
- 2 One who wheels
- 3 Part of the verb to be
- 4 A dietitian at a North Carolina girls' school
- 5 Before
- 6 The underground part of a plant
- 7 Part of the verb to be
- 9 Personal pronoun
- 11 Abbr. for National Recovery
- 12 Sherlock Holmes' great friend
- 14 Abbr. for Registered Nurse
- 16 Chief pianist at Salem Academy
- 18 The middle name of Columbia University's president
- 19 Those employed in putting out fires
- 20 Like
- 21 A great Scottish reformer
- 22 A string of beads for counting prayers [deceive]
- 24 Oh, what a tangled — we weave, when first we practice to
- 28 An interjection
- 30 A suffix
- 32 A personal pronoun
- 33 A vehicle
- 35 Abbr. for mother
- 38 Abbr. for New Mexico
- 39 Abbr. for doctor





Anne Perkins

Athletics



Heads of Sports

BARBARA FULTON	<i>Riding</i>	KATE PRATT	<i>Hockey</i>
LOUISE FRAZIER	<i>Purples</i>	MARGARET RICKS	<i>Soccer</i>
JULIA LAWSON	<i>Golds</i>	MARGARET WOOD	<i>Basketball</i>
DOROTHY EVERETT	<i>Swimming</i>	LOUISE FRAZIER	<i>Tennis</i>
BETTY BAINSON	<i>Baseball</i>	LOUISE KIRK	<i>Golf</i>
PEGGY BRAWLEY	<i>Speedball</i>		



Swimming



Soccer

PURPLES

BAGWELL
COAN
*EVERETT
FLOREA

*FRAZIER
GRAY
*KILGORE
J. LITZ
*MYERS

PETERSON
K. READ
*RICKS
TEMPLEMAN

*BAINSON
BRAWLEY
*GREENE
M. JOHNSON
M. M. JOHNSON

GOLDS

*LAWSON
LICKLIDER
MCARTHUR
J. MOORE
PASCIAL

*PEARSALL
PRATT
O'BRIEN
SCOTT
STOKELY

*Indicates varsity.



Speedball

PURPLES

*BAGWELL
*EVERETT
GRAY

HARRY
LASATER
MCCANLESS
*MYERS

TEMPLEMAN
*VALK
*VOGLER

*BAHNSON
*BRAWLEY
*GREENE

GOLDS

B. HILL
M. JOHNSON
M. M. JOHNSON
LICKLIDEP

J. LITZ
E. MADDEN
PERKINS



Basketball

PURPLES

*FRAZIER
FLOREA

*KILGORE
K. MADDEN

K. READ
F. REID

*GRIBBIN
LAWSON
*PRATT

GOLDS

*STOKELY
*WALSTON
WILLINGHAM

WOMBLE
*WOOD

*Indicates varsity.



Tennis



Riding



While musing at my desk to-day
That little house came back to me,
And through the mist of years it seemed
That I again was pouring tea
From out that broken china pot
That sported one forget-me-not.

I saw again the backless chair,
The one-eyed doll, the moss-grown floor,
And reached to take the tiny cups
Down from their board-shelf by the door—
The little board-shelf split and scarred,
That once a pasture-gate had barred.

The hands that held that little pot
And fondled the dear one-eyed Sue
Now make neat figures in a book
And learn to season Brunswick stew.
The backless chair has been long since
Replaced by one of checkered chintz.

In years to come I'll own again
That little house and all its joys,
And one-eyed dolls will come again
And chairs de-backed by little boys
And rows of cups upon a shelf
And linen that I've hemmed myself.

And friends I've served with cambric tea
Will come and bring their sewing box
And say that they've kept Tommy home
Because the Smiths have chicken-pox,
Much as we used to do in play
When they would come to spend the day.

But, oh, sometimes I know I'll want
This little room I've loved so long,
And I'll creep back a little while
To hear the chimes at even-song
And see my pictures on the walls
And pay my little good-night calls.

I loved that play-house long ago
And all its broken chinaware,
And I shall thrill in days to come
To hear his step upon the stair.
But in between sometimes there'll be
An aching in the heart of me.

—HELEN LITZ.

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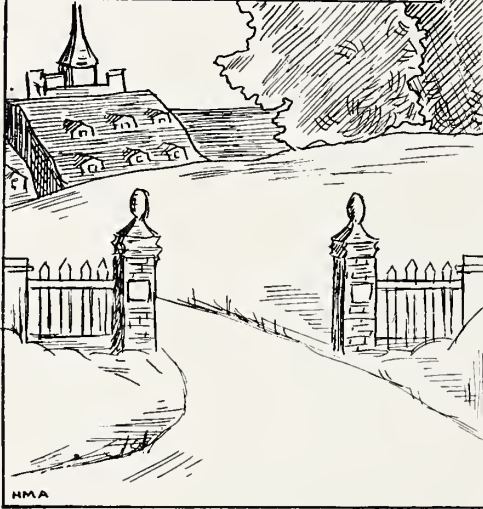
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Sing a song o' Salem; our hearts are
 full of Love
 Three times twenty school girls in
 their Rooms above
 When the gates are opened, they all
 begin to sing
 "Standing at the Portal." Oh, how their
 voices Ring.

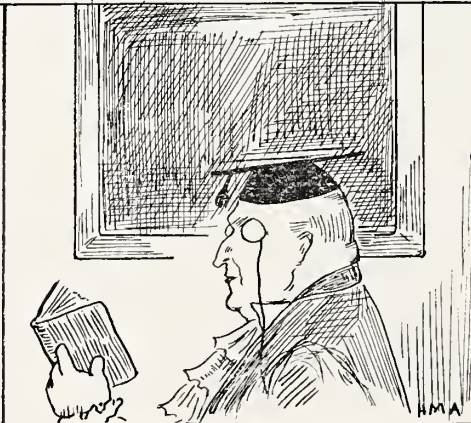


Jessie Byrd, Jessie Byrd
 Fly to your room;
 Your girls are all there.
 And their Latin they've learned



There was a man in our school,
 And he was wondrous wise;
 We jumped into his Bible class,
 And promptly closed our eyes.

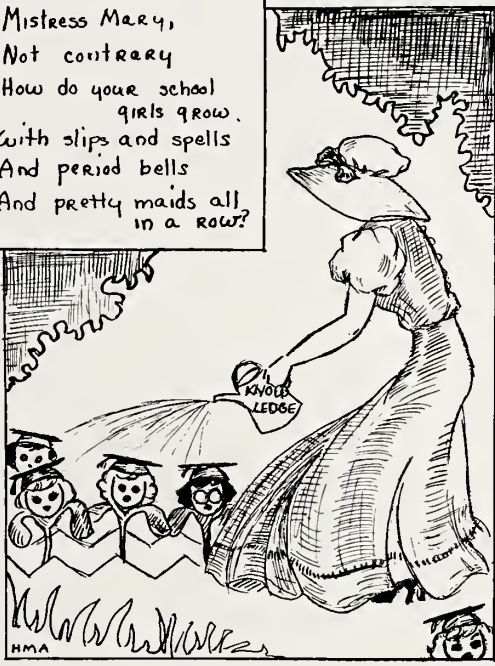
But when he saw our eyes were shut,
 With all his might and main
 He talked with learning, wit, and charm
 And waked us up again.



We have a little teacher
 No bigger than your thumb
 But you're very much
 mistaken
 If you think that she
 is dumb.



Mistress Mary,
 Not contrary
 How do your school
 girls grow.
 With slips and spells
 And period bells
 And pretty maids all
 in a row?



HMA

Zichory Zachary Zates
 The girls ran out with
 their dates.
 The clock struck ten
 They ran back again
 Zichory zachary zates.



HMA

Jack be nimble,
 Jack be quick
 With balls and bats
 And hockey sticks.



HMA

Little Miss Muffet
 Puts her feet on a tuffet
 (They cannot reach the floor)
 Sweet milk and hot tea
 For you and for me
 She'll sit at the table
 and pour.



HMA





Amos Perkins

Statistics













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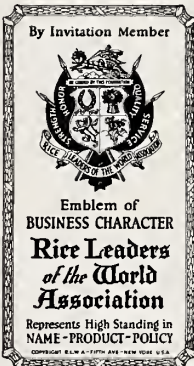
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SEEING THINGS

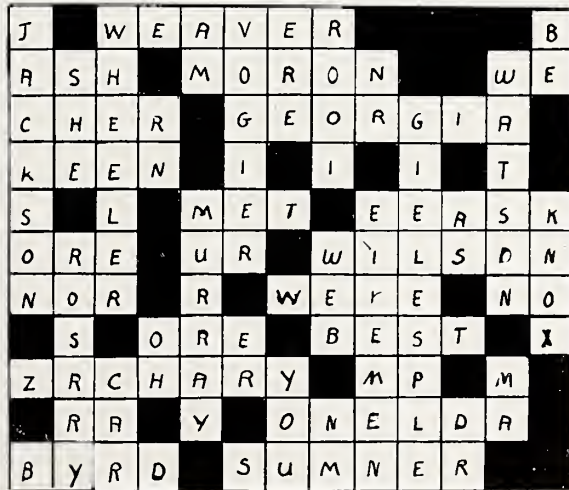
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for
Girls

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STANDARDS of the PRESENT

ENDOWMENT of the FUTURE

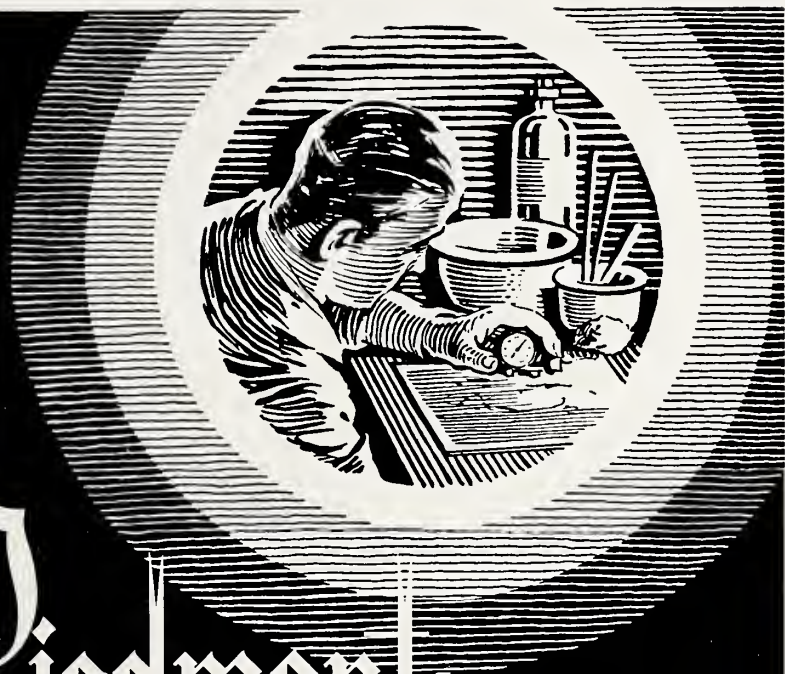


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