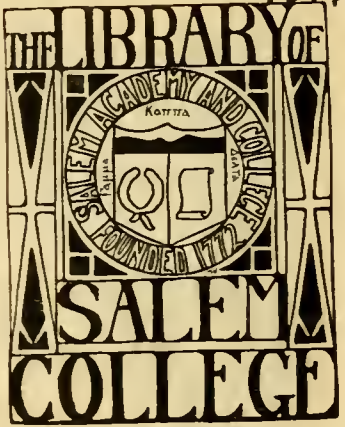


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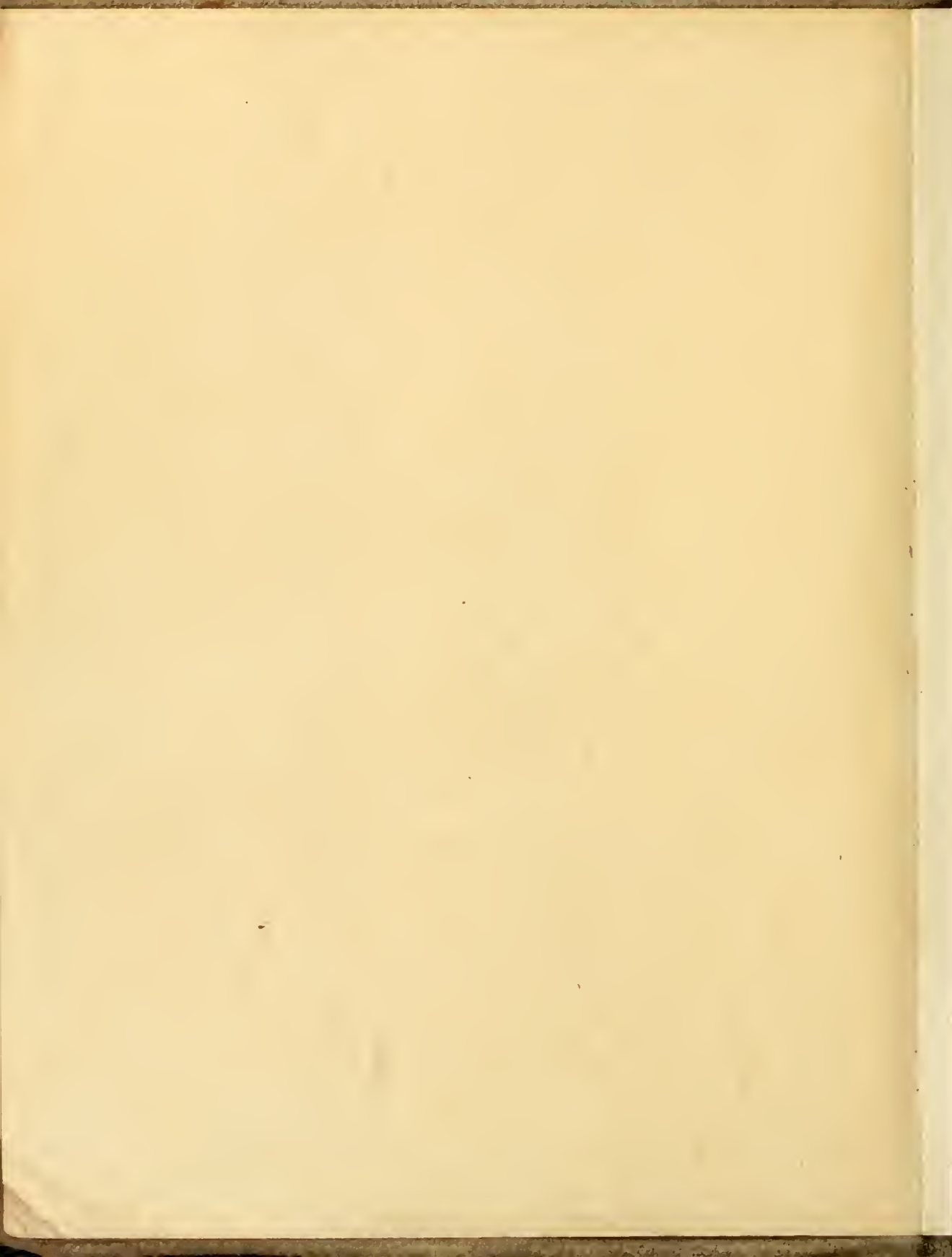
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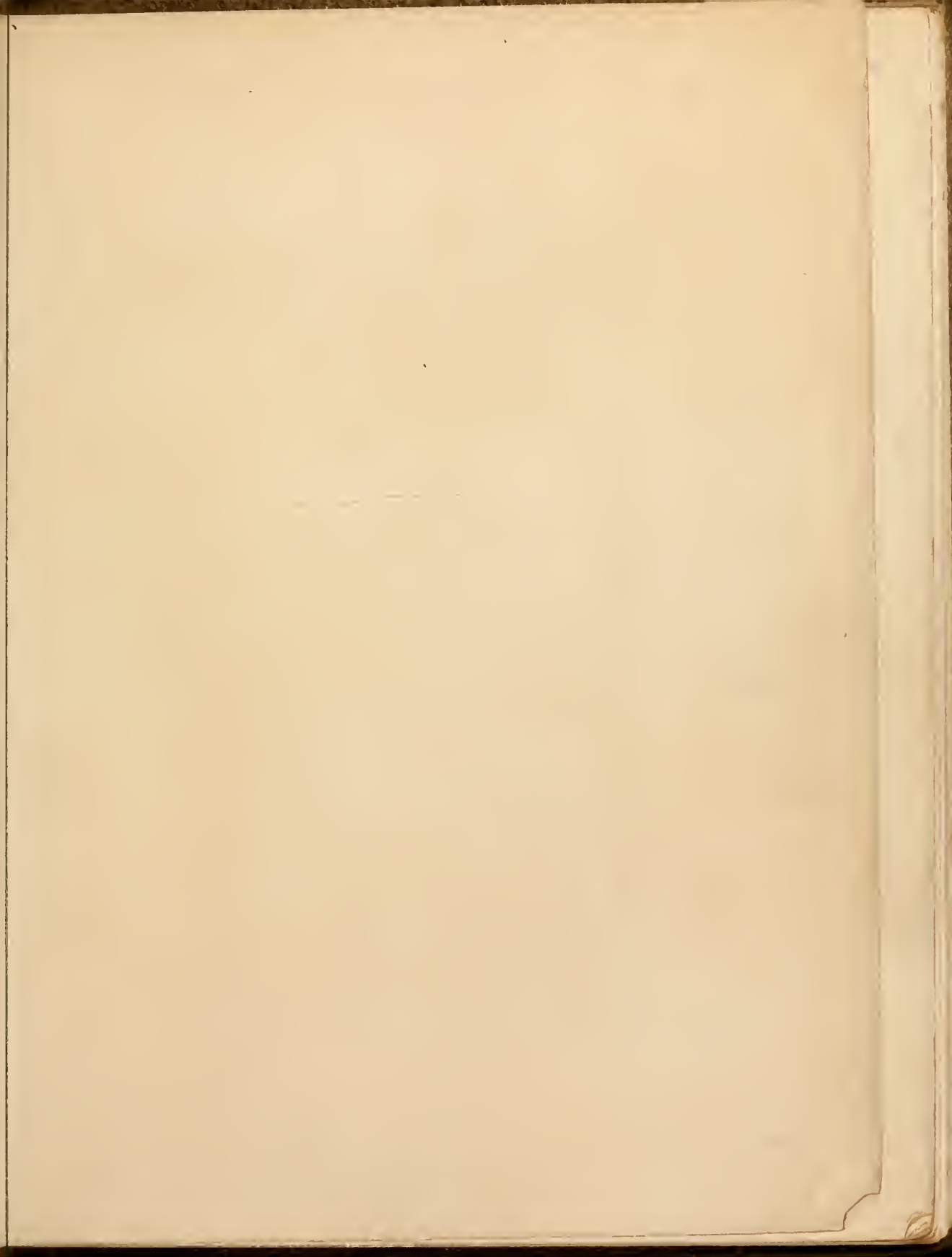


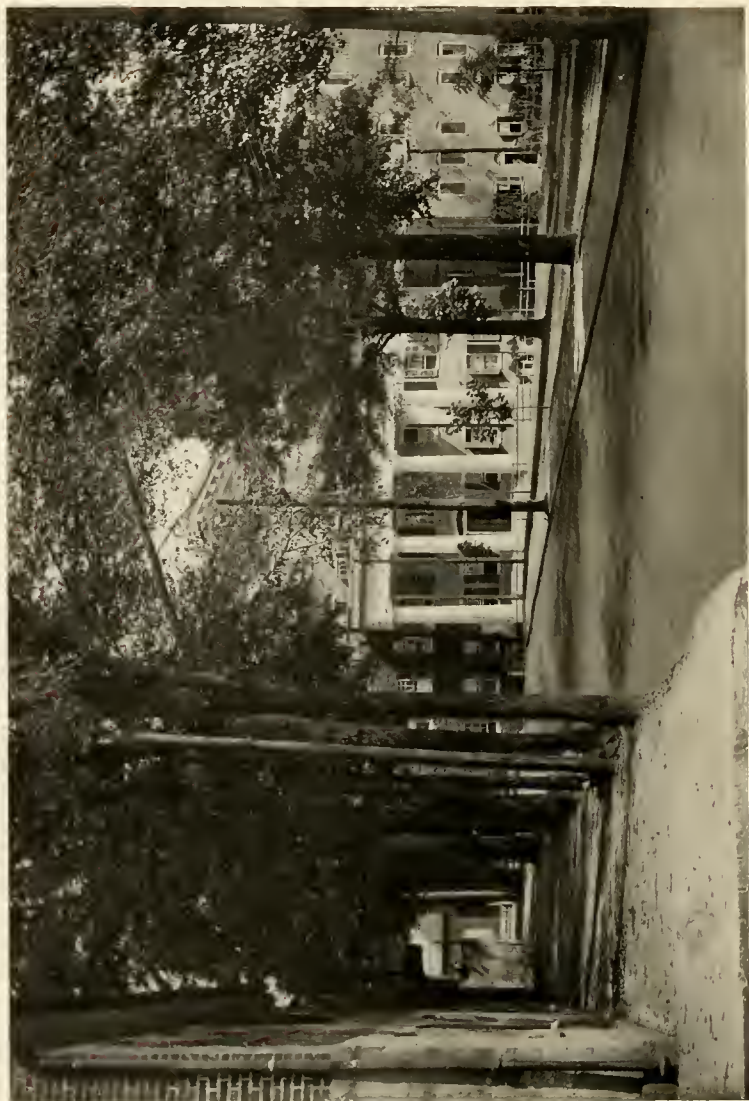
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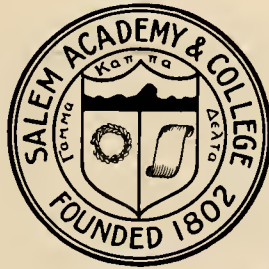








SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS



Volume VIII

Published by the Class of 1912

SALEM COLLEGE

Winston-Salem,

North Carolina



Put up these old books ^{ADVICE} I know something that's more fun.

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To

Rev. J. Kenneth Pfohl

who has been our spiritual guide and inspiration
throughout the four years of our college life

We

the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve
dedicate this, the eighth volume of
Sights and Insights



REV. J. K. PFOHL.

The Salem Stamp



It belongs not so much to the "Sights" as to the "Insights." It lies not on the surface, but in the secret place. It is not seen so much as felt. It is not form, nor fashion; it belongs not to externals; it is not material, but spiritual.

If Salem accomplishes her purpose with her daughters, she sends them forth with her "stamp" upon them; the mark of her individuality; the concrete expression of her ideals; the incarnation of her own spirit.

To bear the "stamp" of Salem is more than the attainment of certain standards of intellectual excellence, more than the mere holding of a diploma. The distinction characteristic of the Salem "stamp" will be found in the "view of life"—the conception of the relative value of things, and the purpose and aim of individual striving.

Those who bear Salem's "stamp," while not neglecting the physical and intellectual, place highest emphasis on the spiritual. It is character that counts. Highest work lies in "being," rather than "seeming." They believe in the "supremacy of heart over brain;" that the highest and best of life is not to be found in getting, but in giving; not in having, but in losing; and that true renown comes only through self-renunciation.

In short, to bear the Salem "stamp" is to have made a personal experience of Jesus Christ; to have come to know Him as a personal Saviour and Master; to have yielded the life to Him, and to have entered happily and willingly upon a life of Christian service.

May Salem's daughters of 1912, and all others who shall come under her sphere of influence and training, ever bear the Salem "stamp."

Sincerely, your friend,

J. KENNETH PFOHL.

F O R E W A R N I N G !

NOT as a literary masterpiece do we present our Annual to you, but with the hope that in future days it will bring to your minds scenes and friends of the past that have been obscured by the swiftly moving pictures of the present :: :: :: ::

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Our Graveyard Cedars

The villagers lie silently sleeping
In dreamless rest 'neath the trees,
While the Cedars above them are keeping
The watch of a hundred years.
Even the echoes of children's voices
Fall faint and subdued on the breeze;
The mellow rays of the moonlight
Are sifted through quivering leaves.

Here are lying the early fathers,
Who came o'er the stormy seas
To found in our Western forests
A church—and a home of peace.
And they, too, the patient mothers,
With toil-worn hands at rest,
After life's weary endeavor,
Stilled on each pulseless breast.



Here strong and vigorous manhood,
Called hence e'en before their noon;
Ere yet their sun was westering,
Came the night of death and gloom.
And they, too, the winsome children,
How sadly we gaze and weep!
As they early twined and folded
Their little hands in sleep.

What wonder that the cedars
Are failing, one by one,
Before the storm blast's fury,
And thus their race is run?
How many scenes of sorrow,
How many a bitter tear,
They've witnessed in the past time,
Shed on each passing bier.

Mysterious whispers are floating,
Invisible pinions are near;
'Tis holy ground we are treading,
As we strain each listening ear
In vain! The unbroken silence
Is deep as the quiet dead;
The cedars are bending sadly
As meeting they arch overhead.

L.



MISS LEHMAN



Z
Ω
Z

Senior Class

COLORS: Red and White.

FLOWER: Red and White Carnation.

MOTTO: While we live let us live to some purpose.

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EVA McMILLAN	PROPHET





MAMIE FLORENCE ADAMS
MACON, GA.

Essay: "Evolution of the Cotton Blossom."

*"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."*

This girl thinks that she is it;
But truth, she's just a little bit;
For we've all learned that as a rule
It takes two Adams (atoms) for a molecule.



ALICE MARGUERITE BENNETT
WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "The Evolution of the Piano."

*"Sweet thought sitteth like a garland
On her placid brow and eyes—
Eyes which seem to see a far land
Through the intervening skies."*

There are some who think that dream-girls are no credit;
But Alice, she has always been it (Bennett),
And there's nothing she's not in it,
Except in chapel!



ELIZABETH MOIR BOOE
WALKERTOWN, N. C.

Essay: "The Sunny South."

*"Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer,
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks by human kindness bred."*

When the question is asked, "Who's
Who?"—then Lizzie yells out "Booe,"
And we know who's who.



EVELYN MARGARET BROWN
SALEM, N. C.

Essay: "Salem—Past and Present."

*"In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."*

There's Evelyn Brown
Who lives in town
And is always seen
Gadding around!

LOU MAYO BROWN
WHITAKERS, N. C.

Essay: "Treasures of North Carolina."

*"Ah! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and a beauty of her own."*

We never know that Little Lou's around
Until we feel the effects of her frown!



GRETCHEN EVANS CLEMENT
LYNCHBURG, VA.

Essay: "Edgar Allan Poe."

*"Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness."*

On time—to the minute—did you say?
Punctuality was her motto;
Never lingering by the way,
But always promptly would she go!



MABEL KATHLEEN DOUGLAS
WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "Transfer of Cap and Gown."

*"Bonnie lassie, blithesome lassie,
Sweet the sparkling o' your eye."*

This little May-bell can stir up more fuss than all
The rising bells do in Salem Hall.



PAULINE EDENS
CLIO, S. C.

Essay: "Southern Literature."

*"So rich within, so pure without art thou,
With modest mien and soul of virtue rare."*

Pauline Edens never frowns
Nor does a look of anxiety e'er adorn her crown.

FAITH FEARRINGTON

WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "Class History."

*"Her open eyes desire the truth;
The wisdom of a thousand years is in them."*

She that has faith and has faith that she has
faith, take care lest she lose faith, for faith fails
Faith.



EUGENIA BEAL FITZGERALD

LINWOOD, N. C.

Essay: "Woman's Sphere."

*"A maid at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."*

When Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp
No "Genie" more eager to work mischief could
present itself,
Than our Genie.



LOUISE TAYLOR FORGEY
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Essay: "Masters of the Short Story."

*"A face where loveliness
Stays like the light after the sun is set."*

Is Louise "spoilt"? No, never;
The fact is she couldn't be much better.



MARCE GOLEY
GRAHAM, N. C.

"Essay: "Charles Dickens."

*"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."*

Here's a quiet, demure little maid,
The gift of talking never came her way!

ELIZABETH LEARY GROGAN
WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "Woman's Place in French History."

*"Her spirit is tender and bright as dew
Of May-morn fresh when the stars be few;
Her heart is harmless, simple and true."*

Where the spirit is lacking, flesh is present,
And an ungovernable temper incandescent!



SALLIE IRENE HADLEY
MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Essay: "Presentation of Class Flower and Colors."

*"Oh, she is chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so mistful, so sincere, so kind."*

We think we hear a thunderstorm raging,
But find that it's Sallie, her temper caging.



EUNICE JONES HALL
SOUTHMONT, N. C.

Essay: "Presentation of Banner."

*"The light of love, the purity of grace;
The mind the music breathing from her face:
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul."*

Such a weary disposition, we find in her,
This dumpy, unattractive sort of a girl.



MILDRED VANE HARRIS
LEECHVILLE, N. C.

Essay: "Modern Inventions."

*"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."*

As if her whole vocation
Were endless imitation,
But by investigation
We find this new creation.

LETTY LASSITER HOBGOOD
OXFORD, N. C.

Essay: "Tree Planting."

*"Something in ilka part of thee
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still deorer is thy mind."*

She will never of sentiment talk,
She much prefers the streets to walk;
And at all hard problems calls a balk.



LYDIA JEWEL LEACH
STAR, N. C.

Essay: "Class Poem."

*"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile."*

As tiny as a leech, not only in her size,
But spirit, mind and all else under the skies!



RUTH VALERIA MAXWELL
WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "The Institutional Idea in Church Work."

"So very kind and yet so shy!"

Frisky, flirty, fond of a prank.
Full enough of nonsense to turn a crank.



MERLE McEACHERN
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Essay: "Woman's Suffrage."

"With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike."

So silent, demure and speechless,
We'd think she was a dummy;
And so lifeless, she resembles
An old Egyptian mummy.

EVA REBECCA McMILLAN
ENNICE, N. C.

Essay: "Class Prophecy."

*"Her beautiful sweet eyes
Looked out full lovingly on all the world,
O, tender as the deep yonder skies their beaming!"*

Studios, did you say? Well, upon my word,
This of all things is the most absurd!



HELEN McMILLAN
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Essay: "The Great Singers of To-day."

*"Dark is her hair, her hand is white,
Her voice is exquisitely tender;
Her eyes are full of liquid light—
I never saw such another."*

Look! who's here, a girl so lean, slim and slack?
It is no other than our Helen Mack.



GLADYS ELIZABETH O'NEAL
Macon, Ga.

Essay: "Transfer of Cap and Gown."

"A little, tiny, witty, charming darling she."

Tact, diplomacy and endless speech
Are far beyond this tall girl's reach!



BETTIE MOIR POINDEXTER
WALKERTOWN, N. C.

Essay: "Presentation of Class Memorial."

"For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace."

Bettie, who a flirt could never, never be;
Really she would feel as lost as if out at sea.

HILDAH KATHRYNE WALL
MADISON, N. C.

Essay: "Development of the South Since the
Civil War."

*"On her lips the rose
Has left its sweetness."*

Neat? Oh, no, why isn't she prim?
Her hair, her dress are never in trim!



ADELINE GARLAND WEBB
WINSTON, N. C.

Essay: "Liszt's Centennial."

*"Her air is so modest, her aspect so meek;
So simple, yet sweet, are her charms."*

When class spirit is lacking, just Addie Webb.



JULIA LINDSLEY WEST.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Essay: "Statesmen of the Old South."

*"She, woman in her natural grace,
Less trammelled she by lore of school;
Courteous by nature, not by rule,
Warm-hearted and of cordial face."*

Listen to those sounds of music in that profuse strain;
Julia has opened her vocal chords with her might and main.



MARY ALICE WITT

JEFFERSON CITY, TENN.

Essay: "Early American Artists."

*"She is a woman, one in whom
The Springtime of her childish years
Hoth never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hoth roam
For many blights and many tears."*

Did you ever see an athlete walk like a duck?
Just look at this—it's a picture for Puck.



FANNIE BLOW WITT
JEFFERSON CITY, TENN.

Essay: "The Ivy."

*"She was the fairest of the fair,
The gentlest of the kind;
Search ye the wide world everywhere,
Her like ye shall not find."*

Can Fannie Blow Witt?
Yes; and if you don't want to be
A Witness, you had better exit.

The Marshals

ISABELLE PARKER

MARY NICHOLSON

MAE NICHOLS

IRENE ADAMS

ELLINOR RAMSEY

ANNIE LONG

LOUISE LONG



Senior History



HE saying, "Blessed is that nation that has no annals," may be true in the abstract, but bears no relation to college life. There is nothing that we will love to look back upon and think of more than our happy, oh! so happy, school-days, before the cares, and troubles of real life are handed to us as our rightful possessions. We remember a few important events, and by having a history, according to the inevitable laws of association, are reminded of other pleasures and pains, and in this way we renew our memories of school-days. Memory, the faithful artist, softens all rough outlines and gives us the pleasing features in colors of living beauty.

Our college life, proper, started with the commencement of 1908, when that class bequeathed to us their beloved colors, red and white. We were almost as proud of becoming Freshmen as those Seniors, who received their diplomas, were of graduation. One morning Bishop Rondthaler gave us our motto ($\% \Omega \%$), "Zoma Hos Zoma," meaning, "While we live, let us live to some purpose," which we will endeavor to keep before us as long as we live.

Time passed, and we soon found ourselves by a natural alchemy changed from green, young Freshmen to bold, bad Sophomores. About the middle of April, Miss Sallie Shaffner, our Faculty guardian, went with us to Nissen Park for our annual picnic. We had a splendid time, and were very sorry when the time came for us to return to the College and resume our duties. Our officers had helped us through the year's class troubles with such tact that we, in a way, half dreading and half longing, almost feared becoming Juniors. At last, having mastered chemistry, Virgil and the geometrical figures, we were about to step from the second to the third year of our college course.

When school reopened and we, as Juniors, took our place among the students, we had no idea how swiftly Time's wings could flutter. We did our best for the raising of money for the "Endowment Fund." Just after Easter we gave our play, "Tommy's Wife," a farce in three acts, which took very well with the public.

All the year we had looked forward to the time when we would be able to entertain those "stately Seniors." Finally the auspicious afternoon arrived, and we found ourselves happily greeting them at Mrs. Rondthaler's. Our class officers formed the receiving line, and made each and every one feel perfectly at home. After serving light refreshments we enjoyed musical numbers by Seniors and Juniors, and later reluctantly returned to the several duties of study hour.

One morning in early May we were seen joyously climbing into wagons for a picnic given by President and Mrs. Rondthaler. After riding nine miles through the country, we arrived at Friedberg, where we took pictures and had an all day's good time, doing whatever we wished. After a delightful dinner, we climbed into our wagons again and returned to college.

Friday morning, the last day of school, the Juniors assembled in the library, where our teachers were waiting. President Rondthaler had in his hand some envelopes whose contents determined our closing year at Salem College. Every girl in the room held her breath in nervous suspense, for he, in a deliberate and leisurely manner, took his own good time about giving them out. As soon as we had them we hastily departed, and; once outside that library door, "looked." We snatched some Senior's robe—it made no difference whose—and proudly marched through the halls. We little thought what heartache those Seniors were having in seeing us so unceremoniously usurping their place. We were selfish, as all are apt to be at such times; but our day was just dawning, while theirs was fast drawing to its close.

After a seemingly short vacation, we returned to school. Instead of living in Main Building, as all Seniors formerly had done, we had a whole house to ourselves, which we readily named "Senior Home," or "Senior Hall." While occupying our cozy, com-

fortable home apart, we do not forget that we are important members, and leaders of our great student body.

Just as soon as we could have all of our measures taken, the order for the long-coveted cap and gown was mailed. The weeks passed and finally, on October 5th, Miss Lehman told us to prepare for the hat burning. We knew that they had arrived, and decided to keep it a secret. Everybody noticed our excited, happy expressions, and suspected the cause, even though they said nothing. Just before dinner we put on our robes and marched into the dining-room, trying to act as if we had always worn them. We had barely entered the dining-hall when all of the girls joyously and generously applauded us. After vain attempts to appear unconcerned, we gave up and let our joy express itself in every act and look. Just after dinner we "formed ranks" and marched up around Winston Square, to show how proud we were of our "caps and gowns." On our return we stood on the front steps of Main Hall and sang our college songs, and gave our yells with a right good will. After the arrival of our class rings we had nothing to look forward to but the basket-ball game.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and cold. We must have had a presentiment, for beneath all of our hilarity and seemingly care-free manner we had a feeling half sorrowful and half fearful. The time arrived all too soon, and the Junior and Senior teams began their combat, which ended in favor of the Juniors, the teams being more evenly matched than is generally the case. Naturally we did not like it, but time has passed, and we find ourselves none the worse for such a defeat. That night the Junior team gave a delightful banquet to the Senior team, and succeeded in dispelling the gloom of their guests.

On December 17 all of us left for the Christmas holidays, and had such a lovely time that January, 3, 1912, came altogether too quickly, but we soon settled down, and began our last term with real, earnest work.

On January 19, Mrs. Rondthaler gave us a banquet, which we enjoyed very greatly. At each place there was a white-robed and capped little bit of a Senior, with a chain of smilax over its shoulder, a beautiful reminder of the daisy chain and what it would mean to us in a short time. After singing "Alma Mater" and other class songs, we returned to our work.

During all these months the Annual staff has been hard at work preparing our 1912 book. It seems hardly possible that so much time and energy could be exerted on anything apparently so small. *The Ivy* staff has been busy with its three publications, which have proved a decided success.

We look forward to Ivy planting, which we hope will come in a few weeks, and think a great deal of our Senior banquet, which will mark the beginning of our Commencement.

We have spent our Senior year, thus far, as a united body, and hope that nothing may occur to mar our unity of thought and action. Though we have occupied a separate building, we realize our position in College life, and have the natural desire that you shall all think well of us, and miss us when we no longer tread these beautiful walks or promenade in yonder hall with you. We shall miss the regular duties and routine of college life, and when you shall return in September to take our places, we will feel a natural regret that we must wend our steps to fresh fields and pastures new.

We have run our regular course and are now nearing its close. We are on the home stretch, when we think of that sweet and all too true saying:

"To meet, to love, and then to part,
Is the sad, sad fate of a schoolgirl's heart."

When years have passed, and we have "silver threads among the gold," we will think of this day—our day—when the twenty-nine tearfully bade each other good-bye, and perhaps farewell, for all will never be together again.

And now, my classmates, we have had a good year; our sorrows, and pleasures have bound us closer together, and we realize that the chain, made of friendship and comradeship, will not be entirely severed when we leave our College to the Seniors of 1913.

F. F.



CLASS MASCOT

Senior Class Poem

I

When school's last lessons are finished,
And the quizzes have been faithfully passed,
When books and our stores of knowledge
Are carefully laid up at last;
"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it."
Drop care for a month or two,
'Til the world in its workshop shall set us
A heavier task to do.

II

And those who have worked will be famous,
Will be stars in the literary sky.
Shall have nothing to discourage or stop them,
While at loftier models they try.
Will each take up their task in the workshop,
With pleasure of hands and of mind;
They shall have nothing to worry or hinder,
In their uplift of mankind.

III

Those who were drones will be failures
In this field of battle complex,
Will stand by, while the workers climb upward,
Despite the world's efforts to vex,
'Tis sad the picture we foresee of them;
But surely it must be in sooth,
For who can succeed in this strenuous age
But those full of courage and truth?

IV

But will there be a single failure
In our class of twenty-nine?
For truly we are all faithful workers,
And our energies shall entwine
'Round our great and inspiring class motto,
Of purpose and a useful life
Till the Master whose love has upheld us,
Shall bid us give over the strife.





BISHOP EDWARD RONDTHALER

JUNIOR



H I E

Junior Class

MOTTO: Dux femina facti.
 COLORS: Red and Black.
 FLOWER: American Beauty.

Officers

FLORENCE BINGHAM	PRESIDENT
LOUISE HINE.....	1ST VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHERINE BURT.....	2ND VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY PELL.....	SECRETARY
EDITH CARROLL	TREASURER
HELEN SUMNER.....	HISTORIAN
ELLINOR RAMSEY	POET

Class Roll

JULIA ADAMS	GRACE GRABBS	MILDRED OVERMAN
FLORENCE BINGHAM	MARY LEE GREEN	ISABEL PARKER
MARGARET BRICKENSTEIN	MARY HARTSELL	MARY PELL
MIRIAM BRIETZ	LAURA HASTINGS	AOELE PEMBERTON
HAZEL BRIGGS	STUART HAYDEN	ANNA PERRYMAN
PAULINE BROWN	NELL HUNNICUTT	ELLINOR RAMSEY
KATHERINE BURT	LOUISE HINE	GENEVA ROBINSON
JONSIE CAMERON	HELEN KEITH	SADIE SMITH
EDITH CARROLL	MATTIE LEE KORNER	REBECCA STACK
EVELYN CORBIN	MARY LOU MORRIS	HELEN SUMNER
MILEOETH FRAZIER	MAUOE MCGEE	MATTIE WILBY
RUTH GIERSCH	CAROLINE NORMAN	HELEN WILSON
ELIZABETH GOLLDIDAY		BESSIE WDMACK



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Poem

The climb has been long and weary
Up the hill of knowledge steep,
And we passed o'er hills of sunshine,
Through ravines both dark and deep.

But we came to this happy valley,
Where the sun shines all the day;
And carefree and joyous we'll wait here
For the lingering month of May.

Our beautiful valley is known as
The vale of Junior years
Where we work with a zest and gladness
To overcome failure and fears.

And here we fain would linger,
But ambition urges us on
To a higher, more beautiful valley,
Where many before us have gone.

They beckon from heights above us,
Those whom we love and know,
To help the lagging ones onward,
And cheer us as we go.

So bravely we'll climb upward,
Though the path is rough and steep
We'll mount the hill of Latin
And wade through Physics deep.

We'll pass beyond French History,
And Trig, so rugged and high;
We'll leave old Junior English,
And unto that valley draw nigh.

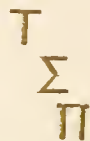
From that height backward gazing,
When gowned in sombre black,
With sorrow we'll think, and longing,
Of days we can't bring back.

But the prize we're striving after,
A parchment scroll so dear,
Is worth whatever privations,
And the valley now is near.

ELLINOR RAMSAY.

SOPHOMORE





Sophomore Class

MOTTO: The end crowns the toil.

COLORS: Purple and White.

FLOWER: Purple Violet.

Officers

KATIE EBORN	PRESIDENT
LETTIE CROUCH.....	1ST VICE-PRESIDENT
PATTIE RAE WOMACK.....	2ND VICE-PRESIDENT
MABEL LANCASTER.....	TREASURER
HELEN VOGLER.....	SECRETARY

Class Roll

IRENE ADAMS
 HELEN BARNES
 MARGARET BLAIR
 FLORENCE BROWN
 FRANCES BROWN
 JULIA BURDETTE
 LOUISE BURNETT
 MARGARET CAMERON
 BERTHA COX
 BLANCHE COX
 HOPE COOLIDGE
 RUTH CREDLE
 NELLIE DRYE
 ELIZABETH DUNCAN
 KATIE EBORN
 MARIAN EDWARDS
 LILLIAN FOREHAND
 MARY FOWLE
 GLADYS GRANT

ANNIE LEE GRISSOM
 DOROTHY HADLEY
 LUCY HADLEY
 LUCY HANES
 MARY HOOKER
 BERTHA HORN
 ELIZABETH HYMAN
 MAUD KERNER
 LOTTIE LAMMERS
 MABEL LANCASTER
 CARRIE MADDREY
 VELMA MARTIN
 KATE MASTEN
 INDIA MEADOR
 MARY MERONEY
 NELLIE MESSICK
 CLETUS MORGAN
 ELIZABETH MCBEE

ETHEL MCGALLIARD
 ADDIE MCKNIGHT
 MARY NICHOLSON
 RUTH PAYNE
 JESSIE MAE PERKINS
 NELLIE PILKINGTON
 LETTIE PROUCH
 CORA REDDING
 ETHEL REICH
 LAURA RIDENHOUR
 PANSY SHORT
 CATHERINE SMITH
 VIRGINIA SMITH
 MARY LOUISE STROUD
 KATHLEEN TAY
 HELEN VOGLER
 ANNIE HUGHES WILKINSON
 PATTIE RAE WOMACK
 GLADYS YEVERTON



SOPHOMORE CLASS





FRESHMAN

H Ω E

Freshman Class

MOTTO: Do to-day thy nearest duty.

CLASS FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan.

CLASS COLORS: Black and Gold.

Officers

CAROLINE ROBINSON	PRESIDENT
MARIE BRIETZ	VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUISE VOGLER	SECRETARY
ANNIE LONG	TREASURER

Class Roll

BLANCH ALLEN
EVELYN ALSTON
JEAN BARNARD
FRANCES BENNERS
MARIE BRIETZ
THELMA BROWN
VIRGINIA BRYANT
LOUISE BUSHONG
LOLA BUTNER
BIRT CLEMENT
EDNA CLEVINGER
BEULAH CONRAD
CATHRYN COX
SERENA DALTON
ELIZABETH DAVIS
MARY DICKERSON
EVELYN DRYE
JEANETTE EBERSOLE
MARGARET FLETCHER

CARRIE FOY
SALLIE FULTON
DORTHY GAITHER
JANE HADEN GAITHER
BERTA HALL
MARY HEGE
EUNICE JENKINS
JANIE JOHNSTON
IRMA JUSTUS
ANNIE LONG
IDELLA MAYS
ADDIE MAE MICHAEL
CATHERINE MILLER
WINNIE McNAIRY
MAE NICKLES
MARGARET PAGE
VIRGINIA PARRIS
JEANNIE PAYNE
RUTH POWDER

GLADYS RAMSAY
CAROLINE ROBINSON
ELIZABETH ROBINSON
EDITH ROGERS
LUCILE ROSE
CLAUDIA SENTELL
CAROLINE SHIPP
ELSIE SIMS
PAULINA TAYLOR
EULALIA TURNER
GRACE TUTTLE
MARY VINCENT
GERTRUDE VOGLER
LOUISE VOGLER
HELEN WATKINS
LOUISE WILLIAMS
MARINA WILLIAMS
NELLIE WIMMER
EDITH WITT



FRESHMAN CLASS

Special Class

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Daffodil.

MOTTO: "While we live let us live."

Officers

ESTELLE WRIGHT	PRESIDENT
MARTHA DRAKE	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH HODGE	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Class Roll

GEORGIA ATKINSON
JEAN BARNARD
JEANNETTE BENNETT
RUTH BONEY
MATTIE MAY BRASWELL
VIVIAN BRASWELL
FLORENCE BROWN
VIRGINIA BRYANT
LALLAH CHERRY
EENA CLEVINGER
RUTH COBB
BEULAH CONRAD
ARLIE COX
MARY DICKERSON
MARTHA DRAKE
JEANNETTE EBERSOLE
MAUDE EDWARDS
CORNELIA ELLIOTT
MARY FARRELL
SHELLIE FORD
LILLIAN FOREHAND

MARY FOWLE
RUTH FRITZ
REBECCA GAITHER
EDWINE GOSSETT
BERTA HALL
MABEL HAMPTON
RUTH HODGE
MARY HOOKER
VASHTI HUBBY
MARTHA JACKSON
DOROTHY JOHNSON
EUNICE JENKINS
JUNE JENKINS
SUZANNE JENKINS
IRMA JUSTUS
LOTTIE LAMMERS
VELMA MARTIN
IDELLA MAYS
INDIA MEADOR

LENA MEADOR
HELEN MERRIL
ADDIE MAE MICHAEL
MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
GERTRUOE MORRISON
MARY McCORKLE
MARGARET PAGE
JESSIE MAE PERKINS
OELLE RANDLEMAN
FRANCES RAWLEY
ELIZABETH ROBINSON
CHRISTABEL SIZER
ANNIE SORSBY
PAULINE STIKELEATHER
MARY TAYLOR
HAZEL THOMAS
LILLIAN TUCKER
MAE TURNER
MARY TURNER
MARINA WILLIAMS
ESTELLE WRIGHT



SPECIAL CLASS



Special Graduates

ARLIE COX	Psychology and English
LOUISE LONG	Psychology and English
PAULINE BAHNSON	Art
GERTRUDE MORRISON	Expression
IONE FULLER.....	Expression
GRETCHEN CLEMENT	Domestic Science
MAMIE ADAMS	Domestic Science
ALICE WITT.....	Domestic Science and Art
GLADYS O'NEAL	Domestic Science



THE LIBRARY



Salem Statistics

Prettiest	KATHLEEN TAY
Cutest	LOTTIE LAMMERS
Dainnest	GLADYS O'NEAL
Neatest	EDWINE GOSSETT
Handsomest	HELEN McMILLAN
Best Natured	LYDIA LEACH
Biggest Flirt (among the girls)	FRANCES LONG
Most Popular	FANNIE BLOW WITT
Most Musical	MARY HARTSELL
Most Literary	LETTY HOBGOOD
Most Generous	MAMIE ADAMS
Most Athletic	MABEL LANCASTER
Most Stylish	JULIA WEST
Most Attractive	GRETCHEN CLEMENT
Best Dancer	GEORGIA ATKINSON
Best All-round-good-fellow	ALICE WITT



“The Ivy”



THE IVY as a college magazine was an inception of the Senior class, and has been carried on since under the editorship of the Seniors, with increasing success from a very modest little periodical to a magazine of some fifty or sixty pages, published tri-annually. It is made up of stories, poems, sketches of noted persons, reviews of new books, talks on events of the day, college news and bright saying of the girls.

Formerly it had a different covering every month, but within the last four years it became evident that a permanent covering carrying out the idea of the name should be selected; so a dark green cover was chosen, on which is stamped a gray-green column entwined by the graceful arms of an ivy plant with darker green leaves. The design is very effective, and each succeeding group of editors has liked it so well that it has not been changed.

We have often wondered why *The Ivy* was chosen as the name for our magazine. It may have been because the first editors felt new and green at the work, and thought the ivy, an evergreen plant, a suitable emblem; or perhaps it was chosen because it is a sturdy, enduring plant, spreading its slender arms and ever moving onward and upward, as our lives should do. Byron speaks of the ivy as “the garland of eternity,” and says “the dead walls wear their ivy mantles.” The ivy also becomes a great beautifier of old ruins and of new buildings, giving them a dignity they would not otherwise have.

Thus the ivy has been a nursling of the Senior class from earlier times. In 1898 they determined to plant a class ivy, and this ceremony, called “Ivy Planting,” has become a regular institution of the Senior year. When the Seniors, forming in line at their class room, march under their banner, escorted by marshals from each of the under-graduate classes, and led by Miss Lehman, to the front of South Hall, commit their class ivy to the tender mercies of Mother Earth. They have an audience of the assembled students and faculty of the college and invited students of neighboring schools. The occasion is brightened by talks, humorous and otherwise, from the President, Bishop Rondthaler, Miss Lehman, and the class president. It is further enlivened by jolly class songs and yells. So Ivy Day is the herald of Commencement, and one of the brightest, gladdest episodes of our college year. Fourteen Ivy Days have already been celebrated in the past, and not an Ivy has ever died. This is due principally, we think, to the faithful care Miss Lehman takes of them during the sultry summer months. Then perhaps Dionysus, who in ancient times is said to have endeavored to teach the cultivation of it to all people, is pleased with our modest efforts, and aids us with his own great powers. Whether he has done this or not, let us at least hope that Dame Fortune will smile on all the *Ivys* of the future, and that they will ever remain an emblem of our strivings for an upward and better life.

F. B. W., '12.



By Staff

FANNIE BLOW WITT	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
GENEVA ROBINSON	ASSOCIATE EDITOR
EUNICE J. HALL	BUSINESS MANAGER
JULIA WEST	EXCHANGE EDITOR
MAMIE ADAMS AND GLADYS O'NEAL	LITERARY EDITORS
ALICE WITT AND MERLE McEACHERN	ADVERTISING EDITORS



EUTERPEAN HALL.

Euterpean Literary Society

MOTTO: "Ad Astra per Aspera."

COLORS: Blue and White.

FLOWER: Violet.

Officers

MARCE GOLEY	PRESIDENT
HELEN McMILLAN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FANNIE BLOW WITT	SECRETARY
JULIA WEST	CRITIC
MAMIE ADAMS	CHATLAIN
ALICE WITT	TREASURER
LYDIA LEACH.....	LIBRARIAN

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 FRANCES BENNERS
 FLOSSIE BINGHAM
 ROWENA BORDEN
 HAZEL BRIGGS
 NANNIE BRIGGS
 ALICE BROWN
 FRANCES BROWN
 LILLIAN BROWN
 JULIA BURDETTE
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 RUTH COBB
 ARLIE COX
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 BLANCHE COX
 BERTHA COX
 ELIZABETH DAVIS
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 MARION EDWARDS
 MAUDE EDWARDS

FAITH FEARRINGTON
 DOROTHY GAITHER
 JANE HAYDEN GAITHER
 JACK GRANT
 DOROTHY HADLEY
 NELL HART
 MARY HARTSELL
 STUART HAYDEN
 KATHLEEN HEILIG
 VASHTI HUBBEY
 IONE HUDSON
 NELL HUNNICUTT
 ELIZABETH HYMAN
 IRMA JUSTICE
 MAUD KOERNER
 LOTTIE LAMMERS
 MABEL LANCASTER
 JULIA LOCKHART
 ANNIE LONG
 ELIZABETH MAHOOD
 LENA MEADOWS
 MARY MERONEY
 MARY LOU MORRIS
 KATHRINE MILLER
 EVA McMILLAN
 WINNIE MCNAIRY
 MAY NICHOLS

MILORED OVERMAN
 MARGARET PAGE
 VIRGINIA PARRIS
 ADELE PEMBERTON
 RUTH POWDER
 RUBY RAE
 ELLINOR RAMSEY
 CORA REDDING
 LAURA RIDENHOUR
 ELIZABETH ROBINSON
 EDITH ROGERS
 CLAUDIA SENTELL
 CAROLINE SHIPP
 DAISY LEE SMITH
 SADIE SMITH
 MARGARET SPENCER
 REBECCA STACK
 SALLIE VICK STEVENS
 HELEN SUMNER
 KATHLEEN TAY
 MARY TAYLOR
 MILDRED TRAVIS
 MARY TURNER
 JENETTE WARREN
 ADDIE WEBB
 MATTIE WILBY
 LOUISE WILLIAMS



The Euterpean Society



THIS, the twenty-fifth year of the Euterpean Society, may well be counted one of its most successful ones. Our enrollment has been greatly enlarged by the unusual number of new students, whom we gladly welcomed into our society. Many of the old girls returned, bringing with them fresh enthusiasm, which has done so much towards the enjoyment of our society meetings.

This year, the programs arranged by the officers have been unusually interesting and attractive. Several times members of the faculty have kindly taken part in our meetings.

One of the most interesting programs was the impromptu debate on the subject, "Resolved, that cases are not detrimental." The girls on the affirmative side made brilliant speeches in defense of their lovers, but the evidence and the arguments of their opponents were too strong for them, and the judges decided in favor of the negative.

A special musical program was arranged for our Christmas meeting, which was held on December the second, after which dainty refreshments were served by the officers.

A basket-ball team has been organized by the athletic members of the society, and by a very high score they won the game played against the Hesperian Society and we are sure that, by the hearty support of the society, victory will attend them.

"Ad Astra per Aspera (to the stars through difficulties) being our motto, if we follow it closely we can and will make our society noted for its success, not only in social and athletic affairs, but in literature, which is our real foundation, and the goal for which we strive.

F. E. B., '13.

The Hesperian Society



THE Hesperian Literary Society has indeed had a most prosperous year. The good evidence of this, the twenty-fifth anniversary, proves to us all the benefits and pleasures derived from such social gatherings.

Early with the beginning of the new term our old Hesperian girls, and officers, too, came back each with a loyal heart for her society, and this influence was in due time used in behalf of the many new girls who flocked to the spacious Salem halls, and after a few weeks, with the increase of the many new members, we really seemed a reorganized body, all working together, and each doing her part in helping to make the social life much more interesting.

One of the new features of this organization has been the help of each member in working, and best of all in providing the regular Saturday night programs. These prove to us the ability among our own selves, and give confidence to the shy and inexperienced, besides rendering much pleasure to others. The solos, both vocal and instrumental, always receive their due praise, but the readings and bright, amusing contests gave us unusual pleasure.

The division of this work among our girls has been equally assigned to a body of girls by the officers. An instance of this was the room company order, which seemed to meet with the approval of all. Under this condition we first met with the Juniors, who entertained us most royally. One of the most attractive features was that of the peanut contest. Each girl was told to dress up a peanut with crêpe paper in the beautiful Hesperian colors of purple and gold; indeed on this occasion the judges were at loss to give their decisions, so varied and amusing were the "peanut dolls." At other meetings the girls of the Red Room and Blue Room companies did their parts in making the evening most enjoyable. The program rendered immediately after the holidays was given by the "New Hall" girls, this proving one of the most interesting. The violin solo, "Humoreske," was one that met the interest of those musical students. Indeed, among the many selections given already we will not forget to mention the visit from Miss Amy Van Vleck (a former teacher in Salem), who rendered for us a most attractive selection of her own composition, which she had dedicated to the Salem faculty and students; nor shall the old time "Spelling Bee" be overlooked. On that night the Seniors, after some hesitation, proved their ability and power over the lower class, for a Senior stood head.

At another meeting the two societies met jointly; this occasion brings the memory of real fun, each girl doing her best to make her rival, shall we say, feel at ease.

Our motto is that of "*Nitamus*," meaning "we will strive;" and indeed we feel that this year has been one of true service to each member, and may we hope for those who are leaving Salem walls that they will remember in after years the benefits and pleasures gained from the Hesperian Society in the school term of 1912.

S. H., '12.



HESPERIAN HALL



Hesperian Literary Society

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Pansy.

MOTTO: Nitamus.

Officers

GRETCHEN CLEMENT	PRESIDENT
MERLE McEACHERN	VICE-PRESIDENT
SALLIE HADLEY	SECRETARY
LETTY HOBGOOD	TREASURER
LOU MAYO BROWN	CHAPLAIN
MILDRED HARRIS.....	CRITIC
HILDDAH WALL	LIBRARIAN

Members

BLANCHE ALLEN
 IRENE ADAMS
 EVELYN ALSTON
 MARY McLEOD BETHAY
 RUTH BONEY
 FLORENCE BROWN
 LOUISE BURNETT
 LOUISE BUSHONG
 RUTH CREOLE
 ELIZABETH DUNCAN
 JENEATTE EBERSOLE
 PAULINE EDENS
 LILLIAN FOREHAND
 LOUISE FORGEY
 MARY FOWLE
 RUTH FRITZ
 REBECCA GAITHER
 EDWINA GEORGE
 ELIZABETH GOLLIDAY
 EDWINE GOSSET
 MARY LEE GREEN

ANNIE LEE GRISSOM
 LUCY HADLEY
 EUNICE HALL
 RUTH HODGE
 LENA HOLMES
 BERTHA HORN
 JUNE JENKINS
 EUNICE JENKINS
 SUSANNA JENKINS
 JANIE JOHNSTON
 SUSAN LITTLE
 FRANCES LONG
 LOUISE LONG
 INDIA MEADOR
 HELEN MERRIL
 ADDIE MAY MICHAEL
 MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
 GERTRUDE MORRISON
 ELIZABETH McBEE

SAOIE McCAULEY
 MARY McCORKLE
 MAUD McGEE
 ADDIE McKNIGHT
 MARY NICHOLSON
 GLAODYS O'NEAL
 ISABELLE PARKER
 JUDITH PARKER
 JESSE MAE PERKINS
 NELLIE PILKINGTON
 MAMIE PIPER
 GENEVA ROBINSON
 LUCILE ROSE
 ELSIE SIMMS
 CHRISTABEL SIZER
 ANNIE SORISBY
 MARY LOUISE STROUD
 ANNIE HUGHES WILKINSON
 ESTHER WINSTEAD
 ELOTH WITT
 ESTELLE WRIGHT

The Christian Association



THE Christian Association year of 1911-1912 has been one of growth and development. It has shown in its accomplishments that Salem girls are realizing more and more what the Association means in the college life.

Perhaps no hour in all the week is enjoyed so much as that in the middle of Wednesday evening, when the girls lay aside their work and meet in Society Hall for a quiet hour together. Everyone enjoys singing the familiar hymns, which bring up many home associations, and serve to bind us in loving unity.

The helpfulness and interest of the meetings, have been greatly added to by the songs and special selections given by several of the teachers and many of the girls. Besides having our able leader, Mrs. Rondthaler, and many of the faculty, speak to us, we have been very fortunate in having a number of good speakers from outside our college walls. In January we enjoyed having Mrs. Jones, president of the Y. W. C. A. in Winston, speak to us. Having attended the conference of the Southern Y. W. C. A. in Asheville, N. C., this past summer, she told us of some of the various features of the work, and thus brought us in touch with the world-wide benefits derived from it. As yet we have not been considered as a branch of this great organization, but we hope that within a few weeks we will have taken the step, changing our Association into an organized Y. W. C. A.

When Thanksgiving and Christmas came, the officers of the Association took baskets of food and gifts to some of the less fortunate families in the vicinity, hoping to brighten their lives.

The number enrolled exceeds that of any previous year, and each girl by her regular attendance has shown a marked interest; and may we all adhere to our motto, "Arise, shine, thy light has come; walk as children of light."

M. G., '12.



Christian Association

Officers

HELEN McMILLAN	PRESIDENT
FANNIE BLOW WITT	VICE-PRESIDENT
LETTY HOBGOOD.....	SECRETARY
MARCE GOLEY.....	TREASURER
MERLE McEACHERN.....	PIANIST



Athletic Association

Officers

ALICE WITT	PRESIDENT
KATHERINE BURT	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARGARET PAGE	SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
FANNIE BLOW WITT	SECRETARY
MABEL LANCASTER	TREASURER
JULIA WEST	BUSINESS MANAGER

Members

MAMIE ADAMS	LALLAH CHERRY	NELLIE HUNNICUTT	MARGARET PAGE
JEAN BARNARD	BIRT CLEMENT	ELIZABETH HYMAN	ISABEL PARKER
HELEN BARNES	GRETCHEN CLEMENT	EUNICE JENKINS	MISS PLUMMER
FRANCES BENNERS	EDNA CLEVINGER	RUTH KILBUCK	BETTIE POINDENTER
MARY BETHEA	RUTH COBB	MABEL LANCASTER	ELINOR RAMSEY
RUTH BONEY	ELIZABETH DAVIS	LYDIA LEACH	RUBIE RAY
LIZZIE BOOE	ELIZABETH DUNCAN	ANNIE LONG	MR. RICE
LUCY BOOE	JEANETTE EBERSOLE	INDIA MEADOR	ELIZABETH ROBINSON
FLOSSIE BINCHAM	MARIAN EDWARDS	MARY MORRON	GENEVA ROBINSON
HAZEL BRIGGS	FAITH FEARRINGTON	MARY McCORKLE	CLAUDIA SENTELL
NANNIE BRIGGS	LOUISE FORGEY	MERLE McEACHERN	CAROLINE SHIPP
ALICE BROWN	MARY FOWLE	HELEN McMILLAN	ELSIE SIMS
FRANCES BROWN	JACK GRANT	AODIE McKNIGHT	ANNIE SORSBY
LILLIAN BROWN	ANNIE LEE GRISSOM	MARY McNAIRY	DAISY LEE SMITH
KATHERINE BURT	DORTHY HADLEY	WINNIE McNAIRY	MARGARET SPENCER
LOUISE BUSHONG	MILORED HARRIS	GLADYS O'NEAL	LOUISE WILLIAMS
ELIZABETH BUTLER	RUTH HODGE	MILORED OVERMAN	MISS BERTHA WOHLFORD

Athletics

GAMES PLAYED UP TO FEBRUARY 15

FRESHMEN	7	SOPHOMORES	15
SENIORS	9	JUNIORS	10
SOPHOMORES	4	JUNIORS	10
HESPERIAN	10	EUTERPEAN	20



HIS year the Athletic department has been unusually successful. There has never before been such a large enrollment in the Physical Culture classes. The new girls won for themselves important places on all the teams.

For the first few weeks we only practiced deep breathing exercises, also marching, running, jumping, dumb-bells, swinging on the trapezes, going across the rings, and hanging from the stall bars. Then after we had become loosened and limbered up, the real work began—basket-ball. The girls worked hard and faithfully to make their class team, because on Thanksgiving day an annual contest between all the college classes is held.

The Sophomores play the Freshmen, and the Seniors the Juniors. This year the games were looked forward to with more excitement than ever. The teams were evenly matched, and the outcome was very doubtful.

Two weeks before the games every one was wearing the colors of the class for which they were rooting. At last the long-looked-for day came, and finally two-thirty. The teams were looking their best, some in new sweaters with their class numbers on the front; others wore "middies."

The goal posts were decorated in the different colors, and the fence back of the field was gay with pennants and colors woven between the wires.

The Senior mascot was a large turkey gobbler. Bows of red and white ribbons, the Senior colors, were tied on his neck. The Juniors had secured a black goat, and it was bravely decorated in red, their colors being black and red.

And what a gay and happy crowd surrounded the field! The "band" was merrily playing, the people were cheering, the players were giving their yells, and pandemonium reigned over all until the whistle was blown. Then the players sprang to their places, the ball was up at center, and the game was on.

The Freshmen and Sophomores played first; for awhile the outcome was doubtful, but finally the Sophomores began to gain headway, defeating their opponents by a final score of 15 to 7.

Then came the most exciting of all the games, the contest between the Seniors and Juniors. The teams were evenly matched, and during the practice the Seniors would win one day and the Juniors the next, so no one knew which was to be the victor.

The first half the playing on both sides was good, but the Juniors a little better; when time was called the score was 6 to 4 in favor of them.

In the second half the Seniors went in to do or die; never has there been such playing; it was a hard fight from start to finish, the Seniors playing like demons, and the Juniors keeping pace with them. But the Seniors could not overcome the score made by their opponents in the first half, so the game was lost by one point, which was by a foul made just as the whistle for time was blown. The score was 10 to 9; indeed it was a sad day for the Seniors, but their sorrow was soon forgotten in the belief that happiness is a state of mind not depending on circumstance.

The third game was between the Juniors and Sophomores. The Juniors won, the score being 10 to 4. This gave them the championship of the College.

Usually after the Thanksgiving games are over a lull comes, but this year the interest was kept up and enlarged by the organization of a much needed Athletic Association. For some years the need of this has been felt, but not until this year has it really been feasible.

A committee was appointed by Miss Plummer, the physical director, composed of representatives from the four college classes. At this meeting the following officers were elected. President, Alice Witt, '12; 1st Vice-President, Katherine Burt, '13; 2d Vice-President, Margaret Page, '15; Treasurer, Mabel Lancaster, '14; Secretary, Fannie Blow Witt, '12. A committee was also appointed to draw up a constitution. At the first meeting after the Christmas holidays it was read, amendments made, and finally adopted.

There were several new features in the basket-ball department. Hereafter, on Thanksgiving day, a banner will be awarded to the class winning the College championship. The ground of this is to be of the Salem yellow, with a leather basket-ball on the left side, and on the right the following wording in white: "Class of _____; Champions _____."

A Tennis department was also organized under the supervision of a committee of three, with Hazel Briggs, '13, as chairman.

Two new Tennis courts are now under construction, one of clay and the other concrete. The interest shown in this department is very great. A tournament has been planned for some time in April; a silver loving cup is to be the trophy.

An Academic basket-ball team has been organized, and several games have been arranged for them, with the Winston West End Graded School.

It was unusually hard this year to choose the College team because there were so many good players. And it is very hard to tell which is the better—the College or the Scrub team. This year's team is said to be the best that has been here in years, being especially strong in goal forwards.

Last year we played Presbyterian College and were defeated. This year we have every prospect of winning when we play in March.

There was a match game between the Hesperian and Euterpean Society teams, which resulted in victory for the latter, the score being 20 to 10.

The organization of an Athletic Association is only a step toward making athletics a real factor in the college life at Salem. The gymnasium work being optional, there are not more than one-fourth of the girls who take up this work. So many come to College with the idea that only the cultivation of the mind is essential, and they soon become round-shouldered, hollow-eyed and listless, and always have a headache. They miss so much of the real College life. In comparison, take the girl who enters into every phase of the College life. She is straight of form, with clear, bright eyes, and her every movement tells of health and strength.

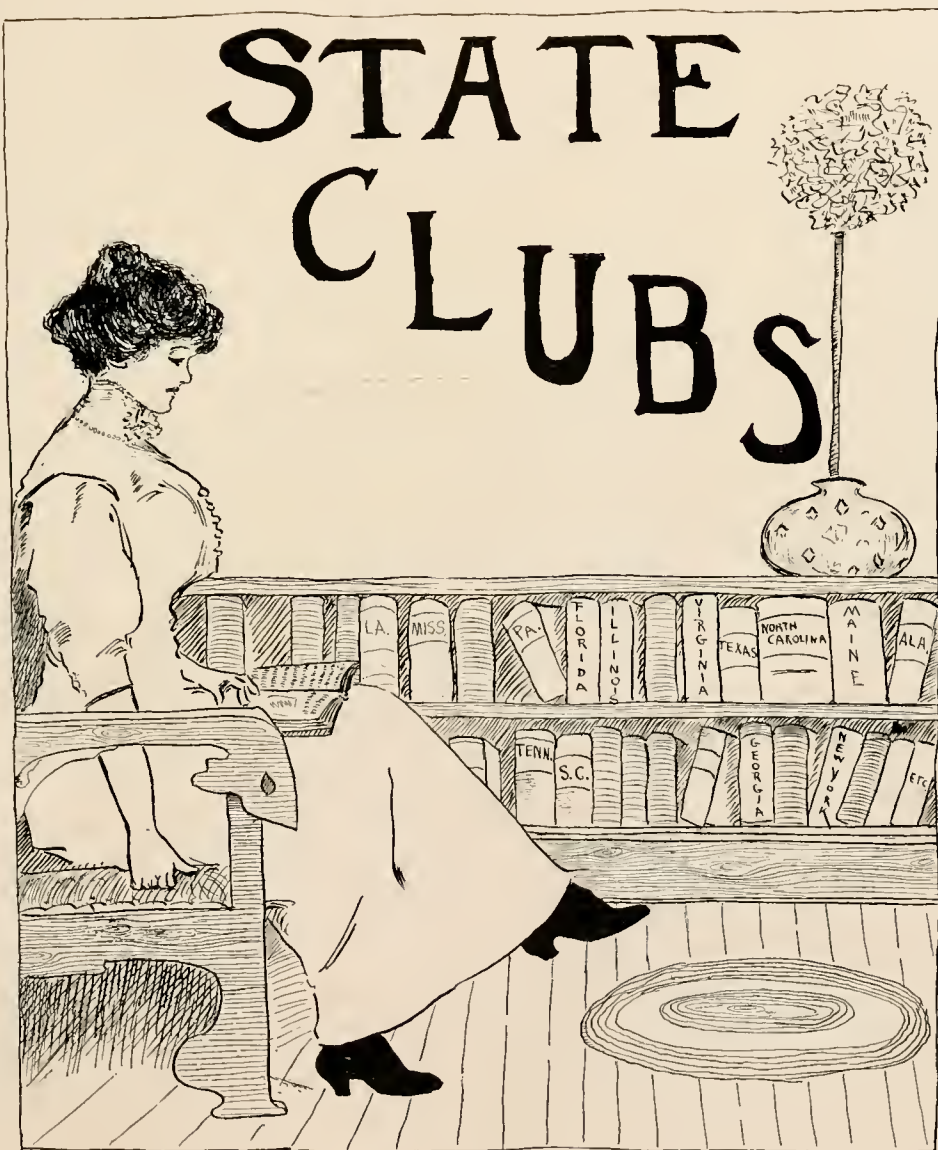
So let every one in College enter into athletics with all their hearts, and help to build up not only a well-developed mind, but a body which is strong and healthy, having the strength and courage to endure whatever life has in store for them.

And let all join in the Salem College yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Salem! Salem!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

M. A. W., '12.

STATE CLUBS





"The Long-Leaf Pine"

I

Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine,
The summer land where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great;
Here's to down home, in the "Old North State."

II

Here's to the land where maidens are fairest,
Where friends are truest and cold hearts rarest;
The near land, the dear land, whatever our fate,
The blest land, the best land, the "Old North State."

Louisiana Club

COLORS: Old Gold and Purple.

FLOWER: Magnolia.

SONG: "I Love My Dear Old Louisiana Home."



MATTIE GRAY MORRIS

CLAUDIA SENTELL

DAISY LEE SMITH

SADIE SMITH

Virginia Club

IRENE ADAMS

GRETCHEN CLEMENT

ARLIE COX

MISS FANNIE BROOKE

GEORGIA LITZ

ELSIE SIMS

MARGARET SPENCER

PAULINE STIKELEATHER

VIRGINIA LEE WIGGINS





Tennessee Club

FLOWERS: Yellow and White Chrysanthemums.

COLORS: Orange and White.

SONG: "Tennessee."

Officers

FANNIE BLOW WITT	PRESIDENT
ALICE WITT	VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN McMILLAN.....	SECRETARY
LOUISE FORGEY.....	TREASURER

Members

JULIA BURDETT	RUTH HODGE	MAY NICKELS	ALICE WITT
LOUIS BUSHONG	IONE HUDSON	RUTH POWDER	EDITH WITT
CATHRYN CON	MARTHA JACKSON	EDITH ROGERS	FANNIE BLOW WITT
LOUISE FORGEY	ANNIE LONG	MILDRED TRAVIS	
MARY GRAY	MARY McCORKLE	MARY VINCENT	
JACK GRANT	HELEN McMILLAN	HELEN WATKINS	

Florida Club

FLORENCE BINGHAM
RUTH BONEY
AMELIA CRAFT
LUCILE KIBLER
ELLIE KIBLER
HELEN MERRILL
RUBY RAY
GENEVA ROBINSON
MATTIE WILBY
MISS LOUISE WILSON



Kentucky Club

SONG: "We Were Bred in Old Kentucky."

MOTTO: "United we stand, provided we don't fall."



FLOWER: Trumpet Vine.
COLORS: Blue and White.

RUTH FRITZ
REBECCA GAITHER
ELIZABETH GOLLADAY
EDWINE GOSSETT



Georgia Crackers

SUNSHINE	ELIZABETH BUTLER OF ATLANTA
CHEESE	EUNICE JENKINS OF ATLANTA
SODA	SUZANNE JENKINS OF ATLANTA
ANIMAL	FRANCIS SMITH OF ALBANY
ZU-ZU	MARTHA DRAKE OF GRIFFIN
GRAHAM	NELL HUNNICUTT OF ATHENS
LEMON SNAP	GEORGIA ATKINSON OF NEWMAN
BUTTERTHIN	HELEN BARNES OF MACON
HARD TACK	ESTELLE WRIGHT OF MACON
SALTINE	MAMIE ADAMS OF MACON
UNEEDA	GLADYS O'NEAL OF MACON



Texas Ponies

FRANCES BENNERS
BIRT CLEMENT
VASHTI HUBBY
LOTTIE LAMMERS
LENA MEADOWS
KATHERINE MILLER
MARGARET PAGE
ELIZABETH ROBINSON
CAROLINE SHIPP

Alabama Club



FAVORITE SONG: "Alabama."
 COLORS: Crimson and White.

Members

JEANNETTE EBERSOLE
 CORNELIA ELLIOTT
 DORTHY JOHNSON
 LOUISE LONG
 JESSIE MAE PERKINS

Honorary Members

FLORENCE BROWN
 MARTHA DRAKE
 LILLIAN FOREHAND
 KATHERINE MILLER
 MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
 MARGARET PAGE
 ELIZABETH ROBINSON
 CAROLINE SHIPP
 ESTELLE WRIGHT

South Carolina Club

FLOWER: Cotton Blossom.
 MOTTO: "Dum spiro, spero."

Officers

JUDITH PARKER PRESIDENT
 GERTRUDE MORRISON VICE-PRESIDENT
 MABEL LANCASTER TREASURER
 PAULINE EDENS SECRETARY

Members

THELMA BROWN
 PAULINE EDENS
 MABEL LANCASTER
 GERTRUDE MORRISON
 JUDITH PARKER
 PAULINE STIKELEATHER
 HELEN WILLIAMS

Honorary Members

ADDIE MAE MICHAEL
 MISS WOHLFORD



CLUBS





The Jolly Dozen



MOTTO: "Always have a good time."

COLOR: Anything but Green.

FLOWER: Poppy.

CHAIRMAN: ELIZABETH BUTLER

ELINOR RAMSEY

ELIZABETH DUNCAN

FRANCES LONG

JESSIE MAE PERKINS

EDITH ROGERS

CATHRYN COX

RUTH POUDEUR

MARIAN EDWARDS

ISABELLE PARKER

MARTHA DRAKE

LAURA ROENHOUR

ELIZABETH BUTLER

Section No. III



IRENE ADAMS

CATHRYN COX

ELIZABETH DUNCAN

JACK GRANT

DOROTHY HADLEY

LENA HOLMES

IONE HUDSON

MILDRED TRAVIS

RUTH POUDEUR

EDITH WITT

Cotillion Club

LEADERS: { H. McMILLAN
 { J. L. WEST
 { G. E. CLEMENT

J. WEST WITH MISS MARY HARTSELL

M. OVERMAN WITH MISS MARCE GOLEY

L. LONG WITH MISS ALICE WITT

K. TAY WITH MISS FANNIE BLOW WITT

G. O'NEAL WITH MISS ELIZABETH BUTLER

H. McMILLAN WITH MISS HELEN BARNES

H. WATKINS WITH MISS CAROLINE SHIPP

G. CLEMENT WITH MISS DOROTHY JOHNSON

M. PAGE WITH MISS JESSIE MAE PERKINS

I. PARKER WITH MISS KATHERINE BURT

M. DRAKE WITH MISS MATTIE GRAY MORRIS

E. ROBINSON WITH MISS LAURA RIDENHOUR

E. WRIGHT WITH MISS MAMIE ADAMS

K. MILLER WITH MISS EDITH ROOGERS

A. F. GRISSOM WITH MISS ELINOR RAMSEY



COTILLION CLUB



“Maconites”

MAMIE ADAMS
HELEN BARNES
GLADYS O'NEAL
ESTELLE WRIGHT



The Senior Trio

HELEN McMILLAN

MAMIE ADAMS

GRETCHEN CLEMENT



Sour Grapes

CHAIRMAN—HELEN BARNES

- LOUISE LONG: "Never did like fussy people, especially 'growlers.'"

ELIZABETH BUTLER: "Never did want my Sunday letter."

MILDREO OVERMAN: "I don't want to get thin."

ISABEL PARKER: "Never did like millions (or litters)."
- KATHERINE BURT: "Never did like to cook or scrub."

EDITH ROGERS: "Never have cared about seeing Robert."

MARCE GOLEY: "Never did like to run over man (Overman)."
- GRETCHEN CLEMENT: "Nothing appeals to me in the way of generosity."

JULIA WEST: "Never did like to play in a heart's cell (Hartsell) for Long."

ALICE WITT: "Never did like to ride-an-hour (Ridenhour) to hunt for fowl (Fowle)."
- GLAOKS O'NEAL: "Never did choose red hair."

MAMIE ADAMS: "Always did hate 'Attractiveness.'"
- DOROTHY JOHNSTON: "Never did like towns, especially Birmingham."

HELEN McMILLAN: "Never did like the Boston (or Conservatory)."
- HELEN BARNES: "Never did love 'the Handsomest Girl.'"



Bandanna Gang

COLORS: All shades of Red.
 OCCUPATION: F-u-n.
 MOTTO: "Follow the leader."
 MEETING PLACE: From garret to cellar.

YELL: Bang! bang! bang!
 Bandanna gang!
 We're the girls
 Who don't give a hang!

The Gang

GRETCHEN CLEMENT
 RUTH COBB
 MARTHA DRAKE
 MARY FOWLE
 MARCE GOLEY

ANNIE LEE GRISSOM
 RUTH HODGE
 HELEN McMILLAN
 MARGARET PAGE

ELIZABETH ROBINSON
 ALICE WITT
 EDITH WITT
 FANNIE BLOW WITT
 ESTELLE WRIGHT



Red Ribbon Gossipers

MAMIE ADAMS
 HELEN BARNES
 FLORENCE BROWN
 VIRGINIA BRYANT
 KATHERINE BURT
 ELIZABETH BUTLER
 EDITH CARROLL
 CATHRYN COX
 ELIZABETH DUNCAN
 JEANNETTE EBERSOLE
 JACK GRANT

MARY HARTSELL
 STUART HAYDEN
 IONE HUDSON
 DOROTHY JOHNSON
 LYDIA LEACH
 LOUISE LONG
 KATHERINE MILLER
 MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
 GLADYS O'NEAL
 MILDRED OVERMAN

ISABELLE PARKER
 JESSIE MAE PERKINS
 RUTH POUOER
 ELLINOR RAMSAY
 LAURA RIDENHOUR
 CAROLINE ROBINSON
 EDITH ROGERS
 CAROLINE SHIPP
 MILDRED TRAVIS
 MARY NICHOLSON
 JULIA WEST



Modern Priscillas

IRENE ADAMS	JACK GRANT	LINA HOLMES	LAURA RIDENHOUR
LIZZIE BOOE	ANNIE LEE GRISSOM	IONE HUDSON	GENEVA ROBINSON
HAZEL BRIGGS	DOROTHY HADLEY	FRANCES LONG	HELEN SUMNER
CATHRYN COX	SALLIE HADLEY	BETTIE POINOENTER	MILDRED TRAVIS
ELIZABETH DUNCAN	MARY HARTSELL	RUTH POWDER	EDITH WITT

Heart to Heart

REBECCA GAITHER
 EDWINE GOSSETT
 ELIZABETH GOLLADAY
 RUTH FRITZ
 ARLIE COX
 MARY HOOKER
 MARTHA JACKSON
 GERTRUDE MORRISON
 JUDITH PARKER
 ANNIE SORSBY





“The Hay Makers”

MAMIE ADAMS	MILDRED HARRIS
ALICE BENNETT	LETTY HOBGODD
LIZZIE BOOE	LYDIA LEACH
EVELYN BROWN	RUTH MAXWELL
LDU MAYO BROWN	MERLE McEACHERN
MABEL DOUGLAS	EVA McMILLAN
PAULINE EDENS	HELEN McMILLAN
FAITH FEARRINGTON	GLADYS O'NEAL
LOUISE FORGEY	BETTIE POINDEXTER
ELIZABETH GROGAN	HILDAH WALL
SALLIE HADLEY	ADDIE WEBB
EUNICE HALL	



FRANCES BENNERS
FLOSSIE BINGHAM
LIZZIE BOOE
ELIZABETH DAVIS
FAITH FEARRINGTON
SALLIE HADLEY
MILDRED HARRIS

RUTH HODGE
BETTIE POINDEXTER
LUCILE ROSE
MARY LOUISE STROUD
MARY TURNER
HILDAH WALL

Backward Juniors



Twin County Club



NASH

MARINA WILLIAMS
ANNIE SORSBY
ANNIE HUGHES WILKINSON

EDGECOMBE

LOU MAYO BROWN
VIVIAN BRASWELL
MATTIE MAE BRASWELL
LALLAH CHERRY
LUCILE ROSE



GRETCHEN CLEMENT

JULIA WEST

MAMIE ADAMS



"SENIOR FAMILY"



Black Cats

MOTTO: "Where'er you go, the thing you are will follow after you."

FLORENCE BROWN
VIRGINIA BRYANT
MARTHA DRAKE
JEANETTE EBERSOLE
LILLIAN FOREHAND
HELEN WATKINS
MARGARET PAGE
KATHERINE MILLER
ELIZABETH ROBINSON
CAROLINE SHIPP

LOTTIE LAMMERS
CHRISTABEL SIZER
DOROTHY JOHNSON
JESSIE MAE PERKINS
MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
LOUISE LONG
ESTELLE WRIGHT
HAZEL THOMAS
MARTHA JACKSON
STUART HAYDEN

Salem Stand-bys

MEETING PLACE: Moving-Picture Show.
 MOTTO: "Beware of all, but most beware of man."
 FAVORITE SONG: "Sweet Italian Love."
 CHIEF OCCUPATION: Rubbering.



MR. RICE (Mascot)
 CAROLINE ROBINSON
 ELIZABETH ROBINSON

CENEVA ROBINSON
 CLAUDIA SENTEEL
 DAISY LEE SMITH

FRANCES BENNERS
 FLOSSIE BINGHAM
 RUTH BONEY
 FRANCES BROWN
 HOPE COOLIDGE
 BIRT CLEMENT
 MARIAN EDWARDS
 LILLY MAY GEORGE
 EUNICE JENKINS
 SUZANNE JENKINS
 ANNIE LONG
 LOTTIE LAMMERS
 LENA MEADOWS
 MARY MORROW
 ADDIE MCKNIGHT
 MARGARET PAGE
 SADIE SMITH
 KATHLEEN TAY
 HAZEL THOMAS

Anti-Starvation League

FLOSSIE BINGHAM
 HAZEL BRIGGS
 JOHNSIE CAMERON
 ELITH CARROLL
 RUTH COBB
 STUART HAYDEN
 MAUD MCGHEE
 MILDRED OVERMAN
 ISABEL PARKER
 ADELE PEMBERTON
 ELLINOR RAMSAY
 CENEVA ROBINSON
 SADIE SMITH
 HELEN SUMNER
 HAZEL THOMAS
 MARY TURNER
 MATTIE WILBY





Lilies

LIZZIE BOOE	LILLIAN FOREHAND	SALLIE HADLEY	EVA McMILLAN
LOU MAYO BROWN	LOUISE FORGEY	EUNICE J. HALL	BETTIE POINDENTER
JEANNETTE EBERSOLE	REBECCA GAITHER	MILDRED HARRIS	HILDAH WALL
PAULINE EDENS	EOWINE GOSSETT	LETTY HOBGOOD	ADDIE WEBB
RUTH FRITZ	DOROTHY HADLEY	LYDIA LEACH	GLADYS YELBERTON



HAVEN OF SAINTS

Senior Kodak Club



ALICE BENNETT	PAULINE EDENS	SALLIE HADLEY	EVA McMILLAN
LIZZIE BOOE	FAITH FEARRINGTON	MILFRED HARRIS	GLADYS O'NEAL
EVELYN BROWN	EUGENIA FITZGERALD	LYDIA LEACH	BETTIE POINDEXTER
LOU MAYO BROWN	LOUISE FORGEY	RUTH MAXWELL	HILDAH WALL
MABEL DOUGLAS	ELIZABETH GROGAN	MERLE McEACHERN	ADDIE WEBB

Twin City Club

MABEL DOUGLAS
 EVELYN BROWN
 RUTH MAXWELL
 LIZZIE BOOE

BETTIE POINDEXTER
 ELIZABETH GROGAN
 ADDIE WEBB
 ALICE BENNETT
 FAITH FEARRINGTON







“My Old Kentucky Home”

SONG: “My Old Kentucky Home.”

MOTTO: “There’s No Place Like Home.”

“SPONGY” FORGEY

“FRISKY” FRITZ

“RECCA” GAITHER

“BETSIÉ” GOLLADAY

“WEENIE” GOSSETT

“LASSES” HOBGOOD

“BILLY” HOOKER

“PETE” KERNER

“BRAT” SORSBY



THE JUNIOR BANQUET



DOMESTIC



SCIENCE



Special Cooking Class

JEAN BARNARD

REBECCA GAITHER

RUTH COBB

CLAUDIA SENTELL

BIRT CLEMENT

ANNIE SORSBY

MARTHA DRAKE

ESTELLE WRIGHT

Honorary Member—Miss BROOKE



Sewing School

GEORGIA ATKINSON

JEAN BARNARD

FLORENCE BROWN

ELIZABETH BUTLER

MARTHA DRAKE

MARY DICKERSON

MAUD EDWARDS

LILLIAN FOREHAND

MARY FOWLE

KATHRINE MILLER

MARGARET SPENCER

REBECCA GAITHER

IONE HUDSON

MARTHA JACKSON

LOUISE LONG

LOTTIE LAMMERS

MARY MARONEY

MARY MCCORKLE

MATTIE GRAY MORRIS

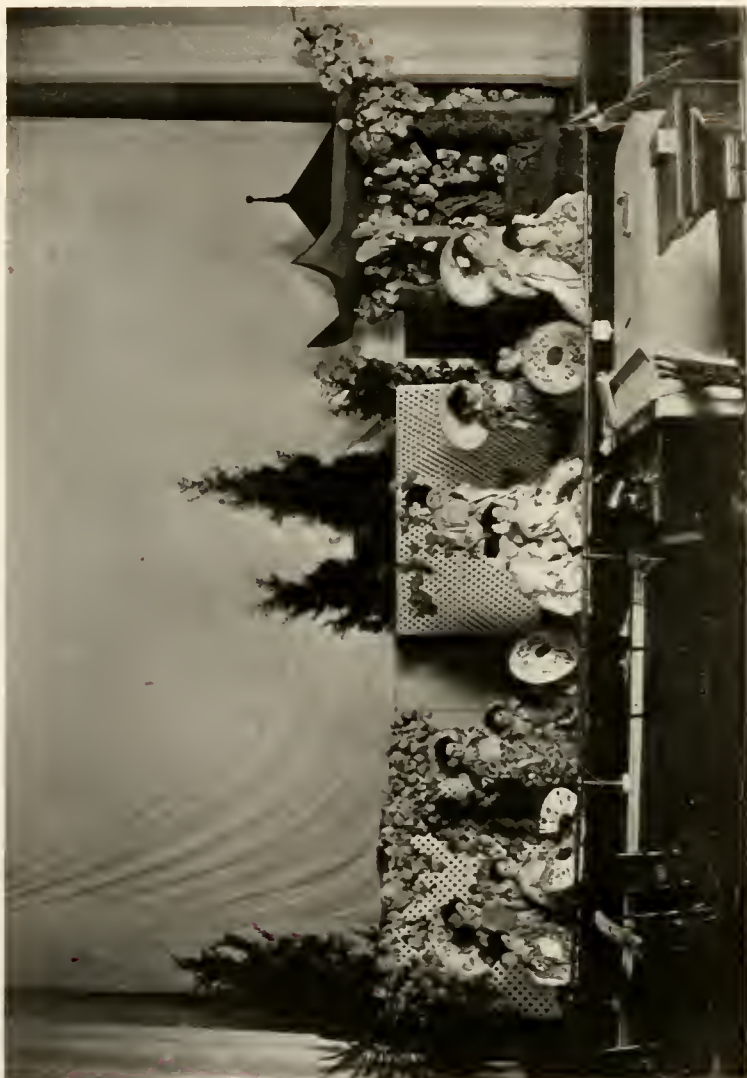
CERTRUDE MORRISON

MARGARET PAGE

ESTHER WINSTEAD

ESTELLE WRIGHT

INSTRUCTOR: MISS MICKLE



THE MIKADO



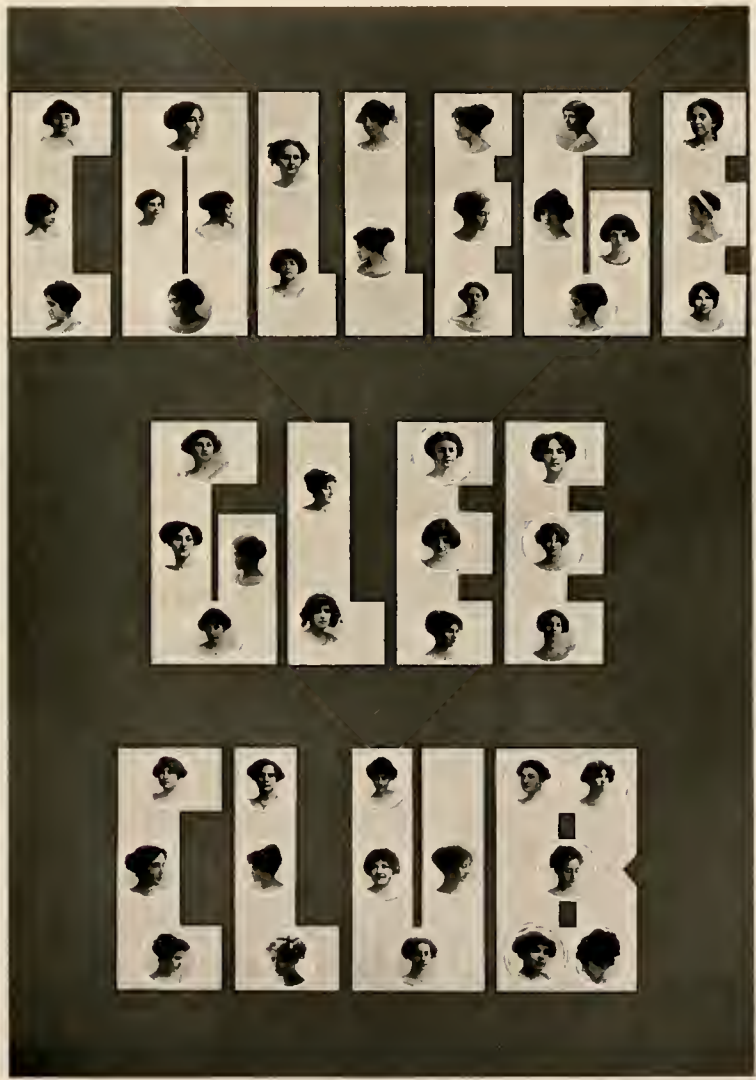
Glee Club

Officers

HELEN McMILLAN	PRESIDENT
MILDRED OVERMAN	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
EUNICE J. HALL	BUSINESS MANAGER
GENEVA ROBINSON	LIBRARIAN
MISS BRUSHINGHAM	DIRECTOR
MISS GREENFIELD	ACCOMPANIST

Members

MAMIE ADAMS	SUSAN JENKINS
HELEN BARNES	RUTH KILBUCK
RUTH BONEY	MAUEE KÖRNER
LIZZIE BOOE	LOTTIE LAMMERS
HAZEL BRIGGS	ANNIE LONG
FLORENCE BROWN	LOUISE LONG
VIRGINIA BRYANT	KATHERINE MILLER
JOHNSIE CAMERON	MATTIE GRAY MORRIS
EDITH CARROLL	HELEN McMILLAN
GRETCHEN CLEMENT	GLADYS O'NEAL
RUTH COBB	MILDRED OVERMAN
RUTH CREOLE	MARGARET PAGE
JEANETTE EBERSOLE	ISABEL PARKER
KATE EBORN	JESSIE MAE PERKINS
PAULINE EDENS	NELLIE PILKINGTON
MARION EDWARDS	LAURA RIDENHOUR
FAITH FEARRINGTON	ELIZABETH ROBINSON
LILLIAN FOREHAND	CAROLINE SHIPP
ANNIE LEE GRISSOM	CHRISTABEL SIZER
EUNICE HALL	REBECCA STACK
MILDRED HARRIS	HAZEL THOMAS
STUART HAYDEN	MARY TURNER
ELIZABETH HYMAN	HILDAH WALL
DOROTHY JOHNSON	EDITH WITT
EUNICE JENKINS	





Expression Class

INSTRUCTOR: MISS PLUMMER

GEORGIA ATKINSON
 MATTIE BELL
 BESSIE BODENHEIMER
 LUCY BUNN
 DE WITT CHATHAM
 EDNA CLEVINGER
 MAY COAN
 ELIZABETH DUNCAN
 KATE EBORN
 MARION EDWARDS
 RUTH FRITZ
 IONE FULLER

EDWINE GOSSETT
 MARY HOLTON
 BERTHA HORNE
 VASHTI HUBBY
 FRANCES LONG
 ERNESTINE LOTT
 INDIA MEADOR
 LENA MEADOWS
 HELEN MERRILL
 NELLIE MESSICK
 ADDIE MAE MICHAEL
 KATHARINE MILLER

GERTRUDE MORRISON
 ADDIE MCKNIGHT
 GRIZZELLE NORFLEET
 CAROLINE SHIPP
 MADGE SILLS
 ELSIE SIMS
 GEORGIA TAYLOR
 MURIEL WATKINS
 VIVIAN WATKINS
 MATTIE WILBY
 BERTHA WOHLFORD
 DAISY YATES



Art Class

LIZZIE BOOE
KATHERINE BURT
AMELIA CRAFT
MARY DENNY
PEARL EVERETT
MARY FOWLE
MELISSA HANKINS
MARY JONES
SUSAN LITTLE
VELMA MARTIN
ADELLE MAYES
AODIE MAE MICHAEL
JUDITH PARKER
RUTH POWDER
KATHLEEN SIMPSON
MILDRED TRAVIS
MISS LOUISE WILSON
ESTHER WINSTEAD
MISS BERTHA WOHLFORD



NEW BUILDING

Alma Mater Song

Words by Miss ADELAIDE FRIES, Class of 1888.

Music by Miss LOUISE BAHNSON, Class of 1906.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Join we our voices in rapturous song;
Unto the mother who guided and led us,
Praise and devotion unending belong.
Years seem a single day,
When under memory's sway,
Backward we fly to her loving embrace;
Lost in the days of yore,
Dream we are girls once more,
Eagerly, gladly our footsteps retrace.

See the old hallway, the dear old companions;
What happy visions of youth-time they bring;
Voices familiar, long lost in the silence,
Still unforgotten in memory ring.
Gleaming from printed page
Wisdom of bard and sage,
Gaining the knowledge companionship gives.
What merry girls were we,
Joyous and blithe and free,
Learning our lessons and learning to live.

Harken, from mountain, from hillside and valley,
Joyful the story the multitudes tell,
Up from the homes where thy daughters are reigning,
Pæans enchanting in melody swell.
Telling of duties done,
Telling of victories won,
Dear Alma Mater, the praises are thine.
Thou didst foundations lay,
In girlhood's careless day,
Now for thy crowning a garland entwine.

Oh, Alma Mater, the future is calling,
Face it right royally, steady and true,
Built on the past, on the tested and proven,
Adding whatever is best in the new.
Then nought thy step shall stay,
Then shall success alway
Crown thee with blessings and honor and power.
While over land and sea
Thy daughters turn to thee,
Laud thee and love thee to life's latest hour.

Varsity Bell

Boomalacka! Boomalacka! Bow! Wow! Wow!
Chicalacka! Chicalacka! Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boomalacka! Chicalacka! Who are we?
We are the girls of S. A. C.

Class Songs

"DAUGHTERS OF SALEM"

I

Come hear my humble ditty,
From Salem's walls I steer,
Like all intelligent maidens
I love the college cheer;
Like every honest student,
Defeat it without fear,
For I am a maiden fond and true,
And a daughter of Salem dear.

II

Old Salem's doors are open
To girls from far and near,
Who promise their allegiance,
And come with conscience clear;
Who pass examination
And fairly enter here,
They must be maidens brave and true,
And daughters of Salem dear.

CHORUS

A daughter, a daughter, a daughter, a daughter,
a daughter of Salem dear;
A daughter, a daughter, a daughter, a daughter,
a daughter of Salem dear;
Like every honest student, defend it without fear,
For I am a maiden brave and true, and a daughter
of Salem dear.

"HAT BURNING"

We'll burn our hats for the Senior cap and gown,
We'll burn our hats for the Senior cap and gown,
We'll burn our hats for the Senior cap and gown,
As we go marching by.

CHORUS

Glory, glory to the Seniors,
Glory, glory to the Seniors,
Glory, glory to the Seniors,
S - E - N - I - O - R !

THANKSGIVING

Come on, Seniors, come on, Seniors,
Plunge right thro' that line;
Roll the ball clear round the Juniors,
Goal made sure this time.
Fight on, Seniors, fight on, Seniors,
Fight on for your fame;
Fight, Seniors, fight, and we
Will win this game.

Class Yells

S - E - N - I - O - R !
S - E - N - I - O - R !
S - E - N - I - O - R !
Senior! Senior! Ray!

Boom Chick Boom! Boom Chick Boom!
Boom-a-jiga! Rig-a-ziga! Rig-a-ziga Boom!
Hiho! Heigho! Then some more!
Senior! Senior! Senior!





GYMNASIUM CLASS



Varsity Squad

ALICE WITT (Captain).....Centre	MABEL LANCASTER.....Goal
FANNIE BLOW WITT.....Right Forward	ELLINDR RAMSAY.....Left Guard
MARY TURNER.....Left Forward	ISABELLE PARKER.....Right Guard
ANNIE SORSBY.....Goal Guard	



Scrub Squad

KATHERINE BURT (Captain).....Centre	ANNIE LEE GRISSOM.....Right Guard
HELEN BARNES.....Goal	CLAUDIA SENTELL.....Left Forward
GENEVA ROBINSON.....Goal Guard	HAZEL BRIGGS.....Right Forward
MARION EDWARDS.....Left Guard	JACK GRANT.....Substitute



Senior Team

FANNIE BLOW WITT (Captain).....	Goal	ARLIE COX.....	Right Forward
ALICE WITT.....	Centre	EVA McMILLAN.....	Left Guard
LYDIA LEACH.....	Left Forward	ANNIE SORSBY.....	Right Guard
JULIA WEST.....			Goal Guard



Junior Team

MILORED OVERMAN (Captain).....	Right Forward
ISABEL PARKER.....	Centre
GENEVA ROBINSON.....	Goal Guard
MARY TURNER.....	Goal
ELLINOR RAMSEY.....	Left Guard
KATHERINE BURT.....	Right Guard
HAZEL BRIGGS.....	Left Forward
ELIZABETH GOLLAOAY.....	Substitute



Sophomore Team

ANNIE LEE GRISSOM (Captain).....Centre
 HELEN BARNES.....Right Forward
 JACK GRANT.....Left Forward
 MABEL LANCASTER.....Goal
 ELIZABETH DUNCAN.....Left Guard
 FRANCES BROWN.....Right Guard
 MARIAN EDWARDS.....Goal Guard

Freshman Team

ELSIE SIMS (Captain).....Goal
 ELIZABETH ROBINSON.....Centre
 CLAUDIA SENTELL.....Right Forward
 JEANNETTE EBERSOLE.....Left Forward
 CAROLINE SHIPP.....Goal Guard
 FRANCES BENNERS.....Left Guard
 MARGARET PAGE.....Right Guard
 ANNIE LONG.....Substitute





Senior Tennis Club

GLADYS O'NEAL
FANNIE BLOW WITT
SALLIE HADLEY
EVA McMILLAN
FAITH FEARRINGTON

MERLE McEACHERN
HILDAH WALL
PAULINE EDENS
LYDIA LEACH
LOUISE FORGEY



Social Literature

Arrival of the Caps and Gowns



HE Senior hardly realizes her place of dignity until she has assumed the Oxford cap and gown, which at once robes her in an atmosphere of eminence and influence.

The fact that the Senior has to commence her Senior year without this costume, at least until they can be measured for, and ordered, serves the more to increase the already fervent zeal and enthusiasm over their arrival.

We, the Class of 1912, consider ourselves luckier than previous classes, who have had to wait a much longer time for their orders to be filled; and when on October the fourth, it was announced that the "Seniors' express boxes" had actually arrived, our anticipation gave place to shouts of applause and acclamation. These emotional demonstrations were strictly among ourselves, however, for we did not proclaim the glad tidings to the public immediately; but instead, waited until we had donned this novel attire, then marched forth into the dining-hall and let the robes speak for themselves.

Our surprised audience spontaneously broke into an outburst of cheering, while we made a brave attempt to bear an aspect of unconcern, but all to no avail; the newness of the occasion was written plainly upon every feature of our faces.

After hurriedly completing the meal, we made further exhibition of our new treasures by marching two abreast to Winston, and around the city square.

Upon returning to the school about dusk we serenaded the girls, singing gaily a number of our college songs. Then we attempted to retire sedately to our Senior quarters, but in the corridors were confronted by such a host of girls hovering around, and pleading to walk under one of our protecting wings, that our line was completely broken, though finally, one by one, we reached our destination.

The hat burning, which is wont to follow the arrival of the caps and gowns, was postponed because of the inclemency of the weather; but the week's postponement did not in any way detract from the charm and uniqueness of the occasion.

The spectators were already assembled, and the red torches already glowing when the Seniors in majestic procession appeared upon the scene with discarded hats in hand, ready to be cast into the flames. During the conflagration of head-gear interesting and witty talks were made by President Rondthaler, Bishop Rondthaler, and our teacher, Miss Lehman, all of which touched upon the absurdity of the styles of millinery in recent years. After these talks had been concluded, the Seniors joined hands around the sacrificial pyre and offered their old hats to the leaping flames, as they sang "Farewell, Old Hats," and other songs—and closed with the Class Yell:—

S—e—n—i—o—r.

S—e—n—i—o—r.

S—e—n—i—o—r.

Senior! Senior! Senior!—Ray!!!

M. F. A., '12.

The Junior Basket-ball Banquet



EVER has the sorrow of defeat been as quickly forgotten as it was on the evening of Thanksgiving when the Junior team entertained the Seniors so royally at a banquet in the President's home. Although hearts were heavy after the game, the cheerful atmosphere of things and the hospitality of our opponents swept all these thoughts into oblivion.

The first feature of the evening was an interesting contest; each girl was given a piece of red crêpe paper tied with red ribbon, and six toothpicks, out of which she was to make a parasol. Miss Arlie Cox was awarded the prize, a beautiful bunch of white carnations.

The merry company then gathered in the dining-room. The banquet table was beautifully and tastefully decorated in the Senior colors, red and white, the center piece being a magnificent bouquet of white carnations with a wide ribbon of red running the entire length of the table. Unique favors, consisting of miniature basket-balls filled with candies, were at each plate, while red and white candelabra added to the beauty of the scene.

Mrs. Edwin Overman of Salisbury, and Miss Jennie Mae Plummer, were guests of honor at the banquet. After the delicious courses had been served, Miss Katherine Burt acted as toastmistress and called upon both captains of the teams, who responded in graceful speeches. Then each member of the team toasted her opponent, after which Mrs. Overman and Miss Plummer responded to calls for a speech.

After the banquet the guests retired to the parlors, where several readings were given by Miss Sorsby and Miss Plummer.

E. McM., '12.

A Sea Voyage to "Spookland"



E have always been told that witches and ghosts appear only at midnight, but on October, 31st someone must have charmed them, for they were abroad very early in the evening. Some were even so daring as to come to Main Hall and be guides to a "Sea Voyage to Spookland," a trip which was indeed very interesting, and beset with so many dangers that guides who were familiar with the way were really needed.

When tickets had been purchased in Main Hall, and the time for the departure of the different parties set, the guides appeared and with a crowd of thirteen each spook led the way into the wondrous and unknown regions of Spookland.

The "Bridge of Sighs" had to be crossed first of all, and when safely over jack-o'-lanterns by the dozens were seen scattered all over the campus.

Down the "Oceana Roll" next you went, and before you even knew what had happened the "Crack of Doom" was reached, and indeed it did seem as though your doom was at hand, for with the aid of spooks a great chasm had to be crossed where it appeared as though one false step would have plunged you into a lake of fire and brimstone.

The next place to be visited was the "Pirate's Cro' Nest." This could only be reached by climbing a long ladder, and you were met at each corner of the nest by ghastly figures, who made faces at you.

The "Guessing Gulf" was next, where fortunes were handed to you by a witch, and nearby another was stirring her cauldron.

Down the hill the guide went, and soon you found yourself at the "Isle of Somewhere," and again had it not been for the helping hands of the witches you would not have gotten through safely.

From here, quite tired out by the adventurous trip, you sought haven at the "Seaman's Rest," which any other day would have been called the "gym." Refreshments were served and ghosts, witches, and visitors, all danced and had a jolly time together.

L. M. B., '12.

President and Mrs. Rondthaler Entertained



RESIDENT and Mrs. Rondthaler entertained the Senior class on the evening of January the nineteenth with an elaborate eight-course dinner.

Covers were laid for thirty-six; in addition to the twenty-nine Seniors there were present as guests: Bishop and Mrs. Rondthaler, Miss Lehman, Miss Brushingham, and Prof. Shirley.

The house was tastefully decorated in the class colors (red and white), and the color scheme was carried out in the different courses. In the center of the table was a large silver candelabra, burning white tapers with red shades. Around this was a line of miniature Seniors, dressed in white caps and gowns, carrying a chain of smilax on their shoulders; red and white carnations, emblematic of the class colors, were mixed in with the green.

At each guest's place was a menu in diminutive folder, bearing the name of the individual, and tied with red ribbon.

The ice was moulded in the shape of white carnations, and with this was served walnut maple sauce.

The evening passed only too quickly for us, and will always be remembered as one of the most pleasant social events of our Senior year.

H. McM., '12.

The Cotillion Club Dance



ON Saturday evening, January the twenty-seventh, the Cotillion Club of Salem College held its semi-annual dance in the College gymnasium. From eight until ten the gymnasium was a scene of gay festivity. It was profusely decorated in palms and evergreens. The music, furnished by the Winston Orchestra, was especially delightful on this occasion.

The favors for the different figures were unusually attractive. Delightful refreshments were served in a very unique fashion; namely, by giving block cream as favors for one of the figures.

The couples who gracefully led the cotillion were: Miss Dorothy Johnson of Birmingham, Alabama, G. Clement of Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Helen Barnes of Macon, Ga., H. McMillan, Knoxville, Tenn.; and Miss Mary Hartsell of Concord, N. C., with J. West of Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Johnson was exquisitely attired in a gown of hand-painted chiffon over messaline; Miss Barnes was becomingly gowned in yellow lace over messaline, and Miss Hartsell wore an attractive frock of pink marquisette.

The partners for the dance were: Miss Marce Goley, M. Overman; Miss Katherine Burt, I. Parker; Miss Ellinor Ramsey, A. L. Grissom; Miss Mamie Adams, E. Wright; Miss Mattie Gray Morris, E. Robinson; Miss Edith Rogers, K. Miller; Miss Caroline Shipp, H. Watkins; Miss Laura Ridenhour, M. Drake; Miss Fannie Blow Witt, K. Tay; Miss Alice Witt, L. Long; Miss Jessie Mae Perkins, M. Page, and Miss Elizabeth Butler with G. O. Neal.

M. F. H., '13.

Junior Banquet



THE Senior class of Salem College was delightfully entertained at a banquet given in their honor by the Junior class on Monday evening, February 19th, at six o'clock.

The scene of the festivity was the college gymnasium, which was prettily decorated in red and white, the colors of the Senior class. In the center of the room was a table set for seventy-five guests. The color scheme of red and white was carried out in the table decorations.

Each Senior was escorted from Senior Annex to the gymnasium by a Junior, and found their places at the table by the dainty place-cards.

After the guests were seated, they were daintily served by ten members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, who were dressed in white with red ribbons.

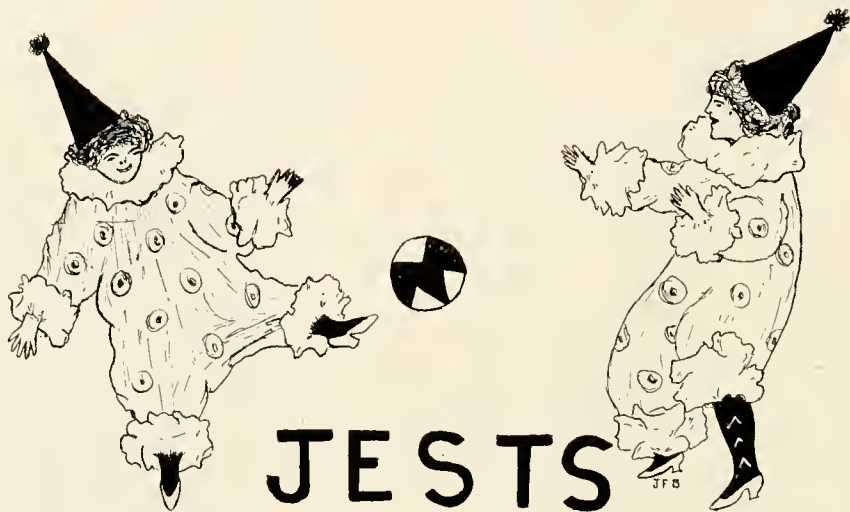
After the repast was finished, and the toasts had been drunk, the Juniors escorted their guests to Memorial Hall to enjoy the recital given by Mrs. Carolyn Foye Flanders.

F. E. B., '13.

Commencement Program

- FRIDAY, MAY 24, 8:00 P. M.—Reception and Exhibit, Departments of Art and Domestic Science.
- SATURDAY, MAY 25, 10:30 A. M.—May Pole Fete on the Campus.
4:00 P. M.—Graduation Recitals, Music Department.
8:00 P. M.—Commencement Play, in the Pleasure Grounds.
- SUNDAY, MAY 26, 11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Melton Clark.
4:00 P. M.—Senior Vespers.
- MONDAY, MAY 27, 10:30 A. M.—Class Day Exercises, on the Campus.
12:30 P. M.—Alumnæ Annual Meeting and Reunions.
8:00 P. M.—Grand Concert.
- TUESDAY, MAY 28, 10:00 A. M.—Graduation Exercises—Address, Hon. T. W. Bickett, Attorney-General State of North Carolina.

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PREP TO JUNIOR: "When will you have a date with me?"

JUNIOR: "Saturday after lunch, if you haven't a *standing* date with someone else."

PREP: "No—where shall I be standing?"

Why do ladies take their hats off at the theatre? So their rats can see the show.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN TO PUPIL: "Conjugate the verb 'to skate.'"

PUPIL (trying to be smart): "'Slipo, slidere, falli, bumptum.'"

PROFESSOR (severely): "Yes, Miss; 'failo, failere, flunki, suspendum.'"

S. S.: "The Church is jammed."

H. T.: "The Lord preserve us."

KATE TO JACK G—: "Bring me a Cracker Jack."

TEACHER: "Where do we get opium?"

PUPIL: "From the Drug Store."

M. A.: "Well, ever since Daniel Webster wrote the Dictionary"——

A. W.— "You are mistaken; Noah wrote it."

M. A.: "Noah nothing! Noah built the Ark."

MISS SALLIE: "Jeanette, since the farmer keeps ten cows, what do we suppose he sells from them?"

JEANETTE: "Milk, butter, cheese and eggs."

It is never too cold for Hildah to sit in the summer house for—"June" is there.

MISS L.— (in Psychology Class): "What is the 'runaway-horse' in dreams?"

F. F. (brightly): "Nightmare."

"The Lord said unto Moses, 'Come forth'—and he came fifth, and lost the race."

Hic, haec, hoc, hug us, hug us, hug us, quick, quick, quick.

A passive verb is when the subject is a sufferer; e. g., "I am loved."

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

GRETCHEN TO HELEN: "Where is my powder puff?"

HELEN: "On the fire 'distinguisher' in the hall."

UNMUSICAL MEMBERS OF SCIENCE CLASS.

L. H.: "Are all the black keys on a piano the bass notes?"

"No, the black keys are those that are played at funerals."

ELIZABETH G. (to clerk in a store up town): "I would like some enchanted curlers, please." (Magic Curlers).

NEW GIRL: "Who is that man sitting over there by Miss Womack?"

OLD GIRL: "Oh, that's Herr Roy."

NEW GIRL: "Whose Roy?—Miss Womack's?"

If lard is fat, is cotto-line?

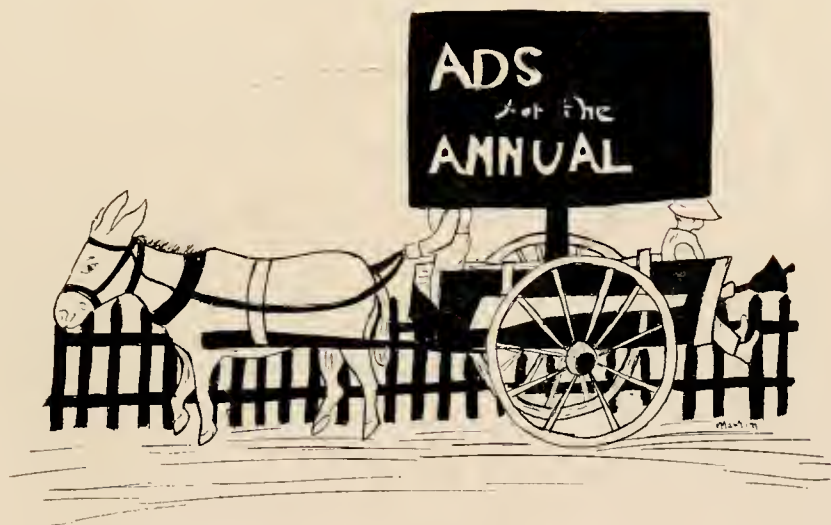
If all the Seniors were lame, could Letty Hop good? (Hobgood.)

If Mary Louise was the daughter of Eve, was Mamie Adams?

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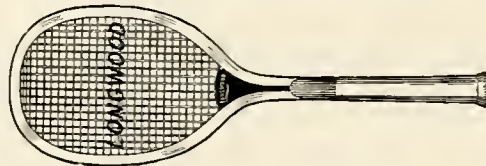
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