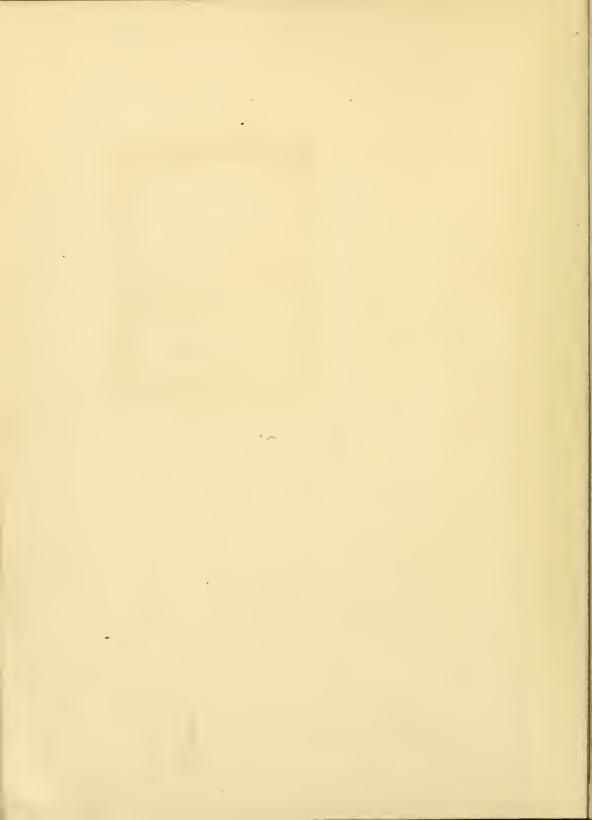
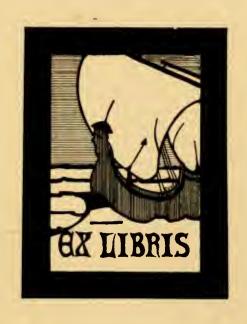
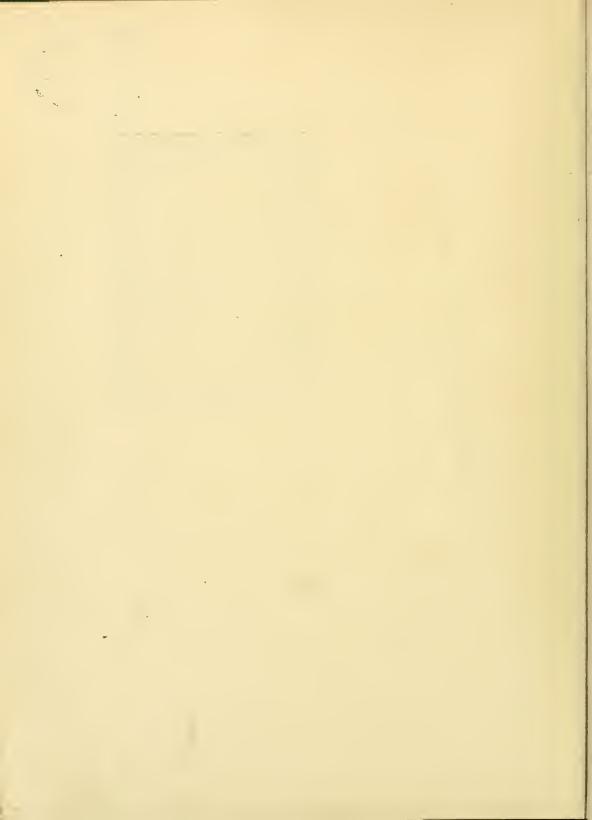


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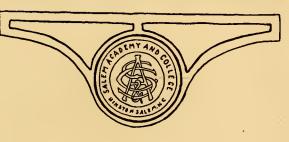


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SIGHTSBIRSIGHTS



VALUME FIFTEEN

PUBLISHED BY THE GLASS OF 1920
SALEM GOLLEGE
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Dedication

It is with the highest esteem and admiration and the most sincere devotion, that we

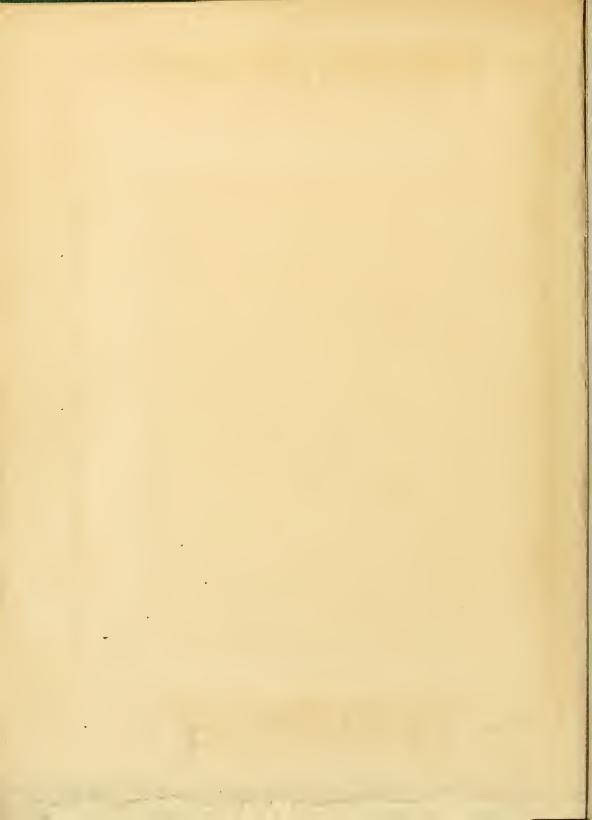
the Class of 1920,

Pedicate this, the fifteenth volume of Sights and Insights to our Hriend and Ceacher,

Mr. Edwin J. Heath





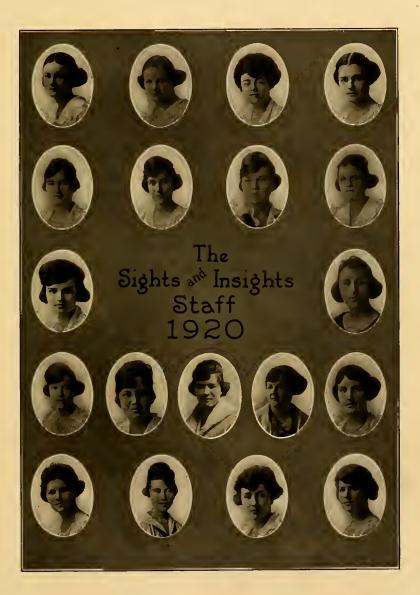




The Annual Staff

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NANCY LEE PATTERSON
FRANCES ROBERTSON
MARY POLLARD
ELIZABETH BYNUM



M772 \$1920 F



foreword

If, when turning the pages of this annual, seenes and memories ever dear to you are recalled affectionately to your mind, and you feel that your life here has made this publication possible, and will be instrumental in keeping us united though we no longer live together, we, the Editors, feel fully and amply repaid for our efforts, and will know with a great deal of satisfaction that our work has not been in vain.

Editors, '20.

10

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S CEHES ABOUT THE CAMPUS



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SOUTH HALL





MAIN HALL





SALEM SQUARE

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INTERIOR OF MEMORIAL HALL





CHURCH TOWER

16

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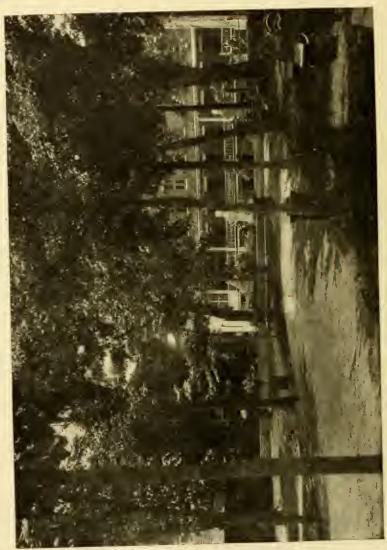




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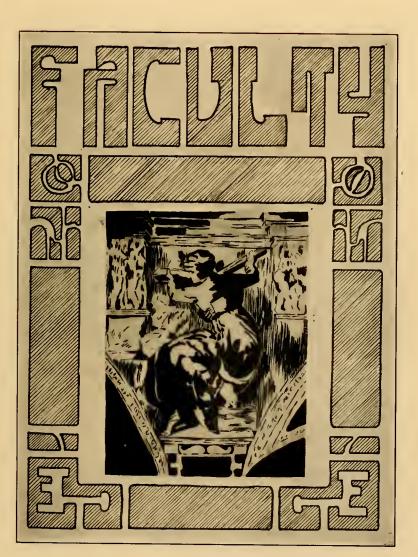
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COLLEGE FACULTY

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Faculty of Department Schools

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ORGAN

H. A. SHIRLEY

PIANO

ELLEN YERRINGTON

VIOLIN

SUSAN A. WEBB

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GRACE MANSON, A. B., A. M.

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BIBLICAL LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

BISHOP EDWARD RONDTHALER, D. D.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CHARLOTTE JACKSON

27

(1772 \$1920)



Howard E. Rondthaler president





BISHOP EDWARD RONDTHALER

29

1772 **S**1920

Foreword

ARTIUM BACCALAUREUS-A. B.

This ancient degree is the token of the successful completion of a course in the Liberal Arts. It carries with it an atmosphere of culture. It implies broad work carnestly wrought; it imposes a correspondingly urgent obligation to sincere service. This degree admits each recipient into a wide circle of cultivated men and women, who, having shared a common toil, may well, in close fellowship, pursue a common path of duty. Salve Baccalaureus!



1772 **\$**1920 (\$

АВФ

Senior Class

Мотто: Faithfulness, fidelity, and unity

Colors: Red and White

OFFICERS

NANCY GRIFFIN HANKINS	President
RUTH MILLS	L'ice-President
DOROTHY LEE HARRIS	Secretary
BERTHA MOORE	Treasurer
RUBY PAULINA TEAGUE	Poet
MARY BOOKER POLLARD.	Problet
MABEL ELIZABETH WILLIAMS	Historian



NANCY GRIFFIN HANKINS WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"The secrecy of success is constancy to purpose."

Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1916-20; Varsity Team, 1919-20; Captain Class Basket-Ball Team, 1918-19; President Senior Class; Dramatic Society, 1916-20; X Y Z Club, 1918-19; Vice-President Class, 1918-19; College Orchestra, 1918-19; Glee Club, 1919-20; Wearer of "S," 1919-20; Track Team, 1916-20; Assistant Department of Physical Education, 1919-20; Day Pupil Representative to Student Council, 1918-19; Red Ribbon Gossipers, Tormentors, MacDowell Club, Western North Carolina Club, 1919-20; Associate Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20.



AVIS SIMMONS BASSETT, A Φ K BASSETT, VA.

"Her voice wos ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Y. W. C. A., 1917-20; Athletic Association, 1917-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1917-19; Dramatic Society, 1917-20; Glee Club, 1919-20; College Orchestra, 1919-20; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1917-20; Tormentors, 1917-20; Virginia Club, 1917-20; Basket-Ball Team, 1919-20; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1919-20; Wearer of "S," 1919-20; Art Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20; A & K Panhellenic Representative, 1919-20.



MARGARET ZIMMERMAN BRAWLEY, A Φ K statesville, N. C.

"Her words are trusty heralds of her mind."

Y. W. C. A., 1917-20; Hesperian Literary Society, 1917-18; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Vice-President Dramatic Society, 1919-20; Glee Club, 1917-18; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Tormentors, 1918-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1917-20; Western North Carolina Club, 1917-20; Student Government Treasurer, 1919-20; Class Secretary, 1918-19; A & K Panhellenic Representative, 1919-20; Associate Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20.



ELIZABETH BYNUM WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"The glass of foshion and the mold of form, The observed of oll observers."

President Glee Club, 1919-20; Head of the Student Committee of McDowell Club, 1919-20; Day Pupil Representative to Stu-dent Council, 1919-20.



SUSAN EUGENA CHURCH NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

"They are only truly great who ore truly good."

Y. W. C. A., 1917-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1918-19; President Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; President Safety League, 1918-19; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Enterpean Literary Society, 1917-18; Prexy Club, 1918-19; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Western North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Captain Fire Department, 1918-20.



MARY HADLEY CONNOR, B B Φ wilson, n. c.

"Far may we search before we find A heart sa gentle ond so kind."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1917-19; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1918-19; President Freshman Class, 1916-17; Senior Marshal, 1916-17; Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1918-19; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Reporter, 1916-17; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1916-20; Cotillion Club, X Y Z Club, Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1916-20; Tormentors, 1916-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1916-17; Wilson Club, 1916-20; Glee Club, 1919-20; Representative to Student Council, 1918-19; Secretary Student Council, 1917-18; President Student Government Association, 1919-20.



LUCY DIX ESTES, B B Φ CASCADE, VA.

"She was like a dream of poetry
That may not be written or told, exceedingly lovely."

Y. W. C. A., 1917-20; Athletic Association, 1917-20; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1919-20; Varsity Team, 1917-20; Captain Sophomore Basket-Ball Team, 1917-18; Dramatic Society, 1918-19; Cotillion Club, 1917-20; Treasurer Dramatic Society, 1919-20; Bandana Gang, 1918-20; Virginia Club, 1918-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1917-18; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; B B \$\Phi\$ Representative to Panhellenic Council.

72 **S**192



LALLA ROOKH FLEMING, B B & wilson, n. c.

"Where there's a will there's a way, And if I can't find a way I'll make one."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Head of Tennis, 1916-17; 1919-20; Senior Marshal, 1916-17; Hesperian Literary Society, 1916-17; Secretary Glee Club, 1917-18; Secretary X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Dramatic Society, 1918-19; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Sights and Insights, 1918-19; Wilson Club, 1916-20; Red, Ribbon Gossipers, 1916-20; Tormentors, 1916-20; Cotillion Club, 1916-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Editor-in-Chief Sights and Insights.



MARJORIE INEZ HEDRICK NEWPORT, TENN.

"Whatsoever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Hesperian Literary Society, 1916-18; Freshman Representative to Student Council, 1916-17; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Tormentors, 1918-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1918-20; Tennessee Club, 1916-18; Cotillion Club, 1918-20.



DOROTHY LEE HARRIS, A Φ K HENDERSON, N. C.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1917-19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Vice-President Class, 1917-18; President Class. 1918-19; Secretary Class, 1919-20; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Senior Marshal, 1918-19; Treasurer Hesperian Literary Society, 1917-18; Assistant Business Manager Ivy, 1917-18; Associate Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20; Prexy Club, 1918-19; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Eastern North Carolina Club, Red Ribbon Gossipers, Tormentors, Cotillion Club, 1916-20; Second Vice-President Student Government Association, 1919-20.



VIRGINIA A. HOLMES

"Where is there a brighter, warmer spot Than in the sunshine she creates for others?"

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; First Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; X Y Z Club, 1917-18; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Western North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Associate Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20.



RUTH MILLS WADESBORO, N. C.

"I profess not tolking, only this, That each man do his best."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Vice-President Class, 1919-20; McDowell Club, 1919-20.



BERTHA MOORE FORK, S. C.

"The surest pledge of a deathless nome Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; South Carolina Club, 1916-20; Treasurer Senior Class, 1919-20.



GRIZELLE NORFLEET
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"Thou hast been diligent in all things."

McDowell Club, 1919-20.



NANCY LEE PATTERSON, $\Delta \Sigma \Delta$ concord, N. c.

"As sweet and musical as Apollo's lute."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Athletic Association, 1916-18; Glee Club, 1916-20; Treasurer Glee Club, 1919-20; College Orchestra, 1918-19; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Senior Marshal, 1917-18; Class Song Leader, 1916-20; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Bandana Gang, 1916-20; Tormentors, 1918-20; \$\Delta \subseteq \Delta \subsete



MILDRED PENNINGTON SPENCER, N. C.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20: Athletic Association, 1916-19: McDowell Club, 1919-20; Glee Club, 1918-19; Western North Carolina Club.



DOROTHY PFOHL WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"I love tranquil solitude.

And such society as is quiet, wise, and good."

Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; Representative Student Council, 1919-20; Athletic Association, 1917-20; Business Manager Izy, 1919-20; X Y Z Club.



MARY B. POLLARD WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

SAMPLE SAMPLE

"There's a great dool of deviltry Beneath this mild exterior."

Class Prophet, 1919-20; Cotillion Club, 1916-20; McDowell Club, 1919-20.



NANNIE RAPER wilson, n. c.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-18; Dramatic Society, 1917-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1917-20; Tormentors, 1917-20; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Fire Department, 1918-20; Wilson Club, 1916-20; Business Manager Sights and Insights; McDowell Club.



KATHRYN S. RENALDS, B B Φ FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

"Nature made her what she is and he never made anither."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1918-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Head of Swimming, 1919-20; President Dramatic Society, 1919-20; Art Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20; McDowell Club, Cotillion Club. Tormentors, Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1916-20; Cheer Leader, 1916-18.



ANNIE PEARL ROBERTS, A 4 K SYLACAUGA, ALA.

"A good heart's worth gold."

Y. W. C. A., 1918-20; Athletic Association, 1918-20; McDowell Club, 1919-20; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Tormentors, Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1919-20; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1918-19.



FRANCES ROBERTSON, A Φ K LYNCHBURG, VA.

"She that was ever fair and never proud, Had tongue at will and yet was never laud."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Hesperian Literary Society, 1916-18; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Secretary Sophomore Class, 1917-18; Vice-President Dramatic Society, 1918-19; Treasurer Dramatic Society, 1919-20; Senior Representative to Student Government Association, 1919-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; Associate Editor Sights AND INSIGHTS, 1919-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, Tormentors, Cotillion Club, 1916-20; Virginia Club, 1916-20; Art Editor Ivy, 1919-20.



ELSIE SCOGGINS, A & K DURHAM, N. C.

"Gaad humar only teaches charm to last; Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1917-19; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Dramatic Society, 1917-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1918-20; Tormentors, 1918-20; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; College Orchestra, 1919-20; Ivy Staff, 1919-20; McDowell Club.



NANCY MIRIAM SPOON BURLINGTON, N. C.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free, Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Sophomore Student Representative, 1917-18; X Y Z Club; President Walking Club, 1918-19; Assistant Business Manager Izy 1918-19; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1918-19; Prexy Club, 1918-19; Athletic Association, 1918-19; Fire Department, 1918-19; Senior Literary Editor Izy, 1919-20; McDowell Club, 1919-20; First Vice-President Student Council, 1919-20.



MILDRED STARK WILSON, N. C.

"She is possessed of that inexhaustible good nature which is the choicest gift of heaven."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Wilson Club, 1916-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1916-20; Tormentors, 1917-20; Cotillion Club, 1916-10; Euterpean Literary Society, 1916-18; Dramatic Club, 1918-20; Basket-Ball Team, 1916-20; Captain Basket-Ball Team, 1916-17; Student Government Representative, 1917-18; Second Vice-President Student Government Association, 1918-19; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1918-19; President Athletic Association, 1919-20; President Sophomore Class, 1917-18; Joke Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1918-19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; Stage Manager Dramatic Club, 1919-20.





MARY LOUISE STOVER
WILMINGTON, N. C.

"Better be small and shine than be great and cast a shadow."

Euterpean Literary Society, 1917-18; Dramatic Society, 1919-20; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Glee Club, 1919-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1918-20; Tormentors, 1918-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1917-20.



RUBY TEAGUE WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"Small in stature but often wise in judgment."

Editor-in-Chief *Ivy;* Class Poet, 1919-20; Associate Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20.



ALIMAE TEMPLE LAKE VIEW, S. C.

"I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1917-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1917-18; South Carolina Club, 1917-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1917-20; Tormentors, 1917-20; Advertising Editor Sights and Insights, 1919-20; College Song Leader, 1919-20; Senior Class Cheer Leader; Head of Track, 1919-20; Glee Club, 1917-20; McDowell Club; Substitute Class' Basket-Ball Team, 1917-19; Cotillion Club, 1917-20; Senior Marshal, 1917-18.



KATE THOMAS WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"A generous action is its own reward."

Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; Athletic Association, 1916-20; Bandana Gang, 1917-20; Tormentors, 1919-20; Western North Carolina Club, 1919-20; Basket-Ball Team, 1916-20; Varsity Team, 1919-20.



NANNIE LOY TUCKER WINTERVILLE, N. C.

"It's wiser being good than bod; It's safer being meek thon fierce."

Y. W. C. A., 1917-20; Euterpean Literary Society, 1917-18; McDowell Club, 1919-20; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Fire Department, 1918-20.



MABEL WILLIAMS WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"For solitude is sometimes best society."..

Class Historian; Ivy Staff, 1919-20.

17



DOROTHY WITT JEFFERSON CITY, TENN.

"Nothing so strong as gentleness, Nothing so gentle as real strength."

Y. W. C. A., 1918-20; Dramatic Society, 1918-20; Second Vice-President Student Government Association, 1918-19; Junior Representative to Student Government Association, 1918-19; Cotillion Club, 1918-20; Red Ribbon Gossipers, 1918-20; Tormentors, 1918-20; Associate Editor Sights AND INSIGHTS, 1919-20.



OLIVE WOOD, A E A

"The will to do, The soul to dare."

Y. W. C. A., 1916-20; Athletic Association, 1916-19; Dramatic Society, 1917-18; Eastern North Carolina Club, 1916-20; Hesperian Literary Society, 1916-17; Tormentors, Cotillion Club, Bandana Gang, 1916-20.

Senior Certificates in Music



CATHERINE RULFS, A & K
WILMINGTON, N. C.
"She is always placid and content, and
na disturbance makes."



GLADYS SHERRILL, A & K
STATESVILLE, N. C.
"Then she would talk,
Ye gads! how she would talk!"



RUBY DAVIS
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
"Works while she works, and plays while
she plays."



SENIOR CLASS

1772 **\$1920**



SNAPSHOTS

1772 **\$**1920



SNAPSHOTS

1772 **S**1920 1



SENIOR SNAPSHOTS

1772 **\$**1920 (5)

History of the Class of 1920

1916 is an important year in history. Volumes have been written concerning the stirring events of that famous year; of preparation for war, battles, conservation, relief work and innumerable other activities. But as yet history has failed to record the one event that makes the year 1916 one of supreme interest to the Class of 1920. The only public announcement of this fact appeared in the "Twin City Sentinel" September 20, 1916: "Salem College opened this morning with a total enrollment of over two hundred. There are seventy-five in the Freshman Class. This is the largest Freshman Class ever enrolled in the history of Salem College." Seventy-five! We can almost see the 1920 Freshmen turn up their noses in disdain, for they number one hundred and twenty-five; but, however much succeeding classes may surpass the Class of 1916 in numbers, they can never surpass its boundless enthusiasm and class spirit.

We made our first public appearance as the Class of '20 when we marched into chapel on the first morning of school—Freshmen unmistakable, from the big bows of ribbon on our heads to the open-mouthed awe with which we surveyed the stately Seniors, despairing of ever acquiring that

weight of dignity and learning which they bore so calmly.

When the excitement of arriving had passed away, we began to feel the pangs of homesickness, and, despite heroic efforts on our part, the Freshman dormitory was soon filled with the sound of weeping and wailing. Such a state of mind could not exist long in the Salem atmosphere at any time, and our recovery was hastened by the announcement of a "get-together meeting." No better remedy for our drooping spirits could have been devised, for that meeting, with its speeches, songs, yells, and new acquaintances, gave us our first taste of real college life. At its close not one homesick Freshman could be found in the whole of Salem College.

We were very fortunate in the election of Mary Hadley Connor as president of our class, and under her capable leadership we set forth to make the Class of '20 famous. We decided that the first step in this direction would be to win the Thanksgiving basket-ball games, and having once decided on the matter we immediately set to work to accomplish our purpose. While unsuspecting upper-classmen were only dreaming of that great occasion, we were practicing yells and songs, and carefully planning every detail that would add to our triumph. We planned to present a spectacle which would surpass in brilliance and magnificence everything else on the field and would startle the eye of every beholder. It did. For surely Salem never

witnessed such a sight as when we marched onto the field, waving pennants and lustily shouting our class song. Preceding us was something that at first glance appeared to be a solid mass of red and white, but which on closer view was recognized as the Freshman team, red-stockinged, red-bloomered, red-ribboned, and red-faced—a sight designed to strike terror into the heart of the bravest Sophomore. This was only a preparation for what was to follow, for our yelling was even louder than our colors. But the brilliant appearance and unparalleled playing of our team failed to intimidate the "bad, bold Sophomores," and we were defeated. This unpleasant surprise somewhat dampened our enthusiasm, but we comforted ourselves with the assurance that the Thanksgiving banquet still remained. Before that banquet was over we wondered why we had ever considered a mere basket-ball game of such prime importance.

With our first introduction to "Little Gym," we gave him our loyal support and immediately began to plan some means of adding a substantial addition to his income. Finally, we decided upon a carnival as the best means of obtaining this sum and also giving expression to the great, though yet undeveloped, talent in our class. On this occasion the musical talent of our class made its début in a Kazoo chorus. Under the skillful leadership of Nancy Lee Patterson, who performed on a popcorn popper, all the latest airs were rendered on tin pans, kettles, folding hat racks, coffee pots and other original instruments. On a large stage on the back campus a minstrel, led by Elsie Scoggins, delighted the audience. For the sum of ten cents any number of thrills could be experienced in the crazy house, while the fat woman, fortune tellers, and refreshment booths offered amusement to the more timid ones. As the clock struck ten we formed a torch-light parade on the lower campus, and to the accompaniment of rattles, whistles, and tin horns, marched back to Main Building.

Service of the servic

The last great event of our Freshman year was the contest for the best singing of college songs. This was held on the hill and preceded by a camp supper which so inspired us that we sang as we had never sung before and were awarded the banner.

Before we realized it, Commencement had come and our Freshman days were over. The seventy-five timid, homesick little Freshmen who had come to Salem only nine months before were now seventy-five accomplished young ladies who on any occasion could write a model paragraph, hold an audience spellbound by numerous stories, discourse with the greatest intelligence on the fascinating subject of logarithms, and had abandoned forever the obnoxious practice of chewing gum.

Never in our whole career as a class have we felt our importance more than when we first realized that we were Sophomores. We were reduced in number, but not in class spirit, and no Senior could have experienced a greater feeling of superiority than we whenever we met a weeping Freshman—a superiority rather increased by the vivid recollection of our own behavior on a similar occasion not so far distant. Fearing that the Freshmen would fail to show the proper degree of respect toward our superior Sophomoric dignity, we felt it our duty to impress it upon them in some unmistakable manner. Accordingly, we issued the command that, on the following day, no Freshman should appear in the halls or on the campus without an umbrella. If any Sophomore met a Freshman not thus provisioned we would not be responsible for the consequences. But we had reckoned without the Freshman—suffice it to say that this episode resulted far other than in the glory we had anticipated.

This year the Thanksgiving games were postponed because of rain, and we were obliged to restrain our enthusiasm until the banquet. For once the pleasure of this feast was not marred by the presence of losers, and the speeches, songs and yells were marked by unusual pep. When the games were finally held, on the first of December, we lost to the Freshmen by only one point.

So great was our delight at having the Seniors for our sister class that the Christmas holidays were almost upon us before we were able to devise a suitable manner to entertain our sisters. Then, just before Christmas, we invited the Seniors to a Christmas party in the lunch room. Here we found Santa Claus reigning in all his glory as he distributed presents to each one from a huge tree in the corner.

Close upon the holidays came that period that we regard as the darkest of the college girl's life, examinations. Before the depression caused by that dreadful period had passed away, we received a surprise that banished all unpleasant thoughts from our minds. We, insignificant Sophomores, were invited by the Seniors to a dinner-dance! From that moment we lived in a constant flutter of excitement until at last the time arrived and we found ourselves at a real banquet table, decorated in red, white and blue, with Washington's birthday favors, and an orchestra playing. Never before in the annals of Salem, we declared, had there been such a sister class.

As the year was rapidly drawing to a close and we had failed to give the school the benefit of our talent, we planned to remedy this omission on our part by giving a country fair. In a day the long-suffering back campus was transformed into a fair ground overrun by a sweeping mob clad in bonnets,



calico dresses, straw hats, and overalls, each of whom seemed possessed with the one idea of eating more popcorn, drinking more pink lemonade, blowing more ear-piercing shrieks on her tin horn, and accumulating a greater number of red balloons and rubber balls than her neighbor. Our fair was undoubtedly a success, and the play, given as a climax to the fair, revealed to the college the depths of histrionic ability that lay within our class.

Liberty loans, war savings stamp drives, and Red Cross work occupied all our spare time during this year. Among other sacrifices made to aid in war work was the discontinuing of the publication of the *Ivy*, the college magazine, and the donation of this amount to the war relief fund. "*Ivy* nights" were substituted. These were held every month in the college library, and here the *Ivy* was read to the school. In addition to this, other features were introduced and "*Ivy* night" became a regular Salem institution, which lasted until the close of the war.

One fact about the Junior year that created quite a sensation, especially among the faculty, was the practice that suddenly sprang up among us of spending our vacant periods in the library, a pleasure that we had frequently denied ourselves in the past. At any hour of the day groups of studious Juniors might be seen scattered over the library, displaying no sign of interest in the outer world until some Senior appeared in fluttering robe. Upon this coveted possession every Junior would immediately fasten her eyes, and on that object they would remain until the Senior disappeared.

The event of our Junior year was, of course, the Junior-Senior banquet. For three years, we had dreamed of this great occasion, but now that the time had really come we found ourselves unable to decide on any plans that would satisfy our ideals of what this occasion should be. The library we immediately dismissed as entirely too commonplace (our recent frequenting of that room had taken away its attraction as a place of enjoyment.) Finally, some one timidly suggested the Zinzendorf. We were horror-stricken. Yet, so fascinating was the thought, that we could not resist talking it over, and as we discussed it, its fascination grew upon us until we ventured to suggest it to Dr. Rondthaler. To our overwhelming delight, he consented. So, for the first time in the history of Salem, the Junior-Senior banquet was held at the Zinzendorf.

We never quite realized just how wonderful that banquet would be until we beheld the palm room of the Zinzendorf as it was that night. A huge rainbow extended from one corner of the table to another, ending in a pot of gold. Palms, flowers, music, new dresses and—the banquet! Words fail me here, so I will leave the remainder to your memories.

Two members of our class, Nancy Hankins, toastmistress, and Dorothy Harris, class president, especially distinguished themselves that night by their brilliant toasts.

Under great difficulties we began to study for the final exams. For who knew at what moment our careful diagram of the physiology of the earthworm would resolve itself into the second-floor plans of the Annex; while the mere sight of a black robe fluttering through the campus was sufficient to drive away every trace of Shakespeare's villains and love-lorn heroines from our bemuddled brains.

Finally, that dreadful week drew to a close, and we found ourselves assembled in the Junior room, being prepared by the sympathetic faculty for our first taste of Seniorhood, which awaited us just outside the door. Once we were enveloped in the coveted cap and gown we felt that the heights of earthly bliss had been attained. We were content to merely sit and admire ourselves or parade slowly through the halls for the benefit of envious lower-classmen. When we marched into lunch that day we became slightly acquainted with some of the discomforts of Seniorhood. For the unnatural angle at which our caps forced us to carry our heads prevented our thorough enjoyment of the meal. However, the splendor of our raiment repaid us fourfold for all such minor inconveniences.

September 20, 1919, had arrived. Thirty Seniors, vainly endeavoring to assume an air of supreme indifference in keeping with the dignity of their apparel, lined up before Memorial Hall. The first notes of "Standing at the Portal," sounded and thirty newly-made Seniors began their first processional.

We were Seniors. We were in the Annex. Only one item was lacking, and when, on the night of Senior house-warming, the magic "1920" flashed out over the Annex our happiness was complete. The fact that this sign was ready on time we regarded as a good omen.

Borrowed caps and gowns might satisfy for one day, but with their return to their respective owners we felt a sudden loss of self-respect which nothing less than the arrival of our own could restore. Of what importance is a capless and robeless Senior? Here, again, fortune favored us and our mental equilibriums once more received a severe shock when our caps and robes arrived only two weeks late instead of two months, as we had mournfully predicted. If we had been told that our overworked mental equipment would be equal to another shock we would have unanimously denied any such possibility, but when it was announced that hat burning would be graced by the presence of the Rotarians we received that surprising news with remarkable calmness. Perhaps this calmness was due to the fact that we were

unable to comprehend immediately the full significance of this announcement, and it did not burst upon us until we marched into the dining-room and beheld them. Men! Any doubts concerning the reality of their appearance were soon dispelled when their songs, yells and speeches began. How we pitied the Rotarianless hat burnings of other classes!

Immediately after dinner we laid aside our robes and caps for tall paper dunce caps, typical of our minds in previous years. On the basket-ball court on the back campus the court of King Folly reigned supreme until scattered by the blast of a horn. Then, amid silence, a long line of white figures wearing tall dunce caps appeared from the lower campus. As they came out of the shadows into the light of the torches they began the Seniors' "Marching Song." Nancy Hankins, president of the Senior Class, lit the huge bonfire into whose flames the Seniors joyfully threw their dunce caps. Immediately the Sophomores appeared with caps and robes with which they arrayed their sisters. At last, without doubt, we were Seniors.

Thanksgiving was one long series of delightful surprises, from the arrival of the large basket of fruit sent by the Sophomores until the last bite of the banquet had disappeared. For a few minutes of breathless excitement we thought that at last our hopes were realized. But again we were doomed to disappointment, for the Juniors defeated us by one point only.

Christmas with its excitement was over all too soon, and the terrors of examinations were upon us before we realized it. Immediately upon these came an epidemic of the influenza, which resulted in a three weeks' quarantine. Time dragged slowly during the quarantine, but now that this is over time is fairly flying. For we realize that now we are in the spring term of our last college year, with only eleven weeks of college life before us. Our Senior days that we had looked forward to so long are almost over, and as the time approaches when we must leave Salem we feel that we would be willing to be those same timid little Freshmen once more if by that we could recall the four happy years we have spent in Salem College.



Class Poem

O Salem, guide us still! For four years thou hast given to us plenty Of Wisdom; Thou hast taught us mental skill Still guide thy Class of Twenty!

We leave thine honored precincts, The outward features of our learned trend; But memory can never be extinct With thee as life-long friend.

Thou art a constant Force; A Force, which constant, yet forever changing To suit each individual's different course, And each one's talents ranging.

Yet by thy wondrous might Thou hast given each Twenty girl a gift so strong-A love for Truth and Beauty, and insight To judge the Right from Wrong.

Hear our thanks, our cry, O Salem spirit, still to guide our way: Keep in our hearts thy greatest law of Love, Grown stronger day by day.

Our daisy chain must fall; Not so the chain which binds our hearts as one-Hearts full of love for Twenty and, for all Of Salem, our College Home.

R. P. T., '20.

Prophecy of 1920



SA SA

WAS lazily turning over the pages of an old Salem Annual—an annual that dated back to 1920, the year we graduated, and which now seemed to me to belong among the books of the ancients. I couldn't keep from smiling as I gazed at each Senior, so stately, so serious, so solemn and so fully aware of that cap and gown. Some of our caps were slanted

at rather an unstately angle and some of our heads were tilted as though listening for a distant call, but we were all there—the proud thirty-six of us. When had I seen one of these books! I was wondering whose it was, when the Dr. Victor Piccardi interrupted my pleasant musing to inquire whether the "leetle mademoiselle" was prepared for the great experiment.

"Yes, indeed, I am quite ready," I smilingly answered.

I was taking a post-graduate nurses' course in the Mamouth Hospital, when one morning in July, 1930, the renowned doctor, Dr. Piccardi, recently from France, appeared with what he considered the greatest invention of this age, the past age and the age to come. And I, myself, agree with him, if it produces the results that he and other eminent physicians expect it to and affirm that it will. It consists of a little round black pill-like object, composed of ingredients that when swallowed have much the same effect upon the mind as when under the influence of hypnotic power, and includes in its operation that mysterious process known as mental telepathy. Whosoever swallows this little black object, so Dr. Piccardi had explained, the person or persons whom he thinks about or is thinking about immediately before, will appear with their actions before him as a mental picture or in the form or a dream. Rather wonderful to think about, but far-fetched. Anyway, as a nurse in the hospital, I had offered my services for swallowing Dr. Piccardi's little black pill, and much to my chagrin and dismay I was accepted, and here before six famous scientists and physicians I was about to have the great invention tried out on me.

"It ees a great honor, mademoiselle, for you to be ze first one to experiment ze joy which zis wonderful leetle object will produce."

"Yes, yes," I hastily answered. For, to tell the truth, I was beginning to feel rather queer at the thought of having my mind at the disposal of the doctors and to the effect of the little black pill, and was beginning to regret my rash offer. Hurriedly I inquired what I should concentrate upon, and he answered:

"Let ze mind dwell on anything ze mind shall wish, mademoiselle."

So, with a brave air that I was far from feeling. I gazed longingly around, took a long breath, swallowed once, twice, thrice and the "great invention" went sliding down my throat and that was all I knew until

I was calmly sitting in the great Metropolitan Theatre that had just been completed and was presenting its opening show. The honse was ablaze with light and splendor, and was througed with gorgeously dressed women and gay and chattering groups of boys and girls. I had come on the spur of the moment and was not even aware of what the program consisted. But one of our party turned to me with the remark that we were indeed in for a rare treat. I glanced down on my program and read the opening number:

"Solace......Miss Mae Tempé"

This meant nothing to me, for I had not kept up with the music celebrities of the day, and was indeed more interested in the crowds around me.

Over in the box to the right, a short distance from me, there was an unusually gay and hilarious crowd. There was one figure especially that kept attracting my attention—a lady—gorgeously dressed in blue. I was positive I had seen her before, but not having been in this country for some time, I could not place or recall her face. Pointing her out to one of our party, I was informed that she was Mrs. Maxwell Van Landing. I was disappointed that she was no one I was familiar with. But just then another member of our party informed me that she was formerly a Miss Stover from Wilmington. Of course, it was Mary Louise. And my informant went on to say that she had married young Maxwell, Jr., heir to his father's millions and was leading a very gay social life in the metropolis.

I was preparing to learn more of Mary Louise, when every one began to applaud most enthusiastically, and all of a sudden music—such marvelons music—filled the air. I forgot everything except the wonder of that music, and then it ceased. Applause after applause followed, but the young artist refused to make a reappearance. I was aware of two people talking behind me, but was not conscious of what they were saying until I heard the name of Alimae Temple. Then, my interest being aroused, I listened closely and heard one say, "So Alimae assumed the name of Mae Tempé and made her first appearance on the stage."

Could that be Alimae Temple I just heard? Surely not! Not being able to restrain myself longer, I turned around to inquire of that possibility.

"Beg pardon, but was that . . . " When, to my amazement, I looked into the eyes of Fez Stark. She stared at me and I stared at her. She, finding her voice first, exclaimed:

"For the goodness sake, is this a Salem Alumnæ meeting? I've never seen so many 1920 Salem girls in all my life!"

Then we asked and answered about sixty questions a minute, and I learned more news in the next hour than I had learned in the last five years. And sure enough that was Alimae Temple.

Fez went on to say:

"Of course, you know that Nancy Hank—but do you know who are the others on the program?"

I told her I had no idea, so she winked and said, "just you wait."

So, while "waiting," I asked her all about herself and the rest of the Wilson girls.

She, so she informed me, had married the principal of the High School of Fayetteville, where she had been teaching, and that finally he was elected to the chair of mathematics in the University of Penn, where they had been living for the past six years. She went on to say that just as they had started to New York a very important faculty meeting was called and he was forced to remain. But, as all reservations had been made, she decided to come on, and he was to meet her the next day. She finished up by saving:

"You heard about Kate Thomas, didn't you?"

I shook my head in the negative and she had just started to explain when the music began to play, and four figures came tripping out—one in pale green, one in lavender, one in pink, and one in blue—and they certainly could trip the light fantastic toe. Such graceful turning, twisting, kicking, and pierotting I had never seen before. I was so fascinated I did not hear what Fez was saying over my shoulder until I heard her say:

"Don't know who they are, do you?"

"Never saw 'em before," I answered.

"Well," she returned, "I don't suppose you ever heard of Nancy Hankins, Ruby Teague, Gena Church or Dorothy Pfolil, did you?"

"You don't mean to say"-

"I certainly do," she answered, without waiting for me to finish, and went on to explain that Ruby, Nancy, Gena and Dot decided to cease searching for knowledge and enter a new vocation. They had first gone into vaudeville, and with the same zeal and diligence that they had used in the matter of books they put forth in dancing, and it turned out that they were just as

nimble and quick with their feet as they had been with their brains. And the result was they attracted the attention of Mansfield and were being given a tryout to-night.

"From the looks of things, they are having some success, aren't they?

You never can tell when the worm is going to turn," she added.

I was not interested in the remainder of the program. My thoughts could not recover so rapidly from the surprise of the evening. In fact, I was not even aware that the concert was over until Fez tapped me on the arm, saving:

"Come and go to the hotel with me, and I'll tell you about the rest of the girls."

So I went with her and had not more than settled comfortably in a chair when she exclaimed:

"You've surely kept up with Mary Hadley?"

"I haven't heard a word from or about Mary Hadley in about eight years. You see, I've been absent from this country so long and so absorbed in my work that I haven't had opportunity to keep up with anything."

"Well," continued Fez, "you know Mary Hadley's father was a judge, and she had plenty of opportunity to obtain all kinds of—knowledge and information about law and governmental matters. She was awfully interested in that kind of work, and when her father had to go to Washington on business he took her with him. Some way or other, I never did get it exactly straight, she had the chance to offer her advice concerning the solution of some legislative problem. The executive department followed her suggstion, which proved very successful. This impressed the President so that he offered her some government position which she accepted, and was gradually appointed to higher offices until now that child is the President's very closest adviser and confidante."

All I could do was to gasp for breath, and even before I could give an utterance to my thought Fez exclaimed:

"Oh, I never did finish about Kate Thomas! You know how she could memorize. Well, one day some one jokingly said, 'Kate, you ought to give memorizing lessons like that man in Winston did years ago. You would make a fortune!' Sure enough, that girl went to work, traveled around the country giving ten lessons for \$50.00. She also edited a little booklet called 'Katrina's Katechism for Memorizing,' and sold them to the public and made loads and loads of money. She says she is going to leave every penny of it to Helen Streett. You remember that was the Baltimore girl she was always so crazy about. I had a letter from Kate not so very long ago, and she said

after one of her lectures some one came up and called her by name, inquiring if she remembered her. And it turned out to be Bertha Moore, who was teaching the fourth grade there and had come to hear the lecture, thinking it might be helpful to her in her work. And in another town, I think is was Harrisonville, some one left a 'phone call, and when she called up it was Avis Basset, who wanted her to come around for lunch. She was in charge of a kindergarten of sixty children. Kate said she wanted to 'try out' one of her memory tests on them, but Avis would not hear to it. Oh, yes, Kate said she, not long ago, got on the same train with Pearl Roberts, who is doing social reform work in Cincinnati."

"Miriam Spoon is teaching school, too, isn't she?" I inquired.

"Miriam Spoon teaching school! Well, I should say not! Don't you remember how crazy she was about biology, chemistry and physics? She devoted years and years to investigating, experimenting and analyzing problems dealing with these sciences. After absorbing all the knowledge these sciences offered she went off and obtained a Ph. D. degree. And when the third epidemic of influenza, otherwise known as the flu, swept over the country it was Miriam Spoon, or Dr. Spoon, who came to the rescue with an inoculation which proved to be a preventive of influenza. It created quite a sensation at the time, and she has since then received recognition of all the foremost doctors. Imagine Miriam teaching! Maybe you were thinking of Virginia Holmes. She is teaching psychology and branches of education at Lutherville College in Maryland, and Marjorie Hedrick is physical instructor and gym teacher in the same school. Virginia instructs the mind and Marjorie trains the body. Good team-work, eh?"

Some Some

"Salem ought to be proud of some of her former pupils, oughn't she?" I said.

"I should say so," Fez answered. "It was there that Mildred Pennington had her first inspiration to take up a musical career. Don't you remember what a success her graduating recital was, especially that 'Hungarian Rhapsodie,' and just look at her now—not only playing, but composing her own musical selections. And then, there's Mabel Williams, a perfect genius, and with a record to be proud of. Her short stories have been appearing in the best magazines and her latest book has run through its seventeenth edition, and is still popular."

"How do you manage to keep up with every one, Fez, I can't see. Where are Margaret Brawley and Gladys Sherrill; still in Statesville?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you never heard about that affair?"



I was beginning to be real ashamed of my ignorance concerning matters that seemed of such supreme importance now. But I had to confess my lack of knowledge, so Fez continued:

"Gladys was involved in a love affair which proved to be a very bitter disappointment. Her father, in order to make her forget, took her all over the world. Margaret Brawley went with them and while they were visiting some little island near Africa, they met two English missionaries, whom they married a month later. When Mr. Sherrill returned home he returned alone and left Margaret and Gladys behind—a great addition to the missionary circle. They say they all had to watch Gladys and remind her to talk slow, because all the little black natives use to make themselves a nuisance hanging around all day just for a chance to hear her talk!"

Just then a clock began to strike, and we counted in unison:

"One, two, three, four."

"My goodness, I must be going," I exclaimed.

But Fez insisted it was too late for me to possibly reach my hotel, and there was no reason in the world why I should not stay on with her. So I remained, and in the interim of preparing to go to sleep and sleeping I learned one more piece of news, namely: That Nannie Loy Tucker and Ruby Davis had both gone off in 1921 to enter a nurses' training school. Namie Loy was now head nurse in a big hospital and Ruby was the wife of a doctor in the same institution.

I was waiting to hear more, but the only sound that reached my ears was a gentle snore, and Fez, wearied with our lengthy conversation, peacefully slept. A few minutes later I kept her company, for I knew nothing more until I was rudely awakened with the suggestion that if I had any intentions of keeping my 11:00 o'clock engagement I had better hustle, and hustle I did So that twenty minutes later we were in the dining-room awaiting our coffee.

Fez was more or less peeved because I had no news to impart in return for all that she had given. So it was with great relief that I heard her inquire:

"Are Dell and Lib still living on Spruce Street?"

Here at least was a subject I could discuss with a ray of intelligence. So, with a great show of interest and energy, I reached in my inner coat pocket and pulled out a letter.

"Here's a letter I received from Dell from Paris, Fez, just before leaving and didn't have time to finish. She mentioned Lib Bynum and somebody else. She has been traveling ever since she graduated—been to Italy. France, China and Japan. In fact, there's not a spot on the globe she has not visited. She says she'll never be satisfied to come back and

settle on Spruce Street, but if she ever stops her wandering will pick Cuba for her future home. Let's see where I left off, yes, here it is:

"'You can't imagine my surprise when I ran across old Lib Bynum last Saturday. It was at an informal gathering of French artists who were exhibiting a few of their recent pictures. Besides being shown these works of art and served with little cakes and tea, we were further treated with a vocal selection by a number of recent celebrities, who had made their début in France. Well, when Lib came out, I just simply hollowed right out, 'Well, Lib Bynum.' And if you could have seen the lifted eyebrows and the haughty stares you would wonder how I managed to still be in existance, but I survived, and had a great long talk with Lib afterward. You know there is quite a colony of American people over here. Frances Robertson and Elsie Scoggins have a darling little studio. Frances makes a specialty of women heads, which are quite in demand. The one she is painting now, 'The Coquette,' she thinks will excel all the others, and for all we know may hang beside Rosa Bonheur's famous paintings. Elsie Scoggins does designing and interior decorating, and the French people are crazy about her work. Dot Harris is teaching English in the Foché Imperial University, and spends every week-end with them. Katherine Rulfs was here visiting them last week, but she had an engagement with some highclass stock company to give an exhibition of Scottish and Irish gigs, so she had to hurry back to the U.S. But she says she is going to retire from the stage and come over here and live with them. Ruth Mills is here, too. Her husband (you know he is a doctor) had to come over for research work, so Ruth came with him. By the way, Dot Witt is making her permanent abode in this country. I haven't seen her myself, but some one else saw her and told me all about her. It seems she was over here with her sister and one day they came across a dilapidated old building with the sign 'Orphans' Home.' They were shown over it by their guide and good old Dot's sympathy was aroused for these crowds of poor little motherless and fatherless children (some of the older ones were orphans of the war in 1914-1918), so she offered to take charge, and was accepted. They say it does one's heart good to see Dot in the midst of these little waifs, each one lisping with affection 'Mama.' I hear that' "-

Just then our coffee and toast arrived, so I ceased reading to turn my attention to a more pleasing occupation. A few minutes later Fez, glancing down at her watch, exclaimed:

"It's ten minutes 'til eleven!"

SA SA

With that we rushed out, told each other good-bye and parted with the understanding that I was to have tea with her the next day to meet her husband.

I had gone about a half block when Fez came rushing madly after me, puffing and blowing.

I just wanted to tell you we would have tea to-morrow at Nannie Raper's 'Little Tea Shop.' It's perfectly darling, and she has the best things to eat—especially chocolate blanche mange—so be sure to come."

Again we said good-bye. I jumped in a taxi and arrived just in time to meet my friend, Mrs. Borden, whose guest I was to be the following week.

"Well, my dear," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad to see you. I especially wanted you to come to-day, so as to see the great 'Aeroplane Show.' It is a wonderful spectacle and one that attracts visitors from all over the world. Before going, however, I want to stop in the book store and get a kodak and some writing paper. Do you mind?"

I was only too glad for the opportunity to look around in this book store. It was so modern, so up-to-date, and so complete in every department. While waiting, I wandered over to the music booth, and the very first thing my eyes fell upon was a record, "Just Awearyin' for You," by Nancy Lee Patterson. Soprano. I immediately bought the record, although its price was ten dollars, and I had to borrow the money from Mrs. Borden! The clerk informed us that this was her latest piece, and they could not begin to fulfill the orders for records by Nancy Lee.

Mrs. Borden was quite as excited as I over this discovery, and we still talked of what a queer coincidence it was.

Just as we started out of the store, Mrs. Borden spied the chautauqua program for the following week, and nothing would do but that she should go over for a closer inspection. I followed and glanced over her shoulder.

"It seems a very interesting program," she commented.

But I heard not a word. I was too busy trying to absorb the fact that Lucy Dix Estes was in big print before my very eyes.

"Will you please look here, Mrs. Borden, an old classmate of mine. Lucy Dix Estes, lecturing at the chautauqua next Friday on 'The Possibilities of the Human Mind.' What do you know about that?"

"Lucy Dix Estes, have you never heard of her work? She has been before the public eye for the last three years. And I read an article in the



Outlook just the other day praising her work and placing her foremost among the lecturers of to-day. But come, we had better make haste and walk to the next block. I told Walker to have the car there."

I dazedly followed. But before we reached the next block Mrs. Borden had to stop to see what was on at the moving pictures. The people were pouring out and there was a crowd waiting to go in.

"Must be something special," she murmured.

She strolled over to the advertising board. I followed and there gazed back at me a big picture of Olive Wood.

"Oh, it's Olive Wood in 'Three Men and a Girl!' She is just splendid. I'll have to find time for you to see that picture," she exclaimed, not even noticing my amazed and stunned condition.

By the time I had recovered enough to explain about Olive, it was time for the "Aeroplane Show" to begin. So we drove immediately over to the field and in a half hour I was viewing the most amazing spectacle I had ever had chance to witness. Aeroplanes of every description, size and shape stood row after row. Aeroplane drivers and owners stood around in groups discussing the merits of the different machines; one machine stood out noticeably from the others. It was long, narrow, graceful-looking, painted black with blue and gold figures forming a border around its sides. It was surrounded by an eager admiring crowd, who pressed close, asking questions of its evident owner, who leaned lazily against the wheel. I grasped the arm of Mrs. Borden and together we drew near in order to have a better view.

"Let's ask whose machine it is," Mrs. Borden was saying.

But as we advanced, much to our amazement, it was a girl leaning there so nonchalantly.

I glanced at her, I looked more closely, and then I stared. The girl was Kathryn Renalds. I left Mrs. Borden, pushed my way through the crowd and the next minute she was explaining everything. She had graduated at the United States Aeronautic School, and had been in government service until she had made enough money to purchase a machine of her own, which she herself had planned and designed. I might have known this was her own creation, even if she had not told me, or if I had not now seen the big "K. Renalds" in gilt letters in the corner of one side.

"Yes," she was saying, "I'm awfully enthusiastic over these new models. Later I hope to make a specialty of designing aeroplanes in the different color combinations for copy. Just as soon as this tour of 'Aeroplane Shows' is completed I'm going over to see Rookh. She's spending the winter in south-



ern Italy. I was over there last month, and they have a lovely old estate overlooking Como Lake. You remember she married the oldest son of the United States minister to Italy. They've asked me to come over and rest up after my present exertions. Then, too, they were thinking of buying an aeroplane and want to see this new model of mine. Come on and go up with me in about twenty minutes."

I felt some one tugging at my arm. It appeared to be a great force pulling toward my left side. At first I thought it was Mrs. Borden trying to draw me away from Kathryn, or probably Kathryn attempting to drag me in her machine; but consciousness slowly returning, found me looking into the bright little eyes of Dr. Piccardi, who was vigorously shaking me

with all his strength.

"Awake, my mademoiselle, you did see much. Tell me, my mademoiselle. It ees a work of success, eh, my mademoiselle?"

He rubbing his hands together, gesticulating, and talking all at the

same time, was simply aglow with excitement and importance.

But as for myself, I could only dazedly nod my head, not daring to speak, not daring to believe even that this was a mere creation of fancy or indeed even of reality, resulting from the effect of a little black object, otherwise known as "Dr. Piccardi's great invention."

THE END.



Senior Marshals

ALICE BELL RULFS RUTH CROWELL

MARY SHEPARD PARKER ELIZABETH GILLESPIE FAY ROBERTS

MARGARET FALLON

CATHERINE RULFS

RUBY DAVIS

GLADYS SHERRILL (Chief)



ANNIE MAE BARNES ELIZABETH THOMPSON
LENA JONES MARY LEE DAVIS DOROTHY HEDGECOCK
ELIZABETH HARTSOOK ETHEL SMITH

CERTIFICATES IN SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING





HLV

1772 **S**1920



In Memoriam

> Mary Strother Barnes

1772 **S**1920



АКФ

Junior Class

Frances Buckner Clio, S. C.

Madie Beckerdite Winston-Salem, N. C.

HETTIE BETHEA, Δ Σ Δ Dillon, S. C.

MARY S. DARDEN, Θ A Π Wilson, N. C.

ALICE DAVID Dillon, S. C.

OLIVE EBORN Washington, N. C.

MARIE EDGERTON Oak Ridge, N. C.

> MARGARET FALLON Durham, N. C.



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Effie Lee HARDING Yadkinville, N. C.

FLORANCE LEWIS Sewanee, Tenn.

LOUISE LUCKENBACK Winston-Salem, N. C.

ARDENNA MORGAN Winston-Salem, N. C.

MARTHA MICHAL Woodrow, N. C.

EDITH POINDEXTER Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEARL RAY Martel, Fla.

GLADYS REICH Elkin, N. C.



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Hallie Ross, ΔΣ A Asheboro, N. C.

FAY ROBERTS, A Φ K Sylacauga, Ala.

HELEN STREETT, В В Ф Bel Air, Md.

> Priscilla Streett, В В Ф Bel Air, Md.

EVELYN SMITH Cheraw, S. C.

ELVA TEMPLETON Cary, N. C.

EVELYN THOM, $\Theta \Delta \Pi$ China Grove, N. C.

ESTELLA WOLFF Rural Hall, N. C.



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SNAPSHOTS

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SIGHTS ! INSIGHTS 7772 **S**1920 (

ΧΚΔ

Sophomore Class

Moттo: Be fivable and have a noble purpose Colors: Purple and White

OFFICERS

MARY SHEPARD PARKERPro	esident
MIRIAM EFIRD	esident
ALICE WATSON Sec	cretary
NINA SUF GILL Tro	

MEMBERS

ANNIE THOMAS ARCHIBELL SARAH D. BOREN AVA CARTER GERTRUDE COBLE HAZEL CULLER LOUISE S. COOKE LETHIA CROUCH MARY DILLARD Lois Efird MIRIAM EFIRD RUTH EBORN NANNIE FORD FINCH Annie S. Garrett NINA SUE GILL ELIZABETH GILLESPIE DOROTHY GREGORY CARRIE HENDREN ELIZABETH HENDREN FLIZABETH HUDSON MARY HURT KATE HURT. Rosa James SARAH JEFFERY

VIOLA A. JENKINS BLANCHE KING SARAH LINGLE Elsie Moses HAZEL MORTON MARTHA MATHEWSON JUANITA MOFFITT HATTIE F. MOSELY AGNES McElroy MILDRED PARRISH MARY SHEPARD PARKER SADIE PENRY GEORGIA RAY RIDDLE MARGARET MAE ROBBINS REBA RUSS Annie Sue Roughton ISABEL SPEARS MARGARET STEVENS BLANCHE THOMPSON ELIZABETH THOMPSON MIRIAM VAUGHN ALICE H. WATSON KATHERINE WYLIE

LUCIA WILKINSON



9-0 W Many

SOPHOMORE CLASS

7772 **\$**1920







M1772 \$1920 F

ΧΣΤ

Freshman Class

MOTTO: be livable and have a noble purpose colors: black and gold

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

virginia arthur elizabeth ashford dorothy barger annie maye barnes beulah barwick henry belk iulia bethea lois brooks martha brooks katharine brown dorothy brown doris brown helen brown mary exum burt alice campbell katharine carter lilly carter mabel chinnis mary clarke elizabeth coleman mary coleman elizabeth connor ruth crowell ruth correll florence crews ruth crisp

elizabeth cude mogelli culler ruth daily lelia davis rav dawson alymer gray deans elizabeth denton katharine denny birdie drye alice fleming mary fleming ieraldine fleshman carrie f. floyd bernice foote jessie giles elise goode alva goswick queene graeber ruth grice elizabeth griffin eunice grubbs · julia hairston duncan hagan edith hanes lois haymore elizabeth herring

mary hodges blossom hudnell elizabeth hudson margaret ingram anna jackson grace iones dorothy kirk frances leach alice lylerly iris martin charlotte mathewson eliza gaston moore elsie moses estelle mc cauliss bright mc kennie jennie mae pegues pauline penny ida perkins lucille pickens agnes pfohl bessie pfohl mabel pollock ruth reeves florine rondabush alice rulfs willie maye sams

ruby sapp elizabeth setze iosephine shaffner pauline shields annis smoot emilee snider juanita sprinkle flavella stockton alice sumner kathleen thompson sallie tomlinson pattie g. turner blanche m. vogler lillian wall mary warren gladys weeks alice whitaker margaret whitaker ruth white mary whitehurst gertrude wolff тагу wгау willie wright dorothy vancey elizabeth zackery



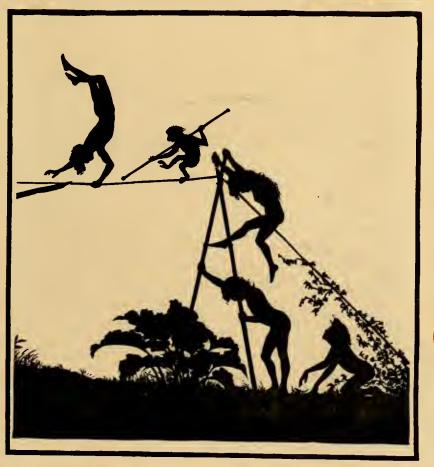
FRESHMAN CLASS





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ATHLETIES



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Varsity Team

Avis Bassett

Lucy Estes

Nancy Hankins

Kate Thomas

Nina Sue Gill

Elizabeth Griffin

Gray Deans

Mary Clarke

Alice Rulfs

Joe Shaffner

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MILDRED STARK
President
GRAY DEANS
Head af Basket-Ball
ROOKH FLEMING
Head af Tennis

MARY DARDEN Vice-President

KATHRYN RENALDS Head of Swimming Helen Streett Secretary Kate Hunt Head of Hackey Alimae Temple Head of Track

OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

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Senior Basket-Ball Team

AVIS BASSETT, Captain	Side Center
KATE THOMAS	Jumping Center
NANCY HANKINS	Forward
MARY HADLEY CONNOR	Forward
LUCY ESTES	Guard
MILDRED STARK	Guard
DOROTHY HARRIS	Substitute
GENA CHURCH	Substitute
CATHERINE RULFS	Substitute



Junior Basket-Ball Team

HELEN STREETT, Captain	Guard
EVELYN THOM	Substitute Forward
PRISCILLA STREETT	Side Center
HALLIE ROSS	Substitute Guard
OLIVE EBORN	
PEARL RAY	
MARY STROTHER BARNES	
EFFIE LEE HARDING	
ARDENNA MORGAN	

ΩТ



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

MARTHA MATHEWSON	Center
MILDRED PARRISH	Forward
LOUISE COOKE	Forward
NINA SUE GILL	Guard
DOROTHY GREGORY	Guard
MARY HURT	Side Center
SARAH LINGLE	
MARY SHEPARD PARKER	

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Freshman Basket-Ball Team

GRAY DEANS, Captain	Center
MARY CLARKE	Guard
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN	
ALICE BELL RULFS	
JOE SHAFFNER	
BERNICE FOOTE	Substitute
ELIZABETH SETZE	Substitute Guard
ELIZABETH ZACKERY	Substitute
RUTH CRISP	Forward

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Reminiscences of Our Late Civil War

By E. A. LEHMAN



URING the great World War we here in the United States of America experienced none of the horrors which devastated France and Belgium. It is true that we are feeling its inevitable results in heavy taxes, in the high cost of living, in the curse of profiteering which seems to have attacked well-nigh all classes of people. It has also let

loose a perfect carnival of crime, of disregard for the rights of others, which is appalling.

It was different during, and after, the late Civil War between the North and South in many respects, and yet all wars let loose the worst passions of human nature. Not even Attila, the Hun of 1100, was as brutal as the modern Hun of 1914-1918.

Our Civil War left us with devastated homes, ruin everywhere; not a single industry but dried blackberries and dried fruit—yet out of all its evils our God wrought out for us such prosperity as we never dreamed of. Of course, we had to pay \$150 for a dress that few people now would wear; \$100 for a pair of rough shoes with wooden bottoms. It was said you could go out shopping with a wheelbarrow load of money and bring your purchases back in your vest pocket.

What it cost in time and worry and money to keep up our Salem Academy, the Principal and Wm. Fogle, the Steward, alone could have told. To keep a school fed, clothed and housed when filled to overflowing with many refugees, who sought this haven as a place of safety, was a hard proposition, but we never suffered nor were our doors ever closed for a single day.

Sad things were all about us, but like rifts of sunshine, gleams of humor would at times flash out to thwart the darkened sky. Some places, near us, were plundered of every available article, but we were spared those experiences. The town authorities and other officials, with the President of the school, went out to meet General Palmer, in command of the only large body of Union soldiers that paid us a visit in April, 1865.

The delegation was received and the desired protection granted by General Palmer, who stationed a guard on our premises here when told what the school represented—the very flower of Southern aristocracy. The soldiers



MISS EMMA A. LEHMAN



marched through the town and encamped beyond the creek until noon the next day, when they marched up Church Street, through the graveyard and cemetery, when we lost sight of them as we watched them from the house-top of Main Building. The first ones dismounted and took off their hats as they passed through the graveyard, but only the first ones.

During the night, however, came some of those bits of humor that we recall now, as well as some things that were not quite so pleasant. Every possible precaution had been taken. People from town brought many of their valuables to friends in the school to keep for them, considering the Academy the safest place they knew. I, myself, carried on my person several heavy belts of gold coin, three gold watches and other treasures. Our side room shelves were loaded to the fullest capacity with goods of various kinds, kept for friends in town.

Our two black carriage horses were taken into the basement wood cellar for safe keeping. As Mr. Fogle and one of the Union officers stood watching the departure of the troops next day, Mr. Fogle recognized one of his work horses hitched to a gun carriage. He remarked it to the officer, who at once had the horse unhitched and restored to his former owner.

As Mr. Fogle went past Main Hall during the memorable evening he saw that one of the sentinels standing guard on the front piazza was a mere lad, teeth chattering from cold, and also noticed that he was a brother Mason. He gave him coffee and food and persuaded him to go to his own room, lie down, go to sleep, while he (Mr. Fogle) took his place as sentry. About midnight an orderly came galloping up with a message for the sentinel, and could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the state of affairs. He compelled Mr. Fogle to walk before him, while he, pistol in hand, followed into Mr. Fogle's bedroom. He jerked the lad out of the bed and said: "Was there ever anything in the annals of history to equal this! A sentry asleep in an enemy's country, in an enemy's bed, and that enemy standing guard for him." I do not suppose there ever was a similar case, but Mr. Fogle was a man in a million, and Salem was, and will always be, unique in its way.

Some happenings were not humorous, though. Some of the younger girls forgot Southern politeness—forgot what they might bring upon themselves and the school, and insulted the sentinels who were guarding them. The President of the school being informed of it, called the whole student hody into the chapel and told them what had happened, and also that if anything took place he would be unable to protect them; of course, nothing else happened.

A little later some of our girls would make a wide detour to avoid walking under the Stars and Stripes which floated over the sidewalk. This also was noted, and they soon learned that at times circumstances are too hard for us, and it is best to give in gracefully.

The reconstruction times were harder than the real war-time experiences—the days when the Ku Klux Klan was evolved, and became such a power. It took thirteen years then to get into normal conditions. We began to live in a new world. So it will be again! The great Master of Life lets the evil passions of men rage until He says, "It is enough." He then takes a hand and brings good out of awful evil, new conditions, new living—practically a new world, purified and purged of its worst elements.



SALEM GIRL OF 1840



SALEM GIRL OF 1920



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DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY

Music Department

"Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!"

-Carlyle.



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GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Nancy Lee Patterson

ASSISTED BY

MRS. C. B. WAGONER, Soprano MISS NELL HERRING, Accompanist MR. S. KAY PATTERSON, Flutist

AND

DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY, Organist



MISS PATTERSON AND DEAN SHIRLEY





GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Margaret Brawley

ASSISTED BY

MRS. J. R. PERKINS, Controlto

AND

DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY, Organist

Capriccio	Scorlatti
Pastorale Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens" Miss Brawley	
Aria from "Samson and Delilah"	Saint-Saëns
Shadow Dance	MacDowell
Prelude in C Minor	Cnopin
Polonaise	MacDowell
MISS BRAWLEY	
Die Lotushlume	Schumann
Songs My Mother Taught Me	Dvorak
Ich Liebe Dich	Grieg
Mrs. I. R. Perkins	
Concerto in D Minor	Rubinstein
MICC PRAWLEY AND DEAN SHIRL	FV



GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Mildred Earp Pennington

ASSISTED BY

MR. FRED YOUNG, Baritone
MISS LENA GARNER,
Accompanist

AND

DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY, Organist



Italian Concerto (First Movement)	Bach
Gavotte	Gluck
Miss Pennington	
Aria Dio Possente from "Faust"	Gaunod
Mr. Young	
Concerto, C Minor (Second Movement)	Piernė
Miss Pennington and Dean Shir	
Love's Secret.	Bantock
Forever and a Day	Mack
De Ol' Ark's a-Moverin'	Arranged by Guion
Mr. Young	and the second s
March Wind	MacDawell
Melodie	Rachmaninoff
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2	Liszt
Miss Pennington	





GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Nannie Loy Tucker

ASSISTED BY

REV. J. KENNETH PFOHL, Baritone MRS. J. K. PFOHL, Accompanist

AND STRING TRIO

MISS SUSAN WEBB, First Violin MISS MILDRED DE BARRITT, Viola MISS JESSIE C. TALMAGE, 'Cello

Gigue, G MinorIn Modo Scarlatti		Bach
In Mode Scarlatti		Ornstein
Marche Grotesque		Sinding
Marche of occupant	MISS TUCKER	
Songs—		
	Mr. PFOHL	
Capriccio	- 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	Foote
Novelette in F		Schumann
	MISS TUCKER	
Songs-		
	Mr. Pfohl	
	Movement)	Beethoven



GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Evelyn Smith

ASSISTED BY

MR. WILLIAM WRIGHT, Violinist

AND

DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY, Organist



Fantasia Cromaticae Fuga
Miss Smith
Concerto, No. 7de Beriot
Andante
Allegro
Mr. William Wright
Reverie
Etude, F Major
PreludeRachmaninoff
Polonaise in E
Miss Smith
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice from "Samson and Delilah" (Arranged
for Violin)
Indian Lament Kreisler
The Bell Schubert
MR. WILLIAM WRIGHT
Concerto in D Minor
Presto Igiocoso
Molto Allegro
Miss Smith and Dean Shirley





GRADUATING RECITAL
IN PIANO

OF

Miss Katherine Davis

ASSISTED BY

MR. JASPER DEAN

 The Spirit Flower
 Campbell-Tipton

 Reveries
 A. R. Shelley

 MR. DEAN
 MacDowell

 Melodie in E
 Rachmaninoff

 Ballade in G
 Brahms

 Miss Davis
 Miss David"
 Dudley Buck

 MR. DEAN
 Pinale from Concerto, Op. 185
 Raff

 Miss Davis
 Miss Davis
 Raff



GRADUATING RECITAL

OF

Miss Ruth Mills

ASSISTED BY

MISS NANCY LEE PATTERSON,
Soprano
MISS CHARLOTTE MATHEWSON,
Accompanist

AND

DEAN H. A. SHIRLEY, Organist







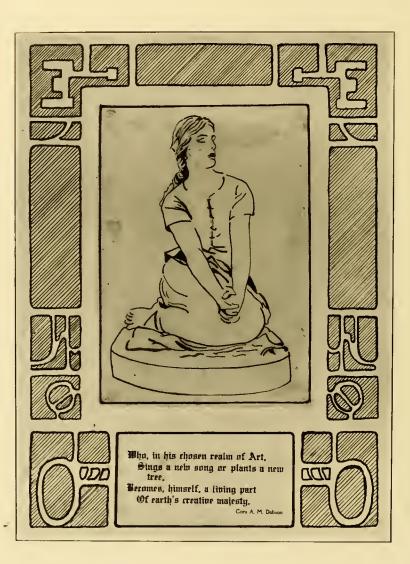
Glee Club

MISS BEATTY, Director

KATHARINE BROWN Lois Brooks ELIZABETH BYNUM HELEN BROWN AVIS BASSETT SARAH BOREN LOUISE COOKE Lois Cash MARY HADLEY CONNOR GERTRUDE COBLE ALICE DAVID ALICE FLEMING NANNIE FINCH MARGARET FALLON NINA SUE GILL DOROTHY GREGORY MARY HURT NANCY HANKINS Anna Jackson DOROTHY KIRK

SARAH LINGLE ELIZA MOORE CHARLOTTE MATHEWSON CLEO OGBURN MARY SHEPARD PARKER MILDRED PARRISH JENNIE MAE PEGUES NANCY LEE PATTERSON POLLY POINDEXTER CATHERINE RULFS FLORINE RONDABUSH MAGGIE MAYE ROBBINS PEARL RAY MARY LOUISE STOVER ELEANOR SHAFFNER MIRIAM SPOON ALIMAE TEMPLE ALICE WATSON RUTH WELCH GERTRUDE WOLFF

SIGHTS ! INSIGHTS 1772 **S**192



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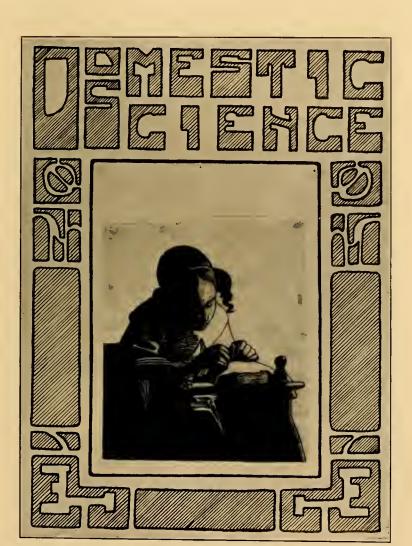


DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

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DINING-ROOM COOKING SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM

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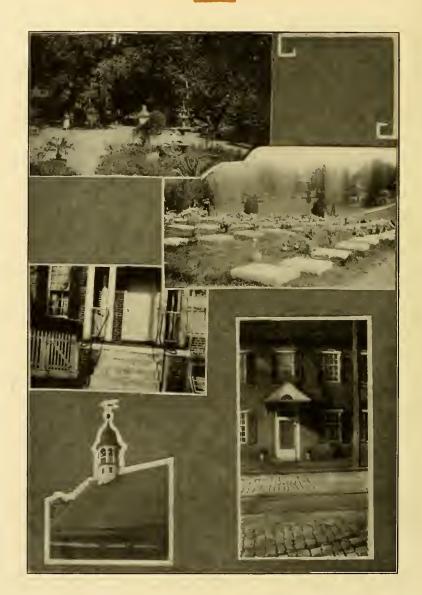


Domestic Science Department

VIRGINIA ARTHUR DOROTHY BARGER DOROTHY BROWN MADIE BECKERDITE Lois Carter RUTH CROWELL LELIA COX ALICE CAMPBELL RAY DAWSON Lois Efird RUTH EBORN MARIE EDGERTON DUNCAN HAGAN KATE HURT BLOSSOM HUDNELL HELEN HENLEY Anna Jackson GRACE JONES

FLORENCE LEWIS LOUISE LUCKENBACH ARDENNA MORGAN JUANITA MOFFITT NANNIE RAPER PEARL RAY PEARL ROBERTS Annis Smoot IUANITA SPRINKLE WILLIE MAYE SAMS PAULINE SHIELDS ISABEL SPEARS EMILY SNIDER ELVA TEMPLETON PATTIE TURNER BLANCHE THOMPSON RUTH WHITE DOROTHY YANCEY

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ORGINEATIONS



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Student Government Association

OFFICERS

MARY HADLEY CONNOR	President
MIRIAM SPOONFirst	
DOROTHY HARRIS Second	Vice-President
HETTIE BETHEA	Secretary
MARGARET BRAWLEY	



REPRESENTATIVES

SENIOR

FRANCES ROBERTSON DOROTHY PFOHL

JUNIOR

HALLIE ROSS
MARTHA MICHAL

SOPHOMORE

SARAH BOREN MARY HURT

FRESHMAN

GRACE JONES EDITH HANES

DAY STUDENT
ELIZABETH BYNUM
MIRIAM VAUGHN



STUDENT COUNCIL





Young Women's Christian Association

Мотто: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Zachariah 4:6

OFFICERS

GENA CHURCH	President
VIRGINIA HOLMES	-President
ELIZABETH GILLESPIE	Secretary
FAY ROBERTS	Treasurer

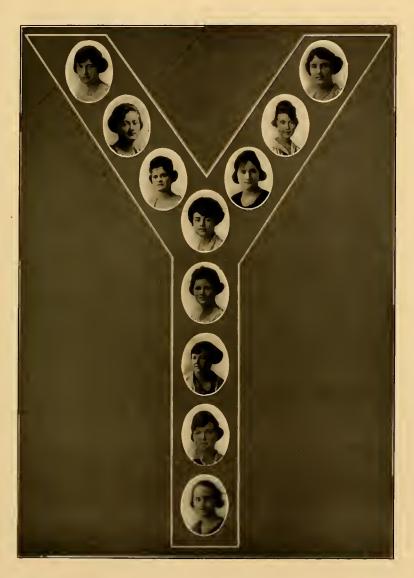
CABINET

ANNIE THOMAS ARCHBELL	
MILDRED STARK	
NANCY LEE PATTERSON	Music
DOROTHY HARRIS	Service
FRANCES BUCKNER	Room
Frances Robertson	Bulletin-Board
KATHRYN RENALDS	Postcr
MARY DARDEN	Sociol



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THE IVY STAFF





Wilson Club

ALICE FLEMING
MARY HADLEY CONNOR
ROOKH FLEMING
ELIZABETH CONNOR
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN
MARY DARDEN
MARY CLARKE
NANNIE RAPER
ALICE WATSON
MILDRED STARK
GRAY DEANS
ANNIE MAYE BARNES



Western North Carolina Club

EVA BOREN Lois Brooks MARGARET BRAWLEY RUTH CROWELL GENA CHURCH ALICE CAMPBELL RUTH CRISP PAULINE COBLE Bernice Foote QUEEN GRABER VIRGINIA HOLMES JULIA HAIRSTON NANCY HANKINS MARGARET INGRAM ROSA JAMES BLANCHE KING SARAH LINGLE ALICE LYLERLY

HENNIE MALONE ELIZA GASTON MOORE IUANITA MOFFITT HAZEL MORTON AGNES McElroy MILDRED PENNINGTON LUCILE PICKENS RUTH REEVES GEORGIA RIDDLE HALLIE Ross GLADYS SHERRILL Annis Smoot EMILIE SNYDER JUANITA SPRINKLE RUTH WHITE BLANCHE WILKINS DOROTHY YANCEY ELIZABETH ZACKERY

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South Carolina Club

JULIA BETHEA
HETTIE BETHEA
FRANCES BUCKNER
ALICE DAVID
PERTHA MOORE
JENNIE MAY PEGUES
EVELYN SMITH
ALIMAE TEMPLE

Virginia Club

AVIS BASSETT
KATHERINE BROWN
LUCY ESTES
ELIZABETH GILLESPIE
DUNCAN HAGAN
KATE HURT
MARY HURT
FRANCES ROBERTSON
FLORINE RONDABUSH







Eastern North Carolina Club

ANNIE THOMAS ARCHPELL
VIRGINIA ARTHUR
BEULAH BARWICK
HELEN BROWN
MARY EXUM BURT
DOROTHY BROWN
RAY DAWSON
KATHERINE DENNY
NANNIE FINCH
MARY HODGES
BLOSSOM HUDNELL
DOROTHY HARRIS

VIOLA JENKINS
RACHEL JORDER
GRACE JONES
HATTIE MOSLEY
MARY SHEPARD PARKER
CATHERINE RULFS
ALICE BELL RULFS
MAGGIE MAYE ROBBINS
ISABEL SPEARS
PATTIE TURNER
NANNIE LOY TUCKER
MARY WARREN

MARY WHITEHURST



Red Ribbon Gossipers

AVIS BASSETT MARGARET BRAWLEY MARY HADLEY CONNOR RUTH CROWELL MARY CLARKE ELIZABETH CONNOR MARY DARDEN GRAY DEANS ROOKH FLEMING ALICE FLEMING NANNIE FINCH NINA SUE GILL DOROTHY HARRIS NANCY HANKINS MARJORIE HEDRICK SARAH LINGLE

MARY SHEPARD PARKER PEARL ROBERTS NANNIE RAPER CATHERINE RULFS FRANCES ROBERTSON KATHRYN RENALDS MILDRED STARK MARY LOUISE STOVER ELSIE SCOGGINS GLADYS SHERRILL ALIMAE TEMPLE EVELYN THOM DOROTHY WITT KATHARINE WYLIE TED WOLFF DOT YANCEY



Bandana Gang

Неттіе Ветнел DOROTHY BROWN LOUISE BOSWELL GERTRUDE COBLE ELIZABETH DENTON GERALDINE FLESHMAN ELIZABETH GILLESPIE DOROTHY GREGORY ELIZABETH GRIFFIN FRANCES LEACH HATTIE MOSLEY NANCY LEE PATTERSON HALLIE Ross MAGGIE MAYE ROBBINS ELIZABETH SETZE Annis Smoot KATE THOMAS ALICE WATSON



Tormentors

MARGARET BRAWLEY AVIS BASSETT SARAH BOREN JULIA BETHEA MARY HADLEY CONNOR ELIZABETH CONNOR MARY CLARKE RUTH CROWELL MARY DARDEN LELIA DAVIS ALICE FLEMING ROOKH FLEMING NANNIE FINCH GERALDINE FLESHMAN NINA SUE GILL DOROTHY HARRIS NANCY HANKINS BLOSSOM HUDNELL MARJORY HEDRICK GRACE JONES

Annis Smoot MILDRED STARK EMILIE SNYDER ELSIE SCOGGINS MARY LOUISE STOVER ALIMAE TEMPLE EVELYN THOM DOROTHY WITT DOROTHY YANCEY TED WOLFF SARAH LINGLE FRANCES LEACH NANCY LEE PATTERSON MARY SHEPARD PARKER CATHERINE RULFS PEARL RAY KATHRYN RENALDS ALICE BELL RULFS PEARL ROBERTS GLADYS SHERRILL





The Flat

DOT GREGORY
HELEN STREETT
"PRIS" STREETT
PEARL RAY
MARTHA MICHAL
"HAMP" ROSS
MARY DARDEN
MARGARET FALLON
BLANCHE THOMPSON
LOUISE BOSWELL
EVELYN THOM
MARIE EDGERTON
HETTIE BETHEA
"TED" WOLFF



1772 **S**1920

Cotillion Club

HELEN STREETT First Leader
GLADYS SHERRILL Second Leader

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH ASHFORD Annie Thomas Archbell VIRGINIA ARTHUR ELIZABETH BYNUM HETTIE BETHEA MARGARET BRAWLEY SARAH BOREN AVIS BASSETT IULIA BETHEA DOROTHY BROWN HELEN BROWN KATHARINE BROWN DOROTHY BARGER MARY HADLEY CONNOR ELIZABETH CONNOR LOUISE COOKE GERTRUDE COBLE RUTH CROWELL MARY CLARKE MARY DARDEN LELIA DAVIS ALYMER GRAY DEANS ELIZABETH DENTON LUCY ESTES MARIE EDGERTON HELEN EVERETT ROOKH FLEMING ALICE FLEMING MARY FLEMING MARGARET FALLON GERALDINE FLESHMAN CARRIE FLOYD NINA SUE GILL DOROTHY GREGORY ELIZABETH GRIFFIN RUTH GRICE ELISE GOODE DOROTHY HARRIS

MARJORY HEDRICK

ELIZABETH HUDSON MARY HODGES BLOSSOM HUDNELL GRACE JONES DOROTHY KIRK FRANCES LEACH SARAH LINGLE ALICE LYLERLY BRIGHT MCKENNIE JUANITA MOFFITT RUTH MILLS NANCY LEE PATTERSON MARY POLLARD MILDRED PARRISH MARY SHEPARD PARKER FRANCES ROBERTSON KATHRYN RENALDS HALLIE Ross NANNIE RAPER CATHERINE RULFS ALICE RULFS PEARL ROBERTS FAY ROBERTS PEARL RAY PRISCILLA STREETT MILDRED STARK ELSIE SCOGGINS ISABEL SPEARS Annis Smoot EMILIE SNYDER ELIZABETH SETZE MARY LOUISE STOVER ALIMAE TEMPLE EVELYN THOM BLANCHE THOMPSON OLIVE WOOD LUCIA WILKINSON DOROTHY WITT KATHARINE WYLIE

DOROTHY YANCEY





College Fire Department

JACKSON	Major
CHURCH	Captain
ROSS	Assistant Captain
NANCY LEE PATTERSON	First Lieutenant
RUTH MILLS	Second Lieutenant

MEMBERS

DOROTHY WITT
MARY HADLEY CONNOR
GLADYS TRAZZARE
FRANCES BUCKNER,
MARY DARDEN
ALICE DAVID
MILDRED PARRISH
ALYMER GRAY DEANS
SARAH BOREN
JULIA HAIRSTON
ANNIE MAE BARNES

BRIGHT MCKENNIE
FLORINE RONDABUSH
DOROTHY KIRK
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN
ELIZABETH SETZE
DOROTHY SAWYER
NANNIE RAPER
MIRIAM SPOON
FAY ROBERTS
HELEN STREETT
EFFIE LEE HARDING
VIOLA JENKINS

HENNIE MALONE
SARAH LINGLE
FRANCES LEACH
JUANITA SPRINKLE
PAULINE SHIELDS
RUTH WHITE
DOROTHY YANCEY
ELIZA MOORE
MARY CLARKE
JUANITA MOFFITT
RUTH CROWELL



SIGHTS # INSIGHTS رود وحرويد. (H) OUR GLASS?



ALIMAE TEMPLE BEST DANCER

NANCY HANKINS MOST CAPABLE MILDRED STARKE
MOST OPTIMISTIC

RUTH MILLS MOST DIGNIFIED





KATHRYN RENALDS
MOST WINNING PERSONALITY

MARY HADLEY CONNOR NICEST MANNERS ROOKH FLEMING MOST PERSUASIVE

EVELYN THOM MOST INTELLECTUAL





EVELYN SMITH MOST STUDIOUS

PRISCILLA STREETT HANDSOMEST

MARY DARDEN MOST POPULAR





DOROTHY GREGORY PRETTIEST ALICE FLEMING MOST STRIKING REST DRESSED MOST INDIFFERENT ELIZARETH CONNOR FRIENDLIEST MARY CLARKE RIGGEST VAMP





PATTIE TURNER LIVELIEST RUTH GRICE CUTEST LOOKING MOST ATTRACTIVE CHARLOTTE MATHEWSON CUTEST

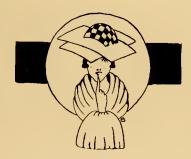
ELSIE GOODE MOST ORIGINAL MOST ENTERTAININO





ELIZABETH GRIFFIN BEST MINER

GLADYS DEANS MOST ATHLETIC



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CAMPUS SCENES

1772 \$1920



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Patterson, '20 Renalds, '20 Cooke, '22 Ветнел, '20

Brawley, '20

Estes, '20 Bassett, '20 Wilkinson, '22





CONTROL SINGHESE



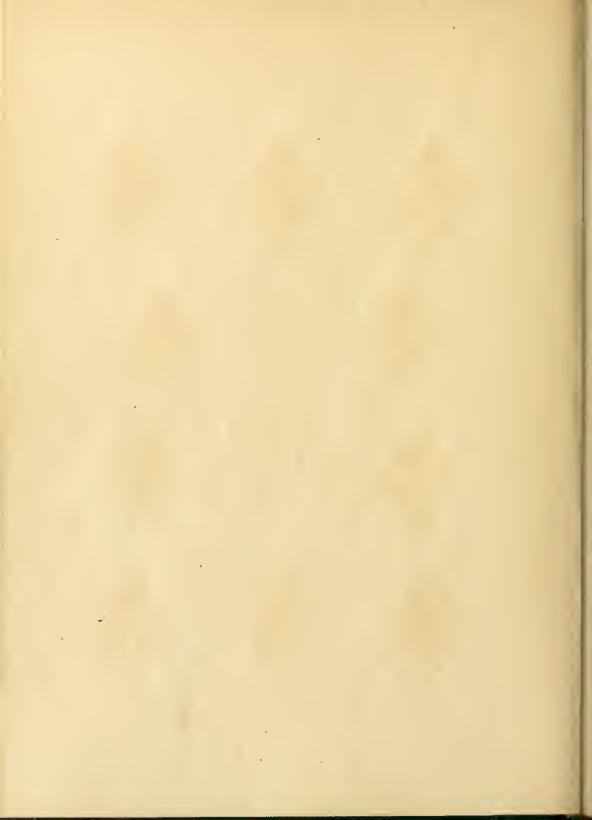
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Senior Red-Letter Days

September 18—Opening Day. Seniors wore caps and gowns.

September 20—Get-together night.

September 27—Senior house warming.

October 4-Senior masquerade dance.

October 20—"Henry, the Magician," stunned us with tricks.

October 30-Elizabeth Bynum entertained Seniors at Hallowe'en party.

November + Hat-burning night. Our guests were the Rotarians.

November 8 and 9—Y. W. C. A. Conference. Seniors entertained several delegates.

November 9—Candy tragedy—after putting pure cream and marshmallows in we discovered we had used salt instead of sugar!

November 21—Louise Homer.

November 23—Seniors cooked for Sophomores.

November 27—Thanksgiving Day. Senior team in championship game.

December 5—"Smileless supper," benefit of Endowment Fund.

December 13—Main Building girls entertained Faculty, Academy Seniors and College Seniors at Xmas party.

December 14—Xmas vespers in library.

December 17—Seniors serenaded officials of College with Xmas carols.

December 18—Left for a little vacation.

January 7—We returned.

January 8—Class rings arrived.

January 23—Fez and Gladys received boxes—Seniors didn't go to dining-room that night.

January 24-31—Examinations.

January 25—Galli-Curci in Greensboro—Salem turned out.

February 3—Dell Norfleet entertained Seniors at buffet dinner.

February 5-Senior Annex invaded by "flu"—we moved to Main Building.

February 14—Valentine party in the library.

February 27—Quarantine lifted.

March 13—Annual goes to press.

April 6—Josef Hoffman gives recital in Memorial Hall.

April 10—Wake Forest Glee Club.

April 12—Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler entertain Seniors at banquet.

May 7—Junior-Senior Fête.

May 21—Senior banquet.

May 22—Commencement play in pleasure grounds.

May 23—Baccalaureate sermon and Senior vespers.

May 24—Class day; grand concert.

May 25—Commencement day.





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AND EVER SUPPLOS



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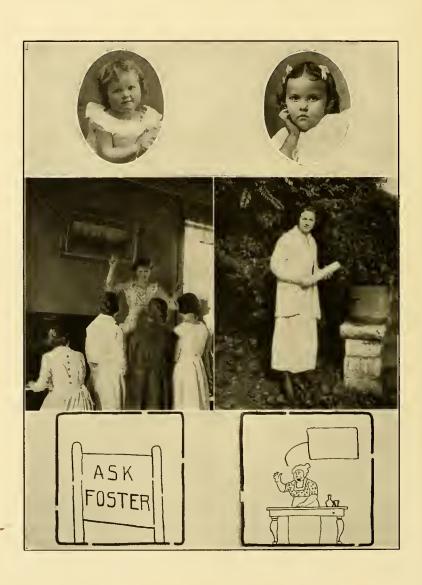




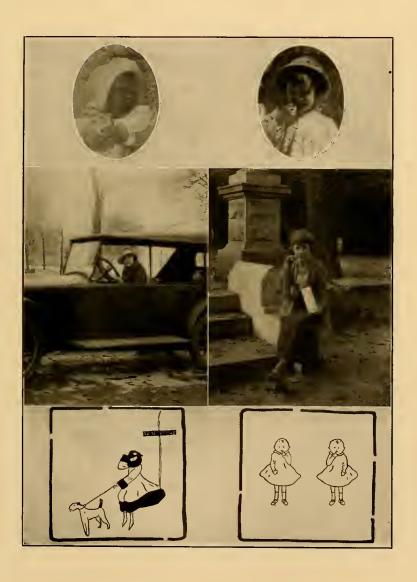




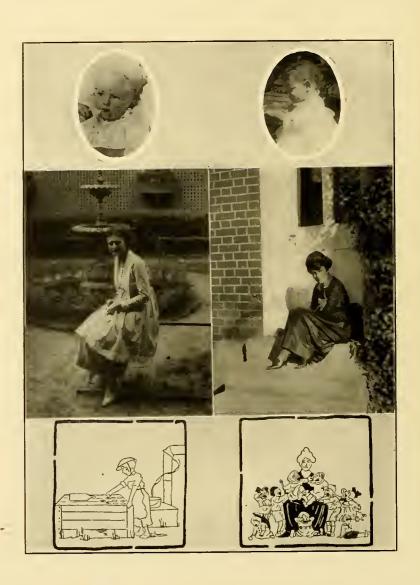
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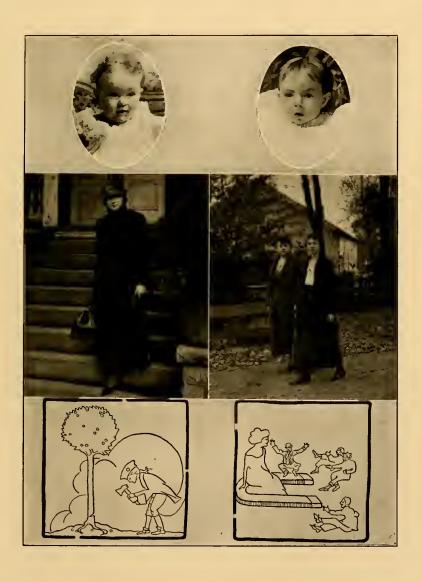
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1772 **\$**1920



Revised by a Salem Girl

or

AS IT SHOULD BE

Thou shalt not go to bed before thou art sleepy nor get up before thou wantest to.

Thou shalt not go to chapel or Y. P. M. unless thou desirest.

Thou shalt practice nothing but "ragtime" music.

Thou shalt take thy baths in cold water.

Thou shalt take all allowed cuts the first week of each semester and as many other as thou desirest.

Thou shalt attend all unapproved picture shows.

Thou shalt not attend gym ever.

Thou shalt wear brief evening dresses.

Thou shalt never study.

Thou shalt entertain men anywhere at any time thou desirest.

Commencement Program, 1920

GRADUATING RECITALS

MAY 22—SATURDAY:

Commencement Play in Pleasure Grounds

MAY 23—SUNDAY:

Baccalaureate Sermon Senior Vespers

MAY 24—MONDAY:

Class Day Alumnæ Exercises Grand Concert Reception

May 25—Tuesday:

Commencement Day Graduating Exercises

ise OE M



Can You Imagine

Kate Thomas going to the flat?

Rookh Fleming coming from the flat?

Dean Shirley chewing gum?

Olive Wood saving money?

Alimae Temple in a good humor after eleven o'clock P. M.?

Pattie Turner other than quiet, pensive and dignified?

Evelyn Smith flirting?

Miss Stype with nothing to do?

I WONDER WHEN

Salem will be a co-ed school?

Max Sennett's bathing girls will make their first appearance in Memorial Hall?

Lelia Davis will tell the truth?

Salem Varsity Basket-Ball Team will challenge Harvard?

Salem girls will strike against welfare's prices?

There will be a "special" for each of us every Sunday?

There will be a separate parlor for every Saturday night date?

Chaperones will be unnecessary?

Student government will accept as its motto "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die"?

Every Senior will get a husband?

Rookh Fleming will do as she pleases?

WILL

Mildred Parrish ever spend less than eight hours a day in Miss Stype's office?

The name of Crush ever die out in Salem?

There be any stars?

The Seniors ever be ready for Commencement?

The Ivy ever have a circulation of over two million five hundred thousand?

Miriam Spoon Olive Wood.

DOES

Lula Graverly know how to keep a secret? Mary Hurt? Absence make the heart grow fonder?

A letter from mother satisfy the longing?
An education consist of 60 points?

Mr. Heath: "Miss Wood, you've been cutting lately." Miss Wood: "Yes, sir, Mr. Heath, a wisdom tooth."

Alimae Temple: "I left my watch upstairs and it ran down."

Blanche Thompson: "Which is your favorite hymn."

Louise Cooke: "Bingo White."

Mr. Heath: "Miss Pattie Turner, give me the character of Henry VIII." Pattie: "Oh! he was a wonderful man; he had eight wives."

Miss Farrar: "Mary Louise, please translate the following: "Heace in Galliam est important."

Mary Louise raised her head and bravely said: "Hike into Gaul, it is important."

Advice to diners: Nancy Lee Patterson, "The only way to eat raw oysters is raw!"

Fez: "Gee! I have a date with Ed. this hour without a single thrill."

Avis: "Why, Fez, who is Ed?"

Fez: "Education IV."

Lucy Estes (at Davidson-Carolina football game): "Say, Mr. Voglar, how many halves do they play?"

Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives.—Spinsters of 1920.

"Some folks think they are showin' off what they is—

"But I say they are showin' off what they ain't."

Fez: "Rookh, why do you sit on every joke I hand in?" Rookh: "I wouldn't if they had a point."

There was a young lady named Anna,

Who in the church choir sang soprano;

She fell down the stairs, the tenor declares,

We have heard, now we have seen your hose, Anna (Hosannah).

Freshman: "One thing sure, if Thanksgiving comes on Saturday this year I am going home for the week-end."

Some say green! We say check!

Catherine Rulfs: "Oh, girls! I heard a man's voice just running up the steps."

Every time a girl smiles at you don't think she's flirting—your face may look funny to her.

Don't pride yourself on your good memory—idiots are found to possess the very best.

Miss De Berrett: "The dumb servitor has nothing to say in this scene."

"She asked me to meet her by the garden wall."

"Yet you seem apprehensive."

"Yes, I am afraid she intends to throw me over."

Fez: "Golly! I don't see how Carlyle ever shut his book on those words."

Pat, Fined \$9.10 for Disorderly Conduct

Pat: "Judge, I don't mind the nine dollars, but what is the ten cents for?" Judge: "Pat, that is the amusement tax."

Nannie Raper: "Oh, Fez! if we use baby pictures in the Annual I'll have to have one taken."

Nannie is far past sixteen.

It was reported that Ray Dawson was taken up for begging the other day—due to lack of support: also Dorothy Kirk for profiteering in the same line.

"Ladies' dresses one-third off." Is this a prediction of future styles?

Ads we have seen:

It was once said, "See America first"; it is now, "See America thirst."

Mr. A.: "Miss Holmes, if you haven't anything on to-night, I'd like to see you."

There is a time to speak, but also a time to keep silence.—Solomon. My bonnie lies over the ocean (the way he lied to me).

Miss De Barrett: "Nancy Lee, what does meritorious mean?" Nancy Lee: "A merry person."

We wonder the peculiar significance of "Oh, excuse me!" to Olive Wood.

"Colonel, do you think we will live longer now that we have prohibition?" D—m! No, but it will seem longer.

When you have a sense of humor and don't know what to do with it, call it dry.—Carlyle.

Synonym for-

Wine, women and song. Bevo, chicken and jazz.

A HINT TO THE WISE

He put his arms around her,
And he pressed her to his heart;
They heard her dress a-rippin',
But she knew the mending art.
She didn't care!

He drew her even closer;
The beads she wore he broke;
But she smiled at him divinely
And thought it was a joke.
She didn't care!

He gained new courage then
And gave her one long kiss;
She answered with her ruby lips
He might do even this.
She didn't care!

At last when he released her
With a long-drawn, eager sigh,
His button caught her hair-net
And she uttered forth a cry.
She didn't care!

"You've torn my hair-net all to smash— Leave my sight forever." He left and ever after knew, Altho' he saw her never, That—she did care!!

-Tar Baby.

If you go through your life with one true friend you are indeed lucky.— Emerson.

Tain't no use in eatin'—
Causes pain.
Tain't no use in lovin'—
Tain't no gain.
Tain't no use in kissing,
He'll tell.
Tain't no use in nothing—oh, hell!

—Tar Baby.

The loveliest thing in life's gay whirl
That a mortal man can do,
Is to fall in love with a lovely girl
Who falls in love with you.

—Tar Baby.

C. Rulfs: "I could never be a Baptist, 'cause I firmly believe in infantile paralysis."

It's a curious thing that the fellow who would divide his last dollar with you seldom has a dollar.—Ladies Home Journal.

If it isn't any of his business the average man is likely to take a keen interest in the matter.—Ladies Home Journal.

The man's idea of his wife's financial responsibility is that a five-dollar bill imposes a burden upon it. His chief curiosity concerning her relates to the manner in which she wasted the two dollars he gave her the week before—Ladics Home Journal.

We don't inherit wooden legs, but we do inherit wooden heads.

You have probably noticed the man who has said, "Well, to make a long story short," seldom does it.—Ladies Home Journal.

"Miss De Barrett is sick to-day."

"That's so, what's the complaint?"

"No complaint, everybody satisfied."

Miss Jackson: "Have you taken gym?" Freshman: "Oh! No!! Is he gone?"

Miss Jackson: "Arms up! Bend!" Bright McKennie: "Which way?"

Kate Thomas to Alimae: "Why don't you like Bill?"

Alimae: "Oh, he's so assified!"

Kate: "Well, when did you begin to use the broad A?"

Inexperienced Normal Teacher: "Now, do you understand the treble cleff?"

Pupil: "Yes'm, but it show is truble to write, ain't it?"

Porter (to a man who has just run after train and missed it): "Miss your train, suh?"

Man (indignantly): "No, idiot. I was just chasing the darn thing out of the yard."—Exchange.

"I heard Helen had divorced her husband."

"Yes, she thought she was marrying a Woman's Home Companion and she got a Cosmopolitan."—Voo Doo.

Kathryn: "Dot, may I please borrow your blue tie?"

Dot: "Certainly, but why the formality?"

Kathryn: "Couldn't find it."

Miss Jackson: "Mildred, I want to see you pass this exam."

Fez: "So do I, so let's pull together."

Miriam Spoon said "Vamped" 11:05 P. M. February 26, 1920, and still looks the same—eighth wonder of the world.

For authority on spelling see Rookh Fleming, Senior Annex. Rates reasonable. Sample of words: Knever—never, nown—known, whitch—which, etc. Hours always to suit.

A BLANK VERSE POEM

To?

-By Sheeza Spirit.

Mary Hadley (reciting on Beethoven): Beethoven's chief characteristic was that he loved to sit down and wonder.

Money talks, still it seems necessary for banks to have tellers.

A.: There's not but one thing that can get the last word on Miss Anna Butner.

B.: What's that?

A.: The echo.

We know bow-legged girls may have a fine life, but they surely are in bad shape.

WANT ADS

Some one to have hysterics when I tell a joke.—Rookh Fleming.

Wanted—All girls taking Biology I and Chemistry I and II to report to Columbia for summer school.—Miss Bartlett.

Wanted—Something to keep my class in Education awake.—Miss Manson.

Wanted—A list of boys whom I don't already know.—Lelia Green Davis.

Wanted—Some one to carry the tune for me in Senior Processional.— K. Renalds.

WANTED-Some one to grow eyelashes for me.-Mary Louise Stover.

Don'ts

Don't go to classes, dance at the gym, you'll have a better time.

Don't write home often, but when you do be sure it is profitable.

Don't forget to slam doors in the faculty's face. They like to feel you are oblivious of their age.

Don't file your nails and pull eyebrows in chapel. We don't want it too formal.

Don't forget to ask Dr. Rondthaler all puzzling questions as: Material for spring dress and the color your hat shall be. It is his business to serve.

Don't forget to carry a copy of *Snappy Stories* to the library each month. The library does not afford one.

Don't forget to have your high-school jewelry in evidence. It marks your rank in college life.

Don't study, you're here for a good time.

Don't make a stumbling block of Student Government—just kick it out of the way.

Don't complain about handleless cups—provide yourself with straws.

Don't break city ordinances, such as skating, riding bucking ponies, or firing off "22's," etc. You'll remind Dr. Rondthaler of his paternal duties.

Don't forget re-exams, because you will have to take them.

Don't worry about not having dust cloths, cut up the alcove curtains.

Don't forget that your one hour per day exercise must be spent loafing downtown (O'Hanulin's corner desired place).

Don't forget to set your alarm clock at 5:30 in the morning, it will remind you that you have two more hours of bliss.

From the Bible: The hairs of your head are numbered.

We've got Dr. Rondthaler's number!!

SURE PROOF OF MENTAL VACUITY

 $M,\,H,\,C,$ (to girls signing their return from church): "Did you have a good time?"

Poverty leaves its tracks. When it comes in at the door it never stops to wipe its feet.

Few things taste as good when warmed over—a pretty good argument against letting your love grow cold.

It takes two to make a marriage, but one can make a failure of it.

In spite of the high cost of living perfumes may still be bought for a scent.

In these days even the grand opera tenor has to limit himself to a temperance high bawl.

MEN AND DOGS

A friend may smile and bid you hail, Yet wish you with the devil; But when a good dog wags his tail You know he's on the level.

SALEM HOTEL, LTD.

(10 to a Room) Chinese Plan

300 Alcoves

1 Bath

Sleep in our beds and you'll be happy to get up

ALL MODERN INCONVENIENCES
Two kinds of running water—(Dirty and Cold)

References-John Alden, Modern Priscilla, Kyviolistch and Kolynos

Town's dry Soami Throat's parched Hope Idi

"Merriman entertains a good opinion of herself."

"Well, it's reciprocal; her good opinion of herself entertains 'Merriman.'"

Some negroes were discussing the death of a small darkey.

"Did de po' chile die from eating too much watermellon?" said one of them.

"Huh," the other replied, "dar ain't no such thing as too much water-mellon."

"Well den," remarked the first, "der weren't enough nigger."

Hash, the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom.

To the Littlest of All

Ι

Little songs are the prettiest,
Little tales are the wittiest,
The little, little cloud is whitest in the west,
The little brooks are the tunefulest,
Little lakes are moonfulest;
The little, little, little trail can climb the mountain best.

H

Little rooms are coziest,
Little hands are rosiest,
The little, little, little home
Is heaven's dearest spot.
Little wiles can charm a man,
Little smiles disarm a man,
A little, little, little maid
Can nestle in his heart.

Woman—The fairest work of one great author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

BEAUTY HINTS

- 1. "1249" gives peach-bloom complexion.
- 2. "Snitch" 'em-quick tweezers guarantees an arched brow.
- 3. Belladonna applied regularly to the eyes produces that much-craved ingenue.
 - 4. Black and white powder will help complexions of any shade.
 - 5. Shoe polish and yellow of egg well beaten and powdered on hair gives expected results.



Auction of rare and curious antiques for Endowment Fund of Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C.:

One Cocktail Shaker—Guaranteed authentic.

One Bartender's Guide—A quaint specimen printed in the prehistoric dialect of 1919 A. D.

One "Cork-Screw"—Prominent antiquarians claim that this unique instrument was used in the anti-Saharan epoch for extracting "stoppers," in those days called "corks."

One Cigarette Butt—Without a shadow of a doubt this odd relic is the last cigarette which was smoked in the year 3 A. R. (after reform.)

A man's character is sometimes read in his wife's face.

There's a secret drawer in every woman's heart.

There are two great loves in this old world A girl must never shirk—
Try to work your love for all his worth,
And then just love your work.

(That's logic.)

TIPS

A large white onion slowly eaten will remove the odor of vanilla icecream from the breath.

Black paint slowly applied with a soft brush will remove yellow stains from dainty fabrics without injury to the brush.

Just Tragedies

A fellow looked down the barrel of his gun and pulled the trigger to see if it was empty—

IT WAS NOT!

A fellow ran to see if he could beat the train to a crossing—HE DID NOT!

A fellow blew out the gas to see if the asphyxiation stories were all jokes—

THEY WERE NOT

A fellow took a chance and loafed through his course in hopes of passing—

HE DID NOT!

A fellow thought ten dollars was enough to carry him through Senior week-

IT WAS NOT!



1772 **\$1920**





MERRIMAN FRIERSON

DOROTHY GREGORY

60772**\$**1920



ALICE FLEMING PRISCILLA STREETT

NANCY LEE PATTERSON ELLA ASTON

120

1772 **S**1920



DOROTHY SESSOMS

KATHRYN RENALDS ALICE SMITH

- - 181

1772 **\$**1920



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and





- 1. MAZIE VERNON, '20
 Literary Editor
 11. ELIZABETH MCKIE, '20
 Literary Editor
 111. ELEANOR SHAFFNER, '20
 Literary Editor
 1V. ELIZABETH PARKER, '21
 Literary Editor
 V. EVELYN GRAHAM, '22
 Literory Editor
 VI. MERRIMAN FRIERSON, '20
 Club Editor
- VII. MARGARET MCLAUGHLIN, '21

 Club Editor

 VIII. DOROTHY LUCKENBACH, '20

 Art Editor

 IX. KATHERINE PLEASANTS, '22

 Art Editor

 X. ELSIE JONES, '20

 Joke Editor

 XI. NORWOOD ROBSON, '20

 Joke Editor

 XII. LAURA DRY, '22

 Joke Editor

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BICKER wow INBICKE

I T has been our purpose to present this, our second, volume of Sights and Insights as an unidealized picture of our life in Salem Academy; that our readers may see the living Salem for which we are working; that our classmates may find here in the things which will keep the memory of our high school ever dear to us, though we no longer live together.

EDITORS, '20.

A D D L C

TRICKER WOW INSICKER

Faculty of Salem Academy

HISTORY

SARAH K. SHAFFNER

HISTORY

MARGUERITE DAVIS, A. B.

LATIN-FRENCH

HARIET TIFFANY, A. B.

ENGLISH

MARGARET HAGAN, A. B.

SCIENCE

MARJORY HASTINGS, A. B.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

CHARLOTTE JACKSON

MATHEMATICS

SHIRLEY GILL PETTUS, A. B.

BIBLE

DR. H. E. RONDTHALER, Ph. B., B. D., M. A., D. D.

DUTY KEEPER

EMMA SMITH, A. B.

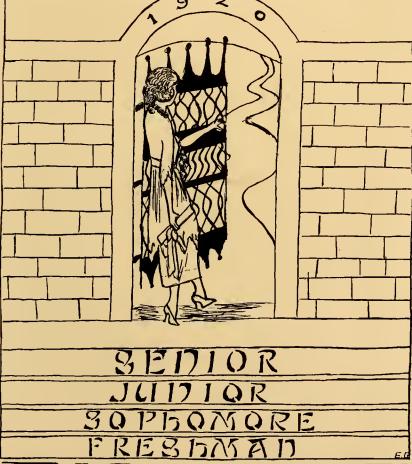


FACULTY OF SALEM ACADEMY

BIGHER and INBICHER



TRICKER WOW INRICHER T



SEMIR

BIGHER WAS INBIGHER

A K E

Senior Class

Мотто: Let us do our work joyfully

COLORS: Red and White FLOWER: Red Carnation

OFFICERS

MILDRED JACKSON		President
DOROTHY LUCKENBACK	.l'ic	e-President
CASSIE MARTIN Secretary	and	d Treasurer
MAZIE VERNON		Poet
ELEANOR SHAFFNER		Historian
MARY BRADHAM		Prophet





HARRIETTE ADAMS

MACON, GA.

"Haw-ce"

"Haw-ee" is the cutest member of our Senior Class. She keeps us all in peals of laughter from early morn till late at night. Then, too, she is always bubbling over with life, and causes even our most dignified members to smile; truly we could not get along without "Haw-ee."

ELLA ASTON

LEBANON, VA.

We are always so glad the school year is divided into two terms, especially we were overjoyed upon receiving Ella after Christmas. She entered right into our routine with all the enthusiasm of a Salem girl. We soon found her real self, too; in her attractive way she has made so many, many friends, and now we feel as though we had known her always. She is pretty, too, and the well-remembered slogan has application here: "Pretty is as pretty does."

MARY BOYD LYNCHBURG, VA.

Mary is without a doubt the "jolliest" one in the entire class. There never was such a disposition. She enjoys the gift of generosity and the art of pleasing every one. Let us add, these two are by far the most valued qualities as noticed in the life of every schoolgirl. "Why is it every girl must study? I know the world would be just as good without schoolteachers," Mary has often been heard to say. We love her; yes, we do, and we could not find half the joy in life without her. We are forced to admire any one as happy-go-lucky as Mary.

MARY BRADHAM

NEWBERN, N. C.

"Bradham" is one of our most popular girls, not only among her own sex but the opposite also. Hardly a day passes that she does not get a dozen letters and most of them are male mail at that. Almost every week-end you find her in a stir getting ready for either a Davidson or an Oak Ridge hop. But with all her good times she goes over the top in all her classes.

"I am independent, girls."

BESSIE CHANDLER

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

"Big Chief" is Second Extension's "Policeman"; when she says, "Lights out!" the lights of their own accord go out, else we fear a dozen or more scalps will be added to "Big Chief's" belt. But beneath "Big Chief's" rigid surface a kinder heart is hard to find. And yon mustn't mind when she gets in the "dumps," for they don't last long, and afterward, like April showers, the sun shines bright again.

ELIZABETH COKER

ATHENS, GA.

"Cocoanut"

"Cocoa" is an oasis in a desert; in other words, she is just different—and different people are always interesting. She has her own ideas, and they are original ones at that. She is a firm believer that American people have a free conscience. But, above all, she believes and practices the golden rule, thus she has made many friends while in our midst.





CATHERINE CRIST

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

We are very proud of Catherine. She is one member—and perhaps the only member—of our class who could rightly be called a "walking dictionary." She has never been "stumped" to our knowledge.

JULIA EDWARDS

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

"At the beginning of his first term nearly 5,624,981,601 Indians - Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and others-were living in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and were occupying about 38,906,3-" Oh! gracious, she has forgotten what comes next. She will be "worried to death," because she "knows she shall flunk." However, we know better, for Julia never leaves an exam without doing her best, which is to say reproducing the book. Julia sets an example in neatness in person and alcove to the whole Academy; especially marked is the contrast with the "pig-pen" next door, as the house girls would say. But we will leave Miss Anna to vouch for that,

MERRIMAN FRIERSON

MACON, GA.

"Sis-toy"

"Everything's peaches down in Georgia" surely applies to our Merriman. She is pure Dixie from the tips of her dainty toes to her crown of glory, and you'll believe it when you hear her Southern brogue. "Georgia is the bes' place in the worl', gurls," betrays her native heath. Always kind, with a smile for every one, she has proved a true friend to us all. Then, too, she is the prettiest girl in our class, statistics having proved it. So you see we have a right to be proud of—just Merriman.

ETHEL GAINES KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Dear old Ethel with her Saturday Evening Posts!! What a good advertisement she would make for that time-honored magazine. During study hour we see her absorbed in its pages, and yet the next day on class we are astonished to hear her recitations. When did she learn her lessons? Would that we had the art of bluffing. However, there is one line in which she excels wherein there is no bluff, and that is art. In after years we expect to hear of Ethel as a great artist.

MAE HAIRSTON

DANVILLE, VA.

Dear little Mae, the youngest member of our class. Smart? Well, we'll say she is! Mae hails from Ole Virginia, and a more loyal soul of that dear old state never breathed. Every one loves Mae; loves her for her generous heart and unspoiled frankness. Who would dream that in her heart she desires "Rights for women"? Well, she does, and we're proud of her!

JANET HILL

NEWBERN, N. C.

"Jean"-"Songbird"

"Girls, we simply must have quiet on this dormitory!" thus "Jean" makes an ideal monster (monitor). "Songbird" is a busy little body with a shining personality that lifts us higher just as her voice soars above ours. Some day we expect to hear "Jean" at the Metropolitan, then we will remember the many dull hours her sweet voice brightened.



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MILDRED JACKSON CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

"Mimmi"

"Some are born great, some become great, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The third phrase of this fits our "Mimmi." A happier-go-luckier girl never hit Salem, and Fate was never kinder to any one. She enjoys life from break of day and (members of Second Extension must add) far into the night. But why should not she be happy?—any one that picks up Virgil and reads it as if it were the First Primer—may our blessing rest upon them!

"Arma virumque cano, Trojae, qui primus ab oris."

"Charlie, Charlie, be my bride."

ANNIE LOUISE JOHNSON KNOXVILLE, TENN.

"Toots"—"Moma"

Trnly, "Toots" is a jewel to the Senior Class. Aside from being dainty, she has loads of "pep," which is sure to break forth at the beginning of study hour much to our alarm. However, we are more astounded than ever when at the end of exam week we find that she has scored many goals. When she isn't tripping the "light fantastic toe" one may find her perched off somewhere with one of her eminent admirers. All in all "she-eee do ver-r-ry well."

ELSIE JONES NEWBERN, N. C.

"Els"

To begin with, Elsie is a good old sport. In fact she is "Miss George Washington" all over again. She has the faculty of getting away with everything she does. Perhaps she has hoodooed the faculty, or as a twentieth centurian would say completely vamped them.

"Bichloride of mercury!"

NANNIE KIGER

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

If the rest of the class would only stop talking and give Nannie a chance she might say something. So far she has only succeeded in listening to the others and looking wise.

DOROTHY LUCKENBACH

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Dorothy is our talented artist, and indeed she lives her part. She is one of our most enthusiastic members, and enters into everything with her whole soul and class spirit.

MILDRED LYON

WINDSOR, N. C.

"Polly"

Mildred is loved and admired by every one. She is such a true, loyal friend to all. She has an angelic appearance, but she gets right "devilish" at times"; that is, if a "certain party" is out of hearing and seeing, and in fact all six senses.





CASSIE MARTIN WASHINGTON, N. C.

"Oh, me, I just know I won't pass on this examination!" is what we always hear from our friend Cassie, who if ever she has failed on anything or made below 90 on it it has certainly been kept a profound secret. With her ability to do things and to do them right she will always come to the end of the Road of Success. Her most winning personality and generosity has won for her many true friends. Mischief comes her way often, nor does it pass her by always. But, nay, it stops. and Cassie-Oh, she'll come out on top!

ELIZABETH McKIE CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"McKie"-"Chapel Hill"

"McKie" or "Chapel Hill" is one of our most generous friends. Whenever she gets a box from home she is sure to share it with us all. She also possesses a keen sense of humor, which sometimes comes to grief, especially on Virgil class. She has a fine trait which most of us lack, she can make coherent statements on class: many thanks to that Professor Dad of hers!! Whenever she is not over in Memorial Hall practicing for the concert you may find her poring over Virgil and the grand fall of Troy; that is, if she is not upon Main Sophomore.

> LOIS NEAL MULLINS, S. C. "Ted"

Lois is one of our meek, quiet girls, at least most of us think so, but I dare say that her roommate might tell a different tale. Lois came to us rather late in the year, but just the same she entered right in with the spirit of the class and is one of our chief assets.

MARGARET NICHOLS

WINDSOR, N. C.

"Pcggy"

"Peggy's" private commissary outside her alcove is a sore temptation to us less fortunate occupants of the dormitory, we are constantly tempted to break the eighth commandment. "Peggy" is a very quiet girl, but when she speaks something is said; and through all her quietness we have learned to love her, and are glad to have her as a friend and classmate.

REBA NISSEN

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Reba is a firm believer in the little saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and believes a combination more satisfactory. She always comes up smiling and in a jolly good humor. Sad to say, her merriment sometimes extends to the classroom, much to the discomfiture of every one concerned.

ANNIE NORMAN HALIFAX, N. C.

"Ann"

When Annie first came into our midst we loved her and we have loved her ever since. Always kind and cheerful she has been a fine friend to have around, especially when we have the blues; but she will get the giggles on Virgil class. Having always possessed an unruffled temperament, she has made many friends during her school year.

"I hail fram Halifax, girls."





RACHEL NORTON MULLINS, S. C.

"Nig"

Clear we are at all events it must be the silent ones that fit best for true room company order (apologies to Carlyle). She, if any, will some day reach the promised land of privileges. When others plod along for the principle, she seems to grasp it without any trouble. This is all due to her great ability and strong will-power.

MARY PFOHL

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Mary's chief ambition is to be a trained nurse, and the tender care with which she watches over her friends leads us to think she will succeed. Gifted with tact and originality, she has never found it in the least difficult to make friends.

NORWOOD ROBSON

MACON, GA.

There is just one word to describe "Nor" and that is "original." We never know what to expect from her next. She gave us one terrible shock this year when coming downstairs we looked and beheld, not our old Norwood, but a new one with her hair shingled off Bolsheviki style. But alas! she just won't study! If she was to study no doubt of it the Senior Class would have a star of which to be proud.

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BICKER WOOD INBICKER

THEODORA RODMAN

WASHINGTON, N. C.

"Dody"-"Theo"-"Shimmy"

"Theo." beyond any doubt, is the best mixer in our class and is loved by every one. And does she dance? I'll say she does." When she is not tripping off to the drug store you may find her diligently pursuing Carlyle's "Essay on Burns." May the Bluebird of Happiness follow our Theodora always.

EVELYN SELLARS

MAXTON, N. C.

"Happy"

Oh, Evelyn! where art thou? This question is often asked about Evelyn, who is so quiet and reserved, so unlike most of her other classmates, that sometimes it's hard to tell her whereabouts. Nevertheless as this is such a novelty it is the more appreciated. Her nickname, "Happy," is very apt, as she always appears to be without a care.

DOROTHY SESSOMS

WAYCROSS, GA.

"Dot"

"Dot" is one of our best old sports always ready for fun, whether it be to toast bread down in the furnace during day keeper's time or to work algebra. She does so adore to work algebra and to translate Latin! Who would dare to argue against woman's suffrage around our "Dot"? She has a long list of arguments that would knock a non-suffragist cold. So beware! But the best thing yet is that she has beauty along with her brains, and has a host of friends.





ELEANOR SHAFFNER

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Eleanor is every one's friend. She is popular among the boarders as well as the day pupils. She is very capable and has filled some of our most important class offices. She has a keen sense of humor that makes her company desired.

HENRI SINCLAIR

WAYCROSS, GA.

"Mankey"

No, our Henri isn't a boy, though it's to our knowledge that she has attempted several times to kiss her elbow. But we love her just like she is—with all her pep 'n' everything. For hardly a more lovable one dwells in our midst.

"Tha' aw right."

ALICE SMITH

ATLANTA, GA.

"Coffin"-"Ape"

Dear old Alice! How can we forget her? Always full of pep she has enlivened many dull hours in class. If the people who have the brightest minds speak the fastest Alice ought to be a second Aristotle. Alice is the musician of our class and many hours we've tripped away by "I'll be happy when the preacher makes you mine." And we'll vouch she is as beautiful as this picture, too.

"Repeti s'il vous plait?"

acaben 1

ELIZABETH SPAUGH

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Though Elizabeth has followed the road followed by a few of the class and has taken the A. B. course, we think she likes her musical studies best. She has the happy faculty of paying attention in class.

BLANCHE STOCKTON

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Blanche is one of the studious members of the class. It is good to have a few like her to make the rest of us try for higher marks, but we are afraid that ours would never equal hers.

LANIE HOLMES

Did you say "pep"? Well, here it is. Just a bundle of "pep" and energy, she is always ready for fun, no matter when or where. Lanie's favorite occupation is looking for Mary, and you will most always find her with Mary, be it day or night. She's a good pal and friend, and has a great many friends throughout the Academy.





ELIZABETH STROUD CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"Stroud"

"Stroud" is kindness itself; but she will get on big "tares" on the dormitory and cause "Big Chief" much pain. With a happy disposition, she has made many friends during the year; in fact, she was voted the most sincere girl in the Academy.

"Oh, how I love to play, Rookh!"

MARY TURNER GREENSBORO, N. C.

"Turner"

"Best all-round" sums Mary up pretty well. Although she carries one of the heaviest schedules in the Academy, she is always ready to boost the latest enterprise over the top in her unusually capable and practical manner. Besides possessing all the virtues, Mary is one of our most striking girls.

SARAH TURNER

JONESBORO, GA.

"Sallie"

Sarah is one of our steady girls. She goes quietly on, but always gets there ahead of time. She has never been known to miss a question in math—what more could one ask of "Sallie"?

MAZIE VERNON

CASCADE, VA.

"Sir Roger"-"Dixie Lee"

Here's to our Mazie, the most obliging girl in the class! Mazie is a joy to a sad heart. She is as kind as the day is long, and though we be a million miles away from her, her spirit is with us still. She writes poetry as easily as she makes friends, and she proves this as our honorary class poet. May she make as much success in her future life as she has at Salem!

JULIA WHITEHURST

NEWBERN, N. C.

Just look who's here! Our "Sniff." Julia has the most desired-for tact of going through life always unruffled and with never a frown. Kind and obliging plus a keen sense of humor, she has proved a good link in the chain of our class friendship. But alas! she will read dime novels, and every Sunday one may find her with "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" or "Diamond Dick." But yet she has a clear mathematical brain, and is that not a blessed gift for every one to envy?

OLIVE BELL WILLIAMS

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"O'Belle" is our professional "vamp." She does not spend all her time thus, however, for when the notion strikes her she will study. When the novelty wears off she regularly returns to the business of vamping the first man she meets.





Senior Specials

ELIZABETH HARTSOOK ROANOKE, VA.

FLORA BELL REYNOLDS

ATLANTA, GA

SYLVIA WALKER CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

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In Memoriam

MISS EMMA CHITTY

Salem days were brighter For her cheery smile; And she made tasks lighter, Helping us the while.

Here we bring our roses,
Woven in memory's chain—
Fragrance that discloses
Joy beneath the pain.

Joy that there was given, Jaurneying by our side, Painting us to heaven, This true and faithful guide.

Senior Class Poem

Swiftly, oh, swiftly our school days have flown; Right well have we borne their speeding, For the future holds for us ideals alone That are well worth our heeding.

The Old South Hall will know us no longer,
The echo of our footsteps or laughter;
Only in dreams will the memory grow stronger,
And we'll wish we were back in the hereafter.

Some of us we will see no more—
For Time doth sadly sever;
But we'll never forget the labors we bore
For this our Commencement together.

Far away stretches our isle of dreams,
Wherein Fortune and Fate lie unmeasured.
May we ever like Merlin follow the gleams
That in school-day ideals we've treasured.

So always be fair, at home, school, and everywhere, And always ring true—in whatever you do; To keep the golden rule—abroad, at home, and school; And always be sincere—to our homes so dear.

So when the fires of our youth burn low, And our life has dimmed like a star, May our golden memories still brightly glow, And gladden other hearts from afar.

For the end of sitting and dreaming—
And thinking of my classmates every one—
Is that our school days after all are worth their seeming,
For by them the noblest ideals are won.

M. V.

History of Class of 1920



LL of the noted events of the world have been recorded in histories, so why should not the school days of this Class of 1920 be handed down for those to read who are interested in our high-school life?

When first we were heard of, we were Freshmen in high school, wearing short dresses and pigtails. We did

not do much our first year except to secure for ourselves the reputation of being "the rowdiest class in the school." We did, however, by our united efforts raise a small sum which we gave to the gym fund. But this was so near the end of the term that we had to wait until the beginning of the next year before we could do more.

We came back in the fall of 1917 somewhat changed from the youngsters who left the spring before. We looked down with scorn upon the incoming "Freshets" from the added dignity of Hofflin suits and discarded hair ribbons. To exhibit our newly-acquired ability to work, we gave a sale of articles needful for comfort bags, the proceeds going to the gym fund.

After a joyous Christmas vacation we returned once more to work. The regular routine was pleasantly broken by an exciting basket-ball game early in the spring. It was not decreed by the Fates that we should win, but it was not so hard to lose, as we yielded to our sister class.

To show that we were still loyal in spite of our defeat, we gave them

a grand basket-ball banquet and a dance in the gym.

This ushered in our second vacation. After three months of fun, we returned once again to our work. Alas for childhood days! we were fast growing up, having added the impressive dignity of hair-nets and the much-longed-for coat suit.

As we were now "Jolly Juniors," we thought time to choose a motto, so we straightway consulted Bishop Rondthaler, who gave us "Alpha Kappa

Epsilon—let us do our work joyfully."

The outstanding social feature of our Junior year was our Junior-Senior dance. We enjoyed this as much as the Seniors and looked forward eagerly to the next year, when, maybe, we would be entertained in like manner.

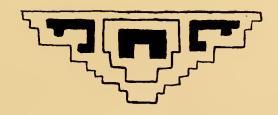
When we came back the next fall we were fully conscious of our Senior dignity. We, as Seniors, felt that we should take the lead, so when the

Endowment Fund Campaign was opened we felt that here was our opportunity. So an oyster supper was given and candy and sandwiches sold and the proceeds given to the endowment.

One of the most important events of this year was the arrival of our class rings. Our motto was on these rings to be a constant reminder of our high-school days, and a motto worthy to be used through life, no matter where we happened to be.

And now, at last, we have reached our goal—the goal which has been constantly before us during our four high-school years—Commencement!

The word commencement is rightly applied to the day when students receive their diplomas, because it means, to those of us who do not return to college, a real beginning of life's struggles! In the future, as well as in the past, may we remember our motto—"Let us do our work joyfully"—and live up to it, so that in the end we may say with Tiny Tim, "God, bless every one."



11th Grade Prophecy



ECENTLY my Bohemian friend, Norwood Robson, invited me to visit her in Greenwich Village, and, as the life in my little home town was quite boring at the time, I literally jumped at the chance.

On arriving in Pennsylvania station, I found, much to dismay, that my funds were low. I remembered reading in an "Alumnæ Record" that Cassie Martin was cashier in a nearby bank. I hastened over there and the Fates were kind—for there stood Cassie!

After the necessary money had been obtained, I hailed a taxi which would carry me to Norwood's unique dwelling. A woman chauffeur took my bags, and there was a familiar look about her. I regarded her closely, and behold! It was Stroud!

"You darlin'," I cried, "what does this mean?"

Stroud, looking very important, informed me that she and Sara Turner were tired of the old life and were now the owners of a complete "jitney" line

My competent chauffeur guided the car towards my destination, but presently we came to a stop at the hand of a policeman, whom I recognized as "Big Chief" Bessie. At last she had come into her own!

As I drew up before one of the dwellings in this village of artists, Norwood rushed out to meet me.

"Whoopee! I've more news to tell you. I heard last week that Blanche Stockton sailed to Africa as a missionary; and, chil', Julie Edwards is married and calls her husband 'Bill'!" Norwood gasped out between the embraces.

I replied finally that I knew some interesting bits of news also: Mary Turner, the second Barney Oldfield, has won the cup in California, and Julia Whitehurst owned some famous Carolina vineyards.

We gossiped for a while, and finally the conservation drifted towards the inevitable—clothes!

"I have absolutely nothing to wear, and will not move out of the house until I buy some things," I said emphatically.

Norwood thought a few seconds and replied: "I know a unique little shop where you are sure to be satisfied. Get on your hat and we'll go down there."

Arriving before a little Parisian shop, I noticed "Mme. Crist" on the window. This place proved to be the property of Catherine Crist, who always said she would excel along such lines!

As the dainty models tripped out, I recognized Annie Norman and Reby Nissen, of old '20, who displayed these fairy clothes to the best advantage. I made the necessary purchases and we took a street car which would carry us home.

I was so intent in reading an advertisement of a concert to be given by Elizabeth Spaugh, the great violinist, and Alice Smith, her accompanist, that I did not notice where my steps were leading me. Bang! I came into contact with a huge woman who had a child by each hand.

"Pardon me," I gasped. "Lands, if it's not Nannie Kiger!"

I had met another old classmate and my joy was unbounded. That night we had no definite plans and I suggested a play. There was a popular drama running at the "Broadway," It was the work of Mazie Vernon. It had been judged by the famous critic Ethel Gaines.

Seated in the theatre, I glanced over the program and discovered that Henri Sinclair was star and was ably supported by Olive Belle Williams and Ella Aston.

"What a wonderful curtain!" some one behind me exclaimed.

"Yes," was the reply, "Dorothy Luckenbach, the great artist, did it as a special favor to the theatre."

After the performance, we visited a cabaret where a new dancer was bewitching the crowd. All was in a flurry of expectancy. The little dancer tripped out. Behold, it was Theodora Rodman!

The next day's program decreed that we should visit Dr. Jones' new hospital. On our way to this place our car was stopped by a suffrage parade. Dorothy Sessoms, our old debater, led the procession and across her shoulders was the flowing banner, "We intend to have our rights!"

Dr. Jones met us in the gleaming hallway, and behind him stood Louise Johnston, the head nurse.

"It's good to see you again, Bradham; how's every little thing at home?" Elsie said in her old manner. "I am very fortunate in having Mary Pfohl, the famous dietitian, in charge of our kitchens."

"What's that place across the street with all the windows?" Norwood demanded.

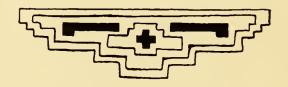
Anna Louise in her most dignified manner said, "Our great rival, Elizabeth Coker, has a sunshine sanitorium over there!"

The next place of interest we visited was Ellis Island. Rachel Norton and Lois Neal were in complete charge of the interpreting department. They informed us that Margaret Nicholls and Mildred Lyon were the joint owners of a very select school.

Our extensive sight-seeing had exhausted us and we attended a vaudeville. We arrived in the midst of a comedy act and beheld Lanie Holmes and Mildred Jackson delighting the audience with their antics. It brought back memories of the famous second extension circuses that we were so famed for.

Reading the "Alumnæ Record" that night, I discovered interesting accounts of several of '20's girls. Eleanor Schaffner had taken Miss Stipe's place and the faculty was considering itself important in having May Hairston as professor in chemistry. There was also an interesting write-up of Elizabeth McKie's work among the slums of Chicago.

Many days after, in my dead little town. I thought of my experiences and adventures of this trip. Memories of old Salem came trooping back in my mind—of the happy days that the Class of '20 spent together.



Academy Will and Testament

WE, the Senior Class of 1920, of Salem Academy, being of sound minds and sounder bodies, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, do hereby make this our "Last Will and Testament," to be read on the 22nd of May, 1920.

ARTICLE I

To Miss Smith, who has urged and helped us to obtain this, our goal, we will the Tenth Grade, who, by our strenuous and laborious efforts, has now attained the distinguishing title of a model Eleventh Grade.

ARTICLE II

To our President, Dr. Rondthaler, we will back his ability to make the girls of the coming years as livable as he has desired us to be.

ARTICLE III

To our Faculty we heap all our gratitude and thanks upon their heads for their help and encouragement in this, our Senior year.

ARTICLE IV

To Mr. Heath we leave the memory of many conferences held in this office and also the privilege to call more of these interesting interviews at any time.

ARTICLE V

To our dearly beloved Marshals we bequeath the honor of walking down these isles in future years as Seniors.

ARTICLE VI

SECTION I. We leave the old South Hall the sweet memory of our happiest school year.

SECTION II. Big Chief Bessie Chandler leaves a book entitled "How to Maintain Quiet on the Dormitory and in the Study Hall" to all future Monitors. May they profit by her good advice.

Section III. I, Elsie Jones, bequeath my musical talent jointly to Frances Dobson and Virginia Smith.

ARTICLE VII

Section I. Dorothy Sessoms wills her vocabulary to the humorless Lois Lancaster.

Section II. Elizabeth Stroud wills her terrible disposition to Jennie Webb Puckett.

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Section III. Blanche Stockton wills and bequeaths her appreciated figure to Rita Miller.

Section IV. Knowing that it will be greatly appreciated, we leave to the light fantastic toes of the coming year the nail in the Academy sitting-room—on which they are privileged to place many strong words and hard blows.

ARTICLE VIII

Section I. I. Mary Bradham, will and bequeath my famous seven chins to Elizabeth Thompson.

SECTION II. I, Flora Belle Reynolds, being convinced that good use will be made of the gift, will my hair curlers to "Pug" McLaughlin.

Section III. Cassie Martin wills her determination to Mary Fitzgeralds.

ARTICLE IX

Section I. Our President most generously wills her office to one of next year's most capable girls. May she mean half as much to her class as Mildred has meant to us.

Section II. Jean Hill leaves to Mary Ogburn her lungs and two pictures of Mr. Hill.

SECTION III. Alice Smith leaves her lovely face to "Funny Face."

SECTION IV. Annie Louise Johnson wills her angelic smile as she walks up the chapel aisle to Gertrude Marsh.

ARTICLE X

SECTION I. Lois Neal wills her wit and humor to Kathryn Pleasants.

SECTION II. Evelyn Sellars wills her uproarerness to Mary Baugham.

Section III. Theodora Rodman wills her dancing to Long Distance Bowden.

Section IV. Mary Turner wills her ability to get up at 7:29 (and be down on time) to some dawn-riser of our sister class.

ARTICLE XI

And to Salem last of all we leave the true loyalty of our girlhood.

(Signed) Norwood Robson.

Attorney-at-Law.

Witnesses-

DOROTHY SESSOMS (Editor-in-Chief).

Cassie Martin (Secretary and Treasurer).

MILDRED JACKSON (President).

K.M.P.

IZHEZ WIDD INZIZHEZ

Junior Class

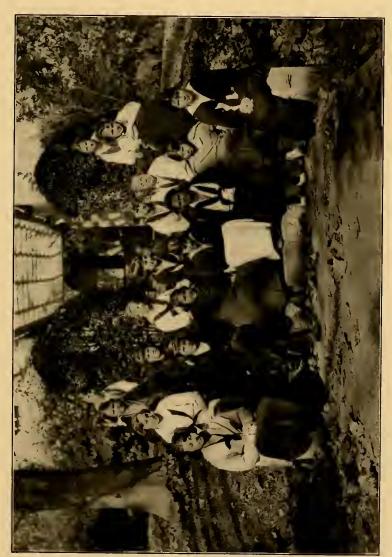
Colors: Red and Black

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CATHARINE	CONNOLLY		'ice-President
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JUNIOR CLASS

BICKER WOOD INSICKER =



BIGHER WIND INSIGNED =

BINOMRE



BICHER MOD INBICHER

Sophomore Class

Colors: Purple and White

OFFICERS

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LAURA DRY	Vice-President
LOUISE THOMPSON	Secretary
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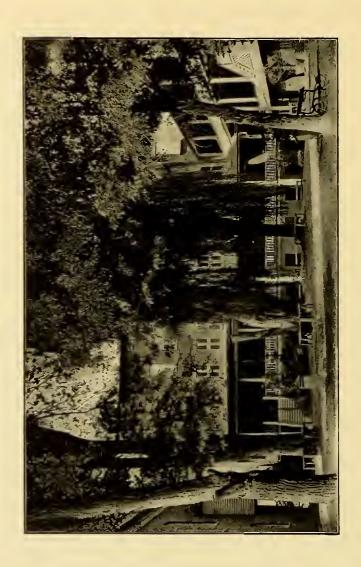
SOPHOMORE CLASS

BIGHER WAS INBIGHER =

Senior Chart

=			===	To	ī		i	G	9,							
	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Talking in class	Being sleepy	Lessons	Making a spit curl	Disagreeing	Whistling	Looking for Lucy	Reciting history	Trying to decide which she likes best: hominy,	grits or (g) rice French	Practicing for the orchestra	Eating Georgia	Going to the shoe	Walking up Main Hall	
	HIGHEST AMBITION	To pass Latin	To graduate	To get thru school	To always knit	To be different	To go to Florida	Be like Julia Edwards	To be warm	To be a medicine- "man"	Get out of	To be sixteen	To keep her hair in curl	To pass her English	To become a cullege girl	
	FAVORITE	"An" Norwood	"My goodness!"	"I don't know what	"Roy Moore"	"Oh, it's not!"	"Gee whiz!"	"Do you love me?"	"Chase me, Charles!" To be warm	"Curses!"	"Who pushed your	batturi "Pajama! pajama!"	"Dearie me !"	"Hot dog !"	"But tha' all right"	
	FAVORITE ARTICLE OF DRESS	Brown sweater	Little blue coat suit	Red sweater	Blue taffeta	Red middy and	Checkered coat	White sweater	K A pin	Navy middies	Socks	Black georgette	Pink sweater	Blue-striped skirt	Hula-hula sweater	
	новву	Talking loud	Indifference	Studying	Bossing	Perverseness	Talking	Having a crush	Telling jokes	Singing in chapel	Miss	Eating pulverized	Mary Turner	Looking far	Making a date	
	APPEARANCE	Slow	Indifferent *	Neat	Red-headed	Cute	Quict	Boisterous	Jewish	Boyish	Original	Lengthy	Dignified	Jolly	Рерру	_
	NAME	ANNIE	MARY	PURNER FULIA FORMANDO	BESSIE	CHANDLER ELIZABETH	EVELYN CELLYN		SZ MARGARET	Nichols Elsie Jones	Norwoon	ELIZABETH MCKIF	SARAH	MARY Bown	HENRI SINCLAIR	

			5 2				3	E	93	2 6					
CHIEF OCCUPATION	Talking about "Bill Spratt"	Writing poetry	Looking for Allene	Langhing	Studying	Writing to her future—	Writing French	sentences Getting Sylvia to	make her a hat	Counting up the cost of the annual	Getting and writing	letters Talking about	Studying geometry	Writing up experi-	Explaining to Miss Smith
HIGHEST AMBITION	To meet Mary Fleming at the	To get in Wellesley	To graduate in music Looking for Allene	To skip class without Laughing being caught	enwich	To graduate and then 1?!	To meet Sarah	Turner's brother To teach Coker I atin		To put out a good annual	ome Easter	To please every one	Toget fat	To pass her	ollies"
FAVORITE	"My grandaddy was old George Wash- ington"	"I think so myself"	"I know—lemme think"	"Oh, my!"	"Don't ask me that"	"Girls, you must be quiet"	"Silence"	"Oh, that horse !"		"Phenomenal species"	"You know me	sister "My Lord!"	"Damn!"	"What t'ell!!?"	"Peter Rabbit"
FAVORITE ARTICLE OF DRESS	A hair barette	"Her" tan coat	Brown skirt and middy	Green middy suit	Serge middy suit	Black sport sweater and stiff collar	Dark blue sweater	That little gold knife		Sport shoes	Brown oxfords	Blue serge dress	Green coat suit	Patent leather	Purple sweater and black belt
HOBBY	Making faces	Reading	Langhing	"Ted"	Being pleasant	Mail	Getting a special	Talking about	Sewanee	Studying Latin	Sleeping	Eating	Dancing	Going after mail	Pinching and beating people
APPEARANCE	Witty	Obliging	Beantiful	Questioning	Bookish	Tiny	Studious	Grinning	ο .	Business-like rush	Attractive	Sincere	Sweet	Determined	Dainty
NAME	LANIE	MAZIE VERNON	PALICE	ELLA	ETHEL	JEANETTE HILL		WHITEHURST	JACKSON	DOROTHY				KODMAN CASSIE	ANNA LOUISE JOHNSON
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FRESIMA



BIEBER WOOD INSIEWER

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

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AXXA	PAULINE	SHAFFNER	Vice-President
HELEN	SHARP.		Secretary
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FRESHMAN CLASS

BIGHER WIND INBIGHER

. acaben —



Miss Jackson

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BIGHER WOW INBIGHER =

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BIGhes word in Biches =

Athletic Association

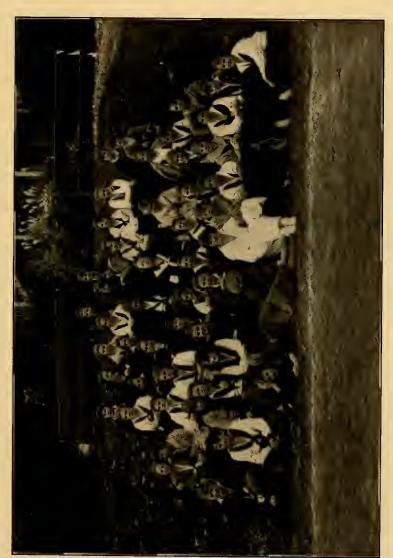
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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BIGHES WAS INSIGHES



Senior Basket-Ball Team

MARY BOYD BESSIE CHANDLER LANIE HOLMES MILDRED JACKSON CASSIE MARTIN (Captain) ANNIE NORMAN ELEANOR SHAFFNER



Junior Basket-Ball Team

ELIZABETH MERRITT
ELLEN BRUMLEY
MARGARET MCLAUGHLIN
ALLENE FRAZIER (Captain)
ELIZABETH PARKER
AGNES BARGER
DOROTHY MCKINNEY



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

KATHRYN PLEASANTS
LOUISE BOWDEN
EVELYN GRAHAM
MARJORIE ELISON
HELEN BAILLEY
NANNIE CAWTHORNE (Captain)
MARGARET BULLOCK



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

LOIS LANCASTER
RUTH MOCK
DOROTHY PEPLE
EMMA MEBANE HUNT
LOUISE CANNADY
ELEANOR MOORE
EVELYN McDonald
ELEANOR MOORE (Captain)

I ACABERU I



TRACK TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM

BIGHER AND INBIGHER =

I ACADENU I



TENNIS TEAM



HOCKEY TEAM

BICHER WOW INSIEMES



Senior Marshals

ELIZABETH PARKER

MARGARET McLaughlin

DOROTHY McKinney

EVELYN GRAHAM

LAURA DRY

DOROTHY SHIVERS

JANET SPAUGH

ANNA PAULINE SHAFFNER



EINER WIND IN EIR E

Young Women's Christian Association

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Y. W. C. A.

EIGHER WID INBIENER

A Perfect Senior

Dorothy Sessom's eyes.

Alice Smith's eyebrows.

Anna Louise Johnson's complexion.

Elizabeth Stroud's kindness.

Henri Sinclair's "pep."

Mildred Jackson's attractiveness.

Mary Turner's independence.

Ethel Gaines' brain.

Mary Bradham's popularity.

Jeanette Hill's lungs.

Theodora Rodman's dancing.

Elsie Jones' ankles.

Mazie Vernon's disposition.

Bessie Chandler's hair.

Mary Boyd's jolliness.

Cassie Martin's teeth.

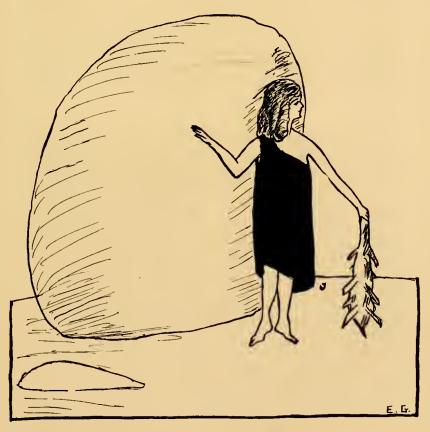
Olive Belle's dimples.

Lanie Holmes' mouth.

Annie Norman's neatness.

Mildred Lyons' meekness.

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NORTH CAROLINA CLUB



MARY CLUB

MARY BOYD MARY E. RANDOLPH MARY TURNER MARY BRADHAM MARY BAUGHAM MARY FITZGERALD MARY MARKS MARY SHORT MARY OGBURN

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BIBHER MOO INBIEHER

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Well(?) Fare Club



STRAGGLERS CLUB

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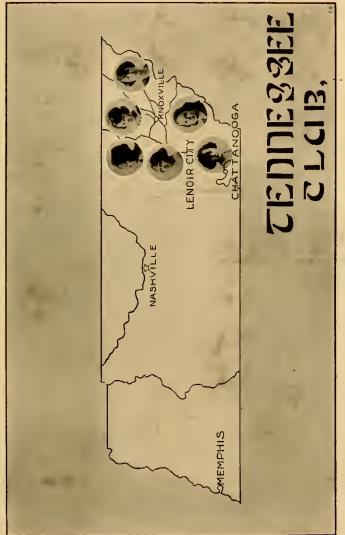
BRADY HUNT VERNON BABGER VIRGINIA CLUB

BOYO PEPLE E. HARTSOOK L. HARTSOOK

ASTON HAIRSTON DOBSON

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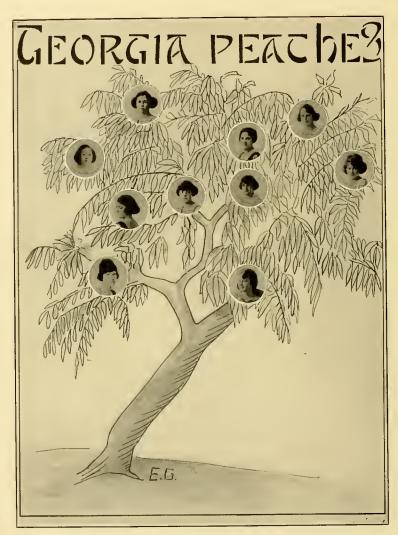


MILDRED JACKSON, Chattanooga ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL, Louden

ETHEL GAINES, Knoxville Woodville Gaines, Knoxville

Anna Louise Johnson, Knoxville Sylvia Walker, Knoxville Dorothy McKinney, Ledoît ('ity

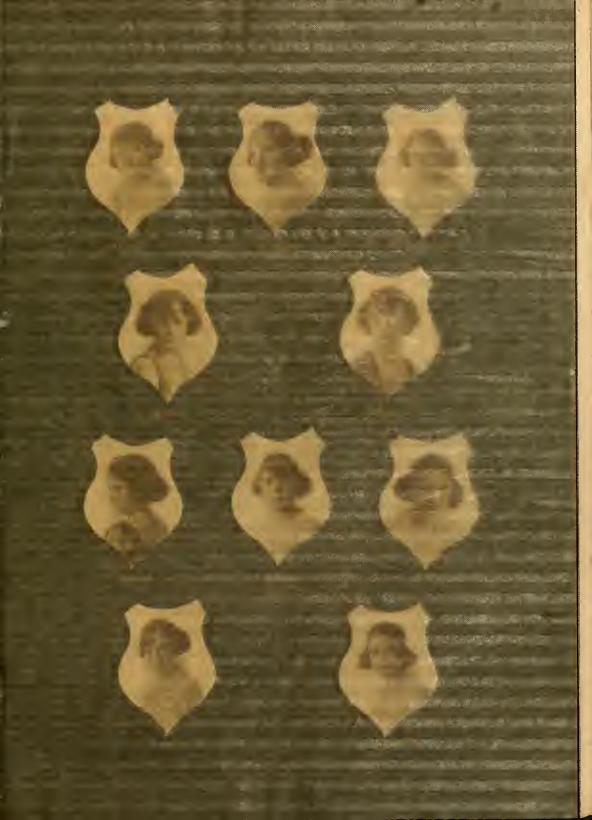
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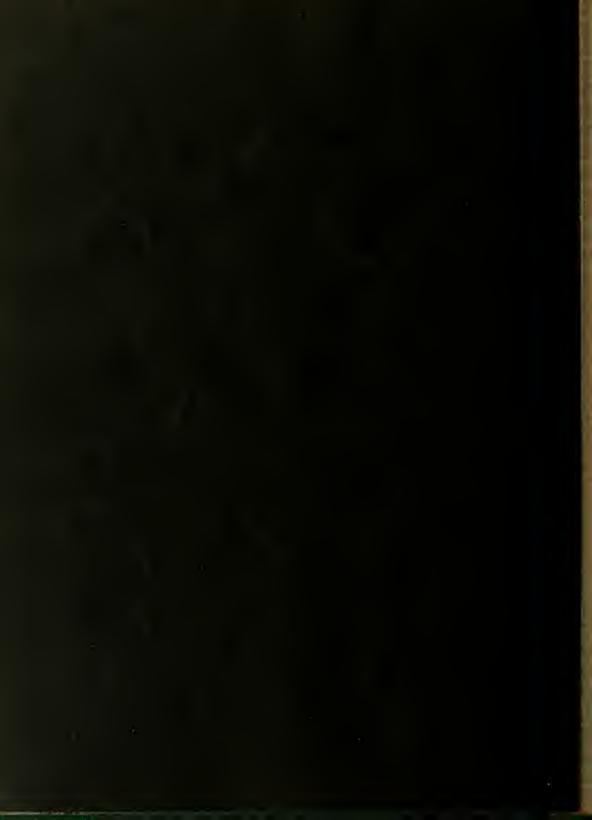
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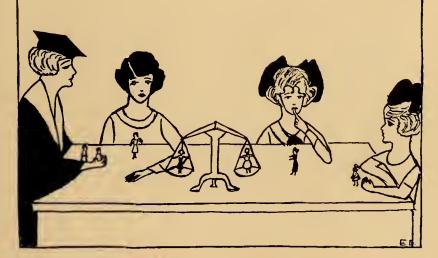
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EMMA MEBANE HUNT MOST STRIKING

> HENRI SINCLAIR MOST PEP

MERRIMAN FRIERSON PRETTIEST NELLCELLE GRADY DAINTIEST

> MARY BOYD JOLLIEST

ELUENE SUD BUSIER

I ACABERY:



MARY BAUGHAM REST DANCER

VIRGINIA SMITH MOST TALENTED ALICE SMITH MOST BEAUTIFUL MARY BRADHAM MOST ATTRACTIVE

ELIZARETH STROUD MOST SINCERE

BIGHER AND INSIGHER

T A C A D C R Y I



MAZIE VERNON MOST OBLIGING

ETHEL GAINES
MOST INTELLECTUAL

MARY TURNER BEST ALL-'ROUND ALLENE FRAZIER
MOST ATHLETIC

Sylvia Walker most stylish

TICHER WIND INSIENER

T A C A D C R Y I

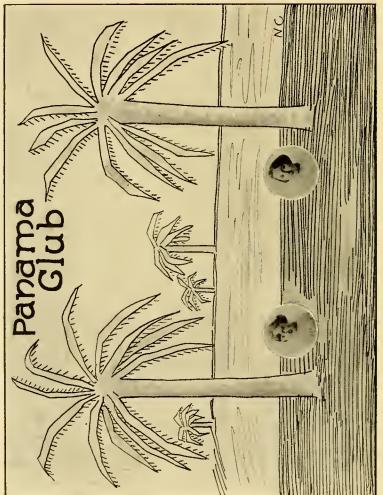


ELSIE JONES
BEST SPORT

EVELYN GRAHAM MOST CAPABLE LANIE HOLMES WITIEST DOROTHY SHIVERS
CUTEST

LOUISE CAPEHART QUIETEST

BICHER WOOD INSICHER



Dorothy Shiv

TICKEN WOW INSIEMEN

HUMOR

BICKER WOW INSICKER =

A Day in the Life of "Salem Susie"

By E. T. G.

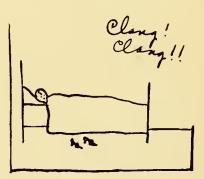


Susie's Annual Photo.

At six forty-five the bell doth toll!

But "Salem Susie" snoozes
'Til seven forty-five, when she'll unroll,

And jump into her "shoesies."





She then "prisses" down to Bible quite stately,

And reads for a while in a manner sedately.

An hour later, the second bell's "dong" Hurries her to her breakfast along, There to suffice her hungry cravings With oatmeal, biscuit, coffee and shavings.



Then to morning chapel she'll march And "stand up straight" and stiff like starch— To spend a half an hour's measure Of time, with praise, before class pleasure(?)

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And now at nine, comes the next dear bell,

Ringing for classes—and then, oh, well! The same old story from then till one, When reciting for the morning is done.



At one o'clock comes the summons for lunching Time, which is spent in hungrily munching Soup and salad, or cocoa or tea, And anything else there can possibly be.



Here comes the musical pealing again!

A sign for more classes and the Welfare's then,

She steals, begs or borrows a dollar or so

And to feast on nut sundaes she then forth does go.

At five forty-five comes the call for

On "bully heef," taters and nice coffee cup.

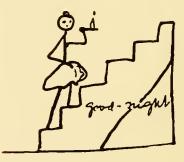
On finishing this she next hastily prances

Off "on a tear" and to "jazz music" dances.

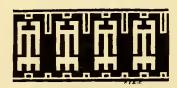


PRESERVE

Clang, clang! comes the well-lovèd(?) study hour's ringing, She then tries "to bone" by otherwise flinging 'Round lots of books—and for hours does study. In manner quite good, 'till her brain gets all muddy.



Finally she starts up to bed,
For at last to rest her weary head—
Up those long and weary stairs
To meet "sweet dreams" or bold
nightmares.



Jokes

"Is your wife losing her mind?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because she has been giving me a piece of it every morning for the last ten years."

"Is your father a planter?"

"Yes."

"What does he plant and where is his business?"

"He's an undertaker in Atlanta, Ga."

"Why didn't you join the Navy instead of the Army?"

"Because I can run faster than I can swim."

Miss Hagan (reading to her English Class came to the point in the conversation of the book where these words were said): "Look what the wind blew in."

Just as the words were uttered, Margaret Nicholls entered the door coming from her music.

While fishing one day in the middle of the street I saw a negro as white as a sheet; He was dressed in blue with a suit of grey And had gotten out of jail on the following day.

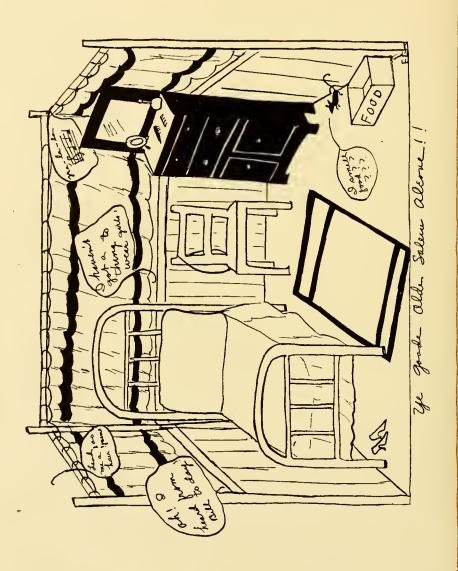
One Sunday morning on Monday afternoon When standing in the parlor by a mountain stream Being quite silent, I let out a scream.

"Why are you so small?"

"I was talking over the 'phone last night and somebody cut me off."

Yesterday a crazy man ran down the street, jumped into an automobile, dragging two Chinamen in with him. At full speed he attempted to cross a railroad track. A train crashed into them. When the engineer stopped his engine to look at the wreck all he found was a *nut* and two *washers*.

How does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet bag? Ans.: When taken out you find it in creases.



BIGHER WING INBIENER =

Why is a washer-woman like Saturday?

Ans.: Because she brings in the clothes of the week.

What are the softest kind of bricks made?

Ans.: Cambrics.

Why is a man troubled with the toothache like one who owns four square rods of ground?

Ans.: Because he has an acher.

- "I have a fine cow giving five gallons of milk daily. Give me a good name for her."
 - "'United States' is the name you are looking for."
 - "That's no good."
 - "Why?"
 - "She will go dry."
 - "When you worked in a café what position did you have?"
 - "Admiral."
 - "What were your duties?"
 - "I had charge of the kitchen vessels."
 - "What is hash?"
 - "The 'ghost' of a square meal or a clean up of the kitchen."
 - "When you and your wife disagree how do you settle things?"
 - "We arbitrate it; don't you?"
 - "No, I abdicate."
 - "How old are you?"
 - "None of your business."
 - "Don't you know?"
 - "Not exactly."
 - "What does your ma say?"
- "She's uncertain. We know it was potato time, but we can't remember whether it was planting time or digging time."

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest palace ever erected?

Ans.: Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

When should we read the book of nature?

Ans.: When autumn turns the leaves.

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What kind of a stone will always do a good turn? Ans.: A grindstone.

Why are baseball players the greatest cowards? Ans.: Because they strike and run for home.

When will the alphabet be a letter shorter?

Ans.: When you (u) and I are one.

What word always pronounced wrong?

Ans.: Wrong.

Why is the bootblack like the sun?

Ans.: Because it shines for all.

When rain falls when does it rise again?

Ans.: In due time.

H. A.: "I think Mary Ogburn is one of the most optimistic girls I have ever seen."

E. G.: "Why?"

H. A.: "Because she was in the infirmary for a week, on strictly liquid diet, and asked for a toothpick."

N. R.: "Doesn't it seem strange that one of the Pfohls practice while the other preaches?"

Miss S.: "Enoch Arden will be given in Memorial Hall to-morrow night."

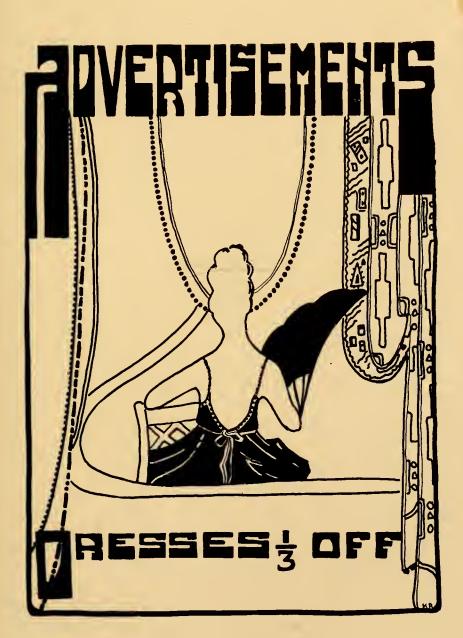
S. W.: "You know, Miss Smith, I have never heard her lecture."

L. H.: "Mary, how would you like to go to the Junior play to-night?"

M. F.: "Oh! Lanie, I would be crazy about it."

L. H.: "Well, I sure hope some one will ask you to go."

The two Miss Jacksons were walking together when some one asked who Miss C. Jackson was. The answer was that she was Miss Jim (gym) Jackson.



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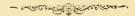
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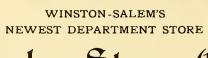
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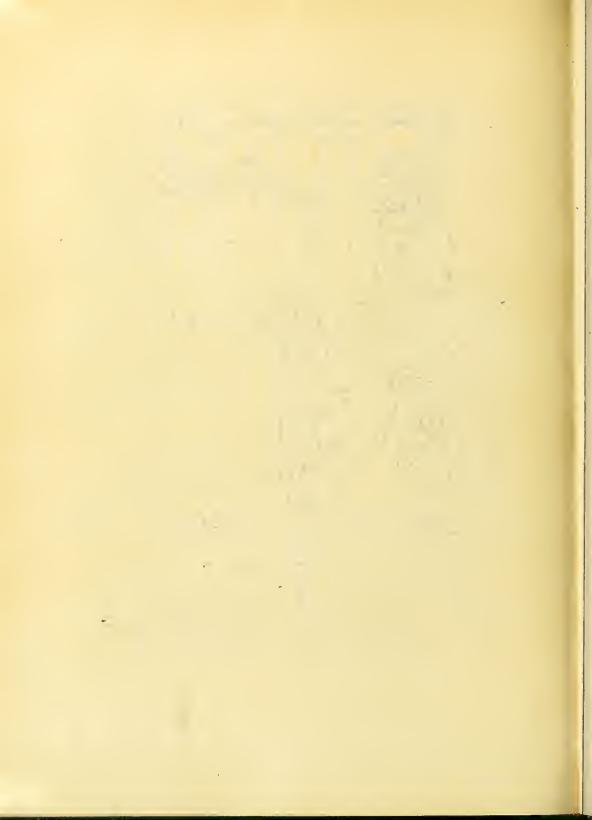
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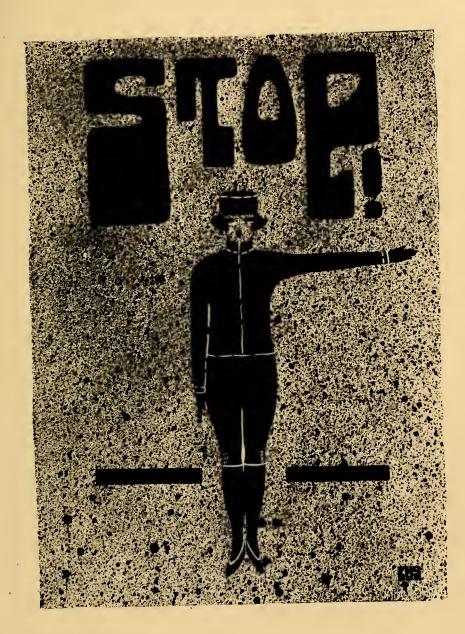
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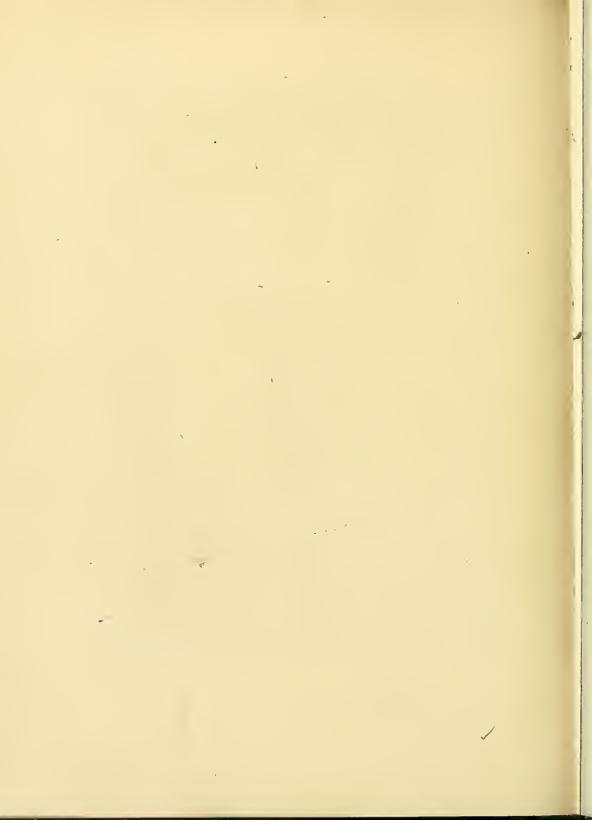
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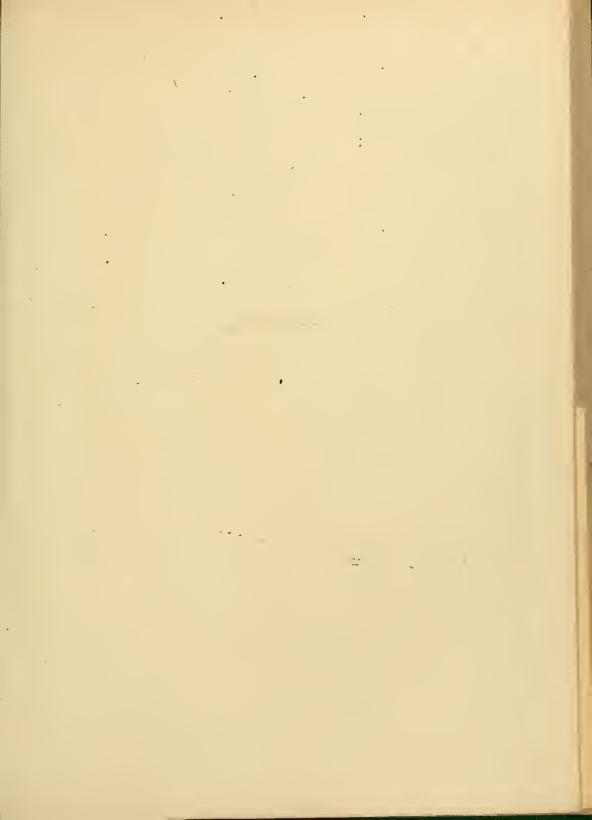
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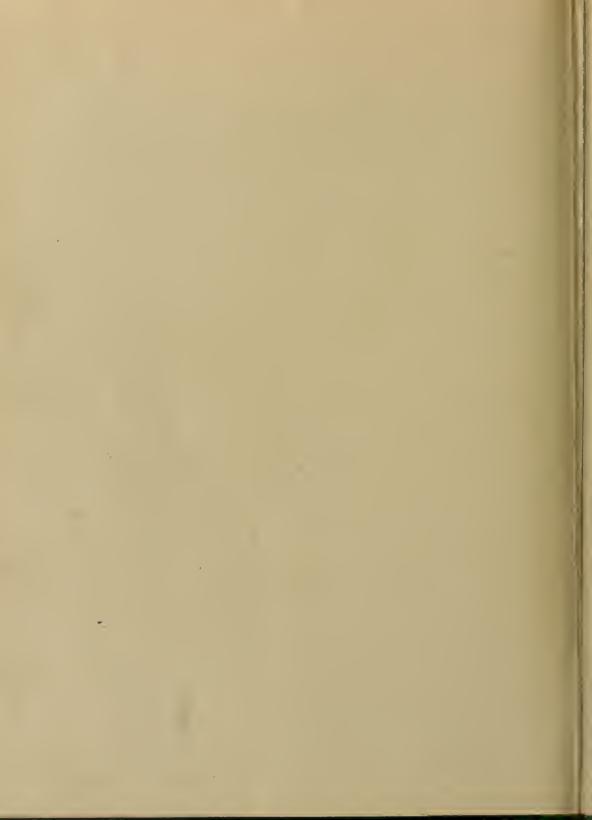














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