

MERRY

The Salemite

MAY DAY

VOL. XV.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1935.

Number 26.

MAY DAY PROGRAM

HERALDS: Josephine Gibson and Louise York.

MAY COURT: Grace Carpenter and Cordelia Lowery; Cornelia Wolfe and Etta Burt Warren; Susan Rawlings and Betty Tuttle; Jean Robinson and Eleanor Matheson; Margaret Calder and Beverly Little; Phyllis Clapp and Garnelle Raney.

MAID-OF-HONOR: Elois Padrick.

MAY QUEEN: Cortlandt Preston.

PAGES: Josephine Whitehead and Margaret Ward.

"MAY DAY IN OLD ENGLAND"

CAST OF CHARACTERS — PAGEANT

1st Villager: Gertrude Schwalbe

2nd Villager: Cramer Percival

Jacque: Eloise Sample

Colin: June Morris

Celia: Margaret Sears

Jean: Rebecca Hines

Village May Queen: Helen Jones

Jack-In-The-Green: Martha Neal

3rd Villager: Nancy Schallert

4th Villager: Nancy McNeely

Hobby-Horse: Rachel Carroll

Mummers: Lois Torrence, Mary Louise McClung

Dragon: Louise Preas

St. George: Margaret McLean

Boy: Mary Penn

VILLAGERS: Edna Higgins, Mary Mills, Shirley Livengood, Emma Lou Noell, Bessie Lou Bray, Bonner Whitley, Rose Siewers, Evelyn Tesh, Anne Nesbit, Virginia Thompson, Hazel Macmahan, Frances Butner, Harriet Taylor, Miriam Sams, Margaret Briggs, Bertha Hine, Louise Grunert, Janet Stimpson, Dot Blair, Erika Marx, Virginia Lee, Laura Bland.

VILLAGE DANCERS: June Morris, Delle Huggins, Margaret Sears, Eloise Sample, Josephine Ritter, Josephine Reece, Adelaide Trotter, Mavis Bullock.

SHEPHERDESSES: Frances Hill Norris, Edith Rose, Lelia Williams, Mary Woodruff, Martha Coons, Chloe Rawlinson.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS: Eleanor Stafford, Mary Mathews, Laura Emily Pitts, Martha Schlegel, Grace Parker, Ruth Wolfe.

MAY POLE DANCERS: Martha Binder, Marianna Hooks, Frances Alexander, Katherine Bellamy, Idaliza Dunn, Margaret Stafford, Blevins Vogler, Elizabeth Torrence, Helen Smith, Ethel Highsmith, Willena Couch, Florence Joyner.

TIME: May 1st — Early Morning.

PLACE: On green of a typical English Village.

The villagers came down the hill singing "May Day Song" (Country Gardens).

When they are on the stage they stop their singing, laugh, and move around.

1st Villager: This is the first of May! 'Tis garland Day!

2nd Villager: Sing ho! for the first of May!

3rd Villager: Come trip it, come skip it!

4th Villager: Let's sing it, let's ring it!

5th Villager: Sing ho! for the first of May!

Laughter and talking.

3rd Villager: What lass have the young ones chosen as Queen?

1st Villager: 'Tis Sylvia, methinks.

3rd Villager: Verily, she's a pretty thing! Here they come now.

In come several boys and girls leading in Sylvia, protesting and shy, crown with flowers, much clapping whom they seat on a stump and among the villagers.

Jacque: Who is Sylvia—What is she—that all the swains adore her?

Colin: "She is beautiful, therefore to be woo'd, she is a woman, therefore to be won!"

Jacque: I'll woo her then, but I'll need help. Cans't sing a song for me, Jean, to aid a lovelorn swain?

Villagers shout: "Yea! a song! a song!"

Jean: I'll try, then. Sings "When Love is Kind."

(Sung by Rebecca Hines)

When she is through, more clapping and laughing. Music in the distance.

1st Villager: Methinks I hear strange echoes of Jean's song! What

can it be?

2nd Villager: It seems to be coming from the meadow. Can the sheep be playing a tune, I wonder?

1st Villager: Nay, but the shepherdesses' can! 'Tis they, I vow.

2nd Villager: Aye! Here they come — and merrily.

Shepherdesses' come on dancing.

1st Villager: If that's the way they keep their sheep, it seems right marvelous to me all their flock isn't lost everyday!

2nd Villager: Oh the sheep'll come home, if you leave them alone, dragging their tails behind them!

Jack-in-the-Green: Methinks it would be hard to be a sheep. It can't dance.

1st Villager: Cans't thou dance, fool — not being a sheep?

Jack-in-the-Green: Aye — and well, too.

3rd Villager: Put it to the proof, then — we will judge thee.

2nd Villager: Make the hobby-horse be his dainty partner..

1st Villager: Good! Come forth hobby-horse, and shake a leg. Aye, all four legs and thy tail, too!

(Hobby-horse and Jack-in-the-Green dance). When they are through, much laughter and talking again.

1st Villager: Where can the lassies be who are to bring in the May?

2nd Villager: I know not, but let us go after them.

All go out but about eight or ten people. In come three mummers.

Mummer: Fair lords and ladies—wouldn't please you to see the history of St. George and the Dragon?

Shouts of Yea! Verily! (They seat themselves on the ground).

1st Mummer: Hear ye then! Enter the dragon. A poetic sort of dragon.

(Note: For this version of the historic legend of St. George and the dragon, the author is indebted to

Kenneth Grahame's story, "The Reluctant Dragon."

Dragon: I wander lonely as a dragon that snorts and stamps o'er all the hills—I wish I could write

THE POWER BEHIND THE MAY QUEEN'S THRONE

Elizabeth Jerome —
Chairman May Day Committee.

Gertrude Schwalbe —
Vice-Chairman.

Agnes Brown —
Treasurer

Mary Frances Hayworth —
Head Music Committee.

Mary Penn —
Head Nominating Committee

For May Court

Josephine Whitehead —
Head Dress Committee.

Josephine Reece and
Delle Huggins —

Heads Tea Room Committee.

Frances Hill Norris —
Head Dance Committee.

Mrs. Gloria Crouse —
Coach of Dancers.

Grace Carpenter —
Head Flower Committee.

Mrs. Meinung —
Frances Adams —

Heads Costume Committee.

Anna Wray Fogle —
Head Property Committee.

Stephanie Newman —
Head Publicity Committee.

Emma D. Wargo —
Head Program Committee.

Mr. Burrage, Mr. Tally —
Miss Essie and Help —

Workers Behind Stage.

Miss Read and
Orchestra Members —

Virginia Fraley —
Musicians.

a poem, but my mind just isn't working this May morning! I wish I were Queen of the May! I don't suppose I ever could be Queen of the May, but I certainly would like to be just once for fun.

Enter Boy.

Dragon: Hello, Boy!

Boy: He's coming! He's coming! He's here now! You'll have to do something quick!

Dragon: Don't be violent, Boy. Sit down and try to remember the noun governs the verb, and tell me who's coming?

Boy: That's right—Take it cool. The village people have decided you are an enemy of the human race and they've sent for St. George, and he's here, and you have to fight him!

Dragon: O deary, deary me, this is too awful. I won't see him, and that's flat. You must tell him to go away at once. Say he can write if he likes, but I can't give him an interview.

Boy: Now dragon, don't be perverse and wrongheaded. You've got to fight him some time another you know, 'cos he's St. George and you're the dragon.

Get it over with, and you can go on writing sonnets.

Dragon: My dear little man—just understand—I can't fight and I won't fight. I've never fought in my life, and I'm not going to begin now. Can't you persuade St. George to put the whole thing off? Tell him I'm working on a new poem.

Boy: Here comes St. George now! Dragon be polite, please!

(St. George comes strolling in, chewing a twig).

Boy: If you please, sir.

St. George: Hello, my lad! (sees dragon). By all the Saints — Away, boy, away! Let me at this monster!

This specimen of a noxious tribe! Out of my way! (St. George excitedly pulls on his helmet and prepares to attack).

Boy: Please, St. George, he's not a noxious tribe! He's a good dragon, and he doesn't like to fight.

(Boy meanwhile is making a desperate effort to restrain St. George. Dragon has retreated behind a tree, and peeps out cautiously).

St. George: Come forth, scourge of mankind! Come forth and fight!

Boy: Now, listen, St. George — there's no use trying to persuade the dragon. He won't fight and that's that.

Dragon: (Comes forward a little, but still out of reach), "The whole thing's nonsense, and conventionality. Just because I'm the dragon I have to be exterminated. There's absolutely nothing to fight about, and I won't.

St. George: But they are coming to see me kill you! Think what a predicament I'm in. Besides, it would be a very picturesque place for a fight.

Boy: There must be some sort of fight, because the village people expect it. Can't you pretend to kill him?

St. George: It might be arranged. Would it hurt if I speared you here? Sticks sword at dragon who jumps back).

Dragon: I'm ticklish there, but under my neck is a good place. If you're sure you can hit it right?

St. George: Of course, I can — and when it's over, I'll lead you off and pretend to convert you. Now I'd better go off and return with the people to challenge you. (he goes off and dragon retires).

In a minute St. George returns on a horse, people follow, singing "Sir Eglamour."

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