

# The Salemite

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF SALEM COLLEGE

Member  
Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

Member  
Associated Collegiate Press

Distributor of  
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY  
National Advertising Service, Inc.  
College Publishers Representative  
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-In-Chief ..... Ceil Nuchols

EDITORIAL STAFF

News Editor ..... Doris Shore  
Sports Editor ..... Louise Bralower  
Music Editor ..... Alice Purcell  
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Jess Byrd  
Sara Henry, Leila Johnston, Julia Smith, Frances Neal, Daphne Reich, Katie Wolff, Mary L. Glidewell, Elizabeth Johnston, Barbara Lasley, Margaret Moran, Marie Van Hoy, Helen Fokaury, Margaret Leinbach, Mary Lou Moore, Betty Vanderbilt, Mary Worth Walker, Elizabeth Weldon, Mary Louise Rhodes, Lucie Hodges, Frances Yelverton.

FEATURE STAFF

Feature Editor ..... Eugenia Baynes  
Mildred Avera, Dorothy Dixon, Anita Kenyon, Nancy Rogers, Nona Lee Cole, Elsie Newman, Ceil Nuchols, Margaret Ray, Dorothy Stadler, Elizabeth Griffin, Betsy Spach, Kathryn Traynham, Reece Thomas, Marion Goldberg, Mary Best, Katherine Manning.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager ..... Mary Margaret Struven  
Assistant Business Manager ..... Dorothy Sisk  
Advertising Manager ..... Mary Margaret Struven  
Exchange and Circulation Manager ..... Dot McLean

ADVERTISING STAFF

Flora Avera, Becky Candler, Doris Nebel, Betty Moore, Adele Chase, Mary E. Bray, Nancy McClung, Sarah Lindley, Allene Seville, Elizabeth Griffin, Margaret Kempton, Sara Barnum, Jennie Dye Bunch, Lib Read, Harriet Sutton, Ruth O'Neal, Yvonne Phelps, Elizabeth Bernhardt, Edith Shapiro.

"DANGER AHEAD"

I regret to inform the general public that final examinations are approaching. Spring is already upon us, and that combination is the most unproductive state of affairs that could exist. In other words. I ain't seen anybody yet around this place who can study on days like these!

Salem students seem to have become entirely indifferent to the threats or pleas (which-ever they may be) of our more interested faculty members. They just walk around with simple smiles on their faces and remember an apt proverb. "The Lord takes care of children and fools."

But "the time has come" as the walrus said and it is my humble advice that you girls take into consideration — deep consideration — the fact that even a humane faculty can't pass us if we don't put something on the paper. So take heed, young women, and get to work. Let's read on Reading Day — not work ourselves into a froth — and mebbe I'll do likewise.

—M. I. G.

"Long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave."

These words of our national anthem are begining to mean more and more to all of us every day at Salem. And now we have some visible proof of our feeling. For years there has been agitation about the bare flag pole in front of Biting, but it took an enterprising Freshman Class to do something about our need. Thanks Freshmen — and "keep 'em flying!"

WATCH OUT FOR THE DEVIL!



Paging Queen Persephone! Hades, God of the Underworld is looking for you! Above is Jane Ströhm, who will play the role of Hades in the Salem May Day Festival, "Persephone."

## Meet The Salem Beauties Who Will be Grecian Maids for a Day

Hear ye, Hear ye — Ye Salemite Reporter is now announcing to all sundry the reign of her gracious and sovereign Majesty and the Ladies of her Court of Beauty over ye month of Maye, this Saturday of the year 1942 at the time when the sun shall have progressed to the hour of 5 o'clock.

Her Majesty who has been adjudged by ye fair citizens of Salem truly fitting to reign by virtue of her natural charms unaided (save to the usual extent) is Her Majesty, Queen Martha Bowman, who grew to maidenhood in the demesne of Lumberton, N. C., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Bowman. Crowned by Nature with a glory of flame bright hair, swarthed in white and lace, Queen Bowman will receive an additional crown — Queen of the May.

But let us examine Her Majesty in the seclusion of her private residence Biting Castle: Of sweet sympathy is she, of exceeding friendliness and charm. Her clothes are blue, and yet more blue, which she confesses to be of sentimental reason. A friend, is our May-queen, who values friends and does not fear to lose them, though she and they may scatter through the dark world. Of level-head is Queen Martha who cannot sanction war marriages, who delights in Scibilus and Jimmy Dorsey, who can understand the other Maid's point of view and hesitates ever to condemn her. Frank, sincere, as lovely behind the veil as through it — Salem, ye are blessed in the Queen ye have selected to reign over you.

Poised, reserved, cream-brown eyes and soft dark hair, who could we be paying court now to but Her Highness, Maid Dorothy Dixon, who will attend the Queen, as Maid-of-Honor at the festival. Hailing from Fayetteville, N. C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Dixon, Maid Dorothy is as fresh and fastidious as an April shower. Speaking slowly to us as we supped with her in Ye Dining Hall, she confessed, smiling, to no great love of athletics, and to a very great love of Vestments — sports clothes preferred. She also does not believe in ye hasty marriages, her pastime is drawing or musing over her text-books of which the most are of History and English. And listen and despair, ye less

avored ones — she does not consider herself beautiful!

Representing the Senior Class in the Pageant are Maids Elizabeth Weldon of Stovall, N. C. and Betty Winborne of Raleigh, N. C. Maid Weldon is of artistic nature, albeit not tempermental and designs her own clothes. She may soon be winging her way through the heavens as an air-line hostess, — she fits the measurements exactly. Of subtle wit, a dislike of gin-rummy, and a distrust of men . . . this is Elizabeth. Betty is The Senior attendant of the blond hair and electric blue eyes which she is "learning to use." She dresses for men if they're attractive likes women. Appearing reserved and cool, she is warm underneath, intelligent and conscientious. Dignified is she, though with a ready laugh, tall is she and gentle.

The Junior class contributes Six maids to the pageant of Beauty. First there is Myra Blount of Greenville, N. C., a wholesome fun-loving brunette. The picture of health and vitality, Myra is known for her quick-wit and her fine consideration. Friendly to all is Myra and with a frank open smile free from guile or design.

Rebecca Candler, from Birmingham, Ala., is next, the gay, laughing Becky of the twinkling eyes, and notorious freckles, and twin dimples. She isn't sophisticated, likes sport clothes and simple evening dresses. Her men don't have to be wonderful-looking if they have personality and are amusing. She definitely believes in war marriages and loves to wear flowers in her hair. A description of Miss Candler — a bouquet of mignonette with a radish in the middle.

Miss Mary Louise Rousseau of Winston-Salem is to moonlight as nectar is to ambrosia — they go together. She prefers her men smooth, "not pretty," well-rounded, and attractive (not attracted) to other women — she wouldn't like 'em if they weren't. She loves dancing and although "not overly intelligent" according to her own story, she has a grand sense of humor. She can be mean when she gets mad enough, but she's sensitive too and dislikes to see people get hurt. While she insists she's not shy, she blushes beet-red on occasion.

(Continued On Back Page)

## I Heard It This Way...

It's almost a million years ago since the black-out, but we must say that John Mason Brown did beautifully through it all. He is without a doubt the cutest man on earth — as a dramatic critic he may not be very profound; but for sheer entertainment, he is superb.

Getting the annuals is always an exciting point in Salem life — and this year, Sights and Insights was even more worth waiting for than ever. Marian did a splendid job, and she deserves credit for the most distinctive annual we've seen Salem produce. Wasn't the cover attractive? Weren't the sketches adorable (please, if you haven't already done so, notice the one of the girl in bed — her expression is priceless!)? And have you ever seen such artistic pictures as those of Lib Griffin's hands, Dee's shoulders, and Lib Gudger's profile? Mr. Oerter is indubitably an artist. And the feature pictures are simply grand — Lucy Springer's, Nancy Rogers', and Mary Lucy Baynes' are excellent! And the pictures in the front — oh well, what else can be said? It's just plain wonderful!

Thus May Day draws nearer, to say the least — so don't say you weren't warned if the May Court goose-steps it down the hill with a heil-Hitler arm position and all. And about the dance — it does seem that this one, if no other, would be formal; but the voice of the people hath spoken, so to bed and a fond good-night to you all.

## Le Coin Francais

SI L'HIVER VIENT

Aujourd'hui, pour la fête de mai, à huit heures et demie, tout le monde s'est assemblé l'ecole en plein air sous les chênes pour prier et pour chanter la louange du bon Dieu de la belle nature qui nous entoure. Quand nous avons vu les pensées en toute leur gloire et les hauts iris, nous avons senti le coeur déchiré parce que nous nous sommes rendu compte de ce que tout le monde, malgré les fleurs et les arbres vertes ou toutes fleuries, ne peut pas penser aux beautés qui lève l'esprit du limon.

Pendant que nous sommes assis ici en paix nos frères et nos amis sont loin de nous, peut-être maintenant au fort de la bataille. Et alors quand nous regardons les fleurs, les pensées ont l'air triste, et ils nous disent, "Pourquoi est-ce qu'on cherche le mal et la laideur du monde quand j'essaie d'apporter la joie et la beauté?"

Et l'iris, si belle que soit sa fleur, nous montre l'épée de sa mille qui nous fait penser à la guerre de l'esprit humain contre soi-même. Bientôt mourra la fleur l'esprit — peut-être qu'elle est déjà morte — et on verra que la faiblesse et la crudité de 'a chair qui triomphe. Mais la nature nous apprend qu'il ne faut jamais désespérer. L'esprit est mort, c'est vrai, mais pas tout à fait. La graine de la fleur est tombée sous la terre pour attendre un autre printemps. Et si nous croyons que le printemps viendra après l'hiver, nous pouvons espérer que ce corps faible d'humanité peut nourrir l'esprit qui dort maintenant, mais qui s'éveillera en pue de temps si nous avons de la patience.

—Eugenia Baynes.



**FOR VICTORY**  
Buy  
**UNITED STATES DEFENSE BOND • STAMPS**