

May Day

... its success is due to the whole-hearted co-operation of every member of the May Day Committee, the cast, the court, and all those connected, throughout the year, with the production.

We would like to thank particularly Love Ryder, the vice-chairman, for her constant advice and help toward planning and carrying out May Day . . . Lou Huntley, Mary Jane Hurt, and Bev Johnson for their help with the court elections in October . . . Helen Kessler for keeping account of all our money . . . Beth Kittrell for her tireless work on the dresses and flowers . . . Carter Read, Clara Belle LeGrand, and Waldo Raynal for the publicity . . . Liz Leland and Carolyn Dunn for helping plan the programs . . . the Sun for printing them.

. . . Sarah Hamrick, Sis Honeycutt, and Helen Creamer for the music for May Day, and Myrta Wiley and Muggins Bowman for dance choreography . . . Mary Alice Hudson as costume chairman with efficient help from Jean Starr, Billie Jean Greene, Joanne White, Marie Cameron, and Betty Griffin . . . Bunnie Pierce for securing the properties and scenery for the pageant.

. . . and to Miss Reigner for her guiding advice all through the year and directing abilities during rehearsals, with Miss Baynes, Miss Gueth, and Winkie Harris as valuable assistants.

Also, to the May Court and to the cast for their cooperation, and to all those on and off campus who contributed toward a successful May Day, 1950.

Polly Harrop

In Appreciation

. . . to the School of Music for presenting such fine graduating recitals this spring. Each recital showed both skill and hard work. Each recital also showed a superior teaching on the part of the music faculty. Each performer exhibited, to an unusual degree, professional stage presence and poise. The coverage of the performances in the local papers and the comments of the students is an accurate reflection of the favorable response which the recitals have received both in town and on campus.

The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-in-Chief Clara Belle LeGrand
Associate Editor Lee Rosenbloom
Associate Editor Mary Lib Weaver
Assistant Editor Lola Dawson
Make-up Editor Ann Sprinkle
Copy Editor Jane Watson
Music Editor Muggins Bowman
Sports Editors: Adrienne McCutcheon, Marilyn Samuel.

Pictorial Editor Sis Hines
Typists: Jane Parker, Peggy Chears
Faculty Advisor: Miss Jess Byrd

Editorial Staff: Sybel Haskins, Winkie Harris, Polly Hartle, Fay Stickney, Betty Leppert, Sis Pooser.
Editorial Assistants: Charlotte Woods, Eleanor McGregor, Lorrie Dirom, Jane Fearing, Anne Lowe, Ann Simpson, Carolyn Harris, Elsie Macon, Loma Faye Cuthbertson.

Business Manager Betty Griffin
Advertising Manager Carolyn Butcher
Assistant Advertising Manager Jane Schoolfield
Circulation Manager Clara Justice

THE YOUNG LIONS

By Winkie Harris

The Young Lions by Irwin Shaw is an attempt on the part of the author to describe the effect of war upon three men. Through the medium of a realistic novel, Mr. Shaw traces in parallel form the events in the lives of his central figures.

As war does strange things to men in general, so it does to these three men. To Noah Ackerman, the Jew, war brings first disillusionment then hope in the midst of destruction; to Christian Diestl, the Nazi, it brings first the fulfillment of a dream, then the end of an ideal founded upon hatred; to Michael Whitacre, it brings first fear, then courage.

Mr. Shaw manages to avoid one element in which so many war novels indulge—the propagandizing of American democratic ideals. His "slices of life" are portrayed with objectivity and are "bloody" only to the extent that the describing of war demands. Indeed, it is these war scenes that emerge among the most vivid in the book.

The book does not dwell upon the physical horrors of war; it is the reaction of characters which is most important.

The action begins in 1938. Christian is a ski instructor in the Austrian mountains. He is avowedly a Nazi because "Austria is a nation of beggars—People cannot live forever in humiliation—Brotherhood, a cheap joke—Lying, murdering, cheating—in Europe a necessary process—Out of weakness you get nothing—out of strength you get everything—The end justifies the means. At first Christian finds it difficult to condone completely the "necessary murder" and marvels at his superior who seems to be devoid of a heart. But, gradually, his capacities for kindness are deadened, and he feels no remorse even at betraying his best friend. Nazi theories are so deeply instilled in him that he never turns against his country; rather, as the tension of war increases, so does his bitterness against the society which forced him to turn to such ideals.

On another continent, Noah Ackerman is haunted by the race prejudice which seems to surround him. An undertaker refuses to bury his father; the parents of the girl he is to marry regard him sceptically; the men in his company drive him to desertion. He leads a life of loneliness; his only two friends are killed. Small wonder that he is bitter. However, he is completely cool and never lacks courage in fighting. Then in England, Noah hears a sermon and begins to believe that if "there lived a man who could speak so passionately for brotherhood and mercy, and who could speak without fear of retribution and restriction, then the world was not lost." Later, however, there is irony even in his greatest moment of hope and belief in mankind.

The third character, Michael Whitacre, is at first weak. He is fully aware of the artificiality of the society in which he lives, but it takes a war to make him break away from their kind of life. Although Michael emerges triumphant over his doubts and fears, he does not quite rise to the standard of the other two men; he seems neither as vivid nor as real. He is more a type than an actual person; disgusted with the people in show business, he dutifully realizes during a bombing of London, while the actors are bravely carrying on, that these are among the best people in the world. As Mr. Shaw rather sentimentally points out, a remorseful tear falls from Michael's eye.

On the whole, the author's minor characters are absorbing; his well-motivated events move logically to climax. He distinctly conveys moods: of fear as men wait for battle; of terror as they are hunted; of superiority as they are victorious; of humility as they pray; of gentleness as they love.

The note of pessimism which runs through the book is relieved by Mr. Shaw's conclusion that man is basically good but he is made otherwise through the force of circumstance. Mr. Shaw is ultimately hopeful in believing that "The Human Beings are going to rule the world."

GIRL SCOUT

Julie banged the screen door as hard as she could. It made her feel better; only Mother wasn't there to hear it. The only person in the house was Katy, and Katy was almost deaf. It did make Julie feel better, though.

As Julie went down the steps in the yard, she could hear the Baldwin children next door quarreling in their playroom on the second floor. From her own house she could hear the clatter of dishes as Katy cleared the table. Julie knew that she should have stayed in the house long enough to clear the table for Katy—Katy was old and didn't like to stay downstairs late; more than likely she would complain to Mother in the morning. Well, it would just be one more thing for Mother to get mad about—just like the "C" in arithmetic on her report card. Tonight Mother had gone out somewhere with Daddy, so Julie checked her conscientious step back to the kitchen door and sat down on the base of the old well to think by herself.

Anything would be more interesting than trying to work the arithmetic problems Miss Clayton had assigned for tomorrow. Julie had hidden her arithmetic book under the cushions of the sofa in the den. That was a good place because Katy never cleaned there unless Mother got after her. Since Mother was gone there was no chance of anyone finding the book tonight and she could slip it into her book satchel in the morning. If it had been anything but arithmetic Julie would have felt mean about taking advantage of Mother that way. She hoped that doing a lie wasn't as bad as really telling one in words. She had hid the book because she had promised to swap movie star pictures with Dorothy and Carolyn this afternoon, and if Mother had

known about the homework—especially arithmetic homework—she would have made Julie stay in to do it. And then, of course, Julie would have had to break her promise. Besides, this afternoon Mother had told her that she was always getting under foot and for goodness' sake to get out of the house and stay out until supper time. Julie hadn't meant to get in the way: she had just wanted to tell Mother about the 97 in spelling and the Girl Scout square dance. Then tonight Mother had left without even saying "goodbye".

Angrily, Julie took off her silly old Girl Scout oxfords and threw them on the back porch. Carolyn didn't have to wear Girl Scout shoes. Carolyn was Julie's best friend. She was older—almost thirteen—and almost in High School, so whatever Carolyn did must be all right. Julie thought about calling Carolyn, but then she remembered that Carolyn was going to the movies with Bill Moore. Julie was only eleven and couldn't date boys. Anyhow, she didn't think that any boy would ever ask to take her to the movies.

Julie pushed her toes down into the earth of her mother's favorite flower bed and stepped on two daffodils—on purpose. She walked the length of the flower bed and stopped at the corner of the garage. Then, balancing herself carefully on the stone wall at the side of the garage, she caught the lowest branches of the tree that grew there and climbed up limb by limb until she stood on the roof of the garage. From there she could see way down into the mill village. She and Carolyn used to climb up here lots last summer to have secret picnics and to hide from the Baldwin children. In a month or so it would be summer again. It seemed

(Continued on page four)



By Lee Rosenbloom

Paris, the Riviera, Venice, Pigalle—an education in itself—really, Mother, you must let me go—"

Acti blotted the tear-stained paper carefully. She went to the door and bolted it. Then she carefully pulled down the window shades. With slow measured steps she crept to her roommate's desk, opened the drawer noiselessly, and took out a three cent stamp. Chuckling with glee, she rushed over to her own desk and put the stamp on her letter (upside down, because her Mother was sentimental).

Two days later the telegram came from her Mother. It said, "You go to Europe. We will not pay income taxes this year. Your education comes first. Your father says to stay away from Pigalle. Love, Mother".

Acti was on her way. This was her big chance. She would make "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" look like a historical novel. For one week Acti kept to her room, studying folders. Cook's Tours, Brown, Pemberton were all a jumble in her mind. At last the decision was made, and she emerged from her room triumphant. She would go with Miss Delilah, a woman who appreciated music in no uncertain terms, and so would see that Acti did all the right things and saw all the right places. This decision made, Acti thought she could settle down, pass a few courses and day dream about her trip.

It was on Monday that she received the mimeographed sheet from Miss Delilah. Up at the top (in 30 pt. s. s.) was written "things to do", and down below was listed some 50 or 100 things to do. No. 1 was passport. That seemed fairly important and reasonable so Acti sauntered down to have her picture taken. She wore her Easter suit and her new picture hat, and carried her white gloves like the southern lady that she was. Maybe I can use this for my engagement picture she thought on the way downtown. My profile is best she remembered. My right profile is definitely best.

"We'll take two pictures, both front views," the photographer said, snatching off Acti's hat. "Now if you'll just hold this card with your number on it Miss." The photographer tossed her gloves in the corner too. "Just look at the birdie, Miss." No, I'm sorry but we can't retouch the picture. Anyway all moles, scars and other disfigurements can be used to identify you in case World War III starts while you're over there."

No. 2 on the list had to do with vaccinations. Smallpox, Hydrophobia, Sleeping Sickness, and a few others were required. The others were optional. Acti went down to the Health Department to get her shots the very next day. Unfortunately, the nurse knew nothing about the injection for sleeping sickness, and Acti had to hold the medical journal and read the directions while the nurse gave the injections. However, this nerve racking experience was as nothing compared to a later disappointment. For when her friends sang Congratulations to Acti in the dining room, poor Acti was unable to stand and acknowledge the honor. And after the nurse had assured her that it would be much less painful than having the injections in her arm.

No. 3 on the list told our heroine what to wear. "You must take Kleenex, toothpaste, soap, unmentionable things that are necessary to women, cigarettes, overshoes, an umbrella, several evening gowns for the boat, bathing suits for the Riviera, a skisuit for Switzerland, at least one red outfit to wear while traveling in Russia, etc. You may carry two small bags" Acti immediately enrolled in a math course, but it was all to no avail. However, by leaving out her pajamas, toothbrush, glasses, and bobbypins, she finally managed to pack everything. Of course it would be several months before she sailed, but it didn't matter if things were a trifled wrinkled.

No. 4 on the list concerned several blanks that had been filled out in triplicate. Have you ever been married? How many times? Why? How many children do you have?"—were the first few questions. "Cut a few classes, Acti thought. Don't read my history parallel—Can't be concerned with trivialities—Acti was going to Europe.