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IN A ROYAL FLUSH MAY QUEEN IS HIGH

Pageant - 1934

The glorious spactacle which will constitute this year's pageant for May Day, will be an Inter-time, In-terworld Queen Contest! This con-test is to be a conterworld Queen Contest! This con-test is to be conducted and judged by three of the most noted men in captivity, namely: Mahatma Ghandi, ler. Infrhenced by the sarcastic Mr. Shaw, a magician has consented to bring to life any ancient heavy whom the judges desire for inspec-tion. Naturally the Englishman is partial to such queen as Elizabeth partial to such queens as Elizabeth and Titania. Ghandi, of course, is true to that Eastern kind, especially true to that Eastern kind, especially Cleopatra. And Chevalier, though he secretly likes them all, is in favor of the Queen Bee, and Madam Queen. After all the famous beauties have passed in review and been criticized thoroughly to British, Indian, and French-Amerihan taste, there is a final decision.

horoughly to branch taste, there—
French-Amerikan taste, there taste, there taste, there taste taste, there taste As the pageant opens, Chevalier and Ghandi are seen standing before the May Queen's Throne, waiting for the thirl member of their party, Mr. Bernard Shaw, to appear. Chevalier: (pointing to May Queen) There sits a girl who really should Go back with me to Hollywood. Ghandi.

the fact with me to individual control to fact with me to individual Look here. Chevaller, I don't see What kind of judge I am to be. I'd best go home, and be reposed, Because I'm feeling quite exposed. Mahatum, don't beck out on mel For you and I must quite agree, I't this mamselle without compare Whom we have seen enthroned Should be proclaimed anon this day. The bright and glorious Queen of May.

Should be proclaimed anon this day
The bright and glorious Queen of
May.
Enter B. Shaw, dragging with him a

Magician: (holding back)
My work is not for light of day.
Let's wait until—

Let's Walt unes.
Shaw:
Do as I say!
I cannot choose a Queen of beauty
Till you perform this solemn duty.
Call up the queens of yesterday!
This girl may be the Queen of May
If of beauties she is best—
More sweet and lovely than the
rest.

****This is the company of the company

test!
Ghandi: (also interested)
Magician, can't you bring for me
Some queenies from across the seat
Shaw: (commanding silence with his

Go lightly on that Eastern kind Our English Queens I fear you'l

find
Are more for brains than looks—I
do adore—
hev: (breaks in with a gesture and

angh)
well, don't be sore,
Because my country-women are
As wise, and as intensely uity
As your grand-dames, and twice as
pretty!
handit (impatiently)
Hury Magetian, bring the queens
From (whispers to Mag.)
But if you have a taste forshow
Save Cleopatra for the last.
Agg:

Gentlemen, I will do so. Which lady must I call up first?

Chev:
The queen from Wonderland to see
I thirst.
Music ''Alice in Wonderland''—soft
iy at first, louder as a White Rab
bit runs across field from bushes at

ght.
handi: (jumping up on platform—
olding up his skirts)
Is that the queen?
hev: ((looking for queen)
No, Chandi, hush,
The Magician's feelings might be

hurt—
Run catch the rabbit in your skir
Enter Queen of Hearts, as Musi
plays loudly
Mag: (shouts)

ays round; ag: (shouts) Her majesty, the famous queen From out the much loved story

hev: She's also hot from the movie

She's also not from screen.

aw: (sarcastically as queen of H. ounts pedistal)

A lovely queen should never look Domestic or nkow how to cook.

This lady used to make jam tarts.

I'll never vote for the Queen of Hearts.

Hearts.
(turns scornfully away)
Mag: (helping Q. of H. off and do
to ne side)
Mr. Shaw, to me it is plain
That you desire an English brain.
Sounds of an English May balled or
folk song are heard. Sir W. Ralled or
folk song are heard. Sir W. Ralled, or
folk song are heard. Sir W. Ralled, or
folk song are heard. Sir W. Ralled, or
the stop on. She strides out manishly,
boldly steps up on the platform
Mag:

boldly steps up Wag:
Mag:
Sirs, tis good Queen Bess, the foe
to folly,
Escorted by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Chev:
Well, I declare; why do you stand
and stare?
Raleigh:
Your Highness is without a flaw
You know my views on that—

You know.
Elliz:
O Pehaw!
Shaw:
Did you call me, madam?
Hall did not!
That I did not!
O u're an ignorant lot of Blind,
concetted puffed up men
did Why should you judge a beauty
This (anide to Eliz.)
This (anide to Eliz.)

I'm afraid you're through.

Chev:

anot do.

Mag: (hears Scotch tune)

Take patience, sirs, her cousi
yet to come.

Mary, Queen of Scots, draped
black, carries a false face for a h
walks sadly in, to Scotch music.

Chev:

hev: Look! Her head's suspended on he thumb! Ghandi Poor lady, tho' you lost your head, I don't believe you're really dead.

Mag:
Mag:
Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Of Scotland was the queen.

lag:
I'll fix that for you, lady,
Now while the curtain's drawn—
(holds handkerchief before
her face)
I'll say a "Ring dum ditty"
Oneen

(snatches hand away. Queen has pulled drape from of her head)
And see, her head is on!

O, Happy day!

You darling man!

Now, if you want me to,
I'll bring my Scottish lassies
And have them dance for you.
cotch Dance.

mine. Miss Mary, I think your d fine.

fine.

Here, let's put the crown on h
new found head.

liz: outraged)

Never, never, I'd sooner see her
dead.

Newer, never, 1 a sooner see ner
Again, lasy, 'off with he head.''
Queen of Hearts: (who has been talk:
ing with Bila.

I quite agree with what's been aid.
''off with her head!''
'Oneral shouting — Scotch lassies
gather around Mary to protect her.
It he midst of all the contusion, a
the midst of all the contusion, a
the midst of all the contusion, a
Music is playing "St. Louis Biner".
On top of ear are Madame Queen,
Amos and Andy.
Chev:

I say, who's this?
Mag: (says speech of Amos and Andy announcer (radio) about seeing your dentist at least three times

Queen)
I'll fast until I fall apart,
If Great Britain has one mo
jection.
Chev: (pleased with Ma

pettin.

Chev:

Of Madame Queen I quite approve She's Andy's little lidy love. If raido fans who listen in, Cound cast their votes, I'll bet Andy: (as Mme Queen is on pedestal)

Honey chile, tun yo setf aroun Gal, yo sho gonna win dis May Day crown.

Stadame Queen preens herself. Every Madame Queen preens herself. Every Madame Queen from the Stadame Queen preens herself. Every Madame Queen from Great marches in Lackerine the Great marches in Lackerine the Great marches in Lackerine the Great marches in the haughty starts, pulls his lady love from the pedestal.

Mag.

I sayski For Catherine the Greatski The most unscroupulous on

ach: Russia fiddles will playski A dance of Mayski, And I'll show you how it is donesk

nev:
I think this is going to be funsk

I think this is going to be tunned.

I think this is going to be tunned.

Jost look how the girlie can runnis!

I'd not be surprised if ahe wonsid.

Magician is looking deep into his

Magician is looking deep into his

the tree to the left of the court.

Behind it stands a thy fairy creature who peeps out as "Amaryllis" is heard.

All overly creature, famed afar,

Because your Shakespeare wrote

of her,

By strength of magic, I recall,

Titania from my crystal ball.

Shar:

haw: She's Titania, all right, dainty and bright! But Heavens, she's much too small

hev: For once, old man, I think you'r

For once, old man, I think you're right, I like my women slim and tall. Citania, frightened by unsympathet e looks of judges merely pauses s noment on pedestal, then skips over of the side line.

to the side line.

Shaw: (sadly)

O, England, Merry England, Are
your beauties put to secons?

Elizabeth they did not understand
And Titania is foriorn.

Columbia the Gen of the Ocean?

Leard from the orchestra, Isabella
backs on stage, holding out bags of
old to o'Clumbus, who pulle after
tim a toy ship. They are followed

Pocahunta.

gold, This scheming queen of ancient

Spain Sent Christopher to new lands from old,
And then she pulled him back
again.

hev."
If Izzie had let the old boy alone
We'd be putting an Indian on that
throne.
handi:
Well, I for one wouldn't be surprised
If a maid like this with flashing
eves,

eyes, Wouldn't be the one to take the

Mag: (with a worried expression, leans over the ball. A buzzing mus-ic is heard, Shubert's Bumbly Bee.'') I hear a continuous buzzing static crowd gathers around the ball, all with strained eager expressions. Finally Chev. turns away, disgusted.

Chey:

O, On with the show, the man's fanatic.

He looks up and sees the Queen B: and her train coming down the himaking the buzzing sound.
Just a minute, the man is right, Glance this way if you want sight.

sight.
They all look up. By the time the
Bees reach the foot of the hill, there
are gales of laughter.
Queen Bee: (stepping boldly forard) Sh-sh. Don't you dare laugh at

Sh-sh. Don't you dare laugh at me
You may think it strange, my dot
and stripe,
But you just wait till the time is
ripe
Then my true value you will see.
handi: (turning to Chev.)
I just wonder who she thinks we
arel

Chev:
If you'll take her away, I'll lend
my car.
Queen Bee has heard them, unnoticed. A car, you say, and you wish me to go! Her folowers:

er followers: Watch out, or your way out she'll

Chev:

Ch

Chev: (doesn't nkow exactly what to do at first; then smiles, lifts his

to do at first; then smiles, take m., hat)
Well, well, well, well, my dearest Mary, Queen Bee's followers (whispering, point to Mary)
Is abe the one who is so contrary?
Chev: (evidently having made up his mind in the Queen Bee's favor)
Indeed, my little ones you're right.
She's always ready to start a significant of the control of the

Mary: (looks furious; Chev. drops Queen Bee's Arm and steps over to

r) But thinking it over, that's no

at thinking it over, that's no so bad,
A prouder lady's not to be had.
Queen Bee: (clearing her throat; stamping her foot)
Well, speaking of ladies, my friend,
you see—
Chev:

Unev:
Now don't get excited, little Bee
Mary has turned her back; Chev
gets down on his knees to Queen
Bee.

From no on you're the one for m Queen Bee: (pointing to pedestal) Do you really think I'll have chance?

chiance? Chev:
I have it—what about a dance? Queen Bee;
Queen Bee;
Pollowers: (echo)
The very thing.
Queen Bee:
All right, my train, let's dance and swing.
Bee Dance.

Chev:
For that I offer three big cheers!
Applause
Queen of Hearts: (looking at Bees)
And some of them are perfect
dears.

ueen Bee:
Just one more thing I'd like to say
Whenever at any hour of day
You feel that you long for honey,
Just come to mehandl:
With low much money?
T will not even be a nickel spent
Just bring along one lone, sweet
scent.

scent.
of followers:
Where on earth's the Queen
Hearts?

Hearts?
Honey's just what she needs for her dainty tarts.
Mag: (gazing abstractedly into ball)
Just a minute it seems to be
French—

Chev: (excited)
Did you say French?

Did you say.
Mag:
Yes, I said French.
Warseilbes played off stage. As
Empress Josephine and Napoleon
enter, Chev. kisses his fingertips to
them in joy.

them in 70.

Chev:
Hurah, Hurrah, the Laurels wen!
Runs to them, kissing each on both
Runs to them, kissing each other.
Shaw: (sarcatically of the Control o

But now we're here. I'd just as soon

stay.

She mounts the pedestal with aid of Chev. and Napl. As she is turning around, the two men stand in rapt attertion. A clatter is heard off

stage.
Mag: (looks worried)
What can be causing all that noise?
Ghandi:
Sounds to me like a bunch of boys.

Sounds to m. Mag:
Ladies and gentiemen, watch my wand,
Now, Hokey, Pokey, Zallic-And from the East Side of New

And from the East Side of New York,
The Queen of Tin Pan Alley!
East Side, by west Side, played by orcheatra; Enter Queen of the Bowry,
dancing, every one stares,
Queen of Bowry: (to Shaw)
Hi, bo', who're all these ugly
Cluttering up the atmosphere!
You needn't look but once to see
That I'm the best looking girlie
here.

here.
Shaw:
I say, who is this person, please?
You know, I'm a bit fastidious.
Queen Bowry:
Well, get a load of this, grey-beard,
I think you're down right hideous.

(sees looks of crowd—stands boldly forward)
Why cast on me contemptuous

You're no better than a bunch of crooks.

looks?
You're as better than a bunch of
You're as better than a bunch of
You're asy, think I'm a cuite's
(tosses her head and
Bills: (in disay, think I'm a cuite's
Look, he begins to dance)
Is this America's Queen's
Mary Queen of Scots:
Look, so short and lean!
Ary Queen of Scots:
Look, so short and lean!
Catherine the Great.
To me she's not the least bit regal.
Things like that should not be lead to the control of the con

Fi, Fei, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman,
If Bernard Shaw insults my wife,
He'll boil in vinegar for the rest
of his life.

Shaw:
Fi, Pei,—Ho, Hum—
You're not only blind, but you're deaf and dumb.
You're only a myth, as we well know,
Science exploded you long age.
Pluto starts after Shaw with pitch-fork. Persephone pulls him back by the tail. Pro mounts pedestal.

the tail. Fro. mounts pedestal.

Pro:

"Its from the underworld, I hail,
And still it easily can be seen
That among these humans, weak
I certainly should be crowned the
queen.

Queen Bee:
You've nothing to bux about;
Titania:
If you want to know who's fairest of all,
Queen Bowry.

Queen Bowry.

Queen How;

One of the control of the control

One of the control

One of the control

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Look! What ees diz I see
Approaching down ze Nilef
Persphone: (at his side by thi time)
time)
my old friend, Cleopatra,
On a sea going creeodie.
Crowd has come to see, too,
Mme. Queen:
Who's dat dar man beside her?
Napoleon:
It's Mr. Mark Anthony.

He Anthony.
Anthony. Chev: Look! What ees diz I

Ah, there was a Noble Roman. Pluto: Pluto:
You know your history.
Anthony helps Cleo out of stream up
the bank, puts her on veddestal—lifts
his right hand.
Anthony:

nthony:
Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your cheers,
I come to crown my Cleo,
Not to praise her.

Not by ...
Noble Roman, rest your oar,
I think we've heard that speech
before.
(CONTINUED ON PAGE THERE)