

I Heard It This Way...

It seems almost incredible that May Day has come and gone. It happens that way every year . . . great hordes of people invade our peace and quiet, and yet we continue to be bewildered at how many strangers there are about. But wasn't it fun though? The pageant was good, the dance was good, and the tenseness of atmosphere never fails to be one of the most exciting things in a Salem year.

Did you all enjoy the F. B. I. gentleman of Tuesday's chapel as much as we did. He really had some stories to tell . . . enough to convince us that espionage ain't the trade for us, after all!

Having the swimming pool open is one of the most marvelous happenings yet. It's actually so wonderful to get in there and splash around and keep cool that we don't believe we'll commit suicide until Reading Day now. If you haven't been in yet, it'll be worth your while to hike down to the Infirmary for a foot check . . . no joke, the water's fine!

People seemed to have had a wonderful time of the supper ride Monday night. They dragged their horses over the Sedgefield trials for two hours, and then sat down to glut themselves on good food . . . and all the while we poor sisters fought the bugs off our lovely cheese sandwiches. Frankly, our constitutions would have fared better had we gone on and let the bugs have the dern things . . . mighty gruesome!

This sugar ration business has most of us confused and a few of us realizing that we really are at war. It's a good thing that war is being broken to us gently . . . the gas ration may not seem like quite such a blow.

In view of the gas ration, there is much carpe diem-ing . . . house parties at Lake Lure and house parties at the beach and just house parties. Have lots of fun, Children . . . it'll have to go a long way.

The greatest furor in Salem reaction to the cinema since Orsen Welles didn't get the Academy Award, was "King's Row." Lest it be forgotten without our two bits on the subject, may we say that never has the movie industry given one so much for his money . . . one emotional tirade right after the other. And the most ugly women we ever saw crammed into one picture . . . it was solid relief to finally look upon Ann Sheridan. The children were the best since "How Green Was My Valley" . . . and the whole thing was so convincing that we came out begging for a strait jacket. Ah me . . . just wait until these last few term papers take effect.

Having rambled to the point of exhaustion, let's all go to bed. Who knows? . . . the sun may shine tomorrow.

P. S. He Did't Marry Her

When Mr. Campbell was visiting in Oak Hill, Virginia, he spent some time with Mrs. Samuel Hairston and her daughters . . . Ruth, who graduated from Salem Academy; and May and Anne, who graduated from the college. In their garden, there used to be a school house where General J. E. B. Stuart went before attending West Point; and the Hairstons' home was formerly the home of J. E. B.'s cousin. The Hairstons, consequently, fell heirs to even of his letters . . . one of which shows that the dashing general sometimes thought of things other than his military career. With the Hairston's gracious permission, we'll print the letter exactly as it was written on August 13, 1851 . . . history majors ought to be thrilled with a side of J. E. B. Stuart which the text books don't take into account. The letter, postmarked West Point, is as follows:

Dear Cousin,
My delay in answering your kind letter you must not attribute to wilful neglect, but time has passed away so fast I was unconscious of the delay. I have spent the time very agreeably so far, for I assure you there is a great difference between a third classman and a "Plebe."
I determined at the beginning of encampment not to become acquainted with any ladies. But my resolve, however firm when withstanding the smiles of Yankeeedom, melted

Martha's Musings



It's hard to realize May Day is over, isn't it? We looked forward to it for such a long time, and then all in one day it was over. But if there isn't anything left to look forward to, there's a lot to look back on.

For instance, there was Mot doing one of her specialty acts . . . one date for the pageant and another for the dance. There was Carlotta . . . and yes, the L. L. was shining. And who was that striped coat Flanagan was walking around with? We certainly don't have to ask who Stoney was with . . . "Boots," the Casanova of Salem College. No kidding, we love him and hope he'll come back again real soon.

We hear that Seville lost her appetite Sunday . . . she says it's love and we'll have to admit that it's something 'cause you know Seville's appetite.

The week-end started . . . Frankie didn't have a date. The week-end ended . . . Frankie practically had four.

Who was the little boy with glasses, Fran?

Sue and Stone are off for State College . . . we only hope that they don't reenact stunt-night for the wolf-pack.

We hear that May Day Dell was well inhabited last Sunday. Ah the beauty of Nature! (pronounced Nature). There's one story about a Salemite who didn't remember the boundary between upper and lower campus . . . when combed out of the darkness by the Dean, and asked what she was doing, she answered simply enough, "Courting." "Well, you'll just have to do it on upper campus. You'll just have to do it, etc."

We certainly do like Bill Jake . . . he's developed into a regular Salem stand-by. Did you hear about the time he found a long lost cousin up here?

Well, Khacky is definitely going to have a visitor this summer . . . specially if Ray is going to be in R. R.

By the way, what was the feud going on in the campus living room Sunday between Little Yelverton, Mary B., Traynham, and dates? Will Traynham ever introduce Sandy as Joe, or Addison as Dave Reid, etc., etc., etc., again? And why wasn't Ceil in on that one? I guess it's 'cause you just can't mistake the Little Doc.

Would you believe it? Our own Wilbur is majoring in manuel training . . . if you don't believe it, just look at the shoes he made for Martha. Could be that he's minoring in psychology . . . why else his correspondence with a pert Lehmanite? FLASH! FLASH! Miss Marian Goldberg has handed in her term paper!

Betty Winbourne must really have the power . . . getting the date after explaining that he was second choice. And Bowman did just as well by getting Buck, after all . . . didn't he present her with her crown and bouquet?

Well, Ewing is the same ole gal, isn't she? Freckles, pancake, and all.

very pressing invitation to call on them on my way home in June, which I shall certainly do if I have the pleasure of going. Miss Mary will return to witness the "finals" on the twenty-eighth.

With the exception of the present attack of the blues, my spirits have been unruffled since the encampment began. Please give my love to all my friends, to cousins, aunts, and uncles. I hope you will forgive this scrawl as I have the blues so dreadfully that I can't frame the first idea. Please write soon and I will try to write a more interesting letter. General Scott has paid us a visit this summer though his daughter has not.

I am still your devoted cousin,
J. E. B. Stuart.

BOOSTING MORALE EFFORT

The Community Sing on Thursday night was a much greater success than anybody thought it would be. The girls just couldn't keep away, but most everybody is like that . . . if you hear music, you just have to sing and sing we did. In fact, on "Sweet Sue" and the latter verses of "I've Been Working On the Railroad," we got so much in the swing of things we almost left Mr. Bair behind. But he soon caught up and did some pretty sweet swinging himself . . . and besides that, he acted as if he were enjoying it immensely.

The best music of the evening, of course, came from the Choral Ensemble. They started things going right away by singing "The Silver Swan" by Gibbons, and they closed the program with Bach's chorale, "The Lord My Guide Will Surely Be." Between the numbers which the Choral Ensemble sang, it was interesting to watch the reactions of the other girls. Take Margie for instance, the first time we noticed her, she was leaning against the wall singing "Hark The Sound and looking very bored about the whole thing. Then the "Marine Hymn" was struck up and so was Miss Ray. She fairly shone; and, needless to say, she knew all the words. Miss McNeely was a bit wistful about the old sweet songs and Averill enjoyed them all. At least she grinned her way through all of them. The rest of the faculty seemed to think that they were not invited . . . Miss Lawrence, Miss Turlington, Miss Marsh, and Mr. Snavely sat out on the wall and hummed to themselves; but they finally got up enough nerve to come up as far as the steps.

The patriotic songs were showed more enthusiasm than any of the others. "The Caisson Song" (though nobody knew the words), "America the Beautiful," "God Bless America," and "The Marine Hymn" were really sung with gusto. Everyone looked inspired . . . as if they would like to go out and join a First Aid class or sell War Bonds. The Choral Ensemble really should be thanked for their part in getting up the Sing. It was fun. We want to do it again . . . and next time let's hope it doesn't rain; for it would be even more fun out on the terrace.

Celebrity—A great man far away from home.—Mrs. W. B. Martin, 112 Shady Blvd.

Lib Weldon almost had two dates this week-end . . . these popularity kids!

It's getting to be a regular family affair these days what with Mrs. Smith coming to see Lindley and Lindley going to see Mrs. Smith.

Betty Grantham and Ginor Foster will represent Salem this week-end at Davidson . . . and Myra will represent heaven-only-knows-what at Lake Lure.

Typical Wooten luck managed to have Wooten on restriction right there on May Day . . . hold on, Joyce, you'll have company soon.

We can't let this column close without mentioning that Arabelle looks a little the worse for wear since her extended week-end in Georgia . . . nor can we let it close without wishing Stu a speedy recovery. We can now let it close . . . bye, bye!

THEATRE CALENDAR

Carolina

Mon., Tues., Wed. —
"Ship Ahoy."
Thurs., Fri., Sat. —
"My Favorite Blonde."

State

Mon., Tues. —
"Larceny Inc."
Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. —
"Home in Wyoming."

Forsyth

Mon., Tues. —
"Babes on Broadway."
Wednesday —
"Cadets on Parade."
Thursday —
"Confirm or Deny."
Fri., Sat. —
"Glamour Boy."

Colonial

Mon., Tues. —
"Yank in R. A. F."
Wed., Thurs. —
"Law of the Jungle."
Fri., Sat. —
"Riding the Wind."

BIRTHDAYS

May 10 —
Yvonne Phelps
May 12 —
Frances Krites
May 15 —
Mary Yow
Mary Eaton
May 16 —
Mozelle Beason
Daphne Reich
May 17 —
Sara McNair
Rachel Pinkston
Bettie Hill
Geraldine Jackson

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