

Women of the Week

EDITH SHAPIRO
Make a Woman-of-the-week of Edith? Not by a long shot! We've done the impression angle until it's hackneyed; and only two years is



quite a short while to try to figure her out. For almost six months, she was just a girl with a Yankee accent and a walk that would make May West envious; 'cause we'd learned about Yankees and wanted no trek with them. After that, she was the girl the soldiers hollered for at Bragg—and the girl who would offer a hand to would-be-dancers at any time. We liked that; but she still had that Yankee accent. Then we heard from Strong that she was really offering the glamour of the season to the place.

All that took a year. Now we know Edith as a thousand more important, more lovable, though less obvious things. We know that she is really an artist with modern dance: that she loves it; and some day we'll hear from her. We know that she is willing to help wholeheartedly despite inconveniences. We know that she has a sense of humor, and that she can laugh at Edith just as well as the next one. We know that she's an interesting conversationalist, that she makes sense, that she is pretty handy with the cracks. We know that she speaks French to her dates (for variety we assume), and that she probably speaks it well. This we know about Edith. It would be trite to say that no one ever really knows Edith, but that we have learned to want to. It might be trite, but it is very true.

This week, Edith has been just about as busy as a Broadway production manager. Off to a late start, she's been struggling to create five new dances to fit in with the pageant. She has fought with thirty people who were off to a later start and handicapped by not quite so much talent as their boss.

She hasn't yet flung a screaming fit; so we might add that we also

LIB READ
The girl who prefers the back seat to the limelight, is Lib Read—the quiet, dignified May Day chairman who is working overtime to present her gay and original fiesta



Saturday. Not only did the fiesta tea spring from her intelligent brain; but, wonders of wonders, she even gave up that much needed seven-day rest to work diligently on the pageant. It is necessary to add that she also teaches school—a diversion she adores and never tires of. Writing poetry is another one of her favorite pastimes, and it takes some good talking to persuade this modest girl to let you read one of her poems. She also composed the grand words to Lib Johnson's "Unconditional Surrender" for the original patriotic song contest.

Blue-eyed, stately Lib is easily recognized by her queenly walk and low, enchanting voice. A great lover of the sun, she is the first to get that smooth, golden tan so envied by us all. Lib, the math major, is also learning how to cook and to be the ideal wife for Andy, the West Point graduate and the one and only. Whenever she speaks of him and their approaching marriage in June, her blue eyes almost catch on fire—she loves the Army, too, for her father is a major.

This unusual girl loves clothes in dull grays and beiges, washes her blond hair every four days, is allergic to wool and chocolate, never wears powder or rouge, and adores her stuffed army mule and giraffe. Just as gay as she is efficient, she's a favorite on the campus. She is chief marshal and a "Who's Who-er." If the May Day pageant reflects any of this charming personality, what a treat the Salemites have in store when Saturday rolls around!

know the lady has poise and self-control.

Here's a prediction: that you'll like Edith's dances—and that if you'd try to know Edith, you could understand why her share of the pageant will be a success.

Martha's Musings

Yep, the holidays have come and gone, and here we are, struggling up and down gym steps trying to snatch an hour of sunburn between classes and those last minute term papers that we put off till after the holidays. Upon our return we found quite an array of orchids, roses, gardenias, etc. Three orchids to NORMIE and CAROLYN each. I think perhaps that tops the record as far as we can find.

First off, the Strong girls really went S-t-r-o-n-g. SUTT and MARY FRANCES are still day-dreaming about those brass buttons at Annapolis, and MAMIE HERRING and HENSDALE about the army camps they visited. MARIE GRIFFIN went to Duke during the holidays and DOT LEONARD stuck to the old home-town and the Naval Air Cadets.

LOU STACK sponsored the dances at Carolina Easter week-end and JENNY at Wake Forest. And though "MAC" MacLENDON didn't sponsor dances, she's proudly sporting a fraternity pin—yes, Dave's.

April 27 welcomed JACQUE DASH back to the Strong walls and virgin trees and we're mighty glad to see her. Hope CACKY WALTZER will soon be back, too.

SIS SHELTON, HUMBERT, GARRISON, STU, JOYCE and LOIS took in the Kappa Sig house party at Carolina the first week-end of the holidays, and from there the trip extended to Kinston, Fairmont, Pinehurst, and neighboring communities.

PEGGY NIMOCKS returned, elated over seeing Phil while at home.

It's nice to return to school with something besides exams to look forward to—for instance, May Day. We fear that our May Court is gonna look more like mulattos than the lily-white angels of Salem. Anyway, we can't help but notice the hub-bub around the smoke house about "Who're you having up?" "No, my date couldn't come." "Yes, Uncle Sam is letting Joe come, too." You know, the usual stuff. Anyway, MARGARET HENNIS' Ben will be here, and of course, Davidson will turn out full force.

Those who aren't having dates, well, I hope you'll all make up a good tag line.

GINOR, SUE, JOY, CASSEROLE, and MARY all visited the Big City during the holidays. And according to GINOR, travelling by rail ain't a bit bad when there are nice soldiers like Jack to look after you.

Enough damage for the present. Happy hunting during May Day Dance — to be perfectly crude—snake well.

Bye, —MARTHA.

GARY

and Traume by Schubert. Her voice was like an angel voice floating. A Thought Like Melody by Brahms, was artistically done. An unusual number which the audience seemed to like was Wolf's Er Ist's.

Marian sang Barthe's aria, "O Nuit, Tui me Couns from La Fiancee d'Abydos with a clear, high voice. She seemed to ease herself and her audience completely in this number.

Fiocca La Neve by Cimara was beautiful in its utter simplicity. Pastorale by Stravinsky required the use of just two vowels, but we would never tire of this fantasy. Marian's low tones were full and beautiful in the Debussy number, Il Pleure Dans mon Coeur, and she displayed feeling and interpretation. Invitation to a Voyage by Duparc, was enchanting, and awakens a desire for the vagabond's Utopia.

Marian's last group were four modern compositions. The first, Snow Toward Evening by Margaret Leinbach is impressionistic. Marian sang her own composition Smells which the audience thoroughly enjoyed. A Piper by Michael Heid and At the Well by Hageman, two gay, light little numbers closed the program.

Marian sang beautifully and looked as lovely. The audience seemed overcome with her performance and her charming personality.

As Old Order Changes Editors Stop to Look

AT THE OLD— AT THE NEW—

It's 1:30 on Tuesday afternoon. Your humble reporter and a few of the other members of the Editorial and Feature Staffs are gathered around one of the brightly-painted tables in the basement of Clewell. The quiet atmosphere breaks when in storms the Editor. Barelegged, without makeup, and armed with her constant companion (that little black book), Ceil dramatically peers into all faces present and sighs, "Well, how can we possibly have a meeting with only this many here?" She opens the black book, fishes for the pencil behind her ear, and frowns darkly over her assignment sheet. During the week-end, she's been jotting down ideas for stories—original ideas, too—and now the time has come for the last minute instructions.

"Doris, you'll dehydrate this week, please? And Mil, would you like to cover the tennis tournament? ... You wouldn't? ... Well, I'll expect your assignment to be in by six o'clock tomorrow night—that's still the time stories are due, you know." And on she goes—helping with her suggestions and little constructive criticisms. She might seem hard and sometimes she might look as though she were acting the part of the hard-boiled editor, but underneath the surface, she's just as eager for her brain-child to be a hit as the reader is anxious to read it.

On Wednesday, I can see her reminding the absentees of their assignments; and on Thursday I can see her chasing them up so she can get the copy to the printers ... After all, the paper is supposed to come out on Friday night! On Thursday evening and Friday morning she frantically reads proof; then in the afternoon, she paces the floor at Biting smoking furiously as she waits for the Salemite to come off the press. Ah, it's good just like the rest. (She will probably violently disagree—but she begins all over again the next morning gathering material for next week's edition!)

There are numerous technicalities—such as coming to agreement with the Business Staff, rewriting stories, and continuing her job in spite of criticism—but Ceil has gone on writing her editorials and her column and successfully planning the paper. Although her manner has been light and informal, she has been serious and business-like in her work ... and she has done her job so well that I can only hope to live up to her record.

Quietly flowing water—flowing without undulation; but flowing steadily and forcefully none the less ... A summer breeze—warm and friendly and restful ... These are inevitable impressions of Mary Louise Rhodes.

She's not the sort of person you're conscious of ... she never raises her voice, she rarely volunteers her opinions. But if you have a sensitivity to people who's quite assurance and even quieter accomplishments make you wonder why you spent so much time blowing off hot air, you'll know she's there. She goes about whatever she's doing calmly and systematically ... breathing inspiration into whoever she's working with. And, furthermore she goes about whatever she's doing pleasantly and eagerly ... being serenely excited with the task of the moment. Mary Louise is not, however, emotionally placid ... she equips herself with extremely definite ideas; she refuses explicitly to compromise her principles.

As an editor, Mary Louise fills all the qualifications ... she started off four years ago, after a siege of journalism in high school, doing all sorts of drudge work like trying to translate what the ticket girls said were theatre calendars. Since then, she's covered news events; criticized Pierrette productions; tracked down statements from the authorities on vital campus problems; and written personality sketches of various people about the campus. It's in these portraits that one finds the real charm of Mary Louise's writings she has a delicacy of touch and humor, a subtlety of observation, and a fine sense of description which lift her writing to a level above the commonplace.

All in all, you may expect of Mary Louise the best ... she's earned the confidence of the staff already; she'll earn their cooperation as soon as she starts her duties as editor. She has few enemies ... her natural bent for diplomacy will prevent her provoking any others. She has the experience, the zest, and the fortitude necessary for doing a hard job well ... what more could you ask in an editor.

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HISTORY

At the opening of the 1932-33 session, the President's Forum voted to have a May Day Chairman. So in 1933, the gods from Olympus spent a brief afternoon in the Salem May Day dell with Queen Alice Philpot. The play, "Ye Gods," depicted Atlas and Cupid, weary of their duties on earth, seeking entertainment on Mt. Olympus. During a dance contest, the gods got so violent that Hansel and Gretel had to judge the winner.

In 1934, Maurice Chevalier, Mahatma Ghandi, and George Bernard Shaw persuaded an old magician to revive ancient beauties for them to judge. After they had carefully eyed British, French, Indian, and American beauties, the judges unanimously agreed that Miss Mildred Hanes of Salem far surpassed any of the ancients.

The following year, Miss Cortlandt Preston reigned supreme over Elizabethan English village folk. Villagers, shepherdesses, and chimney sweepers assembled on the village green to see the mummers, traveling actors of the century, present "St. George and the Dragon."

When Miss Phyllis Clapp presided over a fairy village inhabited by Little Tommy Tucker, Jack Horner, and Mother Goose, in 1936; she was entertained all afternoon by the dances and recitations of the villagers.

Down in the dell, which had been transformed into Wonderland for the day, the Queen of Hearts entertained the Queen of May, Miss Cordelia Lowry, at a garden party. To amuse her guest, the Heart Queen ordered oysters, soup, executioner, and minuet dances.

At the opening of the 1938 May

Day, two young girls were reading and discussing the ancient Greek May Days. As both remarked that they'd like to see one, a gnome popped up from nowhere to grant their wish. Greeks came forth and presented Odysseus among the Phaeacians. Following the presentation, Miss Virginia Lee became Queen of the festival.

In 1939, Miss Bill Fulton was May Queen. She and her attendants wore dresses of pre-Civil war days. In the dell, was a replica of Main Hall where numerous guests arrived to celebrate the plantation fete and to crown the May Queen.

Two grandparents brought their grandchildren and the "Gay Nineties" album to the 1940 May Day. From the album, they displayed certain pictures for Queen Louisa Sloan.

The next spring brought Miss Elizabeth Trotman to the dell as Francois Villon, Prince of Vagabonds and thieves, to amuse Queen Katharine King.

Last year, Miss Martha Bowman was entertained by the play, "Persephone," based on Homer's "Hymn to Demeter," the play concerned the familiar tale of the abduction of Persephone, daughter of Demeter, by Hades, god of the underworld.

This year, Cecilia Nuchols will reign as Queen of a Spanish Fiesta.

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