

## Congratulations . . .

Congratulations to the newly elected officers! We wish them the best of luck.

But, let's not forget that along with giving them our best wishes, we should give them our active support and help. It is not an easy task to step into a brand new office, and we ought to be able to make the adjustment easier for them. By cooperating with their plans, by making suggestions, and by giving concrete "elbow grease" we may encourage and support them.

Good luck, girls!

J. M.

## Complaint . . .

With so many important things happening on campus now, it is probably inevitable that there should be criticism and complaint. A certain amount of that is all right, but when there is a way to improve things by petitions, it seems rather stupid to gripe endlessly. Criticism is fine if it will accomplish some purpose. If the students won't do anything but sit around and complain, then we think the fault is theirs.

F. G.

## Sympathy

The Salemite expresses its deepest sympathy to Dr. Vardell in the recent death of his mother.

## Editors

Editors for this issue were Frances Gulesian and Joy Martin, sophomore staff members.

# The Salemite



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

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES  
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor-in-Chief \_\_\_\_\_ Peggy Davis  
Associate Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Peggy Gray  
Assistant Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Nancy Carlton  
Assistant Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Carolyn Taylor  
Make-up Editors: Margaret Carter, Dale Smith  
Copy Editors: Laurel Green, Clara Belle LeGrande  
Feature Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Mary Porter Evans  
Music Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Margaret McCall  
Sports Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Gloria Paul  
Editorial Staff: Cat Gregory, Peirano Aiken, Jane Morris, Betsy Boney, Marilyn Booth, Booty Crenshaw.

Editorial Assistants: Dot Arrington, Helen Brown, Ione Bradsher, Betty Biles, Tommy Distabile, Tootsie Gillespie, Frances Gulesian, Susan Johnson, Joy Martin, Mary Motsinger, Margaret Fisher, Joan Carter Read, Peggy Sue Taylor, Amie Watkins, Ken Fansler, Debbie Sartin, Clara Belle LeGrande, Betty Page Beal, Mary Elizabeth Weaver, Ann Rixey.

Filists and Typists: Betty Holbrook, Marilyn Watson  
Pictorial Editors: Ruby Moye, Peggy Watkins.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Eliza Smith  
Assistant Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Jane Morris  
Advertising Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Betsy Schaum  
Assistant Advertising Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Mary Hill  
Circulation Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Virginia Connor

## Pome

by Frances Gulesian

If Caesar's tunic had had more starch,  
We wouldn't beware of The Ides of March.  
If only his tunic had stopped that knife,  
He never would have lost his life.  
Thus Caesar met his Waterloo,  
But we all have our limp days too.  
The middle of March now means to us  
Frantic studying and frenzied fuss.  
With lack of humor, dearth of jests,  
We go to take our six-weeks tests.  
We're fortified with mental blocks  
When asked about shares, bonds, and stocks.  
Because of M. J. Snavely's pereza  
She's bogging down on Sotileza.  
Social Problems of the nation  
Make us quake with trepidation.  
And Cynthia Black faces life realistical  
When plotting a graph or exercise statistical.  
Teaching the niceties of German grammar.  
Dr. Smith wields a mighty sledge hammer.  
To do your Horace, or any Latin,  
You've got to rise early in the matin.  
And into sophomore brains Miss Byrd beats  
Timely facts about Kelly and Sheats.  
And studying history, world or plain,  
Is simply flirting with ptomaine,  
"Parlez-Vous francais?" you hope—  
Or else around your neck you'll tie a rope.  
We have cause to regret the Ides of March.  
So Julius isn't the only larch  
Oh, Caesar's main trouble was merely diurnal,  
But we are pressed with Fate eternal.

## Kit Cornell Or Lily Pons? Taylor Has Dual Talent

Peggy Sue Taylor has many names —Gretchen in the operetta "The Red Mill", the understudy of Nadina in the Piedmont Festival production of "The Chocolate Soldier", and the former "Glamour Puss" in the play "Nine Girls".

Gretchen is naive, Nadina is bold, "Glamour Puss" was sophisticated. And Peggy Sue Taylor? Have you ever heard her sing "Old Ninety Seven" with a hill-billy accent that far surpasses "Minnie Pearl"? Have you heard her sing "Un Bel Di"?

"I always wanted to be an actress," said Peggy Sue. "The music just happened." When she was fifteen, she wanted to sing the "blues". In her first voice lesson, all by accident, she vocalized up to a high E. Peggy Sue was so amazed that she tried it again. She has been reaching high in the scale and in starring roles ever since.

The winning at fifteen, of the Edgar Stillman Kelly scholarship for North Carolina, awarded by the National Federation of Music Clubs, was her first musical triumph. The following summer she represented North Carolina at the Deerwood Music Camp in the Adironsacks of

New York. "I heard my first symphony and choral concerts there. I could never forget them."

Salem could never forget Peggy Sue's performances in the Pierrette plays of the last two years—in "The Cradle Song", "Nine Girls", and "The Minuet".

President of the Pierrettes in '47, and of the Choral Ensemble this year, Peggy Sue has combined her two interests in many ways.

Her leading role in "The Red Mill" is a proof of her ability in both the fields of drama and music. She portrays the artless daughter of a man who has promised her hand in marriage to one she doesn't love; she sings the songs of Victor Herbert. Comedy and tragedy and beautiful music are all in "The Red Mill," which will be presented to night at 8:15 in Reynolds Auditorium.

Preparing for her senior recital on May 4, for her part in the Piedmont Festival of the week of May 16, and for a musical career in New York, Peggy Sue, a student of Mr. Clifford Bair and Mrs. Nell Starr, is realizing her two-fold ambition—to sing and to act.

## Salem Players Name Casts For Three One-Act Plays

The Salem Players will present three one-act plays in Old Chapel Thursday night, March 18, at 8:00 p. m. Tickets will be sold at the door for 30 cents.

The three plays to be presented are **March Heir**, a comedy by Babette Hughes; **Escape by Moonlight**, a psychological drama by Kenneth Crotty; and **Lost Victory**, a tragedy by North Baker.

Carolyn Dunn (as Marian Carmen) and Homer Sutton (as Jefferson March III) the heir of a famous poet, will play the leads in **March Heir**. The supporting cast includes Alan Owen, her brother; Zeno Hoots, a business man; Ann Wicker, a society woman; and Delores McCarter, the housekeeper.

**Escape by Moonlight** will feature Lillian McNeil as Cathy, a girl who goes insane when her fiance does not return from the war; Sam Woody, the fiance; and Robert Gray, the doctor.

**Lost Victory** is the story of Agatha

Van Dorm, played by "Winky" Harris, and her two sisters, Joan Hassler and Flossy Small, whom she dominates. Frances Wilkerson is their niece, Paula, and Mildred Matthews is the maid, Annie.

Mrs. Berglund will be assisted in producing the plays by Betty McBrayer: student director; Jane White: assistant production manager; Mildred Matthews, Betty Beck, Jean Starr, Janet Zimmer and Sis Pooser: costume committee; Sara Hamrick, Bety Kincaid, Beth Kitterell, Laura Harvey and Lee Rosenblom: make-up committee; Mary Hill, June Elder and Beegie Stover: business committee; Jan Ballentine, Clinky Clinkscales, Sybil Haskins, Ann Spenser, Betty Biles and Janet Zimmer: properties committee; and Nancy Duckworth, June Elder, Nancy Florence, Joan Hassler, Jane Hart, Martha Hershberger, Martha LeBey and Jan Ballentine: publicity committee.

## SEEING THANGS

by Catherine Gregory

. . . A little learning is a dangerous thing . . .

There was laughter in the smokehouse and the sound of cards and music. Merry girls pushed through the smoke, shouting to one another. All was gay and happy. The bent little figure in the dark corner was hardly noticed. Then BMOC came in, and saw that it was her room mate, Little Mumbly. She went over to her, and slapped her on the back.

"How now, brown cow!" she said to Mumbly, her tone a mixture of affection and sarcasm. "How ya doing, Lumpy?" She laughed loudly. "Ain't seen ya all day, roomie."

Little Mumbly slowly lifted her head. She looked at BMOC with burning red eyes, her face white and contorted. There was a look of madness about her. Fixing her eyes on BMOC, she uttered a cracked laugh which turned into a snarl.

"Money!" she said, and lurched to her feet. She looked quickly about, then ran out of the room, her insane laugh floating back.

Silence like a cold wet blanket fell on the smokehouse, and a shudder passed through the room.

"Mirabile dictum—what was that!" gasped Eagerbeve, as soon as she could speak.

BMOC turned sadly to the stricken girls. "The worse has finally happened. Her mind has snapped."

She walked over and sat down. "It all began about a month ago," she said, continuing her story. "Little Mumbly was taking Economics, Miss C. showed them all about money, and what you could do with it. Then she lectured one day on How to Make a Million Dollars in the Stock Market.

Well, Mumbly didn't think much about it at the time. Then Miss S. in Sociology showed them what happened to people who didn't have any money. Mumbly was chilled considerably.

"Then Miss W. in a psychology class, proved that everyone is as nutty as a fruitcake, and that the only way to get "adjusted" was to go to a psychiatrist, and they cost money. Mumbly became alarmed.

"Several days later, Mumbly, in a moment of meditation in Philosophy class, suddenly realized that in spite of what those philosophers were saying, Money was really the root, and the most important thing in the world!

"This nearly floored her, for although this doctrine is the basis of our life, people do not come right out and say it. And, as you know, Mumbly is not the type of girl to catch undertones.

"Her next class was History. Mr. L. spoke of merchant princes, and bankers, and great sums of money. He talked of Spanish conquest and piles of gold, and how wars were started or stopped because of money, and it wasn't at all what they had told her in Civics class in High School. Little Mumbly, shaken before, felt herself totter.

"More lectures came. And ever present, to catch her eye, was the infernal Gold Phi Beta Kappa keys on the chest of the faculty. Her mind snapped, and you have seen the rest." BMOC wiped away a tear as she finished her tale.

"Yea, it gets some that way," said Eagerbeev. "It's like finding out about life, or Santa Claus. Some can't take it."

They all turned to their bridge, saddened.