

## May Day...

... comes once a year, but it takes a whole year of working, planning and co-operating to make a May Day. This year our thanks and appreciation go to...

... Betsy Boney and Jane McElroy, Chairman and Vice-Chairman, who efficiently have co-ordinated the work of the May Day Committees, and have done all the big and little things to make May Day the best ever.

... Dottie Smith and Betty Ann Epps who with their committee worked especially hard to design, make and fit the May Day cast into costumes.

... Ione Bradsher and Polly Harrop who made up the dances in the pageant and who conducted practices in the Dell.

... the Nominating Committee, Sara Clark, Nancy Wray and Mary Jane Hurt, who collected ballot boxes, counted votes and attended to the mechanics of selecting the Queen and the Court.

... Jane Morris and Joyce Privette, in charge of publicity for making arrangement for pictures and seeing that May Day developments got into the news.

... the girls in charge of properties, Ruby Moye and Katherine Ives who tracked down such things as trumpets, staves and toadstools for the pageant.

... Margaret Carter and Virginia Summers who worked with the *Salemite* staff in compiling and distributing the May Day program.

... Lib Price and Peggy Sue Taylor who selected and supplied appropriate background music.

... the Entertainment Committee, Ann Mills, Susan Johnson, Joyce Brisson and Claire Craig for adding their ideas and efforts to the success of May Day.

... to Katherine Ballew in charge of finance, who kept the May Day books out of the red during this past year.

... the committee in charge of Wee Blew Inn, Dot Massey, Dot Arrington, Miriam Bailey, Betty Biles, Claire Phelps and Gerry Hancock who sold sandwiches and milk every Monday and Wednesday night to make May Day financially possible.

... you who don't mind sitting on wet grass or slapping the hungry mosquitoes in the Dell to watch the culmination of the creative work of the 1948 May Day Staff.

## The Salemite



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## Sophisticated Sophomore Discovers Linguaphone

by Frances Gulesian

"There's a sucker born every minute" may be true, but how much more profound is "You can't tell a book by its cover." For instance, there's a brackish-orange book on my desk with the title *Linguaphone, Cours de Conversation*.

Now I'll admit that nobody's heart is going to start beating faster when they see that, but what an unsuspected world of pleasure and knowledge is waiting within! I honestly believe that if this book only had the chance it would top *Peace of Mind* and *Inside U. S. A.* by next Sunday. "Plot," I hear you screaming, "plot, plot!" Well, I don't want to give the story away, but it deals lightly with a rather involved French family (ha! can't you sense the international-spy angle immediately?) which has a mysterious set of friends whose relationships are just hopelessly entangled. Wherever you look, there are always four generations of people (if you like horses, you'll be mighty disappointed in this book) to deal with. This makes the reading a bit heavy, but some of the more fanciful chapters make you forget the entanglements.

One of my favorite parts is the thirteenth lesson, which calls itself "Les Saisons." Having been a nature lover ever since Wordsworth, I read that section with enchantment. Not only did it give a sensuous description of each season, but in the second part there was as snappy a bit of repartee as I've ever heard: "What weather makes it in the spring?" "The weather is unusually good, neither too warm nor too cold; but it is necessary to suspect oneself of rain storms of March and April." Now that's the way I like to hear a man talk—in good literal translation. That's one of the best

things about this book—all the characters are so genuine and plain-spoken.

I know you're already so thrilled that you won't believe what I'm going to say next, but what reason have I for imagining things. Does everybody remember those little gems introducing each even gemnier chapter of *Barefoot Boy With Cheek*. Well, just where could Max have gotten them but in this *Linguaphone* book? Because frankly, as even Shulman's most devoted follower will have to admit, it's common knowledge that Balzac never really said, "Mon oncle est mort"—history tells us he came from a long line of single people, and as for Voltaire's saying "Le crayon est sur la table," that's nothing but wishful thinking. For this little book specializes in elementary sentences; what could be more basic than "Il fume la pipe" and "Lundi, mardi, mercredi, vendredi, et samedi"? Perfect! Typical! What could be more conclusive? Could any reasonable person want more proof?

There are no limits to the cheery things I might put in this book review, and though I realize you could read on forever, I've got to stop; but just let me mention the very best thing of all. You simply will scream. The whole adorable little book is recorded! I know that's hard to take in, almost too good to be true, but you've got to believe me. Up in the French room there's a little black case with records of four hysterical Frenchmen reading it, every single word. I tell you it's a prize. You've never lived until you hear them scream incoherently about family relationships. Moral: To listen to my words is to read the book, to read it is to remember it, and to remember it is pure insanity.

## "Grenadine Etching" Adds New Sparkle To History

by Jane Morris

If you are looking for a novel with which to amuse yourself and the fellow members on your hall, as well as pick up some new, "priceless" cliches, then read *Grenadine Etching* by Robert C. Ruark. It appears to be a parody on the historical novel so prevalent these days. It can best be described as a combination of *Forever Amber*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Sun Is My Undoing* and anything else you can mention along those lines. Tossed in for added interest are Hemingway descriptions and a somewhat mollified version of parts of *The Hucksters*.

*Grenadine* is a sultry female with long silver hair who is raised by a negro mammy, proficient in the art of black magic; and has a baboon

as her only companion in her youth. Despite this her life is unusual and varied to say the least. In the course of about sixty years she managed to pile up a fortune in the slave trade, invent the cigarette, marry three assorted men and have quadruplets in addition to events too numerous to mention. Her sex seems completely irrelevant to many of her actions and exceedingly relevant to others.

The book is written in the style of scholarly Max Schulman if that is possible. The story is tedious in parts, raw in others, rather hilarious throughout. Although it was never meant to be world shaking, if you have the time and read it for it's a welcome change from the wear and tear of daily living.

## Of All Things

by Catherine Gregory

Calm with a peace beyond understanding, radiant with inexpressible light, the broad rolling terrain of Heaven stretched boundlessly onward toward the absolutely evanescent horizon, broken only by the faint shimmering outline of the Magnificent Gates of Unsurpassed Pearliness. Golden light filled the atmosphere, bathing all in unearthly radiance. Sweet winds brought delicate, everchanging perfumes. The mighty diapason of the celestial organ filled the firmament with awe-inspiring chords. In the interim could be heard the faint twings of the single-stringed golden harps. The harps brought into prominence the people who were playing them, who at first might not be apparent because of their ethereal (unbodied) form. Tastefully arranged about the landscape, they sat and lay in graceful attitudes with expressions of calm repose and ineffable wisdom.

All but one, that is. For away in one corner seated diconsolately beside a transcendental bush, was Little Mumbly. Only recently transposed to this state, (Have you forgotten, O fickle reader, that she met her death in the *Salemite* a few short weeks ago?), she had not become completely acclimated. Her mind was now, of course, filled with Unspeakable Wisdom, but once in a while, an earth-thought would creep in. She sighed.

Immediately the great organ crashed to a stop. The perfumed winds stood still, and the celestial light turned greenish. Then all began to tremble with the sound of heavy footsteps. Nearer and nearer thy drew, and came to a stop before Little Mumbly. Creation waited breathlessly while the mighty being spoke.

"You sighed?" thundered the powerful voice.

Burning with shame and horror at what she had done, Little Mumbly put her hands over her face and whispered "Yes" through her fingers.

The voice became gentler.

"Why, small one?"

Little Mumbly sank lower, and mumbled miserably, "Because I was bored."

The Angel Gabriel (for he it was) drew back with surprise. "Good heavens, this is Heaven! No one is bored here—how utterly preposterous!" He waited haughtily for a moment, then overcome with curiosity, leaned down a bit.

"Ah, I say—ah, what does Earth have that is better than this? Confidentially, of course," he said in a lowered voice.

"Well," said Little Mumbly, made bolder by his tone, "this is real nice, and it sure is lovely here, and I sure do like it, but sometimes I think about Salem. I just can't help it," she said sadly. "And today is May Day, and I wanna go back so bad!" She burst into tears.

The Angel Gabriel eyed her reflectively. "You'll never be happy here," he said. "We've had some cases like you before, and there is really only one thing to do."

He looked carefully around in all directions, and then motioned for her to follow him behind a nearby transcendent bush. There he bent down and began poking in the loosely-packed celestial dirt. A few turns and he had broken through, for Heaven is but a thin, thin shell. Several twists enlarged the hole to sufficient size to afford a view of the Earth, much closer than you'd think. The Angel Gabriel stood up and dusted his hands on his translucent robe. Then he pointed to the hole.

"Go," he said to Little Mumbly, "and don't come back."

Seconds later a small misty object lit in a tree near the edge of the bustling May Dell. With a worried frown Little Mumbly leaned forward and listened, clutching a branch.

"Now Aunt Bessie, you sit right here on the edge of this little hill and you can see real good—Whoops—Aunt Bessie, are you all right?" "Mama, I swear I have been studying hard since Easter! I work like a dog, but I—now wait, Mama, I can explain those D's." "Oh Jerry, the dance tonight is gonna be so wonderful! You're not dancing with anyone but me!" "No, I'm not going to dance tonight! No, indeed! Do you know what that rat did? He had the nerve, the unmitigated nerve, to telegraph me last night and..." and so on.

And further up the hill she heard: "Where's my costume? Where is my costume!" Where's Boney? I don't know what I'm supposed to do." "Oh my gosh, the loudspeaker is broken!" "Where, oh where, is the May Queen?" "Somebody please zip me up", ad infinitum.

Little Mumbly leaned back and sighed. "This, she said happily, "is Heaven!"