

Welcome!

May Day is here, and I want to welcome all the visitors; we're glad you could come!

Salem is a college of many traditions, and May Day is one of the many. Since 1927 the May Court has walked down the periwinkle covered hill to the strains of "The Moldau."

May Day at Salem is the first Saturday in May. It seems impossible that preparations were begun a year before, but they were.

The celebration has always been in the form of a pageant honoring the Queen and her attendants; the pageant calls for a script, actors, dancers.

Actual practices started the first week in April, but there were always last minute changes. The production is entirely a student production, and they have always worked hard to bring it to you.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has been connected in any way with this year's May Day. You've all done a wonderful job, and without each one of you, the pageant would not have been possible.

I want to thank all of you, too, who have come to see the result of their work, for a pageant would be worth very little without an audience!

Joanne Bell
May Day Chairman

Welcome!

What could be more exciting than an Old South Ball on Salem's campus? Well, that's exactly what is planned to close the May Day festivities.

The I. R. S. welcomes everyone to their "Lil' Ole South Ball", complete with an old colonial house and even an old colored mammy.

Along with Jo we wish for a warm balmy evening and the hope that each one enjoys the dance.

A dance is not complete without all you southern bells and southern gentlemen, so "you all" come to our "plantation" Saturday night.

Jean Shope
President, I. R. S.

Three Big Days

Today, tomorrow and Sunday — three big days at Salem.

Three big days when Salem will be crowded with Winston-Salem guests, friends, parents and "he-friends." We will be the hostesses. Our duty will be to entertain.

Of course, we'll take our guests to the pageant—a beautiful thing for anyone to see. We'll show them other sights of interest, but let's remember that the quirks are not what Salem wants to be remembered for.

Let's forget any dubious gossip we've heard; any tales of unfortunate things that have happened to people or dorms.

Let's remember the Salem spirit and try to find feeling, the atmosphere that makes Salem Salem. Let's find that spirit and show it off these three big days.

The Salemite



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Happy May Day!

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE, 2ND SEMESTER 1952-53

Table with columns for date (Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday), time (9 A.M., 2 P.M.), and course details (English 104 B, Home Econ. 212, etc.)

Table with columns for date (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday), time (9 A.M., 2 P.M.), and course details (English 20 B, Home Econ. 204, etc.)



By Bessie Smith

"Ah, Ma I'm comin'. Wait jes a minute," said little Minnie Mae Moses as she sat on the porch of the old weatherbeaten house, chewing a piece of straw and looking into space.

Minnie Mae's thoughts were a long way away from the hot, smokey kitchen which smelled of chitlin's and turnip greens and churning butter.

There she was and all of those hundreds of people, and look, there was Willie Claude right in the middle of them all. He had come to see his beautiful Minnie Mae who was supposed to appear in her long, flowing organdy dress with all the ruffles.

"Minnie Mae, I've done hollered at you three times; now I means bizness. Git in this minute," called Mrs. Moses from the smelly kitchen.

"Comin' in a minute, Ma," called back Minnie Mae, submerged in her thoughts.

The music was loudly playing and the spectators were all seated. A hush fell over the beautiful May Dell. The butterflies danced and jumped up and down in Minnie's stomach.

"Minnie Mae, git yoreself in here fast 'fore I gits yore Pa's belt to ya. This here butter is going sour on me."

"Ah, Ma wait jes a minute hear," called back the little freckle faced, pig-tailed girl as she dug one dirty toe into the ground and patted her old beloved mongrel.

The first girl in the court went down the steps, and then the second. The time was getting closer and closer. Minnie Mae, in all her regal beauty, was rubbing her perspiring hands together. Oh, it was so exciting, she was so scared.

What if she tripped, and oh, what would Willie Claude say? He would be so embarrassed. He would never go back and tell the boys at the mill about his beautiful queen.

"Git in here right this minute or I'm gonna tan ya good," screamed Mrs. Moses getting more exasperated by the minute with her dreaming daughter.

"I hears ya, Ma," said little Minnie Mae who was now on the first step of her long trip down to her throne.

The music grew louder than ever. It was time for her to go down. She floated to the top step in her white organdy. She looked out into all those hundreds of faces. She could just hear them now in whispered voices.

"Look at that beautiful girl. Isn't she gorgeous? She's so poised and graceful, too."

Willie Claude would be so proud that he would almost burst.

She took the first step and then the second. The butterflies in her stomach were still churning and her hands were still perspiring. Just thirty more steps and she would be on her throne.

All of a sudden she felt herself trip on the hoop and before she could stop herself, she was falling down, down and tearing her beautiful white dress.

What would all those people say? That wasn't the worse part. What would Willie Claude say? Oh, he wouldn't love her anymore. It was just too horrible to be true.

"Minnie Mae, what cha doin' wallerine on the ground like that. It's way past five, ya said you'd be ready when I comed. Now ya gotta git all cleaned up and the fair was 'sposed to start at five. They gotta May 'fore us ta dance round, 'fen we git there time. Hurry up now."

"Okay Willie Claude. Gosh is I glad to see ya. And ya mean ya ain't embarrassed to go with me?"

"Embarrassed? What 'cha talking about Minnie Mae? You knows I love ya."

"Oh nuthin'. Let me go tell Ma I'm going." Oh, it was so good to be just plain Minnie Mae Moses and no fancy May Queen in all of that white finery. Who could want more than she had?

She had Willie Claude and wuz on the way to the County Fair to dance around the Pole, and not only that, but she had a brand new bonnet to wear and new red ribbons for her pigtailed.

Oh, she was so happy!

World News

By Freda Siler

The biggest news for everyone this week has been the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war in Korea. The first day 100 U. N. troops were exchanged for 500 Reds.

A little bit lopsided it seems, but maybe the Reds don't have so many "sick" prisoners.

Last week, after a long wait at the borders of Laos, Communist General Giap invaded this country in Indo-China.

The French, supported by the U. N., tried to retaliate, but were driven back. They are now trying to hold the Reds where they are,

because in a few weeks the rains will come to Laos and the airfields will be covered. The apparent reason for Giap's standing outside the borders—peace talk from the Kremlin—turned out to be mere strategy.

The best economic tidings in years reached the English people last week.

Richard Butler, in the House of Commons, announced that for the first time since 1929 there would be no new taxes imposed, in fact they would be cut and there would be more free enterprise. It seems that England is being allowed more sugar now, and sugar rationing will soon be over.

Oh, Agony

By Mary Anne Raines

O Golden Morn, with shining steps awake
The sleepy souls who round the campus lie
That they may of this glorious day partake.
With cheerful sounds ope' every drowsy eye.
For May has tiptoed in on flowered feet
And now blooms forth with awe-inspiring zest,
Awake, awake them all with music sweet
Awake them all,
But don't disturb my rest.
With eyes half-shut, I lie abed and think
Of all the couples strolling hand in hand,
Tottering there on desolation's brink
I strain my eyes to glimpse a

passing man.
"Oh Agony!" I hear a sophomore yell,
The words re-echo in my heart and mind—
So, lonely, there I sit within my cell
And brace myself to face the grueling grind.
No dance tonight, just books piled up a mile—
A pleasant thought for such a gorgeous morn—
I'm positive that every man is vile
And curse the day that I was ever born.
Yes, May Day's here with all its fragrant bloom,
And I've resigned myself to face my fate—
A pleasant evening spent within my room,
"Oh, Bitterness!" I haven't got a date.