

Salem To Lose Friend; Salem To Help Johnson

Salem is losing a good friend and an able advisor with Dean Jessie Wood's transfer to St. Catherine's in Richmond, Va., while St. Catherine's is gaining a person with whom we had never planned to part. Dean Wood came to Salem with this year's Junior Class, and somehow she has been both a member and a leader of that class and the others that have made Salem since her arrival. She has worked hard not only during office hours but also while we were sleeping to make Salem a more pleasant place for "her girls." All of us will remember the times she spent listening to our complaints, making constructive criticisms, and defending our ideas when the need arose. Dean Wood has been a wonderful Mother for Salem.

Next year Miss Virginia Johnson will move her office from the gym to Main Hall so that all of us can visit more easily with her. She has been at Salem and has heard all of us speak at some time, whether it be on the tennis courts, the golf course, or in the pool room. She is ready to help us make Salem all that we want it to be if we are willing to cooperate with her. It is up to us to work with Miss Johnson well so that Dean Wood can be proud of "her Salem girls." We can do it. CEC

Hopefuls Begin To Reveal Views

By Lyn Davis

And still another hat is thrown into the political ring. Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York, announced his candidacy in a brief speech last Monday. Stating that he desired Republican party unity and national unity, he declared himself to be a candidate for the Presidency because the candidates today offered no viable alternatives. He made no other statement that had any meaning or gave any hint of what his platform would be.

Hubert Humphrey, too, based his desire to win the nomination on the lack of unity both in the Democratic party, and the nation. Once known for his liberalism, Humphrey has been portrayed as "out-Lyndonning Johnson" since he has assumed the role of Vice-President. He has the backing of his party by means of political i.o.u.'s (as does Richard Nixon). He presently has enough votes in the South and Middle West to conceivably sew up the nomination of the Democratic Convention.

Always a man for unity, Hubert Humphrey has rarely broken openly with his chief—and even then, not in an obvious manner. Perhaps his most striking statement was in reference to the 1966 urban riots: "With rats nibbling at my children's toes, I might lead a pretty good revolt myself." With the exception of the urban crisis (favoring a "Marshall Plan" for the cities) and Viet Nam (against wide-spread offensives and supporting social and economic reform by the Vietnamese), he is aligned with the President's program.

Eugene McCarthy, like Rockefeller, originally declared his candidacy for the Democratic nomination because the nation was offered no other course of action except that presented by the Administration. Johnson's refusal to seek or accept a second nomination hindered McCarthy; he now must rely even more heavily on the state's primaries to gain any chance on the National Convention.

Robert Kennedy was hurt, too, by Johnson's historic announcement. Both McCarthy and Kennedy have based more of their political stumping on anti-LBJ and anti-Viet Nam stands. Many people are beginning to view Kennedy as an ambitious opportunist, but he does have the workers and organization behind him to canvass votes that the other two outstanding Democrats do not have.

Richard Nixon, relying on the strength of his Party i.o.u.'s like Humphrey, has begun to take the most definite stand of any of the Republican nomination-seekers. He has recently stated his views on the racial situation which surprised many. "For too long, white America has sought to buy off the Negro—and to buy off its own sense of guilt—with ever more programs of welfare, of public housing, of payments to the poor, but not for anything except for keeping out of sight: payments that perpetuated poverty and that kept the endless, dismal cycle of dependency spinning from generation to generation. Our task—our challenge—is to break this cycle of dependency, and the time to begin is now. The way to do it is not with more of the same but by helping to bring to the ghetto the light of hope, and pride, and self respect . . . Bridges of understanding can be built by revising the welfare rules so that, instead of providing incentives for families to break apart, they provide incentives for families to stay together . . ." He finished by stating that Black Power could and must be a creative force, that the militants want no more than pride in ownership, free enterprise, and the chance to do an honest day's labor for an honest day's pay.

THROUGH THE WALLS

By Hannah Nicholson

Here it is, May Day weekend. The flowers have burst forth in radiant, over-powering beauty! The smell of spring is in the air—now isn't that silly? Somebody tell me what spring smells like. I've missed it for twenty-one years!

Well, I'm all in favor of a celebration now. It's been entirely too long since spring vacation, so any excuse for a party is good enough. And May Day is a pretty good time for a party. But have you ever wondered where we got the idea for all this dancing and merry-making?

According to several encyclopedias and several books on customs in the library, the celebration of May Day has a long tradition. Originally, an obscure Roman goddess, Maia, was honored in May. The rites performed were used to insure fertility in crops. Eventually this connotation extended to animals and humans. An earlier ancestor of the festivities can be found in the phallic festivals of India and Egypt which celebrated the renewed fertility of nature. The May Pole itself is a phallic emblem. The Phoenicians used this time of the year for human sacrifices to insure the fertility of their crops.

However, it was Roman paganism which left the strongest mark. Their rites centered around a feast of flowers and the worship of the goddess Flora. They expressed their joy at the arrival of the beauty of spring in their Floralia, or Floral Games, which began on April 28 and lasted several days. Other nations which took up the Roman custom settled on May 1 for their festivities.

England had several traditions which were part of May Day. The custom of England was for the middle class and humbler people to go into the woods in the night, gather branches of trees, flowers, etc., and return with them at sunrise to the accompaniment of music. Then they would decorate every door and window in the village.

The custom of having a Queen

of the May, or May Queen, looks like a relic of heathen celebrations: this flower-crowned maid appears as a living representative of the goddess Flora. The May Queen did not join in the reveling of her subjects. She sat, instead, in her flower-covered bower near the May Pole and was the object of admiration to the whole village.

This was a time of the year when even the King and Queen

joined with the common people in celebration. According to Guinevere, in the musical "Camelot," the "lusty month of May" is that time when "tons of wicked little thoughts merrily appear." It is also "the month of yes-you-may" and the time "when every maiden prays that her lad will be a cad?" Well, I don't know about you, but I think I better get out before this gets much deeper!

Styron Records Slaves' Uprising In New Book

By Jenny Griswold

The Confessions of Nat Turner (by William Styron)

The summer of 1831 saw the first successful slave uprising in the history of the United States. The place was Southampton County in Virginia and the leader of the rebellion was an educated and introspective Negro by the name of Nat Turner. The chaotic occurrence was not merely the result of an act of white brutality or of a few Negroes "letting off steam." It was the result of one Negro's life of psychological turmoil which grew from the realization that, no matter how well developed a black man's mind may be or how spiritually equal to or above the whites, a Negro was a white man's slave.

Nat's masters had always been, for the most part, kind to him and he had always been given more leeway and free time than the average slave. Unknowingly to his masters, this lenience was the root of their forthcoming destruction, for Nat spent his free time reading scriptures which would eventually lead him to a belief that he was a prophet of God with the task of freeing the Negroes from bondage just as Moses had freed the Jews.

In Nat's own mind, the insurrec-

tion of 1831 was an enforcement of God's will; therefore, even after his capture and lasting until the day he was hanged, he felt no act of crime had been committed by his band. His only regrets were that all slaves had not joined his troop and that some had been so willing to accept their state of bondage that they had even fought alongside their masters against his band.

Styron presents the story of Nat Turner in the form of Nat's conversations and meditations while awaiting his execution. The book is a product of extensive research and five years writing time by an author who grew up in the area of Virginia where the 1831 slave rebellion occurred. Rather than a historical novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner* is more like what Styron terms "a meditation on history." Perhaps through Nat's meditations Styron wished to give some explanation for today's ghetto problem, or perhaps he simply wanted to write the story behind an incident. At any rate, he succeeded in creating a best seller which, through explicit description and detailed accounts, gives an insight to slavery that is not only worth reading but also capable of entangling one's interests.

Around The Square By Sterling Winstead

Have you tried to get a group of four together for a game of bridge lately? It's almost impossible—especially on the weekends. Girls for Germans and Jubilee, to Davidson for Spring Frolics, to beach have been tramping off to Carolina weekends, and to the campuses of State, Clemson, UVA. and W&L, and others to spend a short 48 hours with their "loved ones" or with the usual blind date. Last weekend daylight savings time shortened the weekend an hour, but this didn't seem to bother Salemites—Biting had no more than six girls in the dorm all weekend.

Most seniors are having to sacrifice their weekends to study for those "evil" comps. Now girls, they really can't be all that bad! Can they?

Gree Jones manages to slip in a few hours to be with Mike Jones, her fiance. Mike is a Pika at Carolina. Both he and Gree will graduate June 2, and will be married the same day in Home Moravian Church.

Susan McCartney, a sophomore, received a visit from Bob Shelton last Thursday. He is a sophomore at Clemson and came up to give

her his pin for good luck before taking exams this past week. Bob is a member of a military fraternity. Good luck on your exams Bob!

I hear that Roberta Thompson has a new song—called "Maple Leafs"?

Sunday night girls in Clewell found a new way to release their repressed hostilities. It's really very simple—a water and crazy foam battle will do a lot to lift your spirits when the humdrum of campus life gets you down.

Kendall Tarelton, a senior and Sig Ep at Davidson, surprised Joy Bishop by driving up Tuesday night to give her his pin. "Joy snatched it from his heaving bosom."

Lee Lagen, you must get a new umbrella. Concave umbrellas just aren't in vogue this year.

If anyone is looking for a new kind of beverage—talk to Frances Temple. She thinks coffee and tea with a twist of lemon is really quite good.

Joy Bishop has finally gotten what she has always wanted—a 6'4" pen pal from Canada who likes to play curling. Since she plans to go to Canada this summer, maybe she will get a chance to meet him. "Let us here how you make out with him, Joy."

ANNOUNCEMENT

President Dale H. Gramley will attend the meeting of the Richmond Area Alumnae Club on Friday, May 10.



The Salemite

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

OFFICES: Basement of Student Center

Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price \$4.50 a year

Editor-in-Chief Carol E. Carson
Associate Editor Sybil N. Cheek
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Pat Sanders
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