❧ ❧ FEATURES ~ FEATURES ❧ ❧

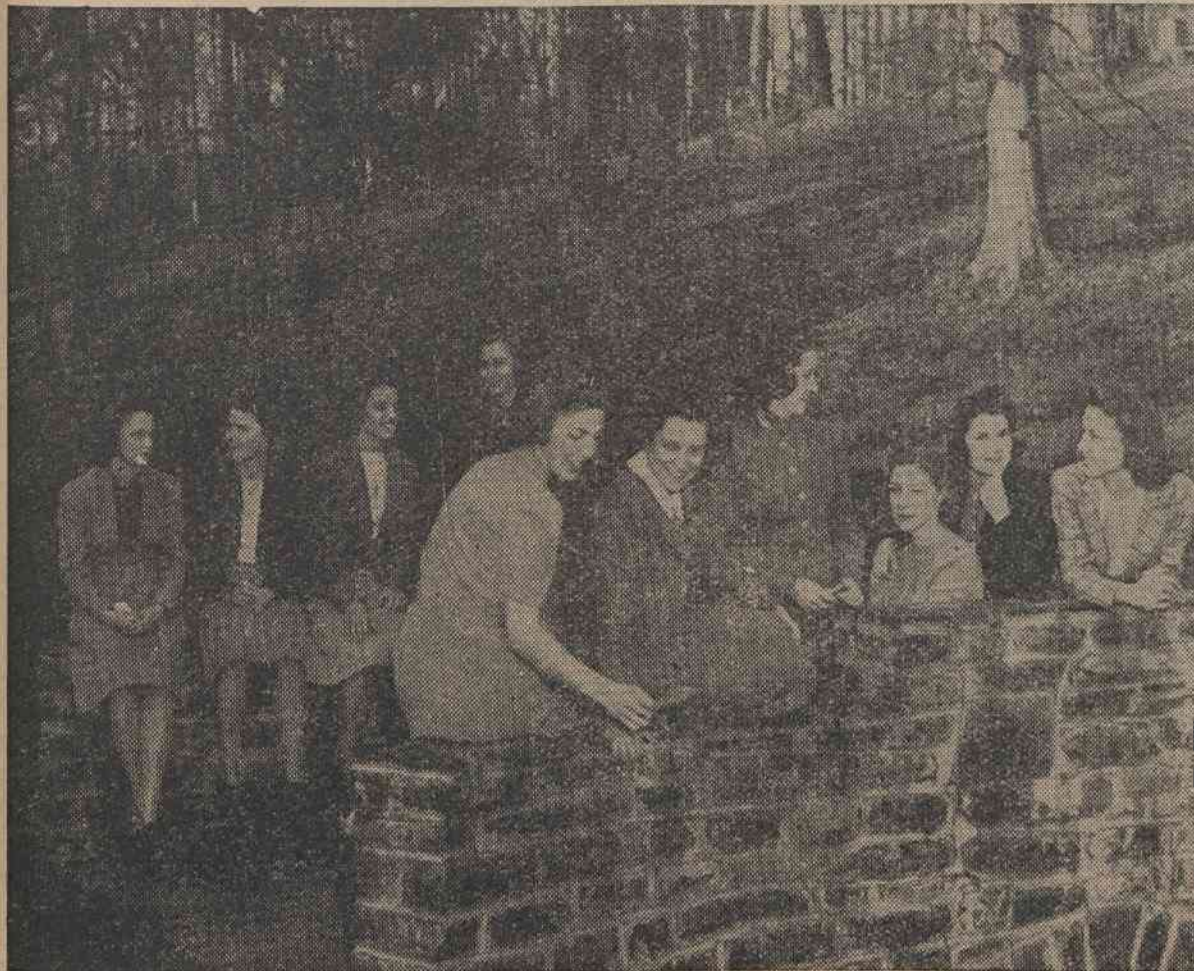## PLANNING . . . .

STAFF PHOTO THROUGH COURTESY OF JOURNAL AND SENTINEL

The May Day chairmen sit on the bridge by the May Day hill and make final plans for glorious May Day celebration. Seen above are Virginia Bruce Davis, vice-chairman of May Day; Grace Gillespie, chairman of nominating committee; Jane Alice Dilling, tea room chairman; Helen Savage, music chairman; Mary Thomas, costume chairman; Jessie Skinner, program chairman; Madeline Hayes, publicity chairman; Kate Pratt, dress chairman; Forest Mosby, flower chairman; and Mary Turner Willis, chairman of May Day.

I DARE SAY

The Seniors are still creeping around the campus slowly and painfully today as a result of that hilarious skating party those fun-loving sophomore youngsters threw for them on Wednesday. That was our idea of a good time, even on the next day when we groaned coming down the stairs of Main Hall.

Mary Turner Willis is a fine girl — thoughtful, considerate and always anxious to please. So anxious to please is she that the other day in Poetry Class when Dr. Willoughby said that she wished some woman would write the feminine opinion of the unmarried lady (she was so tired of the masculine treatment), Miss Willis thoughtfully asked: "Would you prefer it in poetry or prose?" How is that for an example of the "fever at the core" of Salem College?

Frances Watlington's friends had a hey-day the day of her recital. She wasn't supposed to talk much all day Monday, so her friends went up and told her off on a thing or two.

We hope that Lucille and Margaret, of the dining room staff, got the tip (asparagus to you), so generously offered at dinner on Wednesday by Edith McLean.
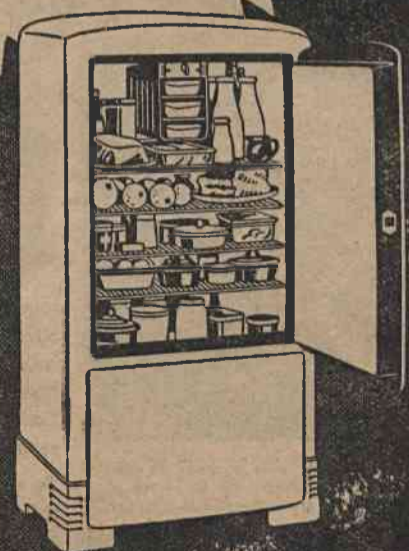
What we have to say about the choir from the Winston-Salem Teacher's College is simply this: We'll have some more, please.

Peculiar sight: Mr. McEwen and Miss Read returning from a rousing game of badminton with golf clubs in hand. We ask you — how?

Watch next week's "Salemite" for an authentic account of the boys' "ideal girl," for it might give you pointers to take with you this summer. After all, everyone should profit from a college education. And if you do not agree with all the men have to say, the brickbats go not to the editors of this sheet, for once, but to the men themselves. And, no fair trying to decide just what your favorite in that group had to say, because if he likes brunettes and you're blonde this is his chance to get it safely off his chest.

BEAUX AND ARROWS

DAY STUDENT

Easter proved rather successful for Betsy; Ralph gave her flowers and Bill gave her candy and flowers . . . Margaret and a certain Davidson guy were getting along fine at Chubby's Easter Eve — that is, if one can go by appearances . . . Louise, what's this we hear of your high approval of very late dates? . . . Mary Alice says she's in love but she hasn't revealed the victim yet. He's a blond with wavy hair and goes to Duke. Look out! . . . Ask Sarah about her sailboat ride with Frank . . . Georgia Tech let two fine young men come home for holidays thereby producing smiles on Catherine's and Sue's faces . . . There seems to have been some terrible misunderstanding between two freshmen as to who was going to drag a certain fellow to the jamboree. After much fighting, etc., peace once again seems to be lurking near . . . Miss O'Brien took another jaunt to Martinsville during Easter and a certain Parker guy seems to have tossed over everything else for her benefit . . . The latest budding romance of the campus seems to be that between Mary Worth Walker and Henry Welfare . . . Bratt again trucked off to Charlotte last weekend . . Clara Louise what's this we hear about your going to V. M. I. finals? Some girls get all the breaks . . . Wedding bells are soon to ring for Bettie Cannon. Have you noticed the ring? . . . Mabel, what do you think of that brunette from Lexington, Kentucky? . . . Ed Britt has almost caused a storm of broken hearts since the Junior Jamboree last Saturday night . . . Holbrook, who was the attractive man with you on South Hall steps Tuesday?

FRESHMAN

Mary Fant Holmes must have had a wonderful time at Marge's from all the tales we hear about "Bud." . . . Wyatt Wilkinson just can't get over the way the Washingtonians say "hi-ya" for "hey." . . . Martha Bowman and Lib Weldon certainly do get around these days . . . What's this we hear about Adele being proposed to during the holidays. It must not have affected her much because she's all for Vance now . . . It seems the older one gets the bigger one's hair-bow should be.

Ask a certain little Freshman about this . . . Bottles, bottles, bottles and more bottles. Everybody thought Mary Adams had gone crazy until they looked under her bed at the cartons of empty Coca-Cola bottles.

SOPHOMORES

Sophs, we didn't see you coming back with orchids on your shoulders. What's wrong, are you slipping? . . . Hear ye, Mildred Kelly refused an invitation to Carolina May Frolics! It's too bad someone who would have jumped at the bid, wasn't asked . . . Chubby, how many dates did you say that you have had with Bill? We are afraid this is getting serious . . . A major catastrophe! Esther gave Claude's frat. pin back, and he's dating another girl . . . Lee, won't you accept the bid to Annapolis? One doesn't see those Greek gods often . . . Patty and Kelly are the debutantes of the sophomore class these days. They both are going to Carolina May Frolics!

JUNIOR

All the Juniors have turned their thoughts toward Junior-Senior' and they have a right to, because a great majority of their "one and onlies" are coming; and if you don't believe it, just look! Agnes Lee's Mac; Helen Savage's Don; Frank's Thomas; Eve's Jimmy; Muriel's Same; Kluttz's El; Lib Tuten's Jim; Mary Jo's C. C.; Louisa's Jack; Lib Carter's Bob; Libby's Bill; Margaret Morrison's Paul; Carolyn's Ed; and Sara's Agnew. Now do you believe they are excited? . . . There are a number of brothers coming too, so you can "snake" on them, but stay away from these "steadies"!!!

SENIOR

Turner, did you get the wrong Tavern or did he get the wrong
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TRIUMPH

By Reece Thomas

There it went again! Would that infernal noise never cease? She turned over and tried to go back to sleep again, but Morpheus evaded her, and she was forced to listen to the maddening sound. She put the pillow over her ears and crawled beneath the covers, but to no avail. After a few seconds of struggle, she gave up the idea of sleep and attempted to ignore the amazing clamor.

Suddenly something inside her brain snapped, and a white rage overcame her. An overwhelming desire to do murder possessed her. She threw aside the covers and prepared to gratify that desire. Cautiously she arose and stumbled wearily across the room in an effort to discover the source of the noise. Seething with anger, she remembered all at once and fell to her hands and knees.

She crept stealthily back to her bed and peered beneath it. Nothing there but dust and a pair of lost shoes. Then she heard a faint gurgle and dived into the corner. Grinning in triumph, she clutched her long-winded alarm clock and went happily back to bed again.