

**OPEN FORUM**

**THE MAY DAY HOUSE PARTY**

Perhaps you have heard just a whisper of this before, but not being Shakespeare, I don't mind repeating. You see it's this way: The I. R. S. Association, backed by the College authorities, is going into the entertaining business in a large way. In short, we are giving a May Day house party on the week-end of May 2, 3, for all those girls who have shown any interest in Salem. Many of you have already shown your interest in the undertaking by handing in to us the names of your friends whom you would like to have invited. With the help of these names and the names already listed in the office, we have mailed one hundred, and five personal invitations. We have asked each of these girls to bring a Senior friend who may also be interested in Salem. Of course, not all of these girls will come, however, much we would like to have them, but we feel extremely sure that a large percentage will accept. For their entertainment we have planned to take them to the May Day Pageant, the picnic supper and the Pierrette plays. We have planned a ride through town and a breakfast party and numerous other little incidents. We have worked all this out in detail, but we would be very glad to receive any suggestions from the Student Body.

The plans, I say, are made. Beyond that our hands are tied. It's up to you whether these girls will go home proclaiming from the house-tops that they wouldn't send the child of their worst enemy to Salem or whether they will leave with hearts all aglow with the love and friendliness and sportsmanship that go to make up the spirit of Salem. Later we shall post a list of all those girls who have accepted. You can help by turning in the name of the girl you would like to have stay with you. You can help by going out of your way to be friendly and cordial to the guests, and you can help by cheerfully co-operating in anything in which we may ask your assistance. Remember that you represent Salem and her reputation rests with you.

—Lucy Martin Currie.

**SALEM COLLEGE ACCEPTED AS MEMBER OF A. A. U. W.**

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Several brief enthusiastic speeches were made in response to the announcement in Memorial Hall yesterday.

Among those who spoke were Mrs. Ernest Kirkham, president of the Winston-Salem branch, A. A. U. W.; Miss Adelaide Fries, president of the Greensboro Alumnae Association of Salem College; and Mrs. Henry McCorkle, president of the Winston-Salem branch of the Salem Alumnae Association.

**DEBATING TEAMS ARE HEARD IN CHAPEL HOUR**

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Proposition. Progress in the Philippines has just begun and it would take thirty years to take care of the most pressing needs of today. Against industry, the Islands would suffer tremendously without the protection of, and the trade with the United States, who practically gives the Philippines \$50,000,000 a year. In short the Philippines are not ready, but politically nor economically for independence.

It is fortunate that there were no judges, for to make a discriminating decision would have been a difficult task as the arguments of all four debaters were strongly convincing and extremely well-delivered.

Squire Perkins: Nell, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown.

Nell: Why?  
Squire Perkins: Well, the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once.

**AROUND THE CORNER—MAY DAY!**

May Day is one of the biggest and most glorious events of Salem campus life. The beautiful May Day pageant, the out-of-doors get-together picnic, the Pierrette plays at night in Memorial Hall, the dance afterwards—all these events, together with all the visitors from many places, go to make up a glorious week-end. Hark, ye, and look forward with much pleasure to the big occasion which is looming in the near distance!

Have you ever thought of what goes to make up May Day and its gala events? Of all the planning, worrying, practising, decorating, and real work that goes on back of the screen, so to speak? By no means, is the May Day celebration a one-organization event. The dancers and the people in the pageant should be patting on the back for their willingness to give up their perfectly good time to practicing. This is a big item in the success of the festival. The greater part of the responsibility lies with the student body as a whole and with the groups of members of the Court, pageant players, and dancers in particular.

The purpose of this article is to achieve the co-operation of the whole student body, and of each girl in particular to do everything in her power to make the May Day celebration a huge success. But, most especially is it an effort to get the various groups of dancers to realize fully just how necessary it is for them to attend practices faithfully; it is also a plea for them to be on time every Tuesday and Thursday nights for practice in the Recreation Room of Louisa Biting Building. Mrs. Croose doesn't particular desire to waste her and your time by waiting. (Your time, of course, could be spent much more profitably in reading Shakespeare, translating Horace, poring into the depths of American History, or skipping out on book camps—but you can find fun in this too.)

But seriously, let's all get together and work very hard so that we can all playaway and make whoopee in style on the second day of May!



When you've been working on a term paper and have to stay up late to finish it or to study your tomorrow's lessons, remember the "X" store. A snack to eat at ten o'clock will taste mighty good and will help you, too.

We hope to have Vespers out-of-doors this Sunday. Dr. Rondthaler will speak to us on "God's Afterglow in Nature."

All who attended Evening Watch last Tuesday evening enjoyed hearing Miss Lawrence speak. She talked to us about John Ruskin's work and concluded with the creed which he adopted for his experimental colony. Although his colony was a failure, its influence is present in England today.

**"PRAYERS OF STEEL"**

Lay me on an anvil, O God.  
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.  
Let me pry loose old walls:  
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.  
Beat me and hammer me into a steel pile.  
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.  
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.  
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

—Carl Sandburg.

**World Events**

**Friedrichshafen, Germany:**

A possible rendezvous in the polar regions between the Graf Zeppelin and Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine Nautilus, was forecast Wednesday by Dr. Hugo Eckener.

"It is quite possible that a flight into the Arctic regions may eventuate this year," said the commander of the dirigible. "It all depends on whether we can finance the proposed expedition. If so I expect to proceed immediately." In New York, Wilkins and I agreed to try to meet in the Polar wastes.

**Madrid, Spain:**

Alphonso XIII, in exile, has not renounced his rights to the throne of Spain.

The deposed monarch's last message to the people of his country revealed Thursday that he turned the government over to the republicans to await "An expression of the collective public opinion" of Spain.

**Ethege, Wyo.:**

Splashed with paint, braves of the Arapahoe Indian tribe have revived a dance in tribute to the great spirit. A sister of Lester Pine, tribesman, was restored to health and the dance, the first given by the braves in twenty-eight years, was one of thanksgiving.

**Detroit, Mich.:**

The 20,000,000 Ford automobile, with Henry Ford at the wheel, was driven to Mr. Ford's estate Tuesday and parked beside the first one, which was made in 1893. Mr. Ford took the wheel as the car left the assembly line. Edsel Ford and two officials of the Ford Motor Company rode with him. The 20,000,000 car will be taken for a tour of the country and then will be placed in the Ford museum.

**REVIEW OF SENIOR PLAY IS GIVEN**

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has written, in the true dignified style, typical of Seniorhood, a comment on the event of the future. If this doesn't give the public a bird's-eye view—nonwithstanding, here it is in person:

"What ho, and other expressions of disturbance! If you haven't noted the large, deliciously yellow placards which make stentorian comments on The Senior Play, we are worried about your eyesight. Since we are sure your visual organs are intact, you have doubtless been perusing the contents of your purse to see if the necessary 35c is available. Let me now add a few inducements which will soothe the conscience toward such extravagance.

"Let's see. First of all, the cast is composed of notorious characters—the reasons had best be left in dim darkness. Among them we see a black haired beauty of first floor happily married to one of our most juvenile Trustees. That alone is worth the admission fee. Our heroine has red hair. Nuff sed. The hero sings (not in the play. You can all come back) and is the one who wore the white flannels from Stith's in the Fashion Show last summer and sang and sang. That may convey something to you. It gave us no aid at all, but we heard it. Look for the prototype of a certain specie of creature under whom we all suffer at times and you will see someone who, in his odd moments coaches athletics at South Junior. Speaking of athletics, we have a strong silent man, a denizen of the high school. Little brother is the boy with the eyelashes. Watch 'em, galls, they're weeks long. Anyone wishing to receive lessons in tripping the light fantastic, please apply to Rita, the maid. There is also a vague creature who blows in and out in a dazed manner which doesn't help matters at all. With which cheery comment we close our catalogue. (Declarators) We reiterate and emphasize that Saturday night, April 25, the Seniors will present One Breathless Night. Are you going? Aw come on. I dare ya!"

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