

These Are The Beautiful

They're tall; they're short — they're slender; they're buxom — they're blonde; they're brunette — they're quiet; they're vivacious — they're lovely! What else could they be except the Salem May Court?

Katharine King we all know for her excellently groomed appearance, her gorgeous complexion, and the way she looks in blue. Her time is divided between editing the paper and Agnew Bahnson — always she looks wonderful. No one could better be queen than Katharine — aside from her sheer beauty, she's added the experience of two years as the queen's attendant.

As maid of honor, dark haired Margaret Patterson is a striking contrast to the blond queen. Her interests have been in student government, and the ex-student government president's brother. Being maid of honor is, of course, new to Margaret; but she was in the court last year. Her cerise frock blends in nicely with the pastels of the attendants.

Lyell Glenn — she of pompadour, marvelous-looking clothes, and engagement ring — is merely rehearsing in May for a much greater day in June. If she pleases Spence half as well as she pleases us, she can't miss. Her natural charm is enhanced by her costume of pink — so scarcely pink that it almost isn't a color.

Ceil Nuchols — that bombshell from Charlotte. She walks like a model and talks like a storm. She'll be on her very best behavior in the Court and as always look beautiful.

Louise Payne — whose black, black hair and fair complexion are accentuated by the exquisite blue of her dress and the exquisite blondness of her partner — is one of Charlotte's very tall glamour girls. Just a freshman, Louise has done exceptionally well for her self — both in I. R. S. and public speaking. At last census, however, she still harbored missionary ambitions.

Justine Jones — substituting for another Charlottean, Thorn Clark — is almost as tall and almost as blond as Thorn. She has superb shoulders, a superb figure — and a grand personality! Her sense of humor is delightful, and her ability in athletics is admirable. Although, we'll miss Thorn terribly, we know her prestige is safe.

Myra Blount — distinctive for her very blue eyes and very dark hair — is one of the more popular Salem lassies. A sophomore transfer from St. Mary's, Myra will make her first appearance in the May Court in delicate orchid — no more delicate than her own coloring.

Sebia Migette — perhaps the most unusual looking girl in the court — has almost yellow gold hair and an almost gypsy sort of beauty. She's a freshman who will probably go a long way with the Salem May Court. Lilly Sutton Ferrell — who has been in the court several years — draws a little, paints a little, and has no definite ambition except perhaps to get married sooner or later. She can't be labeled either blonde or brunette but she can be labeled as extremely attractive.

Mildred Kelly — best described by: "She walks in beauty" — is making her fourth appearance in the court. She walks with such rhythm and grace that one seeing her, even at a distance, knows she's beautiful. Milly wears a dainty green this year and leaves a vacancy in the court which will be awfully hard to fill.

Mary Louise Rousseau — who looks something like a pert Jon Whitcomb illustration — attends the queen for the second time in her two years at Salem. Her vivacity and long page-boy distinguish her among Salem's beauties. Her gay personality is matched with the gay yellow of her dress.

Marian Burvenick — the only "Yankee" in the court — walks with the feet of experience although she's just a freshman. We've see her flair for writing and speaking, now we'll see how good she is at a more inactive art.

Martha Bowman — the only red-haired beauty that Salem has produced — is in the court for the

second year. She has trouble wearing certain colors; but her periwinkle dress definitely accents the loveliness of her hair.

Dorothy Dixon — selected for the third time as attendant — is known for her dark curly hair, big brown eyes, and long lashes. She's the tiniest of the beauties, one of the most studious, and distinctly one of the prettiest.



Elizabeth Trotman wears a jaunty air in her role as Francois Villon, Prince of Vagabonds and thieves. She plays the leading role in the pageant presented for the Queen and court and will crown the Queen of May.

MISS McANALLY IN NEW YORK

Miss Mary Duncan McAnally, assistant librarian, returned Thursday from New York where she went to see her brother, Captain Charles McAnally, who has been called into foreign service. While in New York, Miss McAnally stayed with her brother, Dr. W. J. McAnally, Jr., who is stationed at the naval base on Staten Island.

THEATRE CALENDAR

- CAROLINA**
 Mon.-Tues.-Wed. "The Devil and Miss Jones"
 Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Penny Serenade"
STATE
 Mon.-Tues. "Trail of the Vigilantes"
 Wed.-Thurs. "Blonde Inspiration"
 Fri.-Sat. "Convoy"
FORSYTH
 Mon.-Tues. "Northwest Mounted Police"
 Wed.-Thurs. "No, No, Nanette"
 Fri.-Sat. "Argentine Nights"
CONONIAL
 Mon.-Tues. "Man Betrayed"
 Wed.-Thurs. "Down Argentine Way"
 Fri.-Sat. "Prairie Schooner"

Fashion's Frolic

ROOTY AND TOOTY RABBIT

Rooty and Tooty Rabbit

Rooty and Tooty were two little rabbits . . . Rooty Rabbit and Tooty Rabbit. Rooty was a little boy rabbit. Being a rabbit Rooty had two hobbies—one was lettuce. Tooty had hobbies too—one was Rooty and the other was other rabbits. For Tooty was a terrible flirt.

Tooty was clever too. She had worked out an astonishing morse code which she carried out by twinkles of her nose and a few twists of her feet. For instance—three somer-saults and one twinkle of her nose meant "Kiss me quick before I scream." Two twinkles and one whirl on her back left leg meant "Hash the trash there's my husband." And there were many other such tricks too involved to explain here.

But the law of averages had the upper hand. Rooty was bound to catch on someday. After all what husband wants his wife to turn somer-saults and flip flops constantly in public—after all?

May Day was the awful day. Tooty was the center of all attraction. All the countryside gathered together to choose the May Queen and naturally enough all the wives and sweethearts were decked out in all possible finery. Wachel Wabbit appeared in a flowered linen dinner dress with a six yard skirt (1), Wilhelmina Weasel wore a white linen bathing suit with a pleated skirt and a pleated jacket (2), Priscilla Butterfli paraded a white pique dirndl with colored embroidery around the neckline (3), Biscayne Bee buzzed about in an evening dress with a blue and white checked blouse and a full organdy skirt (4). And Tooty Rabbit wore a luscious dinner dress of white organda that she had run up the night before.

Needless to say Tooty was elected May Queen and rightfully too, for she was by far the most beautiful competitor—but the others just couldn't understand why all the men just loved the way Tooty jumped around all the time.

But as Tooty was being crowned Queen she caught sight of a delicious looking fellow over in the shadows. She liked his ears and his eyes and his beautiful clothes. And suddenly Tooty began to spin around and turn flips and wiggle her nose . . . spelling out an intriguing message to the handsome rascal in the audience. He was lounging against a tree munching some lettuce happily—when suddenly he picked up the message. His heart turned a flip. He dashed up to the throne, seized the May Queen, and hoped like a streak of lightning into the forest.

Hours later Tooty looked up at her handsome abductor. It was Rooty.

"I guess," said he, "that I have been careless. I have neglected you. From now on I have only one hobby—and it ain't lettuce.

- (1) Jacard's
- (2) Sosnik's
- (3) Anchor's
- (4) Montaldo's

MU ALPHA THETA ELECTS OFFICERS

At a meeting of the Mu Alpha Theta (Mathematics Club), on Thursday, April 24, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, oris Shore, Winston-Salem; Vice-President, Mary Lou Moore, Old Fort. Secretary, Mary Lib Rand, Durham; Treasurer, Katherine Schwalbe, Bethel, Alaska. Assistant Treasurer, Violet Bosticyn, Winston-Salem.

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I DARE SAY



That a little orange crate on the second floor of Alice Clewell ain't no fittin' home for a bunny rabbit. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be a doing sumpin' about I'm a thinking.

That Miss Marsh and the dainty little lasses in the Fire Dance were some flabbergasted to see the headlines in Wednesday's paper above their picture — Fire-Eaters to Dance at Salem May Day. I hear that all the small fry in town are planning to come to May Day this year, thinking that it will somewhat resemble the circus.

That the "Salemite" is really being sadly neglected this week, for the craziest of all reasons — the head members are busy attending meeting of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association at the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Winston.

That what with the pool opening Monday there'll be no rest for anyone in the afternoons who lives on the East side of Clewell.

That the funniest sight I've seen in a long time was certain people doing the Conga at Junior-Senior, or else it was that row of underclassmen sitting in the gym and looking wistfully at the going-ons. They looked like a Norman Rockwell, "Saturday Evening Post" cover.

ROCKS AND ROSES

The best news of all is that the Seniors have confessed they don't know the first thing about writing.

Our sympathy goes out to them especially when they don't know how to put on paper what they know most about—gossip. Well, here goes with some what of a malicious note of fear.

Junior-Senior dance was all we could ever have hoped for in our most imaginative moments. All we can say is thank you Juniors for one perfect week-end. Those two days may be the changing point for many of the gals in their class—all except Frankie, who couldn't cover up those telling splotches even with pancake make-up. She's reclining in the infirmary along with "Queen King." The rest of us are also running temperature but are lucky enough not to have the other symptoms. Did you notice all the beautiful posies last week-end—Coly's orchid which means, I guess, that Huck can be put on the "steady" list, Nells and Kelly's roses, P. S. Kelly says Bobbie, was a surprise even to her, Dobbins' orchid and on and on into the night. Early, Dick must be interested for a visit from Friday to Sunday spells more than casual concern. Sounds like you are running a close second to your roommate. We thought Sallie's Pete looked a little serious. You know of course that he's got his papers. Army life will agree but leaving that blonde-headed glamour girl is something else.

This may not be the appropriate place but we all want to say—Sarah Linn, we are left speechless. Sometime in the future we may be asking you the formula for Memorial Hall to Carneige Hall in one step.

And to all you happy Seniors two gold stars on your diplomas! That's enough—three would look like a vulgar display of power.

Well, Junior-Senior is over, and all is done but the shouting. This then will be the shouting. Orchids go this week to Marge McMullen, Mary O'Keefe, and Mary Wilson Wall, of course, orchids naturally go to the whole Junior class for the swell dance.

Marion Norris and Tomerikins Silique (Bud) Gaston were the ideal couple . . . Leila Johnston and her date get the prize for the Portico Waltz at the Tea Dance . . . Becky Winborne's Ike is alright . . . Polly Herrman is still floating on clouds since George left . . . Jennie Linn is going to Arkansas . . . Lib

Weldon's date took that convertible back Saturday night, drat it . . . Lucy Springer and Stan didn't have a fight . . . Louise Bralower didn't do bad for herself . . . Dee Dixon and Floyd looked mighty good the other night . . . Betty Barbour forgot her name. When that Yankee boy was around . . . Although Edith Horsefied had a big time, she was thinking of that Georgetown University boy . . . Alice Purell learned how to snake the other night . . . Reece Thomas strutted her stuff with that Duke man . . . Jennie Dye Bunch received a thank you note before the week-end was hardly over . . . Although Dick couldn't come, Dot McLean showed up with one of her handsome brothers . . . Mary Sue Briggs strutted the Citadel around in different military uniforms . . . Nancy Chesson had to carry around a step ladder to that her date could see over the crowd . . . Allene Harrison had her cute State brother up . . . Martha Bowman had just another big week with just another date . . . Dot Sisk and Gene Sutton seemed to be having a good time, but don't they always . . . Even though Wyatt's date missed the Tea Dance, they made up for lost time . . . Mickey Craig and Jim O'Keefe hit it off to the very tee.

After all is said and done
 It really was good fun
 With men and flowers
 And no April showers,
 With many happy girls
 And no fallen curls,
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 (Continued on Page Six)

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