

WHAT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE RIGHT HERE

Perhaps the origin of May Day dates back to old Rome when the Latins worshipped Flora, the goddess of fertility. But Chaucer was among the first to call attention to the English celebration. On May first, says he, it was customary for all "to fetch home flowers freshe." Down through the Middle Ages people continued making merry in the spring. Then, the fairest maid in a village who received admiration from the revellers became Queen. The May Pole for years has meant a special feature of the festival. It was destroyed in England by the Puritans but reappeared with the Restoration.

Salem's celebration of May Day has been recent. In 1922, Salem had no May Day Chairman—various campus organizations produced May Day festivals. Then the MacDowell Club, a dramatic organization, sponsored a simple pageant in which Miss Elizabeth Parker was the Grecian Queen.

The following spring, under the direction of the Annual Staff, Miss Lois Crowell, as May Queen, sought to depose King Winter. When the spectators gathered in the dell; the court, dressed as snow elves, had already assembled. After many intrigues, the Queen succeeded in destroying the effigy of King Winter and regained her throne.

Until 1927, Salem abandoned May Day festivals. That year, despite the desire for blooms, the roses remained closed until Queen Bessie Clark waved her magic sceptre.

In 1928, Miss Sarah Kincaid presided over a fairy book . . . "When Fairy Tales Come True." As the Queen commanded the pages to be turned, fairies danced forth revealing tales of Red Riding Hood and Cinderella.

The Salemite, in 1929, announced merely that Miss Mary Johnson was Queen. No other notation followed.

The spectators sat in a dell of great shells, grey moss, and green grass on May 3, 1930—a sea kingdom presided over by Fritz Firey. Since the regent's crown had been lost; Neptune summoned sea nymphs and mermaids to search for the crown in order that it might be returned.

For the theme of the 1931 festival, ruled over by Miss Elizabeth Allen, the Stee Gee went back to Robin's rule of Sherwood Forest. Beginning with the Little John-Robin tussle, the play continued until Robin won the shooting match at the village celebration in Nottinghamshire.

Anna Preston, in a white satin gown, reigned over the court in 1932. She and her attendants, who wore pastel lace dresses and carried tulle parasols, contributed to a pageant about George Washington.

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IRS HONORS GAY LADIES WITH DANCE

Excited talk, mad rushing, last minute calls and telegrams—all remind us that tomorrow is the big night! It is then that we will have our spring dance—the grand conclusion of our May Day festivities. The prevailing gaiety will be accentuated by the decorations in vivid South American colors, and refreshments will be served at intermission. There will be a special no-break for the members of the May Court and their dates at which time the spot light will fall on the individuals, and they will be recognized. The escort for the figure will be: Bill Northington with Mary Louise Rousseau, Campbell Ansley with Becky Candler, Eugene Sutton with Carlotta Carter, Jake Alexander with Leila Sullivan, Billy Trinkle with Jean Fulton, Lt. Jack Roach with Sis Shelton, Ensign Tom Hayes with Julia Garrett, Beauford Goldstien with Frances Turner, Wray Amos with Helen McMillan, Fred Tucker with Jean Hodges, and goodness-only-knows with Mary Alderson and Mildred Lee. Claude McNeil will escort the Maid of Honor; and Doc Shull, the Queen.

WAKE ME EARLY FOR I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY, DEAR MAMA

Chairmen Discuss May Day



Top row, left to right: Becky Candler, Betty Moore, Inez Parrish, Becky Howell. Bottom row: Edith Shapiro, Aline Shamel, Vivian Engram, Mary Margaret Struven.

CHAIRMEN PULL PUPPET STRINGS BACKSTAGE TO MAKE ANNUAL MAY DAY FESTIVAL CLICK

Not Beautiful? ---I Think I Am

(Peggy Nimocks)

Well, May Day is almost here . . . I can't believe it! I can't believe that the girls have absolutely over looked such beauty as mine. I tried my best to get in the court . . . fussed myself, petitioned myself, and did everything in my power; but nothing went through. Maybe jealousy is the keynote of the trouble . . . maybe I can steal the show any how—then they'll be sorry they've neglected me.

How time flies! It is Saturday already! Now I'll strut down into the May Dell via the path the court will take . . . "Good golly, there's an old pal of mine, I believe. Hellooo, Tizy! Just a minute—I'll be there to see you as soon as I get down this hill." So I traipse down the main route and struggle through the crowd to see Tizy. "Pardon me sir—didn't mean to knock your hat off. Excuse me—I didn't mean to hurt your corn. Oh, I'm sorry—I didn't intend to burn such a large hole in your suit . . ." Only three more men to knock down, and I'll be over there with Tizy. "Well Tizy, I haven't seen you in years. How are you? . . . You don't remember me? . . . Where did I know you? . . . Your name isn't Tizy? . . . You've never seen me before? Oh come on—you are Tizy Lish, aren't you? . . . You aren't! . . . Oh, I see. Say Mister, quit laughing. I'm very sorry Miss—I will go now. Pardon me sir—I am sorry—excuse me."

Well, I'll go prop my body on the tree—that's a pretty conspicuous place. Yes, a glamorous pose is the thing . . . Oh look! There comes Annie May. I well know that I am much prettier than she. Hurrah for Annie! "An-neece! . . . Annie! . . . over here. Annie."

"What did you say, sir? . . . Quit making a fool of myself! . . . Quit attracting attention! . . . But sir . . . Yessir, I'm leaving right now, sir."

The week before May Day; and all through the house, not a creature was stirring . . . except Chairman Read! A week from spring vacation until May Day . . . a week in which to practice the dancers and the attendants and the speakers! As far as anyone knew, there were only three things ready for the gala occasion.

Although Wee Blue Chairman Howell had chopped up three fingers, grilled both wrists, and lost countless hours of sleep fretting over collecting from the eating debtors . . . the money was right there on hand. Music Chairman Shamel had raked up the most appropriate of South-of-the-Border compositions . . . after she had, in the capacity of Nominations Chairman, found out who the students wanted as their beauties. These beauties were clothed in gay dresses worked out by Normie Tomlin . . . and that much of the pageant was ready to shoot.

The other committee heads, however, were just about frantic. Dance Chairman Shapiro was threatening to murder all the would-be dancers who somehow failed to manage showing up at rehearsals . . . but, to make up for their inadequacies, she was gracefully twisting and turning through the movements of her own solo all the while. All through the halls of Clewell and Strong canvassed Little Yelverton in pursuit of good speaking voices which would possibly do over the micro phones. All over the campus raced Becky Candler shouting, "Flowers, flowers . . . where in the world are the flowers?" And right behind her searched Properties Chairman Betty Moore . . . now, how should we know where to look for a bull on Salem campus! On the trail of Betty, fretted Program Chairman Engram . . . why did the Queen's name have to be spelled with an n instead of a k? Then the panorama flew past with Costume Chairman Struven peeping out from under scores of brilliant cloths . . . did anybody know how to sew simple seams on a machine? And finally . . . almost lost in the crowd . . . whizzed Publicity Chairman Parrish with a stack of

Colorful Fiesta Captures Scene

La Fiesta de Mayo

They'll come dancing over the bridge into the May Dell—all arrayed in bright colored costumes. They are a group of gay senioritas and gauchos coming for May Fiesta Day. There is a cheerful holiday spirit in the air much music and dancing.

To begin with, three pretty senioritas are dancing on the bridge. In the dell, a dashing gaucho is fed red peppers and shrieks in pain from eating too much hot ones. A group of senioritas and gauchos do a gay hat dance. Then suddenly a much-acho runs up and down shouting that the Queen and her court are coming.

Down the long slope to be dell slowly walk the lovely senioritas of the court—dressed in red, green, purple, orange, blue, and yellow. The beautiful seniorita who is to be crowned queen follows and takes her place upon the throne. Then the Queen's favorite dancer entertains with a lively dance. The gauchos dance when she has finished and are followed by a groupe who serenade the Queen. Everyone is gay and joyful. The toreadors also do a dance to entertain the Queen and her court.

Finally, the climax of Fiesta Day is reached. The Queen is crowned! As she sits regally upon her throne, some senioritas and gauchos dance the Kerchief Dance. This is the gay end of the Fiesta Day. Although many other fiestas will be held during the coming year, everyone is sad that she will have to wait another year before the May Fiesta will take place again.

glossies and an eye for vengeance because Ceil had yet to have her picture taken!

So this is the way it's gone for the last hectic week; but don't be alarmed . . . it's only Friday night! The committees have, however, in all seriousness done a most creditable job . . . a job which makes May Day the festive spectacle it is.

WITH COURT OF BEAUTY CROWN HER!

Vive la fiesta! This year's May Day combines a Spanish holiday with the traditional May Pole frolic—and promises to be as full of color and song as a day in old Madrid.

Queen Ceil Nichols of Charlotte, N. C., is a fitting majesty to rule a court of Spanish pulchritude. Resplendent in floral tiara, her five feet ten of dark regalness befits her Latin role. Dark eyes—vivacious and wise despite the sultry shadows behind them—a quick and sparkling smile—gleaming white teeth—a confident and graceful walk make Ceil a Queen to whom all can pay willing homage.

In personality as well as in physical attributes is Ceil a Queen—for she is quick of judgment, forceful, and possessed of certain positive opinions which bespeak a strong and confident mind. Her nimble wit combined with a salty and saucy sense of humor make her a conversationalist of rare charm. Her interest is varied and covers a wide range of fields—from the New Yorker to Harper's—from Prokofieff to Beethoven—from Van Gogh to Michelangelo—from Wilber Steele to Shakespeare. An ardent movie devotee—she favors Van Hefflin, hates with singular passion Abbott and Costello, and enjoys thoroughly a good Walt Disney. With such a diversity of interests, her creative ability is enhanced. In rare moods she will play for her willing listeners original arrangements of loved music—and sometimes even her own compositions. Her literary ability needs no comment—for as editor of this paper, a year of work speaks for itself.

As if in direct contrast to the handsome and brunette Queen, is Maid-of-Honor Barbara Hawkins of Blackstone, Va. Petite, polite, and pretty; her blond hair, creamy complexion, and quiet blue eyes are reminiscent of a Dresden figurine. Her figure is slender—her movements shyly graceful—and her manner quiet and pleasant.

Her quiet and gentle personality encourages friendships of the firm and lasting type. Kind to all—she has many admirers, numerous well-wishers, and many close friends on this campus. In personality as in beauty, Barbara is a direct contrast to the energetic Queen Ceil—and is a fitting Maid-of-Honor.

Among the attendants of Queen Ceil and Maid Barbara—is one Mary Louise Rousseau. Rosie is a Winston-Salemite, and has descended the ramp of the May Dell with Ceil for four years. This is a tribute to her unswerving good looks. Crisp brown hair from sparkling brown eyes and a smile of quick delight. Rosie's figure is small and perfect—her walk the result of good discipline. Congenial with all, sometimes scatter-brained, femininely catty, but fun to be around is Rosie. Somewhat unstable to men, she wins admiration and envy from many.

Two more Seniors grace May Court—Becky Candler of Charlotte, N. C., and Carlotta Carter of Washington, N. C. Becky is tall—of a leisurely and ambling walk, and softly curling brown hair with golden lights. Unassuming and slow to anger, Becky is a comforting person to be around. Her eyes are large and brown, her smile slow and genuine. There is a dreamy, out-of-this-world quality in Becky which makes one long to discover the reason for her frequent far away gazes.

Carlotta Carter—she of the superb slender figure which she is shy about—she of the young, young spirit, and the ridiculous folding knees. Carlotta, the actress; Cootie the companion—Carlotta the charming; Cootie, the modest—possessed of an extremely firm jaw for one so understanding, a straight nose, and soft grey eyes—the brown haired

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