

"Sabrina Fair" Meets With Success At St. Mary's

As the curtain slowly opened on Tuesday, November 22, the student body of St. Mary's, the faculty, and friends were transported to the Long Island home of the Linus Larrabee family. The affluent Larrabees played host to some of the most enchanting scenes a romantic could conjure. The cinderella tale of a chauffeur's daughter turned heiress and her love for the master's son unfolded with many entertaining complications.

The part of Sabrina Fairchild was well portrayed by Jane Coleman whose performance mirrored the sophisticated and disarming child-woman, or rather "la petite fille du chauffeur." Her various encounters with the men of the household were at once humorous and poignant. To her father she was the misunderstood girl; to David she was the intensity of living that he desired to find; to Linus Sr. she was a disarmingly pretty girl, and to Linus Jr. she was the threat to his avowed state of bachelorhood.

The stellar performance of Nanne Chalgren was acclaimed by all. She played the role of Maude Larrabee with such aplomb that she conveyed the exact amount of social grace and sophistication.

Charles Faust returned to St. Mary's in the role of Linus Larrabee, Jr. He gave a stirring performance as the resistant, resilient male-on-the-prowl and caustic cynic. Richard Decker, also a State College student, played the part of Linus' brother David, who managed to fall in love with Sabrina first. David lacked much of the self-confidence of Linus, but nevertheless tried to win Sabrina.

Maude's old college roommate Julia was played by Lii Lii Ridenhour. Julia's brusque sagacity was the foil for Maude's vivacity. Maude was well-trained in the arts of charm and deportment while Julia remained sharp and unyielding.

The role of Margaret, the Larrabee maid, was played by another St. Mary's student, Jane Turner. Jane, a day student, is a veteran of the Raleigh Little Theater. Other supporting roles were played by Alton Buzbee, Marcus Hawkins and William Dean. Marcus Hawkins gave just the right degree of matter-of-fact senility to his portrayal of Linus, Sr. and Alton Buzbee was excellent in the role of Fairchild, Sabrina's father. Mustering a French accent for the occasion, William Dean was his best in the role of Sabrina's French admirer. He also doubled as an extra. Karen Cooper, Sharon Finch and Jimmie Jones played various minor roles with skill. These minor roles carry through the shades of meaning in the play.

The backstage staff was headed by stagemanagers Archer Lee Hannah and Helen Lee who kept the whole project running smoothly. The various lighting effects were achieved by Becky Petrea who manned the new light panel for the first play.

Well received by the St. Mary's audience, "Sabrina Fair" lived up to its reputation as an endearing comedy. The holiday mood of the students was matched with the obvious enjoyment of the members of the cast. Sabrina's plight, Julia's unconcealed admiration for Linus, Jr. and scorn for Linus, Sr. and Maude's delight in being the perfect hostess and social butterfly—all these combined to make the play more than a comedy. The serious scenes of Linus and Sabrina gave a depth to the play without which it could not have sustained the audience's attention.

It is very apparent from student and faculty comments, ranging from, "It's the best play ever given at St. Mary's!" to "Why couldn't we see it *twice*?" that Mrs. Nancy Stamey has scored another success with "Sabrina Fair"!

In Defence Of The Kitchen

The time is anytime and the place is Penick, first floor—the Kitchen. The characters are our own St. Mary's Seniors. The props are any type of unprepared food, and the objective is to prepare this food. It is an established fact that food is very nourishing—and good for you, too. It can also be truthfully said that food is food for thought; therefore, one can always accomplish more in the category of studying if one's stomach is sufficiently filled.

One notices that the Kitchen is in almost constant use. (No reflection on the Dining Room!) Coffee, hot chocolate, or tea is almost always found to be brewing on the one unit of the stove that works. The refrigerator houses an odd assortment of goodies ranging from thousands of milk cartons to celery to prepared Metracal to Caviar to unironed clothes. The shelves also feature a strange variety of objects, the outstanding oddity being the complete lack of plates, cups, saucers with which one generally cannot do without for eating. There is found a large measuring cup which melts in hot water, empty saccarin bottles, coffee jars, cocoa cans, and last but far from least, a swizzle stick with "Latin Quarter—New York" printed on it.

To a regular customer of the Kitchen comes memories of a thousand different odors which have issued from the tantalizing depths of the Kitchen. They begin with a steak, medium rare, or chocolate cake with fudge icing, or instant mashed potatoes with applesauce. They continue through boullion, onion soup, vegetable soup, mushroom soup, pea soup, noodle soup, chicken-noodle soup, rice soup, chicken-rice soup, and just plain soup. Where the memories end, no one knows. Perhaps the odor of the melted coffee pot ended the memories of some or maybe it was the ill-constructed pizza. Nevertheless, to Penick Dorm, the Kitchen is what a kitchen has been and always will be, the center of the home. In the Kitchen we meet, talk, eat, smoke, study, and sometimes sleep . . . and we love it till the day we graduate.

Granddaughter's Club Starts Projects

The Granddaughter's Club has held one meeting at which the members elected officers and discussed projects and programs. The officers for this year are as follows: President, Anne Cay Henry; Vice-President, Cleve Fletcher; Secretary, Mary Marshall; and Treasurer, G. g. Saunders. Also elected were: Project Chairman, Jane Brooks and Program Chairman, Virginia McKimmon. The Granddaughter's Club will issue its annual Christmas address book and is planning to sell St. Mary's wedgewood plates.

The Revolution Of Women

If you have been depressed by the "senior slump" that seems to have hit full-force on St. Mary's campus this year, read this article written by Bill Hoagland, editor of "The Red and Black" of the University of Georgia. It will brighten an otherwise dreary, or should I say "dateless", day.

"There is a danger in the world today far more critical and catastrophic than the threats of the most ominous world power—a plot which has been going on since the beginning of time to overthrow the leaders of the East and West alike.

It is the Revolution of Women—a conspiracy hatched by Eve and perpetrated by every female thereafter to seduce and enslave the entire male population of the world.

The women have had it all planned out since before the heydays of Greece and Rome, strengthening their armaments and biding their time until zero day, when they will rise up to dominate the planet and create for themselves a totalitarian utopia.

They are weakening us by degrees, men capitalizing on their feminine charms, and playing on our sympathy until they finally get their way. Thus will they break down our resistance until they have us where they want us, and then it will be too late.

Already women are reported to be registered to vote in greater numbers than men. Before long they will band together to elect a woman president. Then all the other strategically placed ladies—wives of generals, governors, presidents, and kings will take command overnight and dictate world policy from a position of total supremacy.

This highly organized plot has been going on for centuries, yet only a few of the ladies have slipped up and shown their hand. Cleopatra, Mata Hari, Delilah, Tokyo Rose, Brigitte Bardot, and Helen of Troy are only a few of the gentler sex who have brought about the downfall of men throughout history.

The ones who appear to be sweet and demure are to be feared most of all. They have been trained and installed unobtrusively to give us men a false sense of confidence by building up our egos, making up unsuspecting victims and all the more vulnerable prey for the day when they come into power.

They already have the jump on us — let's mobilize while we still have time. A world emergency must be declared, all weapons confiscated and women restricted to prevent this imminent crisis.

But then, why fight the inevitable? It's probably too late now anyway to forestall our moment of doom, so we may as well enjoy it.

It's a wonderful way to die."

QUESTIONNAIRE

Question: If you could be anyone in the world who would you most like to be and why?

Helen Lee: Myself—I love myself as I am.

Betsy Eagles: Jackie Kennedy, mm you know why!!!!

Burnley Kinny: Kruschev; I like bald-headed men.

Betsy Vaden: I've always wanted to be a boy so I can make noises imitating car wrecks, bombs, and things like that.

Daphne Connelly and Erwin Parrott would like to exchange certain features.

Lou Whitaker: Elizabeth Taylor, so I could divorce Eddie Fisher.

Betsy Nichols: Calpurnia, for obvious reasons.

Vicky Coxe: would like to be the maid. READ *Mother of the Maid* by Emily B. Coxe at your local book store \$3.95 a copy. RUSH! Martha VanNoppen: Advertiser for my straight.

Jane Brooke: Pat Nixon, because although I'd miss the advantages of being the First Lady, I wouldn't have to face the problem of help-

ing my children adjust to the disadvantages of being brought up in the White House.

Pam Volimar: Ellen Bair, so I could get 10 phone calls from different boys every afternoon.

Nancy Heath: Philippine native, 'cause Philippines are such lovely people.

Betsy Crutchfield and Mary Lou Liipfert: flies on the wall of the KA House

Chasie Allen: Darlene, the top model in New York.

Ginny Heron: Betty Grable, so I'd have pretty legs.

Lockhart Follin: Sandra Dee, so I'd kiss John Saxon.

Trudie Johnson: Lillian Roth, to enjoy the finer things in life.

Gay Davis: Lady Stephen Twigley. Martha Pat Bell and Susan Poe: to have Daphne's discarded features.

Betsy Dunn: Carter McAlister, so I could be a hard woman.

Mary Anne Carter: Eartha Kitt, so I could marry Harry Belafonte.

Carter McAlister: Betsy Dunn, so I could be a voluptuous smorgasbord.