

## The Faculty Corner

In each issue THE BELLES devotes one column to faculty matters particularly, and toward this end asks a different faculty member to write this column entirely as he or she pleases.

There is accumulating in my office a set of peculiar words, not found in any dictionary. They are meant for English, but many are hard to identify, even with the aid of "simplified spelling" rules.

These words are being collected from students' current writings and are being studied with the idea of trying to work out some reason for these strange perversions of our beautiful English, and perhaps getting a remedy.

Is it carelessness, poor training, faulty eyesight, that makes a girl write *warter crest*, *licquard*, *desizes* (diseases) *teasur* (tissue) *phemonia* (pneumonia) *vestagiabables*, *veried dite* (varied diet)?

It is probably a combination of these and something more. Inability to spell is surely tied up with the reading habits—with the meagerness of reading—with the lack of thought put into it. One writer has said:

"Despite the modern educational principle that a student's ability to read depends on how well he has been taught to read, we hold to the antiquated belief that reading—and by that we mean thoughtful reading—is more a matter of effort and perseverance than anything else. The idea that Johnny can sit down with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (probably with the radio playing at the same time), and dash through it as effortlessly as he would the funny paper just because he has been taught by the latest Teachers' College technique, does not make sense.

What Johnny, or anybody else, gets out of a book is just about proportionate to the amount of energy Johnny puts into the process of reading it. Arnold Bennett once wrote some wise words on this point: "It is impossible to read properly without using all one's engine-power. If we are not tired after reading, common-sense is not in us."

"Better reading methods, certainly and by all means. But the fault, dear Brutus, is usually not in our teachers that we are poor readers, but in ourselves."

The dictionary defines *illiterate* as "unable to read." Bad spelling is usually called illiteracy. At any rate it is the mark of the poorly educated and is a serious handicap to anybody.

A good speller cannot be turned out over night, even with the best of intentions and with a number of private séances in a certain office. But do something about it, if you are on the black list. Don't accept bad spelling as inevitable, as cute, as an inheritance from grandfather. Don't blame your elementary teacher who "didn't teach us anything." Get busy, READ MORE BOOKS, LOOK AT THE WORDS, THINK OF THE WORDS. Put some energy (not engery or egenry) into it and take Saint Mary's out of the class of adult illiterates.

M. CRUIKSHANK.

With a nervous hand I pulled the bell cord of the Luxemburg Consulate—and was suddenly assailed by a fresh fear. Suppose the consul did not speak English. Paralyzing thought! Rumor had it in Geneva drawing-rooms that he had received the appointment because *Madame* his wife had political pull. I was prepared to cope with his deficiencies in statesmanship, but oh my goodness, was I going to have to do it in French?

The door opened. No, *Monsieur* was not in, but would *Mademoiselle* mind waiting in the bureau? I was shown into a room which appeared to be a cross between an office and a lady's boudoir. Various under-garments were draped in disarray over the furniture; a tired looking bedroom shoe slouched against a chair leg. But my horrified gaze lingered on the

massive desk of the consul, where, among the papers of state, reposed an old corset. My inspection of this amazing room was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of *Madame*, who bore down upon me with a rustle of taffeta skirts and a torrent of French mixed with English. Time had dealt harshly with the old lady, but *Madame* had retorted with the rouge box and a bottle of red hair dye. Her bright old eyes danced at me from beneath plucked brows.

Far from sharing my embarrassment over the looks of things, my hostess retrieved her property from the consul's desk and immediately took me into her confidence regarding a problem connected with it. She had bought a gadget to replace a worn-out one, and now, how in the world did the thing work? Would *Mademoiselle* mind to show her? The mysteries of the gadget were unfolded. You put pressure here and the thing opens there. See? Then said *Madame*, her bright eyes upon me, "You Americans are so cleavaire. Would *Mademoiselle* mind to feex it for me?"

And that is how I came to be sewing on a corset when the consul arrived.

R. JOHNSON.

## LETTER CLUB SAYS STAND UP STRAIGHT AND GET YOUR MAN

The Letter Club presented an object lesson in posture in Assembly on Wednesday morning, February 21. Letter Club members slumped, shuffled, floated, and slinked across the stage. The basis of their actions was a posture skit, read by Hak Kendrick, written by Miss Diggs and Miss Jones as a parody of *Hiawatha* by Longfellow.

Virginia Trotter, Sue Noble, Laura Gordon, Sara Bell, Annie Hyman Bunn, Honey Peck, Tibbie Tucker, and Dixie French demonstrated not only the grace and smoothness of good posture but also the distressing ailments, lordosis and kyphosis.

This skit was one of the features of Posture Week in which all Saint Mary's girls have been participating.

## BISHOP PENICK VISITS SAINT MARY'S TO CONFIRM FIVE GIRLS

The Right Reverend Edwin A. Penick, Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, confirmed five Saint Mary's girls on Sunday, February 18, 1940, in the Chapel. They were Eleanor Grant, Carolyn Reed, Virginia Trotter, Frances Barrett, and Sue Britt. Afterwards he preached the morning sermon.

He took his text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "Whatsoever things written afore time were written for our learning."

This an age of change, but not all change decays. Civilization has always been tottering like a wall, always sinking rapidly from bad to worse. A better civilization might be erected from one that does fall. . . .

Jeremiah spoke two years before the fall of Jerusalem, saying, "God has judged you guilty." . . . Then armies went into the temple at Jerusalem, carried away the sacred vessels, and the whole population was prisoners of war. God's sentence had been pronounced. Above the noise a voice rang out, "Comfort you, comfort you, says your God." Jeremiah cried hope when there was none.

How did the Christian Church look on them? How did it seem to see conservatives burned at stake in the Middle Ages? In the 18th century, how did it seem? Morality and religion had been divorced. In the 19th century people were frightened by the introduction of new ideas, evolution for instance.

The Church is here with ever increasing its membership. The Bible is still here with authority. The moral judgment of the world today condemns and loathes war. Fact enables us to have that irrepressible something. The God of hope fills us with the peace and joy of living.

## Zimbalist Never Reads Program—Plays What He Like

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, performed for one of the largest crowds that has attended the year's Civic Music Concerts in the Memorial Auditorium on the evening of February 1. "Because he never looks at the programs," Zimbalist had the audience a little confused by playing many pieces that did not coincide with the regular program. His managers, it seemed had provided the wrong ones.

## Four Workshop Plays To Be Dramatized By First Year Expression Pupils

Selected Members of the Faculty to Act as Judges of the Best Play on Bases of Characterization and Diction

Four workshop plays, "New School Wives," "Red Carnations," "Maid of France" and "The Happy Journey," will be presented in the auditorium on Monday, February 21 at 8:00 o'clock p.m.

These plays will be produced under the direction of Miss Florence C. Davis and participated in by first year expression students. Faculty members will act as judges to select the best play on the bases of characterization and diction.

The following girls are in the cast of "New School for Wives": Kathreen Massie, Virginia Williams, Lucie Meade, Catherine Powell, Mary Alexander Wells, Elizabeth Belvin, Sara Kitchin, Mary Claiborne. Those in "Red Carnations" are: Mary Lauriston Hardin, Martha Ellen, Sarah Hardison. Margaret Parker, Helen Ford, Margaret Arrington, Mary Swan Dodson, and Clara Anne Gardner will make up the cast for "Maid of France." Those in the "Happy Journey" are: Betty Harris, Phoebe Withers, Caro Bayley, Susan Britt, Mary Daniels, and June Makepeace.

The students' production committees for the four plays are composed of Hortense Miller, Mary Claiborne, Kathreen Massie, Catherine Powell, Virginia Williams, Mary Wells, Elizabeth Belvin, Patricia Booth, Sara Kitchin, Mary Lauriston Hardin, Martha Ellen, Sarah Hardison, Margaret Parker, Margaret Arrington, Mary Swan Dodson, Helen Ford, Clara Anne Gardner, Martha Kight, Ellen Stucky, Isabelle Montgomery, June Makepeace, Caro Bayley, Susan Britt, Mary Daniels, Betty Harris, and Alice Yount.

## WILLIAM H. JONES DIES

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his summers abroad, his special delight being to tour England from London, where regularly he heard the famous Westminster Boys' Choir and studied closely the Gilbert & Sullivan productions of the Doyley Carte Company.

In addition to being a fine musician, Mr. Jones was a keen student of literature and was authoritatively familiar with the works of Zola, Henry James, and James Branch Cabell.

Mr. Jones is survived by a sister, Mrs. Charles Hancock, of Charlottesville; a half-sister, Mrs. George H. Williams, of Raleigh; and by numerous nieces and nephews, among whom are Miss Florence Jones and Major Garland Jones, of Raleigh, and by grandnieces and grandnephews.

Funeral services will be held in Saint Mary's Chapel at 3:00 o'clock Saturday afternoon and interment will be in Oakwood Cemetery.