

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.

"Why," a Saint Mary's girl recently asked me, "don't teachers room together? Could they if they wanted to?" Then in typical school-girl hyperbole, "I'd die if I didn't have a roommate!" she exclaimed.

I refrained from saying "I'd die if I did," and answered her instead with a smile of professorial superiority. But I began to wonder. Why should solitude be odious to her, delightful to me?

It is not the unbroken solitude of the hermitage that charms me, any more than the intolerable unrelieved sunshine of our Western deserts or the eternally dripping climate of England. I should hate to live behind dark glasses like the Western motorist, or to carry an umbrella always like Mr. Chamberlain. Rather I find myself at home in a Dixie climate of warm sunshine alternating with refreshing showers, and in a varied life of warm human contacts alternating with nourishing periods of solitude. My solitude, like my dark glasses and my umbrella, I want occasionally, not constantly.

But why do I want it at all? That is what my readers may be asking. Am I not afraid of becoming like young Dr. Ditten in *Escape*?—Dr. Ditten with his "solitary face whose edges were sharp, as though they hadn't been worn down by the constant pushing and rubbing of other personalities." No. That need not be feared by people who live in each other's pockets (Miss Digges' description of West Rockers). A greater danger is the opposite eventuality, a face so worn by too constant contact with other personalities that it has reached the blank inconsequence of a stone angel in an eighteenth century cemetery.

A Dr. Ditten or a stone angel—I don't want to be either. So I'll take decent doses of both companionship and solitude.

A kind of solitude of which I now and then enjoy a dose is that of being alone in a crowd of strangers, of traveling alone.

"Traveling alone!" my student reader exclaims in horror. "Surely she is not going to defend that. Why, half the fun of traveling lies in sharing one's experiences with a friend."

Half the fun, yes. But what of the other half? For me it lies in occasionally leaving my traveling companion and jaunting off on my own. Then it is that I find myself making contacts with strangers, seeing things in the life about me that I missed when I carried my home environment along in the form of a companion. Even after the journey is over, having been alone has its advantages. Reserved for the solitary traveler is the complete satisfaction of embroidering his experiences without contradiction or correction.

But all this is quite different from the kind of solitude implied by my Saint Mary's questioner, the solitude of being out of other people's conversational reach, the solitude of the single room. That also has its values,

and they are greater than the advantages of solitary traveling. First among them is physical rest. Wise is the mother who has her daughter rest during the afternoon before a dance so that both her muscles and her personality may be alive for the evening. Second is the intellectual value. Few students will deny the difficulty of concentrating on work during a radio program of a roommate's choosing. Finally, the spiritual opportunity of rightly used periods of solitude is inestimable, a fact universally recognized but infrequently acted upon. Physically, intellectually, spiritually, solitude has much to contribute toward making us what we would be. Why, then, does full appreciation of it come, in academic life, only with the individual's passage from the status of student to that of teacher?

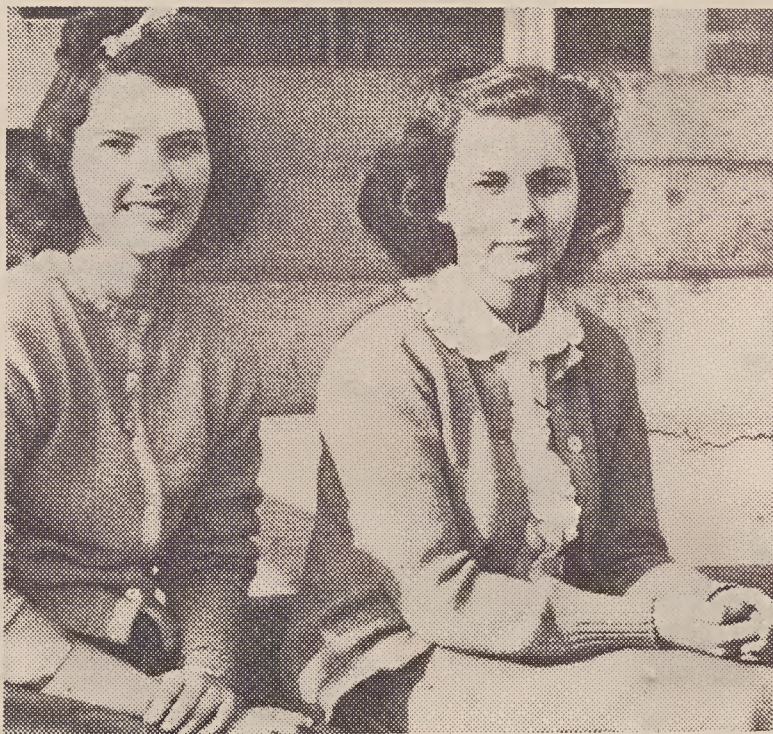
The answer is not far to seek. You students and we teachers are at Saint Mary's for opposite reasons: you to receive, we to give. And if we are to continue to give, we must also receive. We must maintain the physical resilience, the intellectual vigor, the spiritual depth that you require of us and that we set as standards for ourselves when we chose our profession. Your youth helps us keep them, even while it often exhaustingly uses them up. But we also need our solitude—both kinds—to re-chisel the blunted edges of individuality, and at the same time to add new and significant lines.

Not lightly would I relinquish the blessing of a room of my own.

M. D. JONES.

CLOTHES LINE

You had to step lively to keep up with the Saint Mary's Easter parade! Marching in best form were: Hortense Miller in a black crepe skirt with a black and white striped silk jersey blouse and short red jacket plus black patent hat, shoes and bag. . . . Joyce Powell in a fitted mustard yellow coat, shiny, black straw button of a hat pierced with a yellow quill, and black accessories. . . . "Tootsie" Sherrod in a powder blue suit, a white straw hat with navy ribbon, and high heel toeless and heelless wedges in navy suede.



—Photo by courtesy News and Observer

Ann Seeley, Raleigh, N. C., Editor of next year's BULLETIN, and Nancy McKinley, Cleveland, Ohio, Editor of next year's BELLES.

. . . Betsy Burgess in a yellow flannel suit and a natural straw bonnet. . . . Betty Harris looking very crisp and neat in navy and white; navy fitted coat with white reverse, white gloves and a white straw sailor with upturned brim. . . . Margaret Kitchin in black and white plaid skirt with black top and a pert red sailor. . . . Lucille Mitchell in powder blue coat over a pink dress and a saucer of white straw for a hat. . . . Fiquet Pate looking very cheerful in scarlet skirt, gold jacket and red straw sailor. . . . "Tootie" Crow in a pink fitted coat, powder blue dress and a lush little hat of blue flowers and wisp of veil. . . . Marilyn Reaves in a fitted navy coat with white piquet petals for a collar and a white rough straw sailor. . . . Barnet Branson in a tailored beige crepe dress with brass button, a straight coat of beige, brown and blue plaid, and tan alligator bag and beige hat. . . . "Pop" Holt in a sweeping white sailor, and a navy coat, full at the top and bottom and nipped in at the waist with a wide belt made into the coat. . . . "Smitty" Smith in light blue and white silk print with matching blue angora jacket and wide brimmed navy straw hat. . . . Margaret Parker in a grey and white vertical stripe silk tailored dress with navy and red accessories, and Fannie Cooper in beige wool suit trimmed in red fox. Thus did Saint Mary's Belles trip over the snow to hail Merry Spring.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

In a city library, some odd requests have been coming in. One lady wanted a copy of Dickens' *Picnic Papers*. Another asked for Thomas Wolfe's *A Time on the River*. And worst of all, someone put down to read overnight, for Franz Werfel's popular *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, *Forty Ways to Amuse a Dog*. Oh well, "Gullibles Travels."

From a college newspaper we get a lesson in English for the boys: "You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. You cross the street changing to verbal and then become dative. If she isn't objective, you

become plural. You go home together. Her brother is an indefinite article, and her mother is accusative and becomes imperative. You talk about the future and she changes the subject. Her father becomes present, and you are past tense."

They tell me that Saint Mary's girls are actually beginning to take note of the proverbial Golden Rule with a slightly different twist to "Woo unto others as you would have them woo unto you."

Written in one of the Holt Hall windows was a large finger-printed sign: "Dust be my destiny." This was before the holidays. . . . yes, it still there. . . . No slams intended, just a passing observation.

I think of everybody in school there are three people whose accents seem to sound above the crowd: Tibbie Tucker's, Louise Coleman and Tay Fowls'. You never hear any real Southern drawl which is rather odd considering how many we have to listen to in the movies. But there are no home chiles in this section of the country.

Exactly nine weeks from today and some of you will be on parade for three months. . . . but the rest of us! We'll be off to some other school: Sweet Briar, Hollins, Colver, Salem, and Carolina are going to get most of our Saint Mary's graduates.

Spring fever has taken its toll; you can tell it by the increased number of day-dreamers on the school list. Well, as Confucius say: "You can't get an education by studying."

I'll leave you now to finish your job of recuperating from too much vacationing. Was fun, though wasn't it?

AT THE THEATERS

AMBASSADOR

March 30: "Young Tom Edison"
March 31: "Shop Around the Corner"
April 3-5: "Virginia City"
April 6-9: "Little Old New York"
April 10-13: "Primrose Path"

STATE

March 30: "Geronimo"
March 31-April 2: "Rulers of the Sea"
April 3-6: "Raffles"
April 7-8: "Earl of Chicago"
April 9: "Courageous Doctor Christian"
Stage Show
April 10-13: "Man From Dakota"

WAKE

March 30: "Smashing the Spy Ring"
March 31-April 1: "Blondie Bringing Up Baby"
April 2: "Wizard of Oz"
April 3: "On Borrowed Time"
April 4: "The Starmaker"
April 5: "Oklahoma Kid"
April 6: "Pack Up Your Troubles"
April 7-9: "Barricade"

PALACE

March 30: "The Big Guy"
March 31-April 1-2: "Young Tom Edison" (holdover)
April 3-4: "Shop Around the Corner" (holdover)
April 5-6: "Knights of the Range"
April 7-8-9: "Virginia City" (holdover)
April 10-11: "Little Old New York" (holdover)