

ROUND 'N' ABOUT

So long in coming, so soon in going. It took a long time for the snow to decide to come but when it finally came it scorned us and was gone before we got a good look at it. It was here long enough, though, for a number of young ladies of Saint Mary's School to express a strong dislike for bad, small boys who put rocks in snowballs and then pelt unsuspecting individuals with them. Coming down the steps of Smedes on the night of the snow, I looked out over the campus as it lay sheathed in white and wondered just how many English themes for the coming week would be written on the subject, "The Campus Under Snow." Very considerate of the snow to come just when we had exhausted almost every other subject!

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All the shoulder pulling back and the "tummy" pulling in that went on around school last week made me feel as if I had swallowed broom handles and things, and I cut a suspicious eye at each girl I passed in the fear that she might be one of the posture policemen. For my part, I advocate a new measure in the fight for G. P. If all lessons were done away with, we wouldn't have to hump over school books and *voilà*: Good Posture.

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I went to the student recital February 28 because I had to. After seeing and hearing the students who participated I had no regrets. The ability of those girls was enough to give anyone a pang of envy. The singers thought nothing of hitting high C. With different student accompanists they sailed right through their selections without a falter. Scattered throughout the vocalists were the pianists, as Mr. Broughton can well testify, for he was the one who raised and lowered the piano top each time. The skill these girls showed made me determine to spend more time practicing, and I resolved then to go to all the rest of the student recitals.

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Have you all heard about Miss Lator's way with dogs? Always in sympathy with stray homeless animals, she had been daily giving part of Turk's food to a sad-looking hound which, encouraged by her humaneness, had adopted the campus for his home. Miss Lator's motive was to send him to the S. P. C. A. With this in mind, she arranged for the truck to come for him, and went out to tie him up, but there her plan failed. His snarling and snapping made it impossible for her to do more than loop Turk's leash about him before he broke loose. From one side of Hillsboro Street to the other she pursued him as he became more entangled in the leash. As if to mock her good intentions to find him a home, the dog still galivants about the campus, but never within reach.

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A recent letter from Mrs. Bernice Lill, Registrar of Sweet Briar College, to Mrs. Cruikshank noted that Honey Peck, '40, ranks among the fifteen highest freshmen in a class of 160.

CAMPUS NOTES

Janice Fitzgerald, the newly elected president, held the first regular meeting of the **French Club** on February 25. Miss Harris as the guest speaker traced briefly the history of French art from the time of Louis XIV to the present. After this talk Nancy Poe sang several French songs for the club. The highlight of the evening, however, was the club's first puppet show, put on by Bebe Castleman and Suzanne Hurley. The club is already planning a puppet show to be presented to the whole school.

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In a recent meeting of the **Dance Club** Edla Walker was elected president of the club. The following members of the Dance Club attended a dance symposium at W. C. U. N. C. in Greensboro on March 1: Dorothea Herty, Mary Emily Claiborne, Suzanne Hurley, Bunny Stribling, Margaret Kitchin, and Mary Martha Cobb. In the morning the girls participated in a technique class and that evening attended a performance of the Littlefield Ballet at Aycock Auditorium. Miss Goss and Miss Harvey accompanied the girls.

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The **Doctors' Daughters' Club** met at the hut for supper last Tuesday evening. Money is being collected from each member to aid in the purchase of cots for British War Relief.

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Juniors have decided that April 19 will be the most convenient date for the annual **Junior-Senior Dance**; so get your best bibs and tuckers and let's make this the outstanding event of the year.

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The **Music Department** presented the second student recital of the year on February 28. The program included the following aspirant "artists": Page Marshall, Cordelia Day Jones, Dick Macgill, Dolores Fagg, Mary Sievers Woody, Nancy Wilson, Jean Fulton, Jane Hurt, Dorothy McDowell, Myrtila Harvey, Meredith Johnston, Ellis Barnard, Mildred Cleveland, Jinnette Hood, and Ann Seeley.

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The E. A. P. and Sigma Lambda Literary Societies announced the winners of the poetry contest at a joint meeting held on February 18 in the Hut. The award of first place went to the Sigma Lambda Society and Mary Frances Wilson for "Fush." Second and third places were won by Ann Seeley for "Promise" and Carol Cobb for "Smatterings." Both girls are E. A. P. members. Honorable mention was won by Kathryn Norman, a Sigma Lambda, for "The Seamstress."

The method of judging the entries is based on the number of possible winning points as follows: first place, 30-40; second place, 20-30; third place, 10-20; and honorable mention, 5-10. At the end of the year the total number of points held by each society is compared and the winner is awarded the silver loving cup. For the past few years the cup has been

in the possession of the E. A. P. Literary Society, but as the Sigma Lambdas are leading at present, this year promises to be the long-awaited exception.

Judges of the poems entered in the contest were Miss Johnson, Miss Harris, and Mr. Broughton.

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Besides giving funds the **Deutscher Verein** is collecting tinfoil to send to Britain. Any other persons interested in helping are requested to give their contributions to Deutscher Verein members. Word has also come that bombed British hospitals need soap. The Deutscher Verein is planning to send a large box of soap and soap flakes and would appreciate any donations.

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Recent **medical highlights**: Nancy Lewis for an appendicitis operation; Frances Sweeney for an appendicitis operation; Betty Swain for an attempted appendicitis, *i.e.*, an attack; Edla Walker for measles.

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During Lent visiting ministers will officiate at the afternoon Chapel service held each Wednesday. The **Rev. Louis Taylor** of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Columbia, S. C., was the first of these ministers.

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Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar College, visited Saint Mary's on February 27. At a coffee given in her honour by Mrs. Cruikshank she met several students interested in attending Sweet Briar and talked to them of the school.

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In connection with the anti-noise campaign a modern skit, "**The Case of Veronica Valedictorian**" or "**How Not to Study**" was presented in Assembly on March 5. The cast included Sara Jane Kitchin, Mary Emily Claiborne, Peggy Wall, Carolyn Cauble, Cordelia Jones, Elise Marshall, and Caro Bayley. With the positive abandon of any consideration for poor Veronica's aspirations the characters stamped through two typical scenes in the life of the long-suffering, would-be valedictorian. The amused audience easily recognized the moral underlying the horseplay. Aiding in the production of the skit were Miss Morrison, Bunny Stribling, and Martha Newell.

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The **Student Government Association** has formed a committee to analyze existing campus regulations and to suggest a possible plan for their revision. Members of this committee include the following class representatives: Sue Harwood, Gray Woodard, Nancy McKinley, Anne Dunn, Bunny Stribling, Mary Ann Pettigrew, Betsy Burgess, Nancy Moore, Katherine Kirby, and Ithie Pou. The purpose of this committee is to simplify campus regulations and not to increase student privileges.

PETER P. PROGRESS

There is a strange animal prowling our corridors. He is a silent, invisible creature from force of habit; no one has ever seen him. He is ninety-nine years old, and he is as important as the oaks in the grove. He has a passion for doing something spectacular once every decade or so. And, like Tager, he loves to take death-defying life leaps from limb to limb of Saint Mary's rule tree. He is a first cousin to the Chawan; his name is Peter P. Progress.

This year Peter is very deservedly going to get some publicity. His latest bid for fame is so noteworthy that he is well on his giddy way to becoming Saint Mary's favorite personality. For Peter has brought Saturday night cinema (or theatah, or just plain movies) to the seniors and their dates. Now to senior dignity is added the unique privilege of walking down the path with a handsome boy—even a cousin will do if you can dig one up—crossing the 'bloody boulevard' of Hillsboro Street, boarding a bus, faring forth decidedly unchaperoned into a nighttime city for a "pitchershow" and (if the date's piggie bank holds out) food at the California-or-somewhere. Then the handsome lad may escort his dignified, entertained, cosmopolitan young lady back to her *alma mater*—not later than ten o'clock. Yes, Peter really took a death-defying life leap into modernity. And there is an open threat in senior-dom of sudden, gory death to anyone who takes a tuck in Progress' legs by abusing his latest gift to the Student Handbook, 1941-42.

How pleased our Peter must be with himself. How ultra-modern he must feel when he sees a smart young couple stroll gaily off campus for three hours of exciting freedom, and remembers how—'twas not so long ago—those ancient moderns of Saint Mary's looked forward to a Saturday night hour in the parlor with their beaux, provided it did not take the gentlemen the entire hour to secure visiting permission from the powers that were.

To those of you who suspect Peter of revolutionary or even Communist tendencies, let it be suggested that perhaps he, too, is vastly tired of the overwhelming, sequestered atmosphere of the parlor, its towering windows and deep-shadowed ceilings, its huge coziness. It is unnecessary to add that any senior who has successfully fought the monster Ed Ucation (better known, perhaps, as Grendel) through Book VIII of *Paradise Lost* (and looked up all the words) deserves a movie. To quote one of our belles, obviously inspired by the majestic language of Mr. J. Milton, "off—with a date—oh—golly!"

So the seniors yield the immense dignity of the parlor to the juniors and underclassmen. The next senior seen there on a Saturday night is either attached to the portraits or dating a boy who has just sent her a dozen orchids (yes, you'd expect him to be broke). Undoubtedly the Bishops will miss their prospective alumna awfully at first, and the exquisite tune of the piano will sag another mournful half tone from sheer loneliness.