

### THE GREAT WIDE WORLD

This is a story of the great wide world, of two fledgling career women of the tragic decline of Senior Dignity. It all began gaily when a Pontiac convertible containing one harassed professor, one baby-voiced musician, and one green-eyed journalist streaked past Smede's columns and bounded towards a university twenty-seven minutes away. The professor knew the university big-shots and the girls—well, they knew respectively that Bach wrote fugues and that editors write editorials. And, too, they knew the professor. The conversation was both witty and intellectual; the world of music and journalism was waiting.

The university was very large and very confusing and very full of town-and-country gentlemen who stared. It was obvious that they had seen few green-eyed journalists or musicians reminiscent of Shirley Temple in her younger days, and that they were most impressed. "Ah," said one young lady to the other, "this, doubtless, is the first step in conquering the wide world and in acquiring a career at the university."

The big-shots (hitherto to be known, as the professor knows them, as Bob and Roy) were delighted to see the professor, more than delighted to be allowed to discuss curriculum and finances with the young ladies, who, under somewhat overwhelming introductions to the effect that they were "prospective candidates for a B.Mus. and an A.B. in Journalism," smiled in much the same manner one smiles when confronted by a teacher while out roaming during study hall, and remained expressively silent. "How lovely," they thought. "How extremely nice of us to bestow the light of our intelligence upon this hospitable place." It was soon apparent that Bob wished to acquaint the heads of the music and journalism departments of the fact that two Saint Mary's girls had invaded their learned halls. The heads awaited the convenience of the young ladies. Would they care to discuss their life-work with their future instructors? They would.

The college had diminished in size to the girls. For a few moments they had secretly wondered whether it would not be rather frightening next September to be two simple co-eds in a strange place. But it was already clear to them that they were celebrities.

"This young lady is interested in becoming a journalist," said the genial young man who had explained how nice a career was in store for the green-eyed one. The head professor looked startled, glared, snorted, "Don't do it unless you have to to eat. They don't want woman journalists." Before she had time to raise her eyebrows in indignation, the now-terrifying newsman turned abruptly and demanded, "Do you know people? You have to know people." Why, of course she knew people. There were Mary and Katherine and Nancy and Robert and Jimmy—the loveliest people! "Oh, people," she beamed. "Yes. The man on the street, cops, bums, celebrities, what they think and feel. You

have to know them before you can write about them." "Oh, those people," she sighed. The silence was huge. The musician thankfully clasped Bach to her confident heart and cursed Dorothy Thompson for a fool. At the end of ten minutes the journalist knew that the world was waiting for her—with a knife in its teeth, ready to dissect her piecemeal until it had removed every capital, adjective and period, every Miltonic phrase and dangling participle that she had so assiduously cultivated under countless harassed professors, until it had torn out the tiny particle of grey matter that said, "I can write," and put in its place a knowledge of people, a nose for news, a flair for home-management and cooking, a roll of newsprint, a secretarial course just-in-case, and the absolute assurance that it was a losing battle and she had been warned.

The realm of Bach was imbued with a softer atmosphere. The confidence of the baby one was undimmed and expanded under the waves of scales and arpeggios and the vague, sloe-eyed stares of her future classmates emerging from the music hall. She determined to face the music head with a torrent of conversation and questions and to meet any conceivable attitude on his part with aplomb. She had seen her usually too voluble literary friend stunned to silence; she determined to use the glib approach.

To date her conversation has not passed beyond "yes," "no," and "um." The head sat and explained in majestic, vague, condescending tones that the graduate school in musicology had produced "umpteen" Ph.D.'s, that the correlation of a course in counterpoint to applied research in the field of music history was a beautiful thing (as beautiful as it was indefinite). Her beloved Brahms Rhapsody began to dwindle to the stature of ten-easy-lessons-for-beginners, and the Debussy "Children's Corner," which had cost her so many hours of grim counting and genius, grew more childish by the minute. The head arose to his handsome six-four, smiled benevolently down upon the professor and the musical one (we will not mention green eyes, who, at this point was grinning almost smugly, rejoicing in the gay informality of the world of letters in comparison to the austerity lurking behind Bach's Inventions) extended a coldly cordial invitation to call on him again some time when she felt inclined to babble of Bach, and bowed our careerists out.

There is something more esthetic about music, and there are conservatories where baby-voiced geniuses can browse and be temperamental. There is only one world of journalism, and no painless way to learn to be practical.

This is the story of an assault upon the world that has produced the "career woman," the world that "n't want woman journalists." And Senior Dignity slunk back to the protecting shadow of Smede's columns in the late dusk, back to Seniorism and editorship and the hope of a music certificate. There is something encouraging about being a Senior at Saint Mary's.

The green eyed one is trying to decide where to room next September. . . .

### Rodzinski Conducts Cleveland Orchestra In Raleigh Concert

#### Program Includes Works of the 18th and 19th Centuries and Of Modern Composers

Dr. Artur Rodzinski conducted the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra in a concert sponsored by the Raleigh Civic Music Association on March 27. The program included works of the late 18th and 19th centuries and two modern compositions.

The concert opened with Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," Opus 84. Beethoven wrote this overture as part of the incidental music for Goethe's play, "Egmont." The music of the overture reflects the noble but impetuous character of Egmont and the tragic atmosphere of the play itself.

The symphony chosen by Dr. Rodzinski was the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Opus 64. The beautiful, flowing melodies of the second movement dominate the mood of the whole symphony.

The first of the modern compositions was the Suite from the ballet, "The Incredible Flutist," by Walter Piston, an American composer. The music is very realistic, even to dog barks, and the theme of the Flutist is incredibly beautiful.

The program ended with the Variations and Fugue, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" by Jaromir Weinberger, a modern Czech composer. There are seven variations, each one written to portray a particular phase of English life. All have an individual approach to the central theme, but the work is given unity by transitional passages played by the piano alone.

#### Five Prospective Seniors Elected Marshals; Jean Fulton Chosen Chief Marshal

(Continued from page 1)

final election took place this morning.

The three editors of student publications, acting as a nominating committee, selected Mary-Gene Kelly, Carol Cobb, and Kathryn Norman as prospective editors. In nominations made from the floor Ida Quintard was suggested as editor of the *Bulletin* and Hannah Bell as editor of the *Stage Coach*. Mary-Gene Kelly, however, was elected unanimously as editor of *The Belles* on March 19. The election of Cobb and Norman took place this morning.

The new marshals will take over their duties at the eleven o'clock service on Easter Sunday. The new editors will begin work before the end of the year.

#### Anne Dunn and Kay Roper Will Hold Important Offices Next Year

(Continued from page 1)

ham, Alabama. Anne has long been a leader of activities at school. In high school she was president of the literary society, of the Glee Club, and of the Art Club. Anne has continued her leadership in college, for she is chairman of the Legislative Body, and a member of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society and of the Publications Staff.

Anne is well known for her flair for public speaking and for her earnest desire for the success of student government.

Other nominees were Carol Cobb, Betty Willcox, and Katherine Nelson.

### At The Theaters



#### AMBASSADOR

MAR.

26-29—Tobacco Road.

30-1—Bad Man.

APR.

2-5—Andy Hardy's Private Secretary.

6-8—Footsteps in the Dark.

9-12—Open.

#### STATE

MAR.

28-29—High Sierra.

30-1—Dr. Kildare's Crisis.

APR.

2-3—Golden Hoofs.

4-5—Sky Murder.

6-8—Trial of Mary Dugan.

9-10—Blonde Inspiration.

11-12—The Bad Doctor.

#### CAPITOL

MAR.

28-29—Trail Blazers.

30—Durango Kid.

31-1—Bitter Sweet.

APR.

2-3—Michael Shayne, Private Detective.

4-5—Frontier Vengeance.

6—Gallant Sons.

7-8—Love Thy Neighbor.

9-10—Go West.

11-12—Jungle Night's Review (stage show).

#### PALACE

MAR.

28-29—Back in the Saddle.

30-1—Tobacco Road.

APR.

2-3—Bad Man.

4-5—Pride of the Bowery.

6-8—Andy Hardy's Private Secretary.

9-10—Lady in Question.

11—Man Betrayed.

#### WAKE

MAR.

28—Argentine Nights.

29—Girls Under 21.

30-1—The Westerner.

APR.

2—Third Finger Left Hand.

3—Sea Hawk.

4—Blackmail.

5—Sandy Is a Lady.

6-8—This Thing Called Love.

9—Wyoming.

10—Our Town.

11—Untamed.