

A WINTER'S TALE

The day was cold, very cold, icy cold. Wind dashed a few grimly surviving March leaves against the tall houses and then flung them helplessly into gutters black and moist with the slush of last week's snow. It was five-thirty, almost dusk. The three girls stopped on the big-city street corner to argue about a place to go for dinner. They were celebrating. In two hours they were to be fed, home, and dressed to attend Helen Hayes' first-night performance of *Twelfth Night*. The saddle shoes and socks, so practical for walking a mile and a half to town, limited their choice of eating places. Or perhaps their very Southern bringing-up made them hesitate to brave the Belvedere in bandanas. It only took them fifteen chilling minutes to reach the profound conclusion that they had to eat somewhere and that their best and most delightful prospect was The Captain's Table, a tiny second-floor restaurant three-fourths of the way home.

They walked. They plodded against the blustering wind. It blew tears into their eyes and a deeper red than roses into their cheeks. It made their fingers ache and their toes tingle. It rushed under their coats and blew their curls—or what was left of them—madly out of their kerchiefs. It made conversation impossible, and gradually it began to get on three tired pairs of nerves. And the icier the wind howled the hungrier they became. They had practically eaten a seven course dinner in their cold-sharpened imaginations when, three blocks away, they saw the little restaurant's sign. Six blocks beyond was home.

The passers-by stared as three windblown girls sat down on a sooty doorstep and wailed. They had walked eighteen blocks against a March wind to read "Closed for Repairs." There was nothing to eat at home. In their apartment independence they had eaten everything edible that morning for breakfast.

They could go to Bocelli's if they liked piping hot spaghetti and coffee and pie à la mode. That is, they could go to Bocelli's if they could find it. The glamorous one had discovered it one midnight—"Oh, Bob and I walked out of the Belvedere and around the corner and there it was!" As simple as that. There it had to be.

They walked. They plodded—blown roughly on by the blustering wind. They glared at the pretty shops. They leered frigidly at one another, but the tears in their eyes were tears of determination. Using the Belvedere as a center, they tried walking around each of its four corners, but after every excursion they came back looking discouraged and puzzled and a little frightened. It was five of seven. Nowhere could they find their Italian fairyland "just around the corner."

A derby-and-velvet-collared-overcoat gentleman bade his chauffeur good evening and tipped his hat to the three. "Please," they gasped, "have you ever heard of Bocelli's?" "You mean to eat?" cried the young man. "Yes," they hissed, "to eat."

Yes, you can run three blocks to your left even when you are half frozen and starving. And hot spaghetti drowned in sauce and meat-

Miss Davis to Give As You Like It for Commencement Play

**Helen Ford to Play Rosalind and
Nell Neiderhauser, Orlando,
On May 24**

A group of old and new actresses tread the boards again in preparation for the Dramatic Club's Shakespearean play to be given on May 24.

This year's commencement play will be Shakespeare's ever popular comedy *As You Like It*, which is mainly concerned with the involved courtship of Rosalind and Orlando, played respectively by Helen Ford and Nell Neiderhauser. Mary Emily Claiborne will play the part of Rosalind's father, the banished Duke, whose dominion has been usurped by his brother Frederick, who will be portrayed by Betty Hess. Others in the cast will be Amiens and Jaques, played by Rue Guthrie and Mary Alec Wells, Beau, played by Sophia Redwood, and Oliver, played by Nancy Wilson. Touchstone, one of the cleverest comic characters in all of Shakespeare's plays, will be played by Ann Castleman. Other comedy element will be provided by Mary Northcutt as Charles, the wrestler, William played by Martha Kight, and Bunny Stribling as Phebe. Celia, the villainous Frederick's daughter, will be played by Jane Cowan; Corin and Silvius, the shepherds, will be played by Carolyn Peurifoy and Kathryn Norman, Adam by Frances Barrett, Audrey by Sara Jane Kitchin, two Lords by Dorothea Herty and Ann Baker, and a page by Elizabeth Toepelman.

This is Miss Davis' first full-length production this year, but from the promising sounds issuing from the auditorium around rehearsal time this will be one of the outstanding events leading up to the climax of Commencement.

DONALD PEERY PLAYS TO CAPACITY AUDIENCE IN FACULTY RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

Russian composers: three Preludes by Shostakovitch, Nocturne for the Left Hand Alone by Scriabine, and Three Bagatelles by Tcherpnine were rather dissonant, often satirical in character, but very clever. The final Bagatelle was very brilliant and ended the program on a high note of excitement.

balls will do more than anything on earth to thaw you out in a short time.

At seven twenty-five they climbed giggling, warm, and happy to their apartment. In five minutes they had to be dressed and well-groomed and calm, and believe-it-or-not, they were. Dressed, well-groomed, serene—"NO. I can't stand it!" The glamorous one stood in the middle of the floor, threw back her blonde head and screeched.

What had disturbed our cool, collected heroine? A minor matter after her hectic afternoon—she had left her purse at Bocelli's.

CLOTHES LINE

It's going to be a 100 per cent cotton summer—for there's nothing so all-American. With the Easter season over, all the stores are packed with the freshest, crispest cottons ever. Piques...ginghams...seersucker—all cool, packable materials. And if you're tired of plain pique—substitute the "waffle" variety—it's become very smart. Get away from the usual "red schoolhouse" ginghams and buy a chic town tailored one that will take you shopping or out to lunch with equal ease. You also have your choice of seersuckers and chambrays that serve double duty as active and spectator sports rocks. Any—or all—of these should assuage the worst case of spring fever you've ever had. If you can't afford a spanking new outfit—well, don't go wistful on your friends. They'll only suggest vitamin pills. Instead, try pepping up that wilted ensemble with an extravagant new piece of costume jewelry—one of those striking shoulder straps of jet white plastic—or a colorful lei—plastic of course.

And on your feet there'll be spectators for all occasions—but for variety there's a grand new crop of light leathers in darker colors—they'll always be useful when the spectators get dirty. The new play shoes are, as usual, all sizes, shapes and colors.

There need be no forecast of evening wear for we had our own private showing at the Junior-Senior dance. "Skinny" Sharp and Mary Northcutt were exponents of the white lace, fluffy skirt school—and coached grand. Ruth Bond's white lace over black was striking. Page Marshall's redingote and dress of pastels was one of the most unique. Libby S. in a frothy blue marquise and Libby A. in shell pink were ascribing all honor and glory to the Jones clan. . . . The rule seems to be tight bodice and full skirt. But—the exception is always good, too.

CORDELIA DAY JONES GIVES VOICE RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

vieni" from "The Marriage of Figaro," three French songs: *Romance* by Debussy, *Chanson de Marie Antoinette* by Jacobson, *L'Ete* by Chaminade, and a group of English songs, *The Lass with the Delicate Air* by Arne, an early English song, *Have You Seen but a Whyte Lillie Grow*, the *Windflowers* by Josten, and *To a Messenger* by LaForge.

Most remarkable was her ability to project the meaning of every song and to sustain its mood. Her dramatic sense was best evidenced in the recitative and air from "The Marriage of Figaro."

Winifred Rosenbaum, pianist, assisted Cordelia. Her performance of a Debussy Prelude, *Les Danseuses de Delphes*, and two pieces, *About Strange Lands and People* and *Important Event* from Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" was artistically very fine.

Cordelia is a pupil of Miss Geraldine Cate. She was accompanied by Janice Fitzgerald, a certificate student in piano.

Order of the Circle Initiates Members In Secret Ceremony

**Impressive Torchlight Procession
Is Evidence of Tapping of
New Members**

The Order of the Circle held its third initiation of the year on Thursday, April 24, and welcomed the following new members: Ann Castleman, Carol Cobb, Sue Harwood, Charlotte Mahan, and Bunny Stribling.

An impressive torchlight procession of figures garbed in long black robes and hoods was the school's only evidence that new members had been tapped by this secret organization. Membership in the Circle is considered one of Saint Mary's highest honors. Qualifications for membership are based on scholarship, citizenship, fellowship, and service.

The Circle's project this year has been Saint Mary's campaign for British war relief. The organization has sponsored one Girl-Break Dance this year and plans another for May 10.

At The Theaters



AMBASSADOR

APR.
25-26—Ziegfeld Girl.
27-29—The Great Lie.
30-3—That Night in Rio.

STATE

APR.
24-26—Monster and the Girl.
27-28—Blondie Goes Latin.
29-30—Next Time We Love.
MAY
1-3—The Round-Up.

WAKE

APR.
25 —Bad Little Angel.
26 —So You Won't Talk.
27-29—Western Union.
30 —Saturday's Children.
MAY
1 —Tin Pan Alley.
2 —Little Bit of Heaven.
3 —Gold Rush Mazie.

PALACE

APR.
25-26—Devil's Pipe Line.
27-29—Ziegfeld Girl.
30-1—The Great Lie.
MAY
2-3—Flying Wild.

CAPITOL

APR.
25-26—Riding on a Rainbow.
27-29—Northwest Mounted Police.
30-1—Arkansas Judge.
MAY
2-3—Texas Stagecoach.