

'The Rivals' Makes Hit With Raleigh Audience

The Rivals, an eighteenth century comedy by Richard Sheridan, brought two hours of entertaining merriment to Raleigh audiences last week when the Raleigh Little Theater presented it for a week's run.

The somewhat antiquated jokes of the play were a challenge to the dramatic talents of those who carried the bulk of the comedy, Frances Green as Mrs. Malaprop; Clifton Beckwith as Sir Anthony Absolute; and Leonard Mann as Bob Acres.

Through the remarkable interpretation of these actors under the excellent supervision of director Ainslie Pryor, the ridiculous Mrs. Malaprop with a twisted vocabulary, the domineering, bronchial voiced Sir Anthony Absolute, and the eighteenth century coward-clown Bob Acres lived again with a refreshing rejuvenation.

Especially notable in playing the character of Sir Anthony Absolute, Clifton Beckwith's masterful technique of facial expression and vocal inflection projected to the audience many jokes that would otherwise have been obscure.

This quality of projection was displayed also by Frances Green, and Leonard Mann, whose grace and ease on the stage caused one Raleigh critic to describe them as "naturals."

The remaining characters were equally well portrayed.

The blending of beautiful costumes, effective scenery, and musical background produced a convincing eighteenth century atmosphere.

All in all, the play was a difficult production done well with great credit to the imagination and directive genius of Ainslie Pryor.

Town Talk

Spring vacation is now in sight
And muchly we wish with all our might
That instead of March 'twas nearer June.

But then September would come again soon
And back to school we'd be;
As you can plainly see . . . *Life's a trap!*

With the warmer weather day students are finding even more things to do. The week-end of the twenty-eighth found quite a few at the Sigma Chi pledge-brother party. Among the "sweethearts" were Jane Clendenin, Ceile Bickett, Liza Chipley, Doris Ashley, Betty Lokey, and Frances Bickett, '47. The girls say it was quite a party.

The first week-end in March was enlivened by the State Publications' Banquet-dance. Seen there were Bert Russ, Prissy and many others.

Edith Winslow left for the deep South last Thursday for a council meeting in Atlanta. At least that's where she says she went, but there are reasons to suspect her of ulterior motives, a male, that is.

Have you heard of the new sorority just chartered in the day students' room? It's the local chapter of Bumma Sig and Tuck has been elected its first president.

News flash . . . ! Marguerite Burton and Eleanor Tucker are planning a wonderful trip to Miami during spring vacation. Lokey is going to Rocky Mount, and 'Mecia, to Goldsboro. The rest of us are looking forward to a quiet week at home and a chance to recover from our yearly nervous breakdowns.

Got to do research paper now . . . Remember the thirteenth!

Saints' Sallies

Now that the breezy month of March is here at its wildest, the Saint's Sallies can feel not only the gusty wind but the intoxicating realization that spring fever has planted its lovin' germs in their blood! It might be well to add that our circulatory systems are no different from anyone else's, because sooner or later the chief content of our blood (spring fever) marches through our hearts with irregular rhythm of steps.

The battalions of March's army are many. Among them are the Sallies who make up the "Telephone Slaves"; "Chocolate Droopers," who are commanded by those guys that insist on showing their affection through candy; "Crush Buddies," who are completely overcome by new interests; "Bi-Daffy Censors," who become completely weary from reading an overload of fan mail; and the "Misses Bewildered, we are," who aren't mad at the world but have problems 'n' problems; and the "Dreamers," who are typical S.M.S. gals.

Active in the "Telephone Slaves" is one Susan Joyner. It's rumored that there are no less than one-half dozen calls for her every day. Betty Cheek is an obedient slave to a ring of the phone that comes all the way from Miami!

Mary DuBose, of "Chocolate Droopers" excelled all other members in her division when she rated a box of birthday candy from a fella' she had dated only one time. Flee, though not from candy eating, is still under the Doc's orders. Liz Guion, originally of "Chocolate Droopers," has cramped her style by becoming the recipient of Cleo and Crab from a course which made her unfaithful to her old buddies.

Jo Hoyt and 'Nita Buck of "Crush Buddies" describe their latest Washington crushes as "all the handsome movie throbs rolled into two." Buddies Burnette and Bradley are breathing sighs over State Sigma Chi's—"make a rhyme every time," that's their motto. Commanders C. B. Mary Joe and C. B. Bobbette are still excited because Dick and Harold were here last week-end.

Harriet Rutherford's handbook teacher failed on stressing not allowing one boy to monopolize all your time, since this is her third week-end with the same guy—lucky boy! Grace Jones is practicing alternating her crushes between Woodbury and GMA. Corporal Jo Gaither is officially expelled from this division as of now, since she has said she is joining the High Point Chamber of Commerce. The nerve!

At an astounding speed Martha Wallace has taken on absorbing spice from Ginger's tasty letters, while Florence Ruffin rushes replies to the "lamb." Ruth Saunders is longing for Marshall's letters with Louisville postmarks, and Charlotte Holmes is pleased with Ray's pleasure over the argyles she knitted for him. Susan Davis is busy getting Specials, from SPECIALS, about specials.

Largest in number are the "Bewildered" and bewildered is everybody . . . as to the continuity of Rose Potter's torch bearing for a

Carolina man; Nannie Moore's snowing of her date week before last; Barbara Miller's fourth man just added to her three for confusion; Mary McNaughton's refusal to surrender the battle of the *Iliad* to Homer; Marion Turner's new name Foggy; Betty Anne Yowell's resolution to give up love; Betty McAllister's carelessness in losing her shoes; and Newson's desertion of the Sigma Chi's for the K.A.'s, namely Hal Brown.

Anne Amonette of the "Dreamers" astounded everyone with her nightmare she hopes won't come true. Also dreaming are . . . Kitty, Isabel, and Ramsey about their wonderful parties in Washington; Betty Foreman and Anne McMullan about their Henderson week-end; "Genome" about rolling the good times at a Pika picnic; Cindy Perkins about Bill; Frances Drane, next year's new head woman, about the boat her dad's making for her; Phyllis Costner about the rug she cut at Wake Forest last week-end; and Bones, of the whopper she didn't continue when her SAE date at Davidson decided to join the Florida Chamber of Commerce . . . and let it not be said that everyone isn't dreaming of spring—VACATION!

'Reila Fulton and Sadie are being nothing but picnickers (with Zete's of course) while watching the parade go by. J. C. Jenkins and "Little" Best Jr. had a fine time double dating two weeks ago, but went back to their individual companies last week-end.

Betsy Evans and Hannah formed their own company for entertaining last week-end with Nancy's daddy and Betsy's family. By the way, watch the Sunday paper for Nancy's announcement picture.

Mary Jo Wagner and Sarah Kirkpatrick have been keeping the 3rd Smedes lines rather busy lately, and Caroline Von Adelung chalked up a call from California not long ago. Monk also is keeping the lines busy . . . !!

The remaining Sallies prefer to be individuals—Rose Taylor still has no trouble keeping her mail box clear (thanks to Floyd) . . . Taylor manages to ring 'em every time; Beth Toy dated that cute Whit and everything seems to be progressing smoothly between those two again. Ann Johnson can't make up her mind between Virginia and Spartanburg.

Put on your Easter bonnets and we'll meet you in the *Easter Parade!*

What's In A Name?

Betty go to beach,
Betty lie in sun,
Betty Burns.

Marion no shove her—
Marion no push her—
Marion Turner.

Jane take history test,
Jane think she passed,
Jane Hope.

Gene not Jergens,
Gene not Pond's,
Gene Hines.

Betty play bingo—
Betty lucky—
Betty Winfree.

Library Adds Several New Books, Both Fictions and Non-Fictions

Several current books, both fiction and non-fiction, have been added to Saint Mary's library recently. Of the five books noted here, three are best sellers.

Raintree County, by Ross Lockridge, Jr., Book-of-the-Month Club's choice for January, is already listed as a best seller. The story takes place in the back-country of Indiana in the nineteenth century. All action is covered in a single day, July 4, 1892, with flash-backs to relate the past. In the exciting story covering 1,066 pages, three love affairs are included.

Another enticing novel is *The Big Sky*, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., which is a story of early frontier life in the West during the years 1830-1843. Virginia Kirkus says it is "one of the most exciting discoveries of many months." According to Bruce Lancaster, the book is brilliant, full of life, and clearly written. Jane Voiles says, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "packed with action!"

Proud Destiny, by Lion Feuchtwanger, is a historical novel taking place in the years when Benjamin Franklin was in Paris trying to get aid for the American revolutionists.

Charles Lee says, in the *New York Times*, that it is "a rarely excellent work of humanized history and high entertainment, brilliant in all of its component parts."

Another best seller, *The Meaning of Treason*, by Rebecca West, is a book about British traitors of the last war. Miss West bases her interesting stories on trials and court martial cases. One of the cases in the book concerns William Joyce, commonly known as Lord Haw-Haw who was on trial for treason during the war. Struthers Burt says, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, "This seems to me the most admirable and important book Miss West has written."

I Remember Distinctly, a delightful book by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen, is an album of pictures and comments on fashion, sports, crime, politics, society, and entertainment dating from 1918 to 1941. Richard Watts says, in *The New Republic*, Agnes Rogers and Lewis Allen "have produced a fascinating book which will delight everybody and satisfy nobody."

Happy Holiday!