

if you can read this you are better than we are

digging tunnels through the snow and perambulating around on snowshoes is one thing and spring fever is another the trouble with Raleigh is that it never can make up its mind as to whether to stop traffic and saint marys studying with snow or bring about spring fever no studying and hop scotch games lots of people went up on the sun porch but all they got was wind burn and colds in spite of balmy breezes asthma addicts were fiendishly happy when all the flowers and tree leaves that thought it was april woke up Sunday morning covered with ice but everybody will be glad when spring comes because its much easier to write research papers while contemplating nature onion sandwiches also help in concentrating on shakespeare if one can stand the fumes without passing out that brings about a thought one bad point of dateless week ends is the fact that eating onion sandwiches at spinster hall parties makes it impossible to snag a date for a month or so but thats neither here nor there playing bridge can always be substituted for onions especially if one is a hard shark everybody is cutting her hair off and its getting rather difficult to wade through piles of cut hair in rooms its a physical impossibility to look like a sheep dog around here any more because someone is always sneaking up behind you with the scissors everybody seems to be getting engaged or pinned lately wonder if the rumor is true that fraternity pins can be bought in pawn shops then too one can buy engagement rings at woolworths and they look real if nobody gets within twelve feet of them if its impossible to find one of these coveted articles dont worry about it because philosophising on ones pile of work and manless state can drive one to distraction distraction distraction distraction margin note yours question mark

Miss Jones Plays Hero Culprit In Misery

The Blood Diet, an organization formed to help the "unpleasingly plump" girls retain their girlish figures, inflicts severe punishment upon its members who have, by signing the document in their blood, agreed to abide by the decisions of the other girls. While Nannie Moore, a charter member, was receiving her punishment in Ebo Nelson's room, screams echoed through the building. Having endured the customary torture of chewing a piece of candy without swallowing it, Nannie and her "blood sister" had adjourned to the washroom where Nannie's mouth was being washed out with soap. Amid shouts of "Take that foul stuff away," Miss Jones came to the rescue. Seeing the funny side of the situation as well as the suffering criminal who was foaming at the mouth, Miss Jones collapsed on (or in—Ed.) the nearest bathtub.

Little Theater Play Proves Highly Amusing

"Liz? Oh, she's gone out to the privet with Uncle Willie."

This was just one of the lines that made *The Philadelphia Story* one of the most amusing productions the Raleigh Little Theater has given this year. The play, from the opening speech of little sister Dinah to the wedding announcement of Tracy at the end, never had a dull moment.

Tracy Lord, played by Lorena Goodwin, is a rich young woman about to embark on a second marriage. Suddenly, with the entrance of C. K. Dexter Haven, played by Ainslie Pryor, Tracy's ex-husband; a reporter from the magazine *Destiny*—played by Andy Goodwin; Liz Embrie, photographer (Dorothy Connolly); and Tracy's father (Charles Hazell), who has been living a rather shady life in New York; things begin to happen. The final scene is a complete surprise to everyone.

Patricia McClean, as the awkward younger sister, turned in one of the most amazing performances of the play, as did Dorothy Connolly, whose sarcastic wit drew many laughs. Ainslie Pryor added another feather to his hat as the ex-husband, and Harry Dorsett as Uncle Willie demonstrated his versatility and acting ability.

Although her first few lines were a little hard to understand, Lorena Goodwin turned in a creditable performance, as did her husband Andy Goodwin.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment was Wayne Thompson, in the part of the handsome brother Sandy, who, in spite of a good speaking voice, was stiff and awkward. Charles Hazell, the father, was also stiffer than his part required.

As a whole, however, the play was a great success and well received by the audience.

Fellow Sufferer Gives Account Of Early Dawn

Do you suffer from assorted bags and circles, morning blindness, or bad temper in the early morning hours? If so, you are a fellow sufferer.

One of the greatest tragedies of my life is the fact that I am completely incapable of waking, without the help of some outside force, at a respectable hour of the morning. As a result, I am one of those people who stumble into any morning function, be it breakfast, classes or otherwise, with her eyes at half-mast and a hang-dog expression.

The raucous jangle of six alarm clocks sounding off together has absolutely no effect on my blissful slumber. My roommates who have the "hurrah, hurrah, a new day's dawning!" attitude in the early morning hours, combine forces in a supreme effort to make some impression on my dumb stupor. I try to answer in a wide-awake, alert manner in a foxy attempt to convince them that I am awake, but can only manage a sleepy mumble. I am not responsible for anything I may say before 10:00 o'clock in the morning.

Saints' Sallies

How quiet and peaceful this rest home is! That nice man in the white jacket was so right when he said I'd enjoy my stay here. I like that fellow standing on the bird bath. I think I'll go talk to him. I take it he is Napoleon since he has his hand stuck under his left lapel. Oh, you are General MacArthur? I thought surely you were Napoleon. Oh—that was by your first wife.

Well, I'd like to know where the Kappa Snapper ward is. I used to know some girls who . . . oh, yes, the one with the barbed wire. They're having a picnic in collaboration with the Southern Gentlemen, I see. Musette, Nellie, Fran, Carol, Jean Allan, Betsy Harris, Sande Spilman, Frances Clarke, Sylvia, Leila—Oh, lots of SMS graduates. They look only a little different; I think now they're relieved because they may feel free to act like children. Beth Yarborough is acting like a very young child—must be the Turkish influence. And those people playing "sniff!"

I don't think I'd like the refreshment (Kaboose and Truslow Inc. Shortcake), so I'll go on the other side of this hedge. I'll make like a breath of pine and they'll never notice me. . . .

No, I'm not your sweetheart. I don't care if I am at the Sigma Chi Sweetheart ward. Ah—ha, there goes Sara Waddlin' with her Walt-O-Plenty. Kalevas, that gold emblem is very pretty but it won't save you the way it did Steve Canyon. To be sure, Van is quite a nice tiger lily in that yellow dress, but I wish she's stop playing like it's evening. She doesn't look good folded. Lou Roberts, Pauline Underwood, Buttercup, Betty Ann Yowell, and Peggy have all those fellows popping the straps on their strait-jackets.

Gotta be on my rush to that big ward by the lake where the SAE brethren have finished "construction" (inferno) week. Chasing a ball out in left field are Potter and her date. What's this? Two people playing every position? Dusty, Jeanne Brown, Stella, Cindy, Anne Townsend, Helen Brundage, and Jean Craft are plumb outstanding. What's Vee doin' playing fly games . . . I've heard it ain't healthy . . . but it's wet!

I see this party is progressing okay . . . I'll have to leave. Jackie and Jeanette are returning to the Delta Sig division after a fling to Durham with some confused Lamba Chi's. I'll help them with their bags. (I'm crazy too.) Old Woodiehead's here to meet Jackie, and Roger to meet Eleanor Hope. Where's she been? Why, talking to him on 9110 of course. My this Delta Sig ward is crowded. Standing in line to receive their shock treatments are Boyce, Marley, Crawford, Slagle, Costner, Brewer, and Anna-Gram. Bet they'll be surprised to find out the treatment is given with electricity! I can't stand cold, gray walls so I'll ask this child to show me the way out.

Dear, what's your name? Gene? That's pretty. Who combs your pretty, long curls? Jeff? Well, why didn't he fix them this week-end? Oh, I see, but I'm sure that fellow at U.Va. did beautifully. G-nome went with you? She, Jane Pressley, and Mary Mar just shook out their curls? Naughty girls.

Pegge is still mumbling Zete, Zete, Zete. Holland's murmurs cannot be translated. I hope you girls find your way back to the right ward. I'm so tired I think I'll just sit down on Helen Eppes' wagon even if it's all busted from so many trips to Henderson. From here I can watch Jo Howell and Anna Garrison roll in from Georgia. Toodie tells me they'll be put in the violent ward when they come back and say Georgia is more fun than Carolina. "Violent" isn't so crowded these days since Jerry Ann, Butch, and Sue Stowers left with their swim suits. Luck, Meecia, and Edith are still keeping the heat up with their scorched backs.

Betsy Carter just rushed by with her senator hat on (she's been to D.C. to play golf).

I'm getting more confused by the minute. Adelaide is merely standing here with her mouth closed, Swinson just walked by with no pin on, Bowles is hugging a weeping Willard tree, Camp has repaired her green alligator, and Logan isn't worried about her grades. Maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe it's my mind playing tricks on me. But I'll not worry.

Featrice Barefax Speaks

Dear Miss Barefax,

I have a problem. I have been dating two boys quite regularly, but I am afraid that each will find out that I am dating the other and I wouldn't have anyone left to depend on for dates. I feel that I should give one of them up. One gets seared every time he holds my hand because he is afraid that his mother will find out about it. The other one eats onions before every date. What should I do?

Undecided.

My Dear Child,

If you feel that your happiness depends on these two boys, the wisest thing for you to do is to tell each of them about the other. If they like you and respect you, they will be willing to make allowances for your happiness and the story will have a happy ending.

As for the onion-eater, I would advise you to eat some garlic on your next date and tell him about Colgate Tooth Paste. Your fearful friend must be instructed in the ways of the world.

OSTHOFF WILL PRESENT

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Three Debussy selections: *Reflects dans l'eau, La Cathedrale Engloutie, and Feux d'artifice.* Chaconne in D-Minor . . . Bach-Busoni Sonata in B-flat Minor, opus 35 . . . Chopin