

Banquet Held

The Freshman-Sophomore Banquet was held Friday night, April 11, 1958 at the Reinlyn House. The entertainment for the evening was a take off on the Academy Awards—The Dixie Cup Awards. Caroline Finley, mistress of ceremonies, portrayed Hedda Hooper. Various awards were presented to deserving winners such as St. Mary's Blues, by Carol Eringhaus, "Precious and I," by Dr. Guerry, "My Band of Angles," by Miss Richardson, "In Your Easter Bonnet," by Mrs. Hornback and "Freddy My Love" by Allison Moore. Sally McClure and Nancy Moore sang a song to the Sophomores, and Debby Parrot and Cecelia Quantz gave a toast to them.

Members of the entertainment committee were: Caroline Finley, chairman; Bonnie Stone, Lucy Milward, Sallie McClure, Martha Martin, Muffy Walke, and Carol Spaulding.

The special guests included Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Dr. and Mrs. Guerry, Miss Richardson, Miss Lloyd, Freshman class sponsor, and Miss Hornback, Sophomore class sponsor.

Circle Has Project

The Circle has begun their project of converting Holt basement into a recreation room for all St. Mary's students.

The basement must be cleaned up and the old furniture must be moved out and stored. The basement will be painted and new furniture purchased. The room will be equipped with a soda fountain, a record player, magazines, and other things for the student's pleasure.

The Circle has asked that all students who are interested in helping with this project contact the Circle members, for there will be plenty of work for everyone.

Typical Comments Heard On Sunporch

Last week I heard several odd comments while I was trying to sleep on the sunporch. I didn't mean to snoop, but—well—anyhow, here goes:

"Does baby oil really tan you? I'm still white as a sheet!"

"You've only been out here ten minutes!"

"Gee! Your legs look like a briar patch!"

"That plane's flying kinda low!"

"Hasn't Pris got a cute date? Look! You can see him from here! Uh oh! Watch it! He saw us!"

"That cloud's gonna leave by the time I count to 5. 1- 2- 3- 4- 5- . What did I tell you!"

"Do you think I'm getting any bronze? Brrrr! It's cold!"

"Is that a snowflake I see?"

"Hey! Your literature book's shading me!"

"Dog gone the book anyway!"

"Hey, Coles, turn up your radio!"

"Do you think they'll check the list today? Oh, well, who cares. I don't mind being campused if I get a tan."

"Bev, come on out and cut Jane's hair!"

Play To Be May 30

"Our Town"—a play by Thornton Wilder, will be presented May 30 as the graduation play, under the direction of Mrs. Stamey.

"Our Town" promises to be a new and thrilling experience for St. Mary's students. It is the story of the ordinary people of Groves Corner. It tells of their births, living, and deaths.

Ridly Tyler, Ann Shepard, Vicky Rothrock, Marcot Pemberton, and Ann Williams will take the roles of the leading women. Others participating are Peppie Currie, Helen London, and Sally Barnes. The male roles will be filled with fifteen men selected by Mrs. Stamey.

Books To Read

The library has numerous fiction books which have been received recently.

Thomas B. Costain's *Below the Salt* is number fourteen on the current best seller list. Young writer, John Foraday, in this historical novel, hears a tale on ancient events concerning a lost princess and the recovery of a lost charter.

Anya Seton, author of *Katherine*, has written another stirring historical novel. *The Winthrop Woman* is number two on the current best seller list. Courageous and passionate Bess Winthrop braved the uncertainties of the New World with her child. She experienced harrowing adventures and countless rebellions in America.

J. Edgar Hoover has written a very informative book on Communism. Mr. Hoance, as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is quite familiar with the organization. *Master of Deceit* is an important authoritative story on communism and the communist party in America . . . a tremendous threat to democracy." *Master of Deceit* is number two on the current best seller list.

"Spring Has Sprung" At St. Mary's

By Hedda Hooper

Hello there girls! This is your old friend, Hedda Hooper from the campus of Saint Mary's. Today I'd like to have a little chat with you about spring.

You all know that old saying:

Spring has sprung;

The grass has riz,

I wonder where the sunshine is?

Well, it certainly applies to our dear Saint Mary's today. Although flowers are blooming and birds are singing, you have to admire the tenacity with which the rain has stayed on! But spring means more than mere sunshine. How about all those cotton dresses at the breakfast table? Real *cool*, eh girls? Let's not forget those perennial favorites: spring colds, hay fever, and of course spring fever. (Seems measles is going to be a favorite this year, however.) Even our teachers know it's spring. Looks at all that extra work we have. Of course this hot weather means that the coke machine will be in a continual state of disrepair. Let's look at the brighter side. Spring is also the time for billing and cooing with that special someone. They say "birds do it", and we have our own Dot Johnson to back up that fact. She has her own private nest of quiet little birds just outside her window. Oh, there are signs of Spring!!! Those lovely afternoons when the temperature is just right for a nap aren't really spoiled by the harsh clack-clack clatter of the mowing machines. Of course you could always go to the library and listen to May Day music if you are one of those who don't like to sleep. One other sure sign of spring at Saint Mary's is the firm, hard, pat of butter we find on our tables, but

A Mala??? . . .

Last weekend several people were asked what they would do with a "Mala" if they were given one. Here are some of the answers:

Linda Harris—sweep floors with it
Jessie Allen—put it in a box and observe it

Catherine Potter—teach it to hula
Jane Gray—send it to Nathan for his birthday

Jane Brady—eat it
Anne Edens—throw it in the trash
Susan Baumgardner—put it in my closet and feed it

Martha Ellen Miller—bounce it like a ball

Helen London—hug it! (because I'm starved for affection)

Barbara Hauser—give it to Lucy
Lucy Lynn—send it to Europe to watch over Michal

Peppy Currie—sell it wholesale
Lou Johnson—hide it under my graduation robe

Jane Copeland—write an ode to it
Dot Johnson—share it with my best friend

Peggy Withers—give it a bath and put it in Martha's bed

Martha Custis—run!!!

Caroline Cobb—give it to S. E. to have a coffee party with

Betty (Cove) Covington—give it to C and M for observation

then, of course, we can't really say it's Spring until we find warm, watery iced (?) tea and egg salad every day for lunch.

There has also been a rumor that we will be having an old visitor back, now that the nights are warm. I'm sure if we all keep our eyes peeled we can see him. Oh girls, don't forget now, since it's warm, you simply must turn your radiator on high. Why, just last night I was awakened by the sound of mine gently warming up. If you are fortunate you might just get your room as comfy as Cheshire Hall.

Last, but not least. I want to be sure to remind you to go to the beach *every* weekend . . . You will do that for me, won't you?

Well, this is your old friend, Hedda Hooper, bidding you a fond farewell . . .

How's Your Poetry

"My love is like a red red rose." Does the common man know the next line from a poem by Robert Burns? Last week Peppie Currie and Jane Copeland tried to find the answer. Walking back to the post office after lunch, they fell into their usual guessing game. Peppie asked Jane the next line to "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." Not knowing the answer, Jane asked for an easier line. Peppie promptly gave her the line from Bobby Burns' poem.

"Oh, that's a hard one," she said. "I bet that no St. Mary's girl knows that."

Thus began the poll. All St. Mary's girls and faculty who returned from lunch by way of the post office were asked. Though many were interviewed, few knew the answer. From Mrs. Cell, Miss Jones, Miss Boineau, Millie Fary, and Peggy Withers came the only correct answers. Down-trodden, Peppie, a disillusioned idealist, made her way to her room. The moral of the story is to learn poetry and not disillusion Peppie. To begin, the St. Mary's belles might attempt to learn the following lines to:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."
"Towards die many times before their death."

Jane Wright—hide it
Dickie Robinson—take it to Germans with me

Emmie Davis—send it to Mac
Nancy Sjostrom—take it to the beach with me

Bobbie McRackan—eat it
Blair Maddison—bury it

Joyce Batchelor—use it for Biology
Dr. Guerry—I just don't know

Elouise Cowles—throw it off the sunporch

Molly Ellerson—wear it
Rhett Weston—eat it

Ann C. Lee—report myself to hall council

Priscilla Brown—sing it a lullaby

Beth Winstead—keep it to myself

Are you curious? Do you want to know what this thing really is? A mala is a giant, tailless, sea-going sunfish.