

Saints' Sallies

Here I ponder, gazing into my crystal ball with my golden earrings "Gynglen in a whistlynge wind als cleera." I see things Past . . . Present . . . Future . . .

The mist clears as I stare into the past Christmas vacation! A party, a debutante party given in Richmond! Parrish, Page Parrish appears as the new debutante while I notice several other beauties attending the gay affair—Betsy Evans, Sandy, Camp, Jo Darden, and Nancy Holland. Another young lady passes before my eyes—Eleanor Hope Newell, making her debut New Year's Eve at the Rosalinds' Club Ball.

AH! A KA PIN

Christmas night comes into view and there is Becky becoming pinned to a KA from Wake Forest. What's this? None other than Helen Kalevas, who is so excited over a "certain date" that she doesn't watch where she's going. I see young people gayly laughing and dancing at a dance being held by Buttercup McGuirt; and still more gay laughter and fun at a New Year's Eve party given by Jack Gue, at which Jaec and Bax celebrated the coming of the New Year in a huge way. Smitty appears with Darrell; Jane with Bill; Anne Townsend with Stewart; Sarah Lou with Ray; Sarah Ann Raspberry having fine luck with Buck; Amelia Townsend making merry in Augusta, Georgia; Emma Lou White and Lucy Brewer in Oxford.

The mist swirls—a blond-haired, blue-eyed Greek God focuses with Pauline Underwood, who seems to be forgetting Sam. I am enlightened that Ann Johnson has broken her frivolous record of one and then the other by setting her one and only; Logan has found the love of her life—a little cocker spaniel named "Shadrack." I gaze at Baltimore and see Buddy Pierce in love again.

GAY BELLES

The mist whirls south to Adelaide visiting Edith Allison; Van visiting Lucinda and both tearing up in Washington. I gaze upon the beaming face of Nancy Williamson after her phone call from Memphis; Mary Cease having beaucoup fun, even though Brownville, Texas, is too far away; a highly exciting New Year's Eve for Bones with Spartanburg taking the place of Wilmington; Helen Brundage and parties - parties - parties - dances - dances - beaux - beaux - beaux; although cold weather, a gay house party at Blowing Rock for Sandy Spilman; Jimmy still holding the lead with Dusty Sewell, in spite of 12,000 enlisted men at Fort Bragg; Ibbie, with plenty of lipstick at Christmas; Jerry Ann, with the best Christmas present ever, complete with two spare tires; Preston traveling completely unhindered by unnecessary baggage; Peggy dating Warren 3 times during Christmas, three times a day; Georganna Hundley

having a dance and an Earthquake (Smith).

ANGELS RETURN

The light dims, the mist swirls and I am whizzed on through the past to the arrival at school. I gaze upon Sue Joyner, not minding her return trip to Raleigh at all with the village boys keeping the roads burning 'tween Wilson and Raleigh; Zach and Kitty having a rare (or a rich?) bus ride; Ann Whitney arriving with a fresh new triangle; Fairfax Smith loaded down with a fur coat and a huge picture of Him; Ann Lucas arriving from Georgia and in love; Louise Slagel and Lyn Jennings both wearing corsages as they climb off the train from Florida; Betty Ann Yowell walking into school with her head in the clouds and a huge Fishburne ring from a Carolina Kappa Sig; Nannie Moore with 3 camellias Sunday night and a dozen red roses arriving for her Monday morning!

The past rolls on in my mystic ball. I see Marion Turner giving a little fraternity boy out at State quite a thrill. The week-end of the 10th rolls by with Nancy going on a Pika picnic and Butch, Tut, Ruth, Camp on a Zete picnic. Peggy is dating another Kappa Sig, and on the 13th of January I see Book's mother visiting Jo Howell.

THE PRESENT!

My crystal ball takes me to the present, to what is now happening, pass by hours, days . . . the ball becomes blurred, slowly the mist clears and I see the present. . . Ummmmmm, what are these young ladies—the latest "pin up" girls—Jane Gower, Ruth Clark, Becky Smith, and Eleanor Hope Newell; Jo Howell seems to be working hard. She's studying her "Book" s in free periods and every night! What is appearing? A beautiful watch worn by Waddel. Bickie wants her to know he misses her all the time.

Also two good looking men come into sight. Ah-h-h-h-h, one is Mike sitting on Sue Stower's dresser and the other Al on Vee's dresser. I notice Gene Hines dating a Kappa Sig, who comes for her on a motor scooter. Crystal ball, are you playing tricks? I see Molly Williams but she's pinned to an old shoe! I glance at Barbara Miller. . . She's very perplexed trying to decide between her lovers. I notice Mary McNoughton pondering over something. Tell me, what is her thought? She's wondering why she didn't go a little closer to LSU during the holidays. Must be some attraction there. A West Pointer comes into view and Connie Newton with him. She must be having an exciting affair with that cadet.

I see a telephone and Leah Rigbee. She's receiving beaucoup calls from State. Betty McAllister and Charlotte Holmes appear still infatuated over new flames. My ball shows four high school rings hanging on four fingers of four

girls—Martha Wallace, Meredith Plant, Mary DuBose, and Mary Giles Stewart. Three pictures into the light owned by Joan Bailey. A gross amount for one haul! And my crystal informs me that Ruth Saunders, sitting there, is hoping that Arthur will be coming around as often as ever. No more orange and black for Grace Jones. . . the cadets of Green Brier Military Academy have taken Woodberry's place. Also, Jo Gaither's alliance is changed from Carolina to Clemson.

VISIONS 'N VISIONS

Bee Douglas appears declaring there's no place like P.C.; Ann Burnette thinks Memphis and Raleigh are too far apart; Leila Dupree is "thick with Dick"; Ann Bradley is circulating again after a "long-period relationship" down Georgia way; Sylvia Newson is evah heard singing "We'll all go down a . . . on the Beta House!" Sandy Buck's mail bag suffers no dust—thanks to old lovers, although the new one rates more thought; Beverly Bray has a big interest in Chapel Hill, while Jo Ann Pinner says love life in Chapel Hill and Princeton are the last words; Betsy Jones is flashing a beautiful new diamond on the third finger right hand; Rixey is firmly convinced that Norfolk is the place; a certain blue Pontiac is Peggy Williams' favorite mode of transportation with the lights on again; Beth Toy can't make up her mind; Jean Hoggard is feeling blue after the wonderful holidays; Rosalind Senseney just can't say "no" to two certain boys; Betsy Evans is still unable to find love contagious; Betty Anderson gets excited every time the mail comes in; Mary Ann Montfort is still heart whispering that little word "Teetiepie"; Rose Taylor has a third love.

THE FUTURE???

Crystal ball, is anything excited predicted for the future? Take me on and let me see the highlights. I gaze slowly as time passes and then I see the Future! Nancy Holland appears dating Billy; Catherine Thomas, Swinson, and Misenheimer I see in a church—at Strick's wedding. I glance at 4200 and notice Kirkpatrick and Mary Wagner presenting a picture from their room to the animals. Barbara Schumacker comes into sight giving Pennsylvania back to Fred Warner to settle for N. C. State.

Exam holidays—and I notice Edith Allison in Blowing Rock, and Molly Williams in Rocky Mount, per usual. February draws nigh and I see Luck at an Emory "tea party." West Point appears and I glance at Phyllis Costner dating a cadet. Here comes a word in capital letters MIDWINTERS . . . a gala occasion! Jean Allan Price appears dancing with Holt, a KA at State; Anne Willingham, at Clemson with "Griff" from Greenville, S. C.; "Little Lulu" Tilghman at Carolina; Lucy Brewer at VPI; Joan Stanford at Virginia; Lenoir Wil-

Sophomore Suzie

Engaged, pinned, or nearly getting married—everybody's doing it! When I stepped off that train after Christmas, I just knew that my news would excite you gals no end. Then when I stepped into front Smedes, those new "flashlights" nearly blinded me! Nancy Hannah's is so beautiful, all I can do is just gaze at it with bulging eyes.

Looking around at all of these happy people, I feel like kicking myself. This year is leap year, and I've already missed my best chance. Spring vacation won't be half as opportune . . . if I live to see another spring vacation. I think I'm having troubles, but those "pore Seniors" haven't even had a chance to tell each other what their holly days were like. These past two weeks they've been smitten with quarterlies, English, and psychology research papers, *Divine Comedy* tests, plus the overhanging shadow of exams. 'Seems that they're all going into hibernation till the first day of Spring. Then they, and the ground hog, will come out, I hope. At least we know that the ground hog will!

I was talking with Nancy Holland th'other day, and she still has that gleam in her eye and for the same med student! The post office officials have had to add another mail carrier to the Saint Mary's route since she returned. "Ge-mome" Darden is still beaming over the same man, too. It doesn't look as though we have a single Crisside in the school.

'Guess I'll have to stop this and get to work on my exams. Yes sirc, just this once I'm gonna' be a prepared Suzie.

Williams and Frances Drane at Davidson. June appears, June 26, and I see a glowing bride with a good looking midshipman just leaving the church in a hail of rice. I notice Canada and Ann Duncan visiting around there. And what is this—? Four hands with not only diamond rings, but wedding bands—Betty Brown, Bobbette Chapman, Chris Price, and Florence Ruffin!

Oh, crystal ball, I'm going too far into the future . . . take me back! Five weddings is enough for the time being. Since this is leap year I'll have to find me a man and make a sixth wedding. . . Until then, I'll leave you.

Jane Gower and her date were getting tired waiting for a bus Sunday night; so Jane jokingly suggested that they hitchhike. With that, her date yelled to the first passing car, "Going to town?" The car stopped, and someone in the front seat opened the door, and Jane climbed in. Looking, a little embarrassed, at the one who had opened the door, she saw it was Eleanor Hope Newell.

THE WASP

The wasp and all his numerous family I look upon as a major calamity. He throws open his nest with prodigality, But I distrust his hospitality. —Ogden Nash.