



New marshals for 1966-67 and Assembly Chairman Linda Stott are pictured above. The girls are front row, left to right, Livy Miller, Charlotte Weaver, and Lander Marshall; second row, Rita Daniels, Linda Stott, Jane Patrick (Chief Marshal) and Margaret Isley.

SMJC Plays In Tennis Finals

For the first time in the history of the school, St. Mary's advanced beyond the first round of the Invitational Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament and marched to the finals before bowing to Duke.

The Ninth Invitational Intercollegiate Tournament, held in Chapel Hill April 16 featured thirteen schools.

St. Mary's was the only junior college represented at the meet.

Two new juniors, Betty Davenport and Anita Martin, both of Richmond, Va., advanced to the quarter finals in the singles by defeating Appalachian State and the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

In doubles, two more new juniors, Cissie Fitzpatrick and Dale Lambdin, reached the State finals and the right to play a strong Duke team.

The match between St. Mary's and Duke was played on the St. Mary's

courts on Tuesday, April 19, with a large crowd from St. Mary's present.

The Duke girls captured the first set, 6-3, while the St. Mary's girls, leading throughout the set, took the second one by the same score, 6-3. However, the Duke team won the third set, 6-2, and the match to cop the State championship.

Miss Mary Lou Jones, St. Mary's physical education teacher was elated over the accomplishment of the girls and is looking expectantly to the future.

"We hope to be able to produce more tennis players now that we have gone this far," she stated.

Tennis on the St. Mary's campus has made a remarkable comeback this year. Miss Jones says that three-fourths of all girls in her physical education classes are taking tennis.

To what does she attribute this new eager interest? "To the new courts, of course," she beamed.

THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE GIRL

By Linda C. Gitlitz

ED. NOTE: This poem is included in the "Poetry Corner" of this issue of THE LOG, magazine of the United States Naval Academy.

The life of a college girl is filled with fear.
It's loving a boy who isn't here.
It's waiting for mail, a word from him;
An empty mail box, often dark and dim.
It's looking at a picture and seeing his face;
Wishing you could feel his warm embrace.
It's marking the dark days on the calendar above.
Waiting for a vacation when you'll see your love.
It's nights of worry and little sleep.
An ache in your heart that cuts so deep.
It's a long Saturday night wondering if he's true;
If he's out with someone else or thinking of just you.
It's reading his letters, your eyes filled with love;
It's making a wish on the bright stars above.
It's hearing a song you once listened to.

It's words and memories, again you are blue.

It's plans and ideas that haunt you every night;

Wishing and praying that what you do is right.

It's writing to say I love you, and I'm well

And leaving unsaid that life without him is hell.

You're wondering what he is doing each and every day,

And wishing you were with him forever to stay.

It's writing of the fun you're having, but yet

Not giving a damn for any other boy you've met.

You go home again prepared for a date,

Your hands are trembling and you can hardly wait.

It's the look in his eyes, as he stands at the door

And then you know it was worth waiting for.

Then again it must end and you start for the door;

You wipe your eyes and tears start to pour.

The hour has come and again you must part;

You go back to college, but you leave him with your heart.

IF NOTHING ELSE - HIT NEW YORK

By Molly Richardson

There are five vacations per year at St. Mary's; more than likely, each girl stays here at least two years, allowing herself ten vacations. Whether she is a two, three, or four-year-girl, there is one special thing that each St. Mary's girl should do before leaving our Hallowed Halls . . . She MUST go to New York for Easter Vacation with Mr. Tate. It is an unforgettable experience.

There were two busloads of St. Mary's girls that went on this long-anticipated excursion. Mrs. Stamey, Miss Ross, Mrs. Tate, and three Tate Children entertained us beautifully, and the bus ride was not bad at all. However, all of the excited journeyers were a bit weary when we finally reached the New York Hilton. We perked up when we saw this magnificent place that was to be our abode for six glorious days. Poor Mr. Tate was still scurrying around that first night at 4:00 a.m. trying to find lost trunks and trying to find out why we were not all on the same floor.

The next day was filled with excitement as we tried desperately to act as New Yorkers, rather than lost North Carolinians who were at times unable to find Fifth Avenue! (However, all we had to do was ask for directions, and our false identity was revealed.) The days varied for everyone. Some would go to the Stock Market, others would go to a Matinee or the Ballet, while most would go to the elegant stores and shop. One day Mr. Tate took some girls to the Four Seasons Restaurant. At night we went to plays, to discotheques, to high-class restaurants, to Greenwich Village, and to any other places which looked challenging. The most popular restaurants with the St. Mary's girls were Trader Vic's, Mama Leone's, Sardi's, and Tad's Steak House. There were several plays seen, such as "Barefoot in the Park," "Sweet Charity," "Marat de Sade," "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," and others.

Naturally, with a group as diverse and large as ours, there were many incidents and experiences that will long be remembered. One example is the night that Mr. Tate and fifteen girls took a tour of Greenwich Village until the wee hours of the morning. At first they were embarrassed at being in such a large group and being categorized as "typ-

ical tourists," but soon it became funny, not only to them but also the Villagers.

Another night Barbara Thomas decided to go to bed earlier than usual and she put a "Maid is sleeping" sign on her door. Her other roommates, Cissie Hobgood and Susan Gilbert, came in later, surprised to see that according to the sign the Maid was cleaning their room. They went into their room and saw a girl with long, dark hair in a bed. They tried to think that a stranger had taken a nap in their room, they walked downstairs to find the House Detective. When Barbara awoke the next morning she found a great deal of activity in her room and two surprised roommates.

On Easter many of the St. Mary's girls went to St. Thomas' Cathedral. Afterwards we walked down Avenue in the Easter Parade.

Somehow we all made it back to St. Mary's six nights later. There was not a word spoken on the trip back . . . only occasional snoring for Mr. Tate. He is still trying to coax girls into paying their bills which amounted to unbelievable amounts.

Indeed, going to New York is an unforgettable experience. It is thrilling (if you are awake when you come into the City at 2:00 on that first night); it is frightening the next day you try to find your way around New York with only one other person who has never been to North Carolina before); it is exciting (if you walk in Greenwich Village at 3:00 a.m. and the sidewalks are still overflowing with avid LSD-buyers); it is expensive (you order Room Service for a meal); it is exhausting (if you walk to Wall Street in high-heeled shoes); it is frustrating (if you have your order for two hot dogs, and the waitress still doesn't know what you want); it is delightful (if you find at the end of the trip that one person has tried to pick you up and it is UNFORGETTABLE!

Never could we have had a more successful Vacation, and we are indebted to Mr. Tate for making it possible for us to go. The least we can do, besides reimbursing him, is to influence all the other St. Mary's girls who have never experienced Mr. Tate New York trip to go back next year . . . with us!



Editors for St. Mary's publications in 1966-67 include Margaret Isley, Handbook editor; Sally Hurst, MUSE editor and Molly Richardson, BELLES OF ST. MARY'S editor. Absent from the picture was Anna Holbrook, editor of the ST. MARY'S COACH.