

## SENIORS' LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Besides giving St. Mary's two years of trouble and new rules, we, the seniors of 1970, hereby leave to those who remain behind our Last Wills and Testaments. Our beneficiaries have the hard task of following our great class, but we believe in them and hope our bequests will help them continue the St. Mary's tradition.

We, the girls from Stone House, leave the attic fan, our private baths and telephones, our drink and candy machine, our concert hide-aways and our upstairs exit to those ten girls who are fortunate enough to pre-register as late as we did.

I, Jane Wood, leave my bird-legs to Cathy Faw in hopes that she gets as much grief about them as I.

I, Susan Byars, leave to Lou Latham the prestigious position of carrying on the "Thong Generation" in the bathrooms of SMJC.

Dana Davis and Karen Connelly leave their dramatic ability to next year's academy award winner Barbara Olschner.

We, Beth Denning and Sylvia Newell, after devoting four years of our prime to St. Mary's—just leave.

I, Anne Barnwell, leave Monty Recoulley to whomever will take him.

I, Dockery Roberts, bequeath to Gail Perry the trials and tribulations of the Sigma Nu House in hopes that she can cope with them better than I.

Betty Lynn Gower leaves her poems to the Henry Gibson of the 1971 class.

We, Lillian Rudolph and Sara Frances Walters, do leave to our 3rd Penick girls the unwavering compulsion to beat the system.

I, Nancy Ghesling, leave my crazy stick, 15 nervous breakdowns, 500 exceedrin headaches and a date with John Frye to Kate Ballaugh.

I, Mary Strange, bequeath my drinking capacity to Holly Dearstyne in hopes that in addition to hers she can make it thru the Sigma Nu House.

We, Penny Hicks and Jenny Wiggins, leave our front row seat, camera and water buckets for Saturday nights to Flubby Smith.

I, Mary Newman, leave my "Do Not Disturb—Went to Early Church" sign to the New SGA officers.

I, Lane Carson, do leave my Sigma Chi lavalier to my sister Gail in hopes it won't tarnish before she is able to wear it.

I, Mattie Simmons, give my tan shoes and pink shoe laces to Gail Perry.

I, Macky Dixon, leave my ability to express myself forcefully to Peaches Rankin and to Molly Addison my ability to collect from my debtors.

I, Lee Whitener, will my ability in Spanish to Susan Carroll in hopes that she will learn to love it as much as I have.

I, Anna Robinson, leave St. Mary's (and this time legally) with the Anna Robinson Award.

I, Jane Goodson, alias "Goody", leave to Lillian James all the term papers to be typed in hopes that she will become as rich as I.

I, Lark Hayes, will my hot dog to Cynthia Broadway in hopes that she will be able to find "the 101 various uses."

I, Sarah Craig, bequeath all my "fluff" to 1st Penick and its mascot to be used only under extreme circumstances.

I, Sally Lennon, leave my ability to be a zero to Rebecca Ashby and Sally Exum.

I, Mallery Knee, leave my ability to keep Raleigh and Chapel Hill from running together to anyone who is willing to take the risk.

I, Dana Knight, give Lou Nachman **back** her yearbook and the Friday night memories in Nassau.

I, Ann Courtney, leave my talent for getting mixed up in romantic triangles to Gail Perry.

I, Lee Barnard, leave my love of life to the next buyer that comes along.

Jorgann Bullard leaves the French Department (finally) to Laura Beckman and Barbara Olschner.

I, Kitty Wilkinson, leave my Chapel Hill taxi service to Safety Cab.

I, Christi Smith, leave my seat at Harris Soda Shop for every Wednesday night at 6:30 to Martha McCoy in hopes that she will enjoy listening to Gene Autrey, the woman killer, as much as I do.

I, Sarah Chamblee, leave my copies of **Sex and the Single Girl** and **Marriage and Morals** to Betsy Blee.

I, Lee Joyner, leave my campus pad to Kay Turner so she can listen to her "music" after 11 p.m.

Beth Coltrane and Collins Stukes leave a challenge to any two girls who can raise as much hell and have as many unfortunate memories on 3rd Holt as we have had.

I, Ginger Rogers, give my car keys to Meg Simpson in hopes that she can make a few trips West.

I, Connie Darby, do leave my ability to fall into lakes and rivers to Kate Ballaugh.

I, Ann Morton, leave my tennis talent to Kathy Pace in hopes that she can improve as much as I have.

Emily Kilpatrick leaves a torch and a pile of sheets to Alice Proctor.

I, Kack Harrison, leave my great ability for making the "boo boo" of the year to Pam DeVere—Please, Pam, empty that ballot box!

To Jane Moore, Boyd Gregory leaves the early morning phone calls that will wake her up when all she wants to do is sleep.

I, Anna Burgwyn, leave my love of old movies to Kyle Jordan and my ability to remember actors to Sarah Brockwell.

We, Connie Campbell and Kathy Fenters, do hereby be-

queath first Cruik's termites to next years lucky inhabitants of Room 128. (Note girls—drain cleaner when applied on the termites can be quite effective.)

I, Dru Haley, leave my first name to Yvonne Forehand in hopes that she will enjoy it better than her own.

Carol Woods leaves her morocos and juking ability to Susan Carroll.

## WHAT HAS ST. MARY'S MEANT

People say that the girls make St. Mary's what it is. Even people who have not been happy here can still speak proudly of friendships which have enriched their lives and memorable experiences they will never forget.

One can single out many ways in which the academic life has influenced the girls, but in later years, these experiences will fade into a general store of knowledge. When thinking of her two years here, a girl will not necessarily remember the date of Milton's birth or how to conjugate a French verb. Instead, the memories of the times spent with friends will come back to haunt, horrify, or please.

Last year's memories were made by the Smedes' girls who dropped the fetal peg, on a string, over the sun porch rail on a Friday night. Lucia Drury's dummy in the bathroom of 3rd Holt frightened many an innocent passer-by. West Rock used to really swing last year. Remember the truth session? Walker Holmes was elected Fire Captain, surely due to her exhibition of courage when she won the bet in 2nd Penick Parlor. The year ended with the annual trip to the Angus Barn and a ride by State's Fraternity Row on the way back. But the excitement was not over yet because the studying for finals was greatly hindered by several pantie raids and several false alarms.

The seniors returned to St. Mary's desiring to be the "big seniors," but not actually wanting to follow in the footsteps of the previous class. They went in too many directions.

The Cruikshank girls, being very artistic, decorated the elevator. Not to be outdone, the Stone House girls tried something new and were sent to their rooms for their efforts. The May Queen was a little late one week night, so her friends alerted Mr. Hicks, and the red light flashed over the campus. "Lawrence Welk" Smith also rated the red light and Mr. Hicks' attention when she found herself mysteriously locked in the maids' closet on the night of a concert. For some seniors, attending concerts, chapel, and classes became an avocation rather than a requirement.

Two years of our lives—what has it meant? What will it mean? We can only look at the years in retrospect. Only when we are older can we look back and see how St. Mary's molded us into the women we will then be.

## ATTACK ON SMJC-APATHY

Most people will agree that violence is never an answer in any kind of situation. Certainly this statement is true concerning campus unrest in our country. Violence which has resulted in campus unrest which, dormant for several months, has just been re-awakened by President Nixon's seeming reversal of policy concerning the Vietnam war and official U. S. involvement in Cambodia and the deaths of the State students. This violence is a result of frustrated, idealistic young people who have been irrational in the frustration of seeing the failure of peaceful methods.

While it seems that we at St. Mary's should be proud to be free to say that the most violent incident we can expect is a parade, it also seems that we should not be proud of the fundamental reason behind that statement. The simple truth lies in the approach that seems to thrive in most of St. Mary's students. We become surrounded by spheres of champagne bubbles in which we exist each day, completely sealed from the reality of our responsibilities to others. We live only for ourselves and if, by some chance, we happen to venture from our sphere that we see is so nightmarish, that we quickly retreat to safety.

One cannot say that it is "wrong" for a person to live beside his own world and ignore reality; it is for the individual to decide what it really means to live. But each person should seriously contemplate his own life and decide if he is justified in living only for himself. We at St. Mary's need to become more involved in life as it is off the campus, not just inside our safe, protected community. We cannot isolate ourselves from the rest of the world; the days of Camelot do not last long ago. There is so much that can be done, but it seems so unnecessary that only a minority of St. Mary's students have learned how rewarding it is to act and commit oneself to a cause. No, St. Mary's will escape the trend of campus violence, but it seems to be tragically escaping the trend of campus action.

## Class Banquets Held

The Sophomore and Senior Classes will have their annual class banquets on May 21st at 8:00.

At the College Inn, the sophomores plan to provide live entertainment, including various skits, the reading of the Class History and the Class Prophecy.

The senior banquet will be held at the North Hills Steak House. They, too, will have a skit and will read their Class Prophecy. Many toasts are also planned.

Juniors and Freshmen—See you August 25, 1970.