

## AQUARIAN AWAKENING AFTER SUNDOWN

LINDA GOODMAN

The skylark has stopped singing  
From the roof of The Tin Pan Alley  
Record Shop on Broadway  
If he ever was a skylark  
I was never sure.

And I don't reach out for your hand  
any more  
Sometimes I stumble, without it  
But at least I've kicked the habit of  
clutching air.

How long has it been  
Since your arms were a rock of  
peace  
To rest my head against  
Three years already?

You passed by within inches of me  
this afternoon  
While I was having a Hermit in the  
Muffinburger  
What did we used to say, as kids?  
So near  
"If he was a snake he would have  
bitten you".

## THE BELLES OF ST. MARY'S

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Caught off guard  
We looked at each other the way  
familiar strangers do  
Pulling the shades down quickly  
Over the transparent windows of  
our eyes  
But not quite quickly enough  
To hide the cluttered, broken  
dreams inside  
Like old furniture left behind  
When love moves out suddenly.

Your cool, casual nod  
Was almost a warning not to speak  
so I didn't  
What could I have said?  
"How are you?"

## Multiple Guess Test

1. Not many people know that Gingy Philpott (A) is related to George Wallace (B) loves football—Auburn style (C) has a Chinese wardrobe (D) says in two words what she could say in two thousand.
2. New fixtures in the Ragland Building will include (A) hair dryers attached to each desk (B) mod stationery for in-class letter writing (C) piped-in music from WKIX (D) couches in the lobby upon which to recover from tests.
3. The new bookstore at St. Mary's will have (A) a staff of 84 smiling people (B) 24 hour service (C) a twin movie theater (D) a jukebox.
4. Nominated for St. Mary's "Little Mary Sunshine" of 1971-'72 is (A) Dr. Morrison (B) Mrs. Gunn (C) Mrs. Beam (D) Mr. Tate.
5. Actually, all along the 300 floodlights and 500 "lanterns" on front campus have been for (A) assisting the squirrels in nighttime nut collecting (B) a homing device for a Russian ICBM (C) helping Mrs. Stamey to find her way home at night after rehearsals (D) putting a little light on the subject . . . whatever that might be.

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD  
GRIND —

GET A NEW GRIND!

## FACULTY CORNER:

## Yugoslavia And Greece

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Actually arriving in Frankfurt by air to pick up our VW Campmobile was anticlimactic after weeks of planning and months of anticipation. My wife and I and our three children devised our own itinerary for our two month's European journey by car. Every night, week after week, our supper table became an obstacle course with piles of guide books hip to haunch with plates of spaghetti. The family atlas was always propped dangerously against the large Ann Page mayonnaise jar. Luckily the large European map was taped to the wall by the table. Conversations and arguments were directed toward answers to questions. How long do we stay in Venice? How long will it take us to drive from Dubrovnik to Kotor? Can we see the site at Mycenae in one afternoon? It was not surprising, therefore, that after seeking answers for weeks we arrived in Germany deflated; what some call jet fatigue seemed pure relief from having to make more decisions and plans.

After the hedonistic respite of several days in Venice, we entered Yugoslavia on our way to Turkey and Greece, knowing by now that our best laid plans could only promise joy. The ever-present, awesome, grey-white mountains and the peaceful roadside swims on the Dalmation coast of Yugoslavia helped to acclimate us to the Eastern Europe we were seeing for the first time. Unfortunately, we had little opportunity to meet Yugoslavian people. The drab clothes of black and gray, however, did little to hide from us the beauty of the men, women, and children, who, when we did observe them closely or talk with them, presented an obvious contrast: the northern people seemed reserved; the southern people seemed gregarious and extroverted. Sunday night in Skopje, a southern city, for example, was memorable. At this time hundreds and hundreds of people came to the "big city" to promenade. All traffic was stopped by the crowds which filled the streets. The mating game took on the aspect of carnival life as young boys followed, caajoled, and enticed the girls, while the older folk looked on approvingly. The real, honest-to-goodness Gypsies we encountered everywhere — walking on the highway, camping on the mountainside, living in tents beside the road or in the open air — were exotic in their dirt and rags and colorful gold jewelry. We often speculated on how embarrassing the Gypsies must be in Tito's government, since their nomadic life of begging hardly reflected the Communistic life style.

Having driven from Yugoslavia to Istanbul, where we spent six days, we next journeyed to Troy, the Turkish site I had been waiting to see for years. Several people had told me that the trip to Troy would not be worth the effort; some guide books had said

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By N.H.L.