

Saints' Sallies

Dear Saint,
Gosh! It seems odd to think that I'll be leaving S.M.S. soon. This week we've been snowed under with work for exams, and the time has just flown. With all this, we've still had fun, too!

Carolina was swarming with Saint Mary's girls for finals. Charlie Burnett played, and everybody had *beau-coup* fun in spite of "Gloomy Sunday" at the concert. Some of the lucky belles were *Roz Senseney, Edith Allison, Betty Winfree, Mary Cat English, Olivia Lynch, Beth Harris, Libba Roe, Mary Ann Gray, Rosalie Huske, Lila Rousseau, Jean English, Betty Bowles, Al Wilson, Ginny Ann Landis, Nancy Dixon, Jean Stockton* (she took her own along—a V.P.I. man!), *Patty Starr, Babs Wooten, Lila Camp, Frankie Allen, Betsy Wood, Caroline Cobey, Ann Cahoon, Binny Chew, Katherine Holmes, Mary Giles Stewart, Robbie Roberson, Skeelie Wilkins, and Ruth Morrissett.*

State is really having its last big fling, too. Everyone's still talking about that wonderful S.A.E. picnic—or should I say S.A.E.-Saint Mary's picnic! I could never tell you everyone there, but here's a few: *Ann Taliferro, Margie Story, Martha Wallace, Gwen Hopkins, Sue Lanier, Charlotte Homes, Pepper Neal, Helen Young, Jo Bailey, Isabel Douglas, and Isabel Carter.*

The State Freshman Dance had *Nancy Davis, Gwen Hopkins, Betty Bevan, Mary Ruth Ruble, Barbara Boozer, Sissy Rhodes, Mary DuBose, Louise Boyle, Jackie Knott, Rebecca Moose, Ruth Maultsby, Ida Creel, Carolyn Kiser, Betsy Brown, Susan Joyner, and Ann Nelson* all aflutter. Of course, the last big dances will be for them. Wonder if it has anything to do with her graduation present? *Rachel Kearney* had two invitations. *Pepper Neal* had a chance to date two S.P.E.'s, and "the" Pika from Davidson came up to see *Betty Bowles* per usual. How popular can West Rock get?

I've never heard of so many

dances! There was a square dance at State, and it was really scrumptious according to *Betty Anne Williamson, Katie Clifton, Charlotte Wallin, Gloria Farnell, and Alice Sylvester.* Charlotte met a darling pilot who "buzzed" Saint Mary's Sunday afternoon. Wonder how she arranged that?

Lila Camp has taken off for June Week at West Point! The "fishing" seems to be fine up north. *Ann Taliferro* is still as true as ever to U.V.A. She'll be there with her Sigma Chi for finals, and *Martha Wallace* can't wait until finals at Hampden Sydney!

This sho' seems to be picnic weather and have the S.P.E.'s and Kappa Sigs been taking advantage of it! *Susan Davis, Sue Joyner, Nancy Dixon, and Liba Kornegay* hold out for the S.P.E.'s while *Anne Ackerson* swears that it takes the Kappa Sigs to really throw a picnic!

Liz Erdman surely must hate for school to end if all the attention she's been getting from that "certain someone" means anything! There seem to be two sides to that question, however. *Patsy Davis* can't wait to get home to see her "week-end visitor" all the time.

Houseparty plans are already shaping up!! *Ann Patterson* and *Betsy Wood* are throwing a houseparty right after school for all East Rock. Those girls certainly have some rare times! *Louise McCann* has big ideas for a houseparty to beat all houseparties at Ocean Drive the middle of June! *Betty Bevan* is planning a "reunion" houseparty in July for the sophomores—and at Virginia Beach!! Can all those wonderful things I've been hearing about that place be true!!! It sounds heavenly.

They don't seem to come much more popular than Saint Mary's, do they? It's a nice thought, anyway! But best I hurry now and try on my cap and gown for the hundredth time!

Much love and a wonderful summer,

Sally

Sophomore Suzie

Three mo' days! Can you believe it? The seniors can't, but they're beginning to now that all the new officers have taken their positions. Did you notice how slowly the marshals walked out at chapel that last Friday before the new marshals started, or the look on Nelle's face when Heilig took over in assembly? Then, too, I've noticed that wistful look on Tootie's face as she saw Rosalie announce a junior class meeting for the rising seniors. The hall counselors were nearly crying when Jeanne made her farewell speech, and worse still, you should have seen their faces last Wednesday night when the new counselors came dashing in their respective 1950 rooms.

Ah, yes, 'tis the close of another year, and oh, how it's closing!—with a bang and a closer outlook on nature. Not only has "Nature Wordsworth" brought to

mind the lovelier aspects of nature, but nature came to us. Yes, the West Rock girls were calmly sitting in their rooms one night last week when the branches of the oak tree waved them a rather sudden hello. Just don't think that S.M. didn't hit the front page of the *Times*, 'cause it did! But does it have to take a falling tree to get publicity? I thought that maybe we'd get it through the spectacular suntans attained on the sun porch. But no, they closed the beach to all members. No more brown bodies; no, not for "Bee's Knees Ruffio" or "Spider's Elbow McNaught"—not even for the "Black Beast."

Well, exams are over, and re-exams too, and I 'spose we're 'bout ready to think of next year and all the big plans we've made. Just wish I was coming back, but since it can't be done, Suzie wants to leave one serious note (you must admit it's my only serious note of

Perishing Gals Get Salvation at Last

It was a hot, still afternoon; after hours of studying or sleeping, what could be more refreshing than a long, wet drink of cool water? This delightful thought was in the minds of almost all the Saint Mary's wilted belles as they struggled one by one to the fountains and were greeted by only a slight explosion and a sad puff of steam. At first it was a joke, for after all, what were a few parched throats? It was just like a shipwreck—all that was missing were Glenn Ford and a luscious island.

Soon the joke became a little feeble. After a church service which seemed six times as long as usual, the dining room was bombarded for the tantalizing, lukewarm milk which accompanied the banana and cheese crackers. The coke machine was almost torn apart, and after a while the poor thing collapsed; no amount of kicks and curses could get results! It was a lost cause. With their cokes clutched tightly in their arms, the fortunate few who had found cokes sneaked away to their rooms.

Even the scanty taste of cokes and milk did not quench everyone's thirst. Soon furtive characters were seen sliding around corners with jugs of—could it be water? It must be! What else could look and taste so wonderful? Cups of the precious liquid were ladled out and guarded as carefully as last year's French exam. No one inquired too closely as to the origin of this gift, but mutters of "underground springs" and "hidden wells" were heard. Who really cared as long as it was water?

This lovely stuff, metered out so minutely, went only so far; soap stuck like a mask to everyone's face. Giving up in disgust, sleep seemed the next best thing, but with throats closing and lips cracking, it would not come. After what seemed hours of tossing and humming brokenly "Cool Water," a great commotion sounded in the halls and between shouts and rushing noises could be heard—running water!

Could it be true? Had salvation come? Everywhere doors were thrown open. People dashed back and forth, splashing water and running their fingers through it. What expressions of delight lit all faces as the first trickle wandered down parched throats! Drenched and contented, the saints tottered off to bed for a peaceful night's sleep.

(the year). It's been such fun murdering the King's English in "Sophomore Suzie" and writing to and for the girls I've been so proud to know. Here's hoping that every girl who comes to S.M. will love, enjoy, and cherish its memories as I do. For in three more days we seniors will pass for the last time, as students, through these gates. So, make next year a super one as we have tried to make this year, and remember that we've loved and appreciated every student and teach-

if you can read this you're better than we are

everything is one great big old blobule of words french ones english ones spanish ones latin ones and german ones thank goodness i dont take them all but its bad enough to live on the hall with people who say all the verbs out loud although it does give one a cosmopolitan feeling speaking of feelings all i can say is that theyre pretty good because its all over now no more pencils no more books no more teachers dirty looks especially that last one when girls talked about smashing things and where a certain tree that fell on a certain building not so long ago should have fallen thank goodness it didnt kill any seniors though because graduation is graduation sophomores too oh now is the time to shed tears and be sentimental if it ever were so go buy a large economy size box of kleenex cause youll need it tear jerkers arent we if you want something to cry about just wait until your great big old trunk gets home and you dont know where the key is oh well today is today just as yesterday was today yesterday and tomorrow will be yesterday day after tomorrow if yesterday is tomorrow day before yesterday why wont today be tomorrow and yesterday all at once this is very confusing but what im trying to say is that somebody wrote something about tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeping along in a petty pace but i dont think the pace is so petty because in just three more days we go home i am going to dive in the ocean and never come up until its time to come back to the grove of stately oak trees if we dont have any more windstorms but i guess the moral if there is one would be not to build your house under oak trees or maybe it should be not to plant any oak trees over your house i have really talked about that oak tree but it really made a big impression on me and i noticed that it made one on west rock too because the back chimney is gone well i am very glad that it didnt fall on the chapel and i guess everyone else is glad too because we really love the little chapel like the song says that reminds me that we all have to learn those songs for step singing on sunday but if youre like me no one wants to hear you sing even out on the front steps where there are three hundred girls to drown you out or at least cover you up and i mean both physically and vocally well i dont want to be embarrassed again this year so i think ill go to the music building and practise and if someone will tell the music students and sensitive musicians to stay away i will really give someone a big surprise sunday night

er here. We'll be back to check up on you!

Well, the salt in my tears is deteriorating this paper, so best I turn off my "lightule" and listen to Morton.

Good luck 'n' good-bye.

Suzie the Senior.