

Saints' Sallies

CHEERS FROM THE STANDS

Up to the cold, cold North for the Army-Navy game were Betty Bevan, Mary Jane McDowell, Kathryn Holmes. These girls are to be congratulated for their iron constitutions. . . . Chapel Hill again drew the crowds, this time for the Carolina-Virginia game. Among those to-go were Laura Matthewson, Anne Cahoon, Brookie Craft, Katie Clifton, Peggy Hooker, Millie Cobb, Sally Haygood and Joann Stewart. . . . At the Davidson-Citadel game was Patsy Ray. . . . The Tennessee-Vanderbilt game was the destination of Liz Everage. . . . Annie Robertson, Jean Lang, and Barbara Clark enjoyed the V.P.I.-V.M.I. game. . . . Elise Feimster went to the Georgia Tech game.

CHOICE BITS FROM THE PARTY LINE

Betty Ann Williamson and Becky Wall have stars in their eyes for certain Wake Forest boys. . . . La Nelle Edwards had a good time with her father at the Civic Music Concert. . . . Laura Davis had a good time too—why? . . . Ann Kyle is seeing double. . . . Beverly Rutter is looking mighty sporty in her new fur coat. . . . What's this about Helen Humphrey learning how to cook? . . . Seven seems to be a lucky number for Emilie Adams, but rather hard on Mrs. Hornback. . . . What boy was seen in Lucille Best's fur coat?

HOME SWEET HOME . . . The Yankees took Winston-Salem by storm over the Thanksgiving holidays, meaning Liz Randolph and Alice May. . . . Taylor Bennett spent a lonesome holiday. . . . It was all one big party for Rosemary Scovil. . . . Connie Barnes had car trouble over the holidays. . . . Toni Rowe had a little "ear" trouble too.

BUSY SIGNAL . . . Marnie Polk needs a private phone. . . . Edith Rogers missed an exciting call from Durham. . . . Ann Miles

has made a new record for the number of long distance phone calls. . . . Ida Creel feels better after talking to her lieutenant.

RIGHT AROUND IN RALEIGH . . . Margaret Cheatham, Nancy Dixon, Mazie Strickland, Bebe Myers, Sissy Rhodes, Ann Patterson, Barbara Boozer, and Patsy Starr enjoyed the State dance. . . . Laura Chapman and her regular Sunday afternoon date. . . . Nancy Derickson had a good time shopping Saturday afternoon. . . . Lynn Boykin has a sudden interest in the S.P.E.'s. . . . Carolyn Welsh and Anna Redding are now supporters of State. . . . Full house at the infirmary. . . . Wolfpack basketball games.

LINGERING MEMORIES

Ann Rixey is still on a cloud and no wonder; she led the Ring Dance Figure at V.M.I. . . . Mickie Shannon, Beth Harriss, Jean Page, and Libba Roe were at the shipwreck party at Davidson. . . . Lucy Ann Boddie, Virginia Mowery, Robin Arrington, A. J. Owens, and Connie Barnes were guests of Wake Forest men. . . . Evelyn Oettinger and Betty Cheek are still pleased over their successful blind dates. . . . Frankie Strosnider is silent about her mysterious week end.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Kathryn Holmes is looking forward to December the twenty-eighth when she will make her debut as the deb of the year in Washington. . . . Suzanne Friday will go to Citadel for the hop. . . . King Risley is awaiting the Black and White Ball at Davidson. . . . Suzie Dell will go to the Kappa Sig Dance at Wake Forest; also going to Wake Forest are Sara Garvey and Ann Nelson. . . . "Bumps" Swink wants a letter in her box; wonder why? . . . The senior dance . . . College Board Exams . . . and January first, 10:30 p. m., just kidding. . . . Merry Christmas.

Mr. Morgan Has Hectic Time In Lab As Christmas Draws Near

Students in the library on a certain Tuesday night heard above them the jovial voices and light-hearted footsteps belonging to the girls in the second lab section. They were merrily going up the stairs to do a few experiments for their beloved teacher, Mr. Morgan. Some of the readers frowned, some ignored the noise, but a few knowing ones grinned at each other while Jean Wranek nudged Sara Holcomb and whispered, "We were excited last night and knocked a bottle of sulfuric acid over on a dish of sodium, but from the way they sound tonight, they might blow the entire building up!"

Mr. Morgan knew when he saw the beaming and breathless girls walk in the door that lab was not going to have the serious, painstaking atmosphere that night, as it usually had. He inwardly heaved a sigh but smiled in his usual amiable fashion as he remembered that this was the last lab night before Christmas vacation. The girls had just walked through the crisp, winter air which held a hint of snow in it, and their ears were still ringing with the chimes from a local church. They blinked their eyes to push out of their minds the vision of a Christmas tree, fireplace, presents, a family (none other than their own, of course) and the "one and only," so that they might focus their attention on a dim, but seemingly tangible, chemistry laboratory. They sat down heavily because they knew that they must try to keep their minds off of holiday dreams if they were to concentrate on chemistry.

Mr. Morgan couldn't seem to make his pre-lab explanation to the girls clear enough that night. They asked an unusual number of questions even though they were in a hurry to get lab over with. Suzanne Dawson wanted to know if sodium aluminate was what they used to make the shiny icicles she decorated her tree with every year,

and Ann Shuford remarked that since hydrogen was a good reducing agent she might inhale a little of it every day so that she could get that dream of a dress at Jean's to wear to the New Year's Eve party.

After the girls had finally absorbed a seemingly sufficient explanation, they busily got to work on their experiments. When Jean English recorded in her lab manual that the mixture of the hydrochloric acid and magnesium in a test tube effervesced and popped when she held a lighted splint at the mouth of the container, she wondered if the holiday champagne bottle would pop any louder when opened if she held a lighted splint over it. It was worth trying at any rate, she thought. Eunice Saunders decided not to buy any fireworks this Christmas because she found that red hot steel wool exposed to oxygen produced just as pretty an effect as her sparklers ever did. Martha Nash dryly remarked that it would be rather troublesome to have to heat steel wool red hot and then provide it with pure oxygen. Connie Barnes wanted to throw some sulfur in her fireplace at home because it burned with such a pretty, pale, purple flame but when told that the suffocating odor pervading the room just then was due to sulfur dioxide formed by the burning of sulfur, she changed her mind.

Then the inevitable happened. Someone had not blinked her eyes hard enough and the sugar plum visions dancing in her head obstructed her thinking. With a faraway look in her eyes, she absent-mindedly shook a bottle of nitroglycerin and a frightening, but luckily not harmful, explosion occurred. The group was dazed and Mr. Morgan became uneasy. Someone continued humming *I'll Be Home for Christmas* even after this. Mr. Morgan then deemed it wise to wish the girls a Merry Christmas and to bid them good night!

Are You Tired? Do You Need Rest? The Infirmary Is Not For You

Some weeks at Saint Mary's are good, and some week are bad; sometimes girls feel carefree and sometimes they wish they were free. When those trying weeks roll around and assignments pile up sky high, often a girl's mind turns to thoughts of the infirmary. The reason for this sudden interest in the infirmary has become quite puzzling to everyone—everyone but that sometimes the thoughts of what a student has to do are more painful than the actual way she feels? If anyone who hasn't spent the day in that infirmary has the impression that it is a life of ease, however, she is wrong.

In the morning, when rain pours down outside and the patient has the cover drawn up around her neck, with nothing but thoughts of a long sleep filling her mind, in comes the maid with the breakfast tray. Eating breakfast in bed is nice, of course, but nobody wants to eat her break-

fast before the other students even go to the dining room. Besides, there is no way to receive a second helping when you are in the infirmary. Sick patients don't usually have a hearty appetite.

During the day, cough medicine, nose drops, thermometers, and pills are taken by the patient, in case of a cold, and the remedies are even worse if anything else is wrong.

At night when all the confusion dies down and the patient has finally gone to sleep, someone will inevitably come in and wake her up just to see if she is having any trouble going to sleep.

Believe me girls, if you want to go to the infirmary just to catch up on your work, you can always find an easier way out!

Patience: the ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.—HOWARD NEWTON in *Reader's Digest*.

Frustrated Saint Mary's Girls Appeal Their Hearts' Demands To Santa Claus

Dearest Santa,

A few of us Saint Mary's girls were talking about Christmas and decided to write you so you would know just what to put in our stockings. We'll be using our old 45 denier ones to make sure they don't break and spill some of those wonderful presents we're expecting. Of course, we don't want to be piggish and ask for too much, but these are things we really do want.

Please, Santa, send me some long hair.
Katherine Armistead

All I want is an alarm clock for Monie.
Sara Ann Proctor

If Wake Forest must be moved, please bring it to Raleigh instead of Winston-Salem.
"A. J." Owens

Please send me a book on how to make good speeches.
Cynthia Davis

I want a drag. (ed note: Date or cigarette?)
Suzanne Dawson

Airmail me two new joke books.
Mr. Morgan

Please send us some ready made research papers.
Sophomore and Junior Classes

I want a big handsome man to play around at my feet.
Betty Cheek

Please give me two large filing cabinets to keep my records in.
Mrs. Hornback

Give us some more outside lines and phones on second and third East and West Wings.
Saint Mary's girls

That's all, Santa. Hope you can get these presents to us before December 16. After that even Miss Jones couldn't keep track of where we all are!