

Saint Sallies

THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES . . . Now to grit our teeth for another session of Saint's Sallies, for which no reporters turn in their news, leaving the writers in what is commonly known as a panic. Bless their little pointed heads! . . . Jean Gould is looking forward to Carolina after exams. . . . Mac Mac-Nair can hardly wait for those phone calls from a certain PIKA at State . . . Mary Sutton, Frances Williams, and Toni Rowe are eagerly awaiting mid-winters at Chapel Hill . . . Kitty Melcher absolutely haunts the mail box for letters from a certain person . . . Same goes for Allen Loy and Jeannie Patterson, who have been reported as doing very well . . . Sue Ann Sadler and Peggy Lou Johnston are looking far into the future with a wish for a spring vacation in Cincinnati. . . . Charleston, S. C., should not be so far away, according to Barbara Taylor. Those few days after exams will find her there with a certain Navy man . . . Pat Dize and Mae Holtom are looking forward to the time when Alice May and Bimbo Parshley pay their paper bill. It must be enormous!! . . . Gerry Dickinson has been wandering around with a strange look of expectation on her face. We wonder what she is waiting for? (or Whom!) . . .

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST? . . . *Itsy Masterton* has

started getting mail again . . . What seems to be the attraction in leaky convertibles for *Frances Pickett*?? . . . *Ginger Mowery* has been enjoying every minute of the time that she has spent with her Loyola man . . . *Ann Stevens* is a proud grandmother (of a colt!!!) . . . *Mickie Shannon* and *Ann Miles* have taken a sudden liking to cigars . . . Triple-dating seems to agree with *Buncy Robinson*, *Pat Tankard*, and *Mary Gage Hammond* . . . *All the Things You Are* is now *Anna Redding's* favorite song . . . *Pat Boesser* gets many letters from Chapel Hill with six one-half-cent stamps on them. Orange, too!! . . . *Peggy Gregson* has lost all interest in V.M.I. for the time being . . . *Carolyn Welsh* is trying to find out how two can live as cheaply as one. Do tell us how you come out!! . . .

WELL, WELL, WELL!! . . . Our most humble thanks to *Ann McCulloch*, *Linda Garris*, and *Toni Rowe*, who have rendered service beyond the call of duty. As for the other reporters for this column . . . the razzberry and a wicked warning!!! . . . We are fed up! Your news is due the day before the regular articles are supposed to come in. So there, too! . . . Good luck to everyone on exams!!! . . .

Tell Your Soldier Farewell, Honey You'll See Him Only In Your Dreams

After the Ball Was Over, Molly Malone was seen Whispering Au Revoir Again to Johnny Zero. "Oh, Johnny," she cried, "Now Is the Hour, and I'll be Thinking of You Always. You're in the Army Now, so Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me."

The Carolina Moon was Slipping Around In the Still of the Night While the Band Played On A Simple Melody.

"Dearie," Johnny murmured, "Re-

member Me while I'm on a Slow Boat to China. I'll Always Be in Love With You," he added. "Oh, Why Was I Born? I've been living in a Fool's Paradise thinking that I'd be Free. That Lucky Old Sun," he shouted, "all he's got to do is roll around heaven all day. Until I return, My Pretty Girl, you just be Sitting and A-Rocking, and All Through the Night I'll See You in My Dreams."

A Day Of Quiet Will Come With Exams Personally I'll Take All The Noise

Since I've been at Saint Mary's I think I've become slightly deaf. When people aren't shouting I can't seem to understand what they are saying. Honestly, the noise is getting me down.

The worst way in the world to wake up is with an alarm clock ringing in your ears. Any alarm clock is bad enough, but ours takes the cake. It always gives the impression that there is a four-alarm fire in the room next door. Then things are fairly peaceful until the girls begin yelling that the cowbell has rung.

During classes we strain (?) to hear what the teacher is saying while the radiators bang and clatter. Then, too, there is always the rush for mail at chapel time. The next ear-splitting sound is issued by the twelve clock whistle (siren would be a more appropriate name).

The afternoon is even worse. If I'm in chemistry lab there is an explosion. If I'm in my room, some-

one is playing the ukelele or has the radio on so loud that I can hear it all the way down the hall. Then the telephone begins its incessant ringing, and with it comes the unheeded cry "Somebody answer the phone!"

Two enthusiastic cheerleaders decide to practice in the hall right outside my door, and the girls above me have a contest to see which one can make the most noise shagging. Of course, by now I'm used to the screams of "Your water is running!" and "Has anyone got the tub after you?" so they don't bother me too much.

Study hall is welcome, to me at least. Why, I can read my *Modern Romances* in peace! That little bubble bursts as ten girls with the loudest voices in the world clammer in to see my noisy roommate.

At nine-thirty the bedlam really begins. By the way, does anyone know where I can buy a pair of ear-plugs for a reasonable price?

Sorry Sir, That Line Is Still Busy What A Dilemma For A Boy Friend!

You know boys are always saying that they have difficulty getting SMS on the telephone. I can't imagine why. Last week Joe was supposed to call me on Tuesday and he didn't call until Friday. I was furious by that time and so was he. He said that he'd been trying since Tuesday to get me.

"Of all the things I've ever tried to do, trying to get you on that third Holt telephone is the hardest I've encountered yet. Fighting on Okinawa wasn't that aggravating," he said.

"First of all, I called you Tuesday night and the operator informed me that she was sorry but it was study hall and I couldn't talk to you. I practically bit her head off asking her when I could and she said that I could try between 9:40 and 10:05, but since there were only four lines for 300 girls I probably wouldn't get you then either.

"Well, anyway, in the progress of the next three days I found out your complete schedule and the life history of the operator and acquired a hand cramp I'll never get over. Once, after conquering those ten minutes that you all talk a day, I finally got your hall and some voice said that she was very sorry but you were at Life Saving and wouldn't be back until time for supper, at which time the switchboard goes off and you couldn't be reached if your mother died. I've called every single time the switchboard was on since then, and you were either at choir

practice, the Little Theatre, in gym class, in the library (at that I started to ask the girl if she'd mind digging you out of hibernation), or in some other isolated spot. You know, if the Russians ever come, you'll be perfectly safe in that place. Don't think that one night I didn't get the school and was waiting for somebody on that hall you live on to stop talking, and all of a sudden the school operator told me I'd have to limit my call. I calmly explained that I hadn't even gotten my call through, whereby she announced that it was 10:00 and she had to go all the way to third Smedes by herself and would I please get off the line so she could go home—I made up my mind that if I didn't get you this time from here on out you were going to call me.

"After all this I've decided there's a definite technique to getting you on the telephone. First you must run around the block six times so you will sound breathless with excitement. Next you make a dive for the telephone and if you land on the ear on the receiver you may call 3-6621—while you are dialing the number you must keep muttering 3 times 2 is 6 and 6 times 1 is 6 and 6 divided by 3 is 2 and you're finally down to one. By that time if you don't have any luck just give up. Why, you might dream about switchboard hours, deans and telephones, and if you're so tired you sleep soundly your dialing finger will still be so sore you can't move it for days."

Do You Feel Tired? Run Down? Worn Out? Lost Your Appetite? Exams! That's Why

Do you have a phobia of the tibia? Does your left eyelash grow near your right one? Do your feet swell when you play leap frog? Do you have trouble with squares before your eyes? Is your cerebrum caked with dust? Do you get springitis from staying under the bed during chapel? Do you find yourself sore after falling out of a third story window looking for the Little Man?

There is a remedy for these nagging worries. Don't be half safe (all or nothing at all). Have you tried NAYWARD, the all purpose juice? NAYWARD not only stops itching eyeballs but can also be used as tooth paste for false teeth. Nine out of every million doctors use NAYWARD.

Many women use NAYWARD for

sinking elux. It has also been drunk by many people instead of milk. People who drink NAYWARD will never drink milk again (they aren't able to).

NAYWARD has many fine ingredients. One bottle contains two-fifths (spoon) of mutilated hog fat, a cup of creamed arsenic, and a dip of tobacco juice. The rest is taken up by a secret ingredient.

Do try NAYWARD and your savia will never join with your glaucus, your panat will never bisect your groomes, and never again will your secele interrupt the program of your glasmo.

During a seance recently, one of the early users of NAYWARD said, "Try NAYWARD and you'll never try anything else."

Happy Birthday

Grace Gordon	January 28	Grace Woodson	February 4
Alice Jones	January 29	Ginger Mowery	February 6
Susanne Freund	January 31	Kil Armistead	February 7
Betty Jo Snider	January 31	Mary Hodges	February 8
Barbara Jean Stott	January 31	Nancy Woodruff	February 8
Laura Dean Matheson	February 1	Jess Gant	February 9
Jean Gould	February 2	Christine Overton	February 10
Jeffrie Ann Grady	February 3	Caroline Robinson	February 10
Spooner Harrison	February 3	Jean McGhee	February 11
Mickie Shannon	February 3	Juliet Fulghum	February 13
		Evelyn Menzies	February 14
		Margaret Dunn	February 15