

Saint Sallies

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF YORE . . . Well, the week end is over now, and the only pastime for those select few who took several days is daydreaming. Just take a look around the campus, and those dreamers will appear as if descending from the clouds. . . . *Emilie Adams* spent the other week end at the University of Virginia and just happened not to come back empty handed. Need we say more? . . . *Alice Jones* and her roomie, *Marian Faison*, hit the "Hill" this past week end, and so did *Apey Patterson*, *Sally Hackney*, *Peggy Costner*, and *Frances Williams* were also among the lucky ones, proving that once again S.M.S. was well represented at Carolina. . . . *Liz Whitley*, *Nell Boone Crofton*, *Mary Sue Strupe*, *Caroline Robinson*, *Itsy Masterton*, and *Ann Benton* are still walking around humming *Home Sweet Home*, and why not, after such a wonderful time? . . . *Barbara Clark's* trip to the Winter Carnival at Williams must have been something out of this world, and the same can be applied to *Franky Allen's* week end in New York. The only disadvantage Franky found was that she isn't qualified for the Toots Shor Society. . . .

THE TROOPS HAVE LANDED!! . . . West Rock has practically set up a welcoming committee for the Marine Corps. Heading the line of greeters are *Beeps Buchanan*, *Mary Dorsett*, *Helen Sanders*, and *Lyn Littleton*. . . . And if anyone is frightened of the Little Man at night, *Mary Dorsett* has her own special bodyguard. None other than a policeman!! . . . And speaking of the services, what is it that *Caroline Bismar* has up her sleeve? . . .

WAYS TO CATCH A MAN . . . Just ask *Alice May* or *Margaret Cheatham*, "How would you like to be a PiKA?" . . . *Bev Rutter* found

that "Our Best" offers excellent prospects, especially concerning State seniors. . . . And, of course, there's always *Brucie Nelson* who is able to give extensive advice if it concerns a KA. . . . Her assistant, *Kitty Melcher*, is no dumb bunny either, except that she has a question hanging over her head at the present entitled "To Be or Not to Be." . . . Thanks, Shakes, ole boy. . . .

PEERING INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL . . . We see that *Sue Harrison* will sponsor for the KA's at Randolph-Macon this week-end. . . . *Laura Hays* is looking forward to a très gai time at home, just relaxing and resting. These research papers can sho' get one down. . . . *Pat Boesser* is on pins and needles thinking about the week end at the EX house at Carolina. . . . *Nell Eley* states that home can't be beat, so that's where she's heading. Wonder if it's just to be with the family? . . . *Wilson* is beckoning to *Alice Bost*. . . . In other words, mass desertion. . . .

CONFUSION, THY NAME IS SAINT MARY'S . . . (to be rearranging poor Will) . . . Poor *Pat Tankard!* She just can't keep her men straight because she doesn't get this thing of names very easily. This discrepancy resulted in two dates, so why complain? . . .

A PLEA . . . (The commonplace item with which we bring this column to a close) . . . Saint Mary's is filled with girls who are stunning, cultured, well-bred, and possessed of scintillating personalities. You all must realize this fact. So get busy and do something with these virtues so that this article can have, for once, a section titled "Flash": (please do not make this action too drastic; i.e., suicide, marriage, murder, etc.). . . . Our motto remains "Never Say Die."

Honey Take Another Look At Your Roommate, You Could Do Lots Worse!

Perhaps one of the biggest features of a new college life is the suspense one feels over her prospective roommate. "Will I get a cute one, or will she be a drip?" That question races through one's mind periodically through the summer months. Some of us are lucky, but the rest of us . . . well!

Roommates may be classified into several groups. There are the sweet, dear things who smile continually and say, "Yes, roomie," to every suggestion. They never utter an unkind word or raise their voices above a whisper. Every trial is a mutual endurance for both occupants of the given hole in the wall, and life is one big bed of roses. If there's any complaint to be made against this type of roommate, it would be that you feel as if you'd like to slap that silly grin off of her face and shout what you really think for just one time.

The next type of roommate is the self-sufficient, unconcerned character who makes herself quite comfortable in the room and has nothing to say one way or the other about anything. She comes and goes when she pleases and speaks only when

spoken to. What the human being living in the other half of the room says, thinks, or does is entirely up to the human being living in the other half of the room. What can one say about this type? Well, nothing much, except that it certainly would be nice to think that you lived with somebody rather than something.

The third class of roommate is the Grouchy Gertie type. If you try to help her, you're wrong. If you ignore her, you're a criminal. If you chew your gum as if you were enjoying it, you're strongly reprimanded. Life in your cell is merely a ceaseless ordeal that you pray will end soon.

But all roommates don't fit into these three types. There is one more big classification, and this one is best of all. What are these like? Well, look around you . . . yes, in your very own room. And no matter what you see, always remember that it could be worse. You didn't do so bad after all!!!

A thing that seems to improve the longer you keep it is your temper.—*Anon.*

Hey Stranger, Don't Run Away We'll All Be Lovely At Dawn

By 10:30 at night girls at Saint Mary's begin to take on strange and sometimes frightful appearances. Perhaps those blessed creatures with naturally curly hair should be declared as exceptions. Nevertheless, they still have ways and means to make themselves unlovely in the obliging darkness of night in order to bring out their lovelier selves in the revealing light of day.

Not even the gals with the permanently curly tresses can escape the perplexities resulting from having a skin. Some have dry skins. Some have oily skins. But heaven help the poor souls and their onlookers at nightfall who have blemishes. The latter variety delight in splotching themselves with a thick white substance that lends a ghostly appearance. Innocent bystanders have to be told that their knees needn't quake. After all, it's really only that nice, gentle Sue who is so attractive during the daylight hours. She's merely trying to improve her attractive self by appearing atrocious at night.

Of course, the dry and oily varieties have their own peculiar characteristics come nightfall, also. The oily type will smell (no proximity necessary, either) as though they have just come out of the operating room. The inquisitive one is assured that the very sanitary odor comes only from a drying lotion. With an interest in seeing human

efforts put to the best use, the inquisitive one advises the odor-carrier to try a towel sometimes. The adviser will no sooner become startled by the glares of the advisee than she will become even more startled by a bright, shiny object atop a walking body approaching her. At closer range, she discovers that the object is a recently well-greased face. Probably she will wisely make no remarks to this one and just stare wonderingly.

Some girls use tons of bobby pins. Others use a dozen or so holey socks. Some dainty ones use ribbons. That hair must be curled. It's most surprising, but really, come morning there are some mighty good-lookin' girls at Saint Mary's. Equally surprising is the fact that they look normal—in public, that is.

A man who saves for a rainy day gets a lot of bad weather reports from his relatives.

—RAYMOND DUNCAN

The worst trouble with the future is that it seems to get here quicker than it used to.

—MERRILL CHILCOTE

Say, why are beauties praised and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion and the vain man's toast?"

—POPE.

If You Say School Is Always A Bore You Don't Live On Holt Third Floor

Have you ever been to that rendezvous that's over Holt second floor? Now there's a shanty with the cosmo girls—Just knock on any door.

Or if you're pressed for time always and stay up in your cell, Those hot dog girls, Ginger and Anne, will visit at the nine-thirty bell.

But just in case you miss the rest I'll give a glimpse to you Of all the girls up on third Holt and the crazy things they do.

Frances Allen, the editor of the BELLES, is about to lose her hair. That dye she uses is mighty strong, and I'd advise her to take care.

For Lou the phone from that boy of hers is always on the ring, And Mary Sutton gets plenty of calls from boys dangling on her string.

Davidson casts a glow on the faces of a few.

Mickie Shannon proudly wears a pin, and Tonia kinda wants one too.

The boy far across the sea is the man for Harriet Tew.

Though the months are many, the days are long, our little Harriet is true.

Now Sugar is a beauty queen and the center of the PiKA boy's dreams,

And Rixey only said the word and Bill ringed her, it seems.

Laura Chapman and Mazie run a race to see who's the opera singer, Mac joins to make a trio like Martin and Pons and Pinza.

Little Sonoko, the "mess" of the hall, runs up and down all the day, And Margaret Anne Sasser is always the fourth when it's bridge one wants to play.

Barbara Dixon's the independent girl who lives without future in mind, And Ben better get wise 'cause that Kitty Fisher is the cutest girl he can find.

LaNelle likes to work on the switchboard at night and talk to the boys who call,

And Jean Gould studies hard on all her work, never coming out in the hall.

Carol Sledge comes the closest to being the mostest of skin and bones that we see, And Ann Miles is the May Court girl, as pretty as she can be.

King Risley is a busy girl and studies every hour, She takes a break just once a day to jump into the shower.

This is the end; your author is tired and wants to go to bed; So good-bye for now, I hope you've gotten the people on third in your head.