

Belles of Saint Mary's

LINDA PILAND

ANN FREEMAN

Town: Raleigh.
 Age: 18.
 Hair: Blonde.
 Eyes: Green.
 Pet Peeve: Tank suits.
 Always Seen: Making movies for Dr. Browne.
 Always Heard: One time there were two bopsters . . .
 Hobby: Carefully demobilizing the chemistry department.
 Favorite Food: Asparagus and apple juice.
 Favorite Song: *It's Very Clear*.
 Looking Forward To: Working this summer at Cape Cod.
 Ambition: To be a foreign correspondent.
 Offices and Clubs: New President of the day students, *Sigma Pi Alpha*, Glee Club, *Mu*.

Town: Meridian, Mississippi.
 Age: 18.
 Hair: Brown.
 Eyes: Blue.
 Pet Peeve: Asparagus and cheese soufflé.
 Always Seen: Talking.
 Always Heard: Come on, Roomie.
 Hobby: Knitting.
 Favorite Food: *Southern* fried chicken.
 Favorite Song: *Tenderly*.
 Looking Forward To: This summer.
 Ambition: To get married and have six little kiddies.
 Offices and Clubs: *Sigma Pi Alpha*, Canterbury Club, Doctor's Daughters Club, Stage Coach Staff, *Mu*, Senior Honor Council member-elect.

MARY JORDAN

Town: Fayetteville.
 Age: 19.
 Hair: Brown.
 Eyes: Hazel.
 Pet Peeve: Roommate's birds.
 Always Seen: Smiling.
 Always Heard: Hurry up, Shilly.
 Hobby: Writing John.
 Favorite Food: Shrimp.
 Favorite Song: *I Believe*.
 Looking Forward To: Going to Florida.
 Ambition: To earn a MRS. degree.
 Offices and Clubs: *Sigma* cheerleader, Canterbury Club, Stage Coach Staff, *Sigma Pi Alpha*, Senior Honor Council Representative-elect; incoming Secretary of the Student Government.

An old man was sitting on the porch of a little village store when a big, shiny car drove up with two strangers in it, one of whom called out, "Hey there, how long has this town been dead?" The old man looked at them over the rims of his spectacles, then replied, "Well not long, I guess. You're the first buzzards I've seen."

It is believing in roses that brings them into bloom.—*French Proverb*.

If you want to really know what a family is like, peek in its medicine cabinet.

Have One Last Terrific Fling Before Settling Down To Books

One more glorious week end! One more week end of freedom before burying ourselves under a pile of books and papers or hibernating in the library until that fateful week of exams. And what to do with it?

First, Friday after classes, dress in your prettiest spring outfit and go to the most elegant restaurant and eat until you have to loosen your belt to the last notch. Don't think about the calories; they may remind you of biology or home ec. Next, if you're not worn out by the thought of what the next weeks hold, go to some nice place with candlelight and soft music for dancing. The music might quiet your nerves unless, of course, it reminds you of a music theory exam approaching.

Saturday go to the grocery store and load up with things to nibble on and take your last visit to the sun-

porch. That night look your nicest because beginning Monday, your eyes will start bagging, your cheeks will start sagging, and it will be nice to remember that you once looked presentable. Go to a sad, romantic movie starring your favorite actor with your favorite feller and get all thoughts of men and romance out of your system, unless the picture show reminds you of S.M.S. assemblies. (In that case, invent your own entertainment.)

Sunday, a quiet picnic beside a beautiful lake will take your mind off your troubles, that is, if it doesn't remind you of the water pump which you don't understand at all, but will most probably be on your chemistry exam.

If none of these things take you away from it all, just go to bed and hope you never wake up.

SMS Girls Have Ideal Time At Beach-No Cares, Mosquitoes, Or Men

Summertime and the livin' was easy. The beach just oozed with beautiful, big mosquitoes and large, fat sandspurs. It was wonderful! No doubt about it. Why, Saint Mary's girls had more fun at the beach this past summer than they ever dreamed of having before! All the beach bums of the former years were in the Army and had been replaced by the most adorable thirteen-year-olds imaginable.

And the stinging nettles . . . oh, they were really having a great time. There were about 200 of the little parachutes per square inch of sand.

The weather was excellent too. Not over 130 degrees in the shade during the day, and not under 95 degrees at night. No fear of catching a cold.

Prices were good. Cheeseburgers were seventy-five cents, tax included; a pack of cigarettes cost only thirty-five cents, and cokes were fifteen cents. A few articles were a little

unreasonable, but who could gripe with the above essentials of life so cheap!

House parties were fine everywhere. Didn't need chaperones. No men anyway, so the girls just had a great time being together. It was sort of like moving Saint Mary's to the ocean.

Swimming was wonderful. No one around to pester the girls but the stinging nettles, and they did their best to keep the few lonesome-for-their-lovers-girls happy. Nobody got ducked; nobody got drowned; best of all, nobody had to worry about their figures in bathing suits. Why nobody's roommate even cared how she looked!

The sun tans helped to make the summer complete. Everyone had the reddest blisters. Too, that old sun had a lot of help from the sand and wind. The sun baked the sand and the girls, and the wind blew the nice hot dirt on the girls. It really helped! Felt so good, too.

Saint Mary's Girls Wonder Why Precious Time Seems To Fly By

Saint Mary's Sallie has just come into her room after playing a few quick hands of bridge. It is now two o'clock.

"This is wonderful," she thinks happily. "I've got the whole afternoon free. If I read from now until dinner, I can finish my book."

Fifteen minutes later she has the radio adjusted to her taste, and has settled down with a box of cookies and her book.

"But really," she decides. "I don't need to spend all afternoon reading. After all, I should write Mother and Daddy often enough for them to know I'm still alive."

By three, she has finished her letters. (After she wrote her parents, she just had to write her best friend.

A few minutes less reading wouldn't matter anyway.) She picks up her book again, and this time she actually reads two pages. Then the phone starts ringing.

"I've just got to answer it," Sallie

says to herself after the eighth ring. "It just might be for me."

Unfortunately, by the time Sallie gets to the other end of the hall, the phone has stopped ringing. On the way back to her room, she stops to bum a cigarette. Of course she gets into a conversation. Half an hour later it occurs to her that she is supposed to be reading.

By now the program she was listening to is over, and she has to find another. She returns to her book and reads all of five pages before her roommate comes in from lab.

"I know you're tired of reading," says Roomie. "A little bridge is just what you need."

"All right," agrees Sallie. "But only a couple of hands, and then I'll get back to my book."

The bridge game ends at quarter to six. As she gets dressed for dinner, Sallie is bewildered.

"Roomie," says she, "I just can't understand why I never get anything done."

New Summer Fashions Call For Slim, Casual, Tailored Look

Six new looks stand out for this summer and form the basis of a summer wardrobe. The first look is the casual look which could be the sweated-dress. This is a look that appears every year and one that cannot be beat. The second look is the slim look. Dresses are straight and simple, and coats are as slender as possible. The third look is the unruffled day look. A dress that would fit here is a pleated dress. The fourth look is the city look composed of the shirtwaist. This look is similar to the casual look because it is a yearly favorite. The fifth look is the full-skirted print. The print has been rescued from seclusion and is now in its glory. The sixth and last look is the after-five look which is without its limits but is usually a soft dress in a soft fabric.

If you're a seamstress, you're lucky; you can make clothes that are individual and suit only you. There are so many luscious materials out these days that one won't have a hard time in choosing an outstanding selection. Some more ideas: why not make a dress of nylon or satin striped denim? A well chosen pattern in these materials could be hard to beat. The print materials this year are prettier than ever before. Choose one of them and see the compliments fly. Nothing could be prettier than a dress in black and white checks. If you're smart, you will make a coat that can be worn as a robe, dress, or wrap. The striking accessories out these days will make it your most versatile outfit. Where's my needle?