

Belles of Saint Mary's

TRISSY HOLT

ELLEN OZON

Town: Ridgewood, N. J.
 Age: 19.
 Hair: Black.
 Eyes: Blue.
 Pet Peeve: Writing history papers.
 Always Seen: Waiting for a phone call.
 Always Heard: "No joke?"
 Hobby: Dancing.
 Favorite Food: Cherry pie.
 Favorite Song: *You'll Never Walk Alone*.
 Looking Forward To: Carolina.
 Ambition: To get to Europe next summer.
 Offices and Clubs: Hall counselor, *Mu* cheerleader, President of *Orchesis*, Marshal, member of Letter Club and *Sigma Pi Alpha*.

Town: Coral Gables, Florida.
 Age: 19.
 Hair: Blonde.
 Eyes: Blue.
 Pet Peeve: *Forty Cups of Coffee*.
 Always Seen: Dancing.
 Always Heard: "That's really neat."
 Hobby: Pacifying her roommate.
 Favorite Food: Ambrosia.
 Favorite Song: *I've Got Tears In My Ears from Lying on My Back In My Bed from Crying Over You*.

Looking Forward To: My first date.
 Ambition: To be a private eye.
 Offices and Clubs: Canterbury Club; *Orchesis*, Secretary - Treasurer; *Sigma* Vice-president; *Sigma* Cheerleader; Dramatics Club.

ALLAN HARDIN

BARBARA SEAMAN

Town: Wilmington, N. C.
 Age: 18.
 Hair: Dirty blonde.
 Eyes: Fatigued.
 Pet Peeve: Laughter before breakfast.
 Always Seen: Sleeping.
 Always Heard: "Now, Dill."
 Hobby: Sleeping.
 Favorite Food: Seafood.
 Favorite Song: *All the Things You Are*.
 Looking forward To: Carolina.
 Ambition: To get a good night's sleep.
 Offices and Clubs: Letter Club President, *Mu* Vice-President, Canterbury Club, Acolyte, Granddaughter's Club, *Sigma Pi Alpha*, *Orchesis*, BELLES.

Town: Warrenton, N. C.
 Age: 18.
 Hair: Dark brown.
 Eyes: Green.
 Pet Peeve: People who lose their temper.
 Always Seen: Sleeping.
 Always Heard: "Jack says . . ."
 Hobby: Reading.
 Favorite Food: Lobster à la Newbergh.
 Favorite Song: *Song from Moulin Rouge*.
 Looking Forward To: Davidson Homecomings.
 Ambition: To be psychoanalyzed.
 Offices and Clubs: Editor of BELLES, YWCA, Altar Guild, *Orchesis*, *Sigma Pi Alpha*, Hall Counselor, *Sigma*.

Required Gym Gives SMS New Girls Nightmares Featuring Weird Dreams

What on earth is this strange ailment that seems to be bothering more than half the "new girls?" It seems that they're all having nightmares about the same thing! It must be caused by something they've eaten (pineapple or chicken stew, maybe?), but they keep imagining themselves all dressed up in little blue gym suits—gym suits with just-above-knee-length skirts, sagging necks, and belted middles with exactly no shape! Can you picture anything so strange, and right here on our campus, too?

The girls say they see themselves trooping outdoors for a required gym class—twice a week! Really, it's unbelievable. In said class, so goes the dream, they are all instructed in the fundamentals of tennis and hockey. (Hockey, you know, is that sport strictly for namby-pambys or the aged and weary. It's so gentle and relaxing.)

The dreamers say you just can't imagine what funny situations arise in a beginners' hockey game until you've dreamed about one! Why, one girl said she imagined that she spent forty minutes one day trying to dribble the ball around the field. She later realized that the "little short blade" of the stick is not to hold on with. Another poor child, after hitting the ball three times in the wrong direction during a game, broke out into a wild, almost insane

laugh and began frantically hitting the foot of the nearest team-mate with the hockey stick! It's really quite lucky we don't have such games.

And then there's the fantastic tale of a class in tennis. It's most amusing—dreamland style! It seems that everyone imagined herself standing in a circle hitting the air! When told that she was learning a *forehand* drive, one poor girl spent half the period worrying about where the other two (hands, that is) would come from. Another version of the dream seems to be that approximately eight people stand on each court, hit the ball to the eight on the other side who promptly catch the ball, then a few minutes later, hit it back. As some "dream gal" said, "Dig that crazy driving range!"

The nicest thing about knowing these "things" are only nightmares, say the dreaming girls, is that you know you'll never really have to get out and run up and down a hockey field or race all over and around a tennis court for forty-five minutes, and then be expected to be dressed and in class looking neat and trim ten minutes later. This could never happen at Saint Mary's!

Say, what's that superstition about telling dreams before breakfast—even to your roommate?

Saint Sallies

Here we are back again with another edition of the gossip. Despite the hustle and bustle of these first two weeks, Saint Mary's has been well represented at the social functions of the day. We are even represented in the realm of political affairs. Mary Clayton's father was elected last week to the State Supreme Court of Alabama. The same Mary C. and Pat Haughton are going to West Point for a weekend, including a football game, in the very near future.

Janice Hinsen went to the Raleigh-Wilmington game last Friday. Margaret Rose went to the game on the tenth, along with Ruth Watkins. But Dottie Craven broke all records by going to two games in one day. In the afternoon she went to the Carolina-Wake Forest game, and the Davidson-State game at night.

Comes the weekend of the 17th, and goes a large portion of Saint Mary's to their respective homes. The Pines in Winsdor will be livened up by Harriet Madre, Mary Rhea Spivey, Marilyn Hedrick, Myra Thayer, Pat Haughton, Frances Perry, and Kitty Campen.

Carolyn Foy went to High Point to her brother's wedding Saturday, October 10. Sara Cobb is going to Sweetbriar to see Harriet Cooper.

Davidson's homecoming will be well attended the week end of the 17th. To date those going are: Dot-

tie Foster, Sarah Walters, Jane Wrike, Bobby and Libby Love, Ann Bunn, Abbot Henderson, Ann Marie Miller, Mela Royall, Pat Perry, Coleman Jenkins, Sally Elgin, and Barbara Seaman.

Carolina Germans will take quite a few of our girls, too. Those going to date are: Mary Jordan, Sally McMullan, Claudia Peeler, Dillon Dawson, Charlotte Lilly, Mary Ann Braswell, Peggy Flythe. Claudia Peeler had her picture taken the 9th, as she is one of the sponsors. Her picture will appear in *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Now we come to the fraternity rushing parties. Wednesday at the PiKA house were: Timmy Timmons, Alice Bost, Trissy Holt, Mary Grady Burnette, Lorrie Clark, Ann Freeman, Charlotte Lilly, Connie Shaner, Dill Walker, Allan Hardin, and Frances Spain.

Attending the SAE party at State on Saturday, October 3, were: Debby Conner, Barbara Hunt, Susan Patman, Sister Heath, B. J. Watkins, and Doris Ann Sherrill.

The Sigma Nu fraternity had a rushing party Wednesday at the Country Club. Sibby Callaway, Kay Baker, Ann Scott Anderson, Elizabeth Holmes, and Gray Proctor were there.

Attending the Kappa Sigma rush party on Friday were Mary Windley Dunn, Ann Scott Anderson, and Libby Patman.

Stage Coach "Picture-Taking" Causes Sylvia Much Confusion, Grievances

At last the day arrived for Sylvia to have her year book picture taken. For a month she had been unable to think of anything else but this exciting event, and now the hour was here. She wildly leaped out of bed and began frantically taking down her hair, praying as she unrolled each peroxidized lock, that the pieces would fall neatly in place. However, she was slightly dubious about the result, for only last Monday she had visited a popular beauty salon and had brazenly demanded a poodle. The poodle was now in the process of growing out: likewise, the peroxide. So her appearance was not quite up to par. Sylvia removed the last bobby-pin and vigorously began combing. After the first rake, she realized that her hair was not looking at all good. Big, fat tears rolled down her cheeks, making her powder and rouge run all over her face.

Just as Sylvia was on the verge of the inevitable nervous breakdown, Nancy, her next door neighbor, burst into the room and announced that they had five minutes before their appointment. Sylvia collected herself and ran down to the publication room with her friend. As they entered the door, Mr. Goldstein issued numerous orders that went like this, "My, what lovely girls! You, with the streaked face and fussy hair, remove your sweater and please wrap this towel around yourself. There are some pearls around here someplace; so find them and wrap them around your neck. Don't forget to comb your hair again. You know, your friends would enjoy seeing your face."

After Sylvia had carried out the

instructions, she fell into the dark room and slouched down upon an attractive brown bench. Mr. Goldstein was under a black cloth, wildly waving his arms and telling Sylvia to beam.

Never had she been so self-conscious. The towel was falling off; eighty comrades were lurking outside the door. One was telling her to try to look sexy, while the other 79 were giving various other instructions. It was really immaterial whom she listened to, for the photographer had snapped the picture and was preparing for his next victim.

The days that followed were nightmares, for Sylvia's Mother had written to say that she had promised twenty pictures to various relatives and that she "did hope they would turn out beautifully."

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The day arrived and Sylvia grabbed her *Stage Coach*. Turning the pages, she reached the Sophomore class section, but her picture was nowhere to be found. It had been left out!

Saint Mary's girls are still talking about that day in '35 when a girl devoured an entire year book. Some had it rumored that she was starving to death and, of course, this could very easily have been the case. However, only a few know the real reason, but they hesitate to relate this tale for fear that there will be no more *Stage Coaches*.

"The same rain that saves the optimist's corn makes the pessimist's weeds grow faster." — J. W. Cunningham.