

# Belles of Saint Mary's

PAT PERRY

JANET RATTRAY

Town: Winston-Salem.  
 Age: 18.  
 Hair: Ash blond.  
 Eyes: Green.  
 Pet Peeve: Vanilla mushrooms.  
 Favorite Song: *That's For Me*.  
 Favorite Food: Chocolate mushrooms.  
 Hobby: Voodoo.  
 Always Heard: Laughing.  
 Always Seen: Raising an eyebrow.  
 Looking Forward To: Having twins.  
 Ambition: To beat Miss Rattray in the Jet Race.  
 Offices and Clubs: Doctors' Daughters Club, Canterbury Club, *Sigma Pi Alpha, Mu*.

Town: "Beautiful" Wilson.  
 Age: 19.  
 Hair: Brown.  
 Eyes: Brown.  
 Pet Peeve: Incessant noise.  
 Favorite Song: *My Desire*.  
 Favorite Food: Turkey dressing.  
 Hobby: Scheming.  
 Always Seen: Tearing up paper.  
 Always Heard: "Not this Cat!"  
 Looking Forward To: Living it up!  
 Ambition: To beat Miss Perry in the "next" Jet Race.  
 Offices and Clubs: Canterbury Club, Alter Guild, All-Star Softball.

## 'Twas Midday

'Twas the hour before lunch  
 And out on the porch  
 Lay thirty dead bodies  
 Receiving a scorch.

The clothes were discarded  
 All over the floor,  
 While Joanne tried vainly  
 To reach the front door.

We lay in a row  
 In our tar-stained places  
 While delightful black grits  
 Blew around our wee faces.

The grease on our arms,  
 Applied with great toil,  
 Would make thirty bodies  
 Be soon boiled in oil.

But hark! there's a sound  
 And everyone reaches  
 For some love funny books,  
 Blankets, and breeches.

A mad camera fiend  
 Her instrument brings  
 To take pictures of us  
 In unmentionable things.

While below in the way  
 With elbow and fist  
 Girls fight to put their names  
 Number thirty on list.

Now some beauties sleep while  
 Receiving their tan  
 Til revived by cold water  
 By dear Laura Ann.

Now cover up, bathers,  
 I know all the tricks;  
 Those planes don't fly low just  
 To look at the bricks.

But when you have burned each  
 Side, turned to fry on,  
 You'll wish tonight you'd saved  
 A side you can lie on.

ALICE ANN WINFIELD

Town: Chocowinity.  
 Age: 19.  
 Hair: Brown.  
 Eyes: Brown.  
 Pet Peeve: Summer reading.  
 Favorite Song: *In a Grove*. What else!  
 Favorite Food: Shrimp cocktails.  
 Hobby: Mr. Moore's English.  
 Always Heard: "Gigi."  
 Always Seen: At the Flick House.  
 Looking Forward To: Wealthy Virginia men!  
 Ambition: To learn to cut grapefruit.  
 Offices and Clubs: BELLES staff, *Stage Coach* staff, Canterbury Club, *Mu*.

## Choose Your College Dates With Discretion

Girls, use discretion in choosing your dates. . . . Never date biology students; they enjoy cutting up too much.  
 The football hero is all right; he will tackle anything.  
 The tennis player is harmless; he just enjoys a racket.  
 Watch out for the baseball rookie; he hits and runs.  
 Be careful of dramatic students; they usually have several good lines.  
 Always let band members talk about themselves; they enjoy tooting their horns.  
 Keep away from track men; they are too fast.  
 Beware of math students; they know figures.  
 ("The Proconian")

## Staff of Life Bemoans Numerous Nicknames, Pleads for Help

by Mela Royal

I must admit that I usually rate very little if any consideration whatsoever. Most people seem to take me for granted. But those who do like me really do make me feel worthwhile. For instance, there is a family in France in which I traditionally go to the head of the household, and everyone else covets me. In that household I represent power. Anyone who has a great appreciation for French bread will understand why this French family lets the crusty pieces on either end of the *baquette* go to the bread winner.  
 In other homes I may not represent anything so grand, but I can

tell the critical observer something about the people in almost any household. Let's consider Mrs. Chary. She keeps the first and last pieces taken from a sliced loaf of bread in waxed paper in the refrigerator until she needs bread crumbs to prepare some recipe.  
 Because she is a very thrifty meal-planner, she often uses left overs in her cooking, and many dishes prepared from leftovers call for bread crumbs. If too much bread should accumulate, Mrs. Chary dices the oldest pieces and mixes them with any stale cereal or crackers she might have on hand and uses them to fill her bird feeding station.  
 Now let's clear up a point once

## SMS Girls Plan Future Education; College Campuses Provide Variety

About this time of year as St. Mary's girls, especially sophomores and seniors, begin to plan where they will continue their education. One begins to hear a lot about various colleges and universities. There are any number of fantastic places from which a student may choose.

Besides the Hill where there are ten boys for every girl on campus and no studying—well, almost none, there are some fascinating institutions farther afield. One hears of colleges that insist that a girl be in her dormitory by two o'clock a. m. or else get a room in town for the night. Another only requires that all dates be out of the parlor by six-thirty a. m. It is rumored that one university is planning to require that all students sign on a special sheet if they plan to come in before twelve on week nights or before two-thirty a. m. on weekends. They want to know which dorms to send coffee and cake to; they send only coffee after these hours.

### Your Own Phone

As living quarters go, the super-college is a grand affair with suites of rooms and private baths. White leather upholstery and maids to clean rooms and do personal laundry are a real inducement for another institution. But the one that beats them all is one that not only has a private phone for each student, but has phones and a directory in the parlor so that a visitor can simply call the room of the student he wants to see and talk to her.

### Fashion Flashes

Another fashion ticket proves that long gloves are strictly *passé*. Those being shown with most of the fashions are short, short gloves. I remember going to a flapper party this summer and wearing mother's long beads that I knotted. I thought them a scream. Well, here's the latest: they are wearing long rope beads with most of the summer clothes. You can wear them tucked in your belt, draped sideways over your shoulders, or in any way that happens to suit your fancy. A smart outfit this summer will match completely. Shoes, hats, gloves, and even rope beads will match your dress. Also your fashion crystal ball sees not sun spots, but polka dots!

However, all these places have classes that must be attended at least occasionally. Nevertheless, if one investigates, she may find that these aren't so very bad either if one just picks the right college. In addition to unlimited cuts, one college has reclining desks. If the tuition fee doesn't matter, one may even have a private secretary to take class notes in shorthand and type them. The only thing that isn't available is learning while you sleep. The first school that offered tape recordings of all required material to be played until it is absorbed unconsciously while students sleep was stampeded and utterly demolished. They are rebuilding now and plan to call out the national guard when they attempt to reopen in the fall of 1964.

## SMS Personal Hit Parade

- You'll Never Walk Alone*—Claudia Peeler.
- I'll Be True to You*—Shirley Deese.
- Dear John*—Betty Dry.
- Write Me a Letter*—Frances Capehart and Ruth Watkins.
- Someone to Watch Over You*—Miss M. D. Jones.
- I'm the Jury and You're On Trial*—Alice Bost.
- Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny*—Sumner Parham and Allene Wellons.
- There Is Nothing Like a Man*—the student body.
- Fools Rush In*—Dates.
- C'est si Bon*—Madame Smith.
- Just Plain Bill*—Frances Perry, Bunny Gee, and Margaret Rose.
- Don't Fence Me In*—Study Hall.
- Charlie, My Boy*—Lucy Helig and Pat McQueen.
- O Happy Day*—Gail McCutcheon.
- At Last*—May 31.
- Always Late*—Peggy Smithdeal.
- I Love Paris*—Sara Cobb, Mary Lee LaFar, Alice Bost, Sally McMullan.
- I'm a Plain Ole Country Girl*—Athey McKenzie.
- Hark, the Sound*—Cowbell??
- Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*—Ann Nimocks.
- God Save the Queen*—Anne Gregory.

they rather remind me of the scientists of a century ago who thought of infinity as a loaf of bread. The way they had this infinity figured was that you entered time and space from the end first, no matter what. And those who call me the nose are just as much at fault. You see, what people fail to realize is that I am an inseparable part of a unit, just as any given place or period of time is an inseparable part of infinity. But just try to define me in abstract terms and you'll discover that words just won't do it. Won't you help me with my campaign? Do you fail to catch the significance? Well, what did you expect to hear from a crusty old piece of bread?