

# Belles of St. Mary's

MARGOT HAMMOND

SHIRLEY DEES

Hometown: Greensboro, N. C.  
 Always heard: "Y'all . . ."  
 Always seen: making Harriette walk the chalk line  
 Pet frat: KA  
 Life ambition: to have four children  
 Favorite food: apples  
 Favorite movie star: Charlton Heston  
 Pet peeve: radiators that come on at 6:35 a.m.  
 Prediction for the future: St. Mary's made co-ed

Hometown: Durham, N. C.  
 Always heard: "I'll be true to you!"  
 Always seen: with her mouth open  
 Pet frat: *Sigma Chi*  
 Life ambition: to be be-bop queen of *ex-Myrtle Beach*  
 Favorite food: anything  
 Pet peeve: the Army  
 Favorite movie star: "the road-runner"  
 Prediction for the future: having a red-headed family

SISSY DAWSON

MARY LEE BREECE

Hometown: Stantonsburg, N. C.  
 Always heard: "Shut up!"  
 Always seen: peroxidizing her hair  
 Pet frat: *Kappa Sigma*  
 Life ambition: marriage  
 Favorite food: anything liquid  
 Pet peeve: Shirley's "put-on"  
 Favorite movie star: Tony Curtis  
 Prediction for the future: Mrs. Hughes Darden

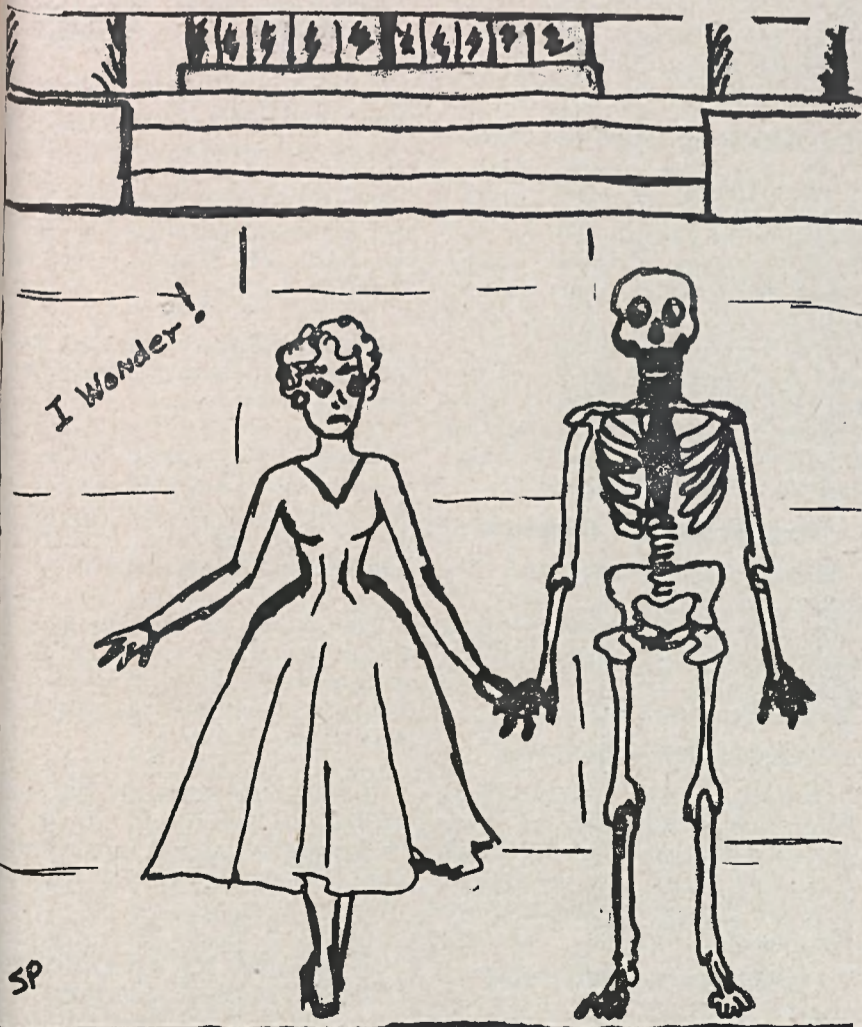
Hometown: Fayetteville, N. C.  
 Always heard: "Hi, Weenie!"  
 Always seen: hugging one of her fans  
 Pet frat: *Zeta*  
 Life ambition: to reach five feet  
 Favorite food: veal cutlet  
 Pet peeve: the seventy steps to third East  
 Favorite movie star: Clark Gable  
 Prediction for the future: mental telepathist

## Pilgrimage of Medieval Characters, Fully Costumed, Visits Class

Mr. Moore's 9:30 English 31 class was tinged with an air of authenticity on Tuesday; several characters from the General Prologue of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* "sat in" on the meeting. These folk were actually senior English students decked in attire suitable to the mood provoked by their study of Geoffrey Chaucer. Braving the stares of their fellow students, these resourceful scholars chose their favorite characters from *The Canterbury Tales* and dressed accordingly, causing quite a stir as they gaily trooped into the classroom of Chaucer's exponent.

Notably present in this motley assembly were two Wives of Bath in scarlet hose and striking apparel. The Miller was easily recognized by his charming facial features. The Pardoner brought with him a holy

relic, and the elegant Prioress had her gold brooch on display. The jolly, rotund Monk added gaiety to the occasion, as did the skipper, although his dagger hung menacingly from his shoulder. The Physician, dressed in red with his gold well-hidden, was present; the Knight lent distinction to the group with his chivalric conduct. The splashed face of the Summoner was in evidence, and he bore his Latin tag. The Yeoman was attired in his customary green, and he carried a bow. The bearded merchant and Franklin also attended, as did the charming Nun. The bright-eyed Host made all the company welcome, and the visitors were ones Chaucer himself preferred to his company in the Poet's Corner.



HALLOWEEN OR A BLIND DATE?

## Hit Tunes Suggest Hazel Breezes In; St. Mary's Life Girl Breezes Out

By Anne Wallace

Hey There:

While listening to the radio the other night, I found myself associating some of the hit tunes being played to things familiar to all St. Mary's girls. So I decided to share them with you. See if you don't agree with me.

- Oh What a Dream*  
No Saturday classes
- They Were Doing the Mambo*  
3rd Holt
- The Day Isn't Long Enough*  
Saturday
- I'll Be Seeing You*  
Christmas
- Sh-Boom*  
Chemistry lab
- Shake, Rattle, and Roll*  
Coke machine and heating system
- I'll Be True to You*  
St. Mary's
- The High and the Mighty*  
Seniors
- I Didn't Wanta Do It*  
*Iliad* papers
- Ebb Tide*  
Hazel
- I Need You Now*  
Brains
- Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight*  
12:00 Saturday night
- Hernando's Hideaway*  
Library
- Little Things Mean A Lot*  
Demerits
- Oh Happy Day*  
December 17! !
- An American In Paris*  
French class
- Night and Day*  
Studies
- Turn Back the Hands of Time*  
7:30 a.m.
- Take Me Back*  
Beach

## Girls Overcome by Dreams of Utopia

Time: A hot day in January.  
 Setting: St. Mary's Junior College under the light of a pale, blue moon.

Characters: Rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, energetic, carefree girls, ambling along, cigarettes and cokes (no books) in hand, as though they had no cares in the world.

Costumes: Old levi's and sweat-shirts and red plaid bernudas with gay blouses and knee socks.

Dialogue: (Casual conversation spoken in sweet, mellow tones with a natural Southern accent.)

Miss X: Gosh, I knew when I got up at 10:30 this morning that this was gonna' be a good Monday.

Miss Y: So did I. Really, have you heard about those poor girls at some of the "old schools?" They still have classes.

Miss X: Gosh, isn't this the life!

Oooh, Friday . . . all was not calm on the homefront! The time was 7:00; I had a date, and I couldn't see a bloomin' thing. The hall looked like a haunted house with spooks running around like decapitated chickens holding candles in their right claws.

Nevertheless, I decided I simply must get dressed. (This always impresses the date.) As I was getting ready to put my big toe into the tub, some civil defense enthusiast clanged down the hall and yelled "No baths allowed!" She said there wasn't any water, but after it had constantly rained for two hours, I couldn't figure that one. But I'm a good girl; so obediently I trudged my dirty self back down the hall and into my dark little cubby hole.

Clothes! . . . that's what I must find. I rummaged through the closet and found something that felt like the dress I had planned to wear. (I have only two, so that really wasn't so hard.) Only by long years of practice did I know how to get into my clothes. I mean, I couldn't see anything.

To make a long ordeal short, I finally felt my way to the parlor and met my blind date. It really was blind—I didn't find out what he looked like till I got to the fraternity house where I found the modern convenience of electricity.

I decided to check in a mirror the appearance I offered the world. We-l-l-l, I *did*; I found the seams of my hose running up the front of my legs; I saw nail polish all the way up to my wrists. I saw lipstick on my nose and powder in my hair.

After I had blended in with the wall paper for two hours, I came back to my happy haunting ground, picked up a candle, and stumbled back to the room.

But hark! Here the electricity, heralded by a clanging bell, came on at the morbid hour of 4:30 a.m. I flew down the hall in coat and shoes, thinking the bell to be a fire drill signal. My roommate turned off the alarm and went back to sleep. Now all I have to say is, "I hope it's a long time before Hazel breezes in here again."

## Sleep-dazed Belle Hears No Bell

'Twas a cold winter's morning;  
 The day was jus' dawning  
 When Susie fell out of her bed.  
 Turning, she said to her roomie,  
 "It's Monday—I wish I wuz dead!"

She wept a sad tear,  
 And gazed in the mirror,  
 Thinking of the classes ahead,  
 When an idea blazed through her  
 sleepdazed mind,

And Susie crawled back in the bed!  
 Now her roomie hadn't told her  
 Things Susie should know,  
 Like how good the breakfast would  
 be

And 'bout how she *had* to go.  
 Now the hostess has made the discovery.

Poor Susie's sleeping is through;  
 Now she *has* to go to breakfast,  
 And she's got three demerits, too!  
 (Don't let it happen to you!)