

# Belles of St. Mary's

# Saint's Sallies

## Patsy Battle Moore

Hometown: Whitakers  
 Always heard: "Jones!"  
 Always seen: helping Miss Davis with the stage lights  
 Life ambition: to be a senator  
 Favorite food: steak  
 Pet frat: any of them  
 Pet peeve: lights after 11:00 p.m.  
 Favorite movie star: Rock Hudson  
 Prediction for future: world-renowned model—size 5 junior

## Grace Boney

Hometown: Wallace  
 Always heard: "I declare!"  
 Always seen: going to play practice  
 Life ambition: to do something constructive  
 Favorite food: coffee and doughnuts  
 Pet frat: SAE  
 Pet peeve: obeying Ann  
 Favorite movie star: Richard Todd  
 Prediction for future: unpredictable

## Mary Wright Parker

Hometown: Wilson  
 Always heard: singing bop songs  
 Always seen: scuffing down the hall  
 Life ambition: marriage  
 Favorite food: barbecued chicken  
 Pet frat: *Sigma Nu*  
 Pet peeve: chewing gum popping  
 Favorite movie star: William Holden  
 Prediction for future: C. A. P.'s tutor

## Mary Ann Braswell

Hometown: Elm City  
 Always heard: "No sweat!"  
 Always seen: getting mail from different males  
 Life ambition: marriage  
 Favorite food: steak  
 Pet frat: *Sigma Nu*  
 Pet peeve: transoms  
 Favorite movie star: William Holden  
 Prediction for future: "Miss Goodie Shop—1956"

## Odd Titles Top Belles

Here at St. Mary's, life is not to be called the "Atomic Age," but the "Age of Nicknames." Instead of being girls or students (perish the thought of that one!), we are all Belles—every one of us. Well, that isn't too bad; but when one gets into individual nicknames, that's when the headache begins. Don't ask me how or why Billie Thomas is called "Hindu." I suppose it's her haircut, but I'm actually in favor of calling her "Parson Hughes."

Some nicknames, however, come in handy. It's very easy for Melissa Peden's boy friend to call her "Lush" instead of "Luss," which is what the girls call her.

You wouldn't think that animals play such an important part in the life of a "Belle," but Martha Gay Burns has acquired the appellation of "Bird," although I haven't noticed any wings lately. Even though Mary Rhea Spivey is still called "Spitball," I'm sure her name is fast changing to "Animal!"

One of the nicknames that fits perfectly is "Mama Mardre." This little woman really takes care of all her chicks. If one goes astray, she's right ready to catch her and bring her back. Mardre is really a good guardian.

There are some sweet girls at St. Mary's. Take "Sugar" Dudley, for instance. The only thing about this is that she can consume all the sweets that she wants in order to make her that way, and her waistline stays the same.

Girls, don't let names disillusion you. "Smiley" Hubbard really isn't sad. She is as happy as you or I. She's just having a hard time collecting mirrors for the Junior-Senior, that's all.

You know, I think "Red" Walters got off easy. "Carrot-top" could be so much worse!

Talking about nicknames, however, there is one thing that always puzzles me. Why in the world does Mary Lee Breece, the littlest, tiniest, smallest one of all, call everyone "weenie?"

I'll admit, nicknames are funny; but because we are all Southern "Belles," let's stick to "darlin'," "sweetie," and "honey."

## Whisperin' Oaks

Several sophomores have found that a good way to survive the heat on the sun porch is to concentrate on something else . . . chemistry, for instance. Has anyone heard Jane Walker recite recently?

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St. Mary's needed the "big bad wolf" in Holt last week to huff and puff and blow the door in, but in his absence, Clifford came to the rescue and unhinged the door barring poor lil Alice Clark in her room.

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That Divine child has been at it again. Oooh, the things Madame Smith believes about her! Come now, Mary Ruth, recover from that laryngitis long enough to tell us all about your French ancestry.

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The male intrusion on back campus last week was excitin', to say the least, altho' some belles were disappointed in the intruders' intentions.

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Obviously it's not just one *Kappa Sig* who is impressed with Shelly Smith. She has just been chosen a member of the *Kappa Sig* "Dream Girl" court at Duke.

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That delicious new salad dressing in the dining room is made by James, the waiter at Mr. Hughes' table. If you like it, why not tell him so sometime.

## Hope Reigns; Pin Remains

What's wrong with you Belles? You all seem shook  
 So what if he *doesn't* give you a second look?

He's not the *last* man on earth, you know.  
 We can't keep 'em all—some have to go.

You just have to smile and keep on trying;  
 You won't go far by moping and sighing.  
 Fear not, dear heart, now cease your pining,  
 If on his sweater the pin's still shining!

"Spring is busting out all over" and definite proof of this statement can be seen around the St. Mary's campus. The usual cases of spring fever have been diagnosed and are undergoing treatment; sun burns and freckles adorn many faces, and that mad desire to get to the beach is taking the campus by storm.

The month of April really belonged to the seniors as this was the month they took off on their highly coveted long weekends—much to the disgust of the underclassmen. Some seniors like Sara Walters, Dottie Foster, Jane Wrike, Anne Wallace, Harriett Mardre, and Martie Whedbee chose to take their cuts for a nice long visit with the home folks, while others headed for nearby beaches with visions of the sand and the sea. The beach combers who belong in this category are Shirley Dees, Virginia Lilly, Ann Marie Molloy, Lane Welsh, Sugar Dudley, Jane Best, Ann Nimocks, Mary Lee Breece, Toni Briggs, and Mary Ruth Divine. Wrightsville Beach and The Landis hold many fond memories for these gals.

The State Spring Finals were a tremendous success, and as usual, St. Mary's was well represented. The various fraternities entertained with a variety of parties on this weekend. Some of the lucky gals attending were Dottie Peirson, Barbara Buening, Nelson Blount, Margie Crumpler, Mary Spainhour, Barry Bowen, Barbara Spangler, Harriet James, Doreen Greenfield, and Nancy Jones.

Betsy Duke played the happy hostess at her cottage at Nags Head when she entertained Mickie and Sylvia Crumpler, Jane Walker, Katy Copp, and Jessie Allen. Rumors have been circulating that a fabulous time was had by all.

Joe College weekend was great as always. Just ask Pat McQueen, Nancy and Fairfax Crow, Peggy Smithdeal, or Aubrey Campbell. They'll tell you that you can't beat "Dook."

Smiley Hubbard journeyed to Alexandria, Va., the weekend of April 23 for the Bowery Ball at E.H.S. Smiley, a faithful Virginian, vowed that Alexandria, E.H.S., and Virginia were all out of this world.

We have another admirer of our neighboring state—none other than Beth Kemper. Beth states that her week-end at W. and L. was "real george."

Participants in the Pirate's Ball at Nags Head were Ruth Watkins, Mary Rhea Spivey, Kitty Campen, and Harriett Mardre. Adorned in swords and eye patches, our finest swashbucklers were old salts to the end.

Last but not least were the Spring dances at UVA. Singing "Glory, Glory, to Virginia" were Aubrey Campbell, Sue Birch, Nancy White, and Jane Best. What is it with these Virginia boys anyway?

That's about the extent of it for this time. As for the rest of us, we're out to lunch!

## SMC Belle Mambo Star

On the night of April 17, a St. Mary's girl of noted fame (for her telephone calls) made her stage debut quite suddenly and unexpectedly. While Betsy Wright watched the exhibition dancing at the Village Theater, little did she realize that she too was to perform.

The exhibitors called for participants—all who would like to dance "the Mambo." A high school boy eagerly climbed the stage. However, no girls answered this knock on their door to success. One of the dancers, a tall man about forty, descended the stage steps, appearing to be leaving the stage in order to allow his partner and the young boy to perform. Yet evil lurked in the mind of this hero of the dance.

Before Betsy realized what was happening, Mr. X had overpowered her date (which was a feat at that) and Betsy found herself about to become a star.

If there is anyone at all who would like to know how to Mambo, perhaps she can hike the ninety-four steps to 3rd Smedes and persuade Betsy, who is now an experienced Mambo teacher, to give her lessons.

Chancellor Robert House of UNC approves heartily of Bermudas in proper places for Carolina students. However, he wishes the students *would* wear prettier shirts with them!

## Sonnet To Civilization

By Kathleen Hartsock

We live by convention and moral plan,  
 We suppress each thought, each secret yearning;  
 I'm rather tired of this idea of man,  
 Who cares for books and serious learning?

Just look at the monkey, what does he know?  
 His life is simple, his life is free;  
 He eats his banana and jumps to and fro.  
 No wonder he laughs at you and me!

He's never seen a movie, never seen TV.  
 He can be noisy and he can be bold  
 His life is gay; it's one mad spree.  
 You never saw a monkey with a common cold!

We conformists strive; we try hard to please  
 But how can we win? Let's go back to the trees!

An estimated 500 frolicking students attempted the first panty-raid of the season at UNC on April 20, 1955.

According to an 11 o'clock telephone call from correspondent Jack Weasel, a "love cop" and Assistant Dean of Student Affairs, Ray Jeffries, soon appeared on the scene.

The raiders, having got a single pair of panties from 3rd floor Kennan, were reported to have broken a lock on a Carr Dorm door.