



2nd West Rock relaxes(?)



Debbie's own Teddy.



Sophs take a study break to chat.

Dorm Life At St. Mary's: Why It's Great!

By Susan Crabtree

What makes dorm life at St. Mary's so delightful? Everyone immediately answers that privacy, peace, and quiet prevail at all times and make living on a hall a pleasure. Often a girl starts an intimate letter which she always covers with her left hand as she writes with the right hand) and discovers that the girl next door is looking over her shoulders taking shorthand. In this situation, being ambidextrous only half suffices the need. Now one must lean over to cover the letter with her head also, look sideways and up at the unannounced visitor, and say pleasantly, "Hi, how are ya?"

One night Hildegard bombs out of the shower and dashes to her room half-naked. After she throws down the towel and starts to put on her pajamas, she realizes the hall meeting is in her room that night. At least she thinks the meeting is in her room because the entire hall is sitting in here—glaring. Hildegard picks up her towel—not to cover her bare skin, for it is too late for that now, —and begins packing her trunk. Even now no one leaves the room. Ahhhhhhh... the privacy of dorm life.

Maybelline has six quizzes this week but she decides that sleep is more important than grades. She piles into bed Monday at 10:15 with no conscience pangs because she is so exhausted that only future oblivion occupies the front of her brain. Going . . . going . . . zzzzzzzzz . . . GO . . . BANG* . . . CRASH. The rattling noise sends poor Maybelline sprawling into her roomie's lap. Mustering all her composure, she gets back into bed. It's only early yet, 10:30 now, and she thinks to herself, "Surely Isabelle didn't mean to drop her filing cabinet outside my door." Once more she starts to mentally depart this world when all the walls seem to bang against her head. Maybelline overlooks this disturbance because the people next door do need to nail up their Christmas stockings in November. It's okay about the people upstairs also. Quiet hours is the only good time to learn the Freddie. After dismissing any hope of sleeping, she gets up to study even though she sees red instead of the page.

Hildegard decides that studying is in order Thursday afternoon. Aside from the Grendels walking up and down the hall all day, there is the girl on West Wing who yells to the girl on East Wing to answer the phone. Just as Hildegard commences to tackle her impossible math word problems, chatter grows loud outside the door. When she can't resist any longer, Hildegard roars out into the hall with sledgehammer in hand. Yes, the noisemakers have disappeared. No victims of her wrath today.

Alas, Friday comes and brings relief from the strain and confusion of a hard week's study. If one dates during the three-day span which St. Mary's girls cherish and call a weekend, she begins to prepare for the date on Friday. Adelaide is the girl on the hall who inevitably gets scald-

ed in the shower because of certain mysterious outside forces. One of the "daters", she must wash her hair and plan what to wear to the football game on Saturday. Her monkey-vomit green suit and chartreuse suede heels are the unanimous decision of everyone on the hall. It's all a part of the hall routine that Adelaide's friends issue opinions on all routine matters such as this.

Melvin Weatherman pages Adelaide at 12:30 on Saturday and she scrambles to the parlor eager to enjoy almost 12 hours with her date. That night at the Cinderella hour everyone flocks to her room to relate the day's activities, and to swoon or moan over her date.

On Sunday, life on the dorm with its studies, peace, quiet, and privacy reigns once more.

DEATH HAPPENS ON FARM

By Lucile McKee

The Wife of Bath, a red wagtail platy of 309 Holt, committed suicide last Friday. The Wife of Bath committed suicide by jumping out of the aquarium. The authorities at the Fish Farm felt her drastic actions came from mental and physical exhaustion, which accompanied the birth of her fifty-two red wagtail platies.

The Wife of Bath was probably born in the Virgin Islands and was moved three months ago to her present home at the "Christian Herring's" Fish Farm. The Wife of Bath enjoyed luxurious surroundings in a filtered aquarium. The aquarium was done in a private jamboree motif, just for the illustrious Wife of Bath. The aquarium was always a place of great activity, and now, after the proper mourning period, the activity continues.

The Wife of Bath is survived by her fifty-two baby platies; her mate, Alfred C. Baugh; Chantilcer, a pursuing fancy guppy; Barbara, the Tiger Barb; and many more fellow aquatic friends.

The Wife of Bath will be long remembered by everyone for her wondrous birth of fifty-two babies.

MAY SHE SWIM IN THAT GREAT AQUARIUM IN THE SKY!!

"Unsinkable Molly Brown" Is Next Movie

The "rags to riches story" of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* will be the next feature of St. Mary's film series. The movie will be shown December 11 at 7:00. Admission is 25c. Girls with dates are welcomed.

This hit comedy ran successfully on Broadway before it was made into a movie with Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell, and Ed Begley.

A rollicking musical, the film features excellent dance sequences and such popular songs as "I Ain't Down Yet," and "He's My Friend."

The plot centers around the determined miner's daughter Molly Brown who wants a red house and a place in high society. She and her husband with the Midas touch set out to fulfill this dream, only to discover that money and social acceptability do not help them live with themselves.

Molly's whirl-wind tour of Europe to acquire culture, her party to introduce her royal European friends to American society, and her actions that won her the name "unsinkable" will prove unforgettable to movie audiences.

Officer Randolph: Young Through Work

By Cindy Bullard

"Better hurry, you have one minute!" These are the familiar words of Mr. Randolph who has been a friend to students at St. Mary's for seven years. Mr. Randolph is on campus every weekend to direct traffic, which usually becomes quite a problem around the midnight hour.

Mr. Randolph served on the police force for twenty years, and before he began working at St. Mary's he was with the fire department in Raleigh. He is married and has a son who sometimes assists him at St. Mary's.

Mr. Randolph's services are quite invaluable on the weekends. For those who sometimes have difficulty in bringing a wonderful evening to an end, Mr. Randolph is on hand to remind them not to be late.

His primary concern is getting all of the girls signed in on time, and he has saved many of us from being campused. He is also a welcomed sight to the girl who is anxious for an excuse to say good night to her date.

Again Mr. Randolph is the hero of the day for the girl who must go through the traumatic experience of searching for a blind date in the parlor or on the porch. He always seems to know who is who, and he can quickly point a bewildered girl in the right direction.

Mr. Randolph has had quite a few memorable experiences at St. Mary's. Last year when we had a large number of uninvited guests at a most inappropriate hour, our protector and defender was here immediately to help prevent things from getting too far out of hand.

One of Mr. Randolph's favorite stories concerns a rather inebriated fellow who walked into the front door of St. Mary's and asked for a room. Mr. Randolph is extremely efficient in dealing with this type of visitor.

In summing up his experiences here Mr. Randolph says, "I love working at St. Mary's because it keeps me young!"



Mr. Randolph.

News Items

The juniors elected as their advisor Miss Ross, teacher in the English department. Miss Ross, who graduated from Queen's College in Charlotte, is new at St. Mary's this year. She was Assistant Dean of Women at Carolina for two years.

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