

THE BELLES OF ST. MARY'S

Published in thirteen issues during the school year, September to June. Monthly for December, January and April; Semi-monthly for October, November, February, March and May, by the Student Body of St. Mary's Junior College.

Second Class Postage Paid at Raleigh, N. C. 27602. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

BELLES STAFF

Editor in Chief LYNDEE WALL
Assistant Editor PAULA JOHNSON
News Editor HARRIET COLLINS
Feature Editor JESSICA GILLESPIE
Exchange Editor SUZANNE CROCKETT
Photographer ANNE BRADY
Head Typist JENNIE ANDREWS
Circulation Editor NANCY WIDEMAN

NEWS STAFF

Caroline Green, Patricia Grimes, Pam Lokey, Patti Key, and Harriet Collins.

FEATURE STAFF

Beverly Lett, Mimsie Roberts, Mindy Bell, Alice Smith, Jan Leonard, Janet Palmer, and Jessica Gillespie.

TYPISTS

Martha Given, Cathy Swaim, Susan Taylor, Lisa Romaneck, Nancy Richardson, Sweetie Seifart, Sally Tomlinson, and Jennie Andrews.

CARTOONIST

Chris Peed.

PROOFREADER

Susan Byars.

CIRCULATION

Julia Barfield, Jeannette Holt, Lynn Fulghum, Arabella Nash, Cathy Swaim, Susan Leonard, Gayle Sellers, Marki Berry, Becky Reid, Kathy Baley, and DeDe Walton.

ADVISOR

Mr. John U. Tate.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF HALLOWEEN

On the twelfth day of Halloween
my true love gave to me twelve bats a-flying,
eleven masks a-leering, ten ghouls a-
groaning, nine ghosts a-beaning, eight
monsters shrieking, seven pumpkins glowing,
six goblins gobbling, five scarey
spooks, four skeletons, three
black cats, two trick-or-treaters,
and an owl in a dead tree.



EDITORIAL

St. Mary's has long been known for the respectful manners which we, the students, show toward our teachers and administration. We rise when a teacher or any other faculty member enters a classroom. We are courteous when we meet a teacher on campus, and we never fail to open a door for or offer our place in line to an older person.

Such respect and courtesy is not required of us. No one demands that we be thoughtful or considerate; yet our attitude toward elders is as much a part of St. Mary's as the kicking post or the "Cold Cuts".

With no thought of reward or praise, we show this respect because, as young women at St. Mary's, we know it is expected of us. To some, it may seem a wasted effort, but for those of us who remember Mr. Deza De Rosner's letter (*Belles*, April 14, 1967), we feel an inner pride in ourselves and our manners.

With this in mind, how is it that we could so thoughtlessly display our lack of interest in Dr. Wendt's assembly program on October 24? We slept, rattled paper, shuffled feet, talked, and laughed while a very prominent international figure tried to enlighten us on a very prominent international organization—the United Nations.

Perhaps each of us should take a moment to think about the way in which Dr. Wendt will remember St. Mary's.

M G W

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor—

St. Mary's is undergoing vast changes this year, both physically and ideologically. The dining room has purchased elaborate facilities, added stereo music, and

derful and capable person. He never let any of us down if he could possibly help it. He did so much, directly and indirectly, for St. Mary's and for us. But how to tell him? Especially now . . .

The wonderful thing—the comforting thing—is that now he knows. He knows all that we would have told him and all that we wanted to tell him, but could never have expressed.

We'll miss Mr. Connelly. We'll miss him in class, on stage, and in the halls. But even though the sound of his footsteps has faded, he is still with us. And he will always be here in the spirit of St. Mary's.

the entertainment of a frustrated blackbird! Smedes' walls are flowered this year to replace the unsightly cracks. Dr. Stone has paved the sidewalks so we will not soil our Papagallos and Weejuns.

But St. Mary's girls are presently experiencing some opposition to the traditionally conservative ideology of the school. Last year a risqué film was found to be too objectionable for the naive student body—But this year we are permitted to receive "subversive literature" to broaden our minds and firm our love for democracy.

We are shown politically prejudiced films on an extreme Rightist organization, and furthermore, witness insult to an intelligent speaker who possesses a firm understanding of the world situation. His credentials and manners prove it. Does this activity mean that St. Mary's will advocate further political "subversion"?

Keith C. Richardson—Senior

FOCUS

By Alice Smith

Several weeks ago I was part of the victory cavalcade from the Capitol. Several things happened that night as results of the State-Houston game that impressed me greatly, the most important being the feeling of support and excitement of the State students and the effect it had on those directly associated with St. Mary's.

The night was full of festivities, one of them being the Glenn Yarbrough concert at the Coliseum. I sensed, as I did many other people present, the ease and sincerity which motivated Glenn Yarbrough that night. His free style and manner that added to his pleasing voice would have been a revealing feeling in itself, but the audience's preoccupation with the game going on during the night made it a night to remember.

The tension and excitement of the audience, which was increasingly noticeable as the night on, exploded during intermission. Softly at first, then louder as noise added to the volume, sounds of a sportscaster's voice over the Coliseum. Each player eagerly followed by all loyal fans present, and, as the excitement continued to build, every seemed to be caught up in the game, whether or not he had great interest in the outcome. The first of State's touchdowns brought a standing ovation from the audience, and from then on the audience was never still.

When Glenn Yarbrough appeared for the second half of his performance, he must have sensed the wave of excitement about the game. Rather than attempt to ignore this preoccupation and distract his audience from it, his first remarks were that he had been eagerly listening to the State game off-stage and was following it with interest! Any stiffness or formality which might have existed before dissolved with that remark and each met with more approval than the one before.

In the middle of one of the songs, State scored again. Shouts of victory broke out. With an excited audience singing with him, Mr. Yarbrough gave his adaption of "Baby, It Rains Must Fall" by singing "The rain must fall—in Houston!"

The understanding and interest in the game which he showed left a great impression on me. Many performers might have sensed the competition, and, consequently, let it disturb their performance. The way in which Glenn Yarbrough let himself become part of the excitement left me with a refreshing feeling at the end of the concert. Perhaps I felt a reassurance in the knowledge of his communication, understanding, and friendliness still exists.

After the concert, all ears were pointing in the direction of the Coliseum where the victory parade was taking place.

(Continued on Page 3)

"... Les Neiges d'Antan ..."

By Arabella Nash

Brisk footsteps sounding in the halls . . . "Hi, Mr. Connelly." "Hi, girls!" (Unless he knew our names, then, "Hi, Jane, Mary!") . . . burgandy Mustang convertible . . . that mischievous grin . . . always business like, hurrying to do something—usually for us—but always friendly . . .

All these things were sparkling in the personality, and are still alive in our memory of Robert Lee Green Connelly, one of the best friends St. Mary's has ever had. We all loved him; even those of us who didn't know him well had a special feeling for him. And he returned this love. He may not have known all our names, but he knew all our faces. He always did anything for anyone who needed him, whether he knew her or not.

His love for us showed through even in the classroom, where he often gave us fatherly advice about our lives, present and future. And it was always advice we could use, sometimes applying in ways we hadn't even thought about. Remember the lady of the house presiding over the dinner table? And remember how he read those poems? He made them come alive for us; they meant something special when he read them.

He really was crazy in a wonderful way. And his friendliness was one of the most outstanding things about him. He waved at us, on three occasions in one week, through the window right in the middle of class!

We all grew to admire this won-