

THE BELLES OF ST. MARY'S

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Fads at St. Mary's

By Mimsie Roberts

At St. Mary's fads are as prominent as they are in most schools. As soon as one new idea shows itself, it is not long before many of the girls have picked up the habit. This year one of the most outstanding fads is that of unusual stockings. First there were white stockings, then black stockings. Before long there were lace stockings. Now there are polka dot, plaid, and striped stockings.

At the beginning of the year one style that was seen a lot was short culotte dresses.

Have you noticed the spit curls? This fad is really growing at St. Mary's. Many girls with long hair (which is more or less a fad in itself) have decided to switch to short curls this year.

As far as expressions go, everything that happens now seems to "gross everybody out!" Also, many things are so "pit" these days.

Call it a fad or just a change this year, but there is a noticeable tendency toward an interest in politics now. With polls, speakers, and discussions of controversial topics, St. Mary's girls are becoming more aware of what goes on in the political world.

There are some fads that everyone has to try at least once. For instance, you just have to find out if you can get away with drying your hair in your room, or hiding in the closet during a concert.

Not long ago there was a race to see who could get the most

THANK GOD FOR



EVERYTHING

EDITORIAL

A few weeks ago, we had a speaker in assembly who discussed the United Nations. Mr. Roberts also spoke to us about our own government and political problems. From these two assembly programs, we should be wondering what we can do to make this world a better place.

What is our world like? Only a little thought convinces us that it is a world of great beauty, love, and happiness. In contrast to this picture, we have to recognize a world of some ugliness, hate, and problems. Can we be complacent in our world of carefree happiness and ignore the problems of others? For each of us tomorrow can be a vision of an unopened gift. What will this gift be? Will it be a perfect jewel of shining beauty or a cheap imitation made of paste with a shine outside and worthless inside?

The first thought which comes to each of us is probably the question, "Can't our government handle these problems? After all, our parents pay taxes to have these things taken care of." Who is the government except you and me? As we progress in our thinking, our only hope for a better world is to realize that "a better world begins with me." Let us begin here at St. Mary's.

The world citizen is one who re-

Reese's cups out of the candy machine or the most change out of the pay telephones.

Fads may come and go. Some

spects the rights of others, one who prays daily for world peace, and one who keeps an open mind on all issues until the facts are known. In our school we may take part in activities that foster good internal relations, that bring our social study class alive by extra assignments, and that teach the culture of other nations.

We may search diligently for knowledge and wisdom which our teachers have already found and are willing to share with us. I am sure that they have also asked themselves whether they have a part in molding a good world citizen.

A very wise man once said, "The problems of the world will be solved when a generation of young people, dedicated to blessing others more than seeking the blessing of the world themselves, have the spirit of adventure to set out on new paths when the old paths no longer lead them to the kind of world they need." The world is a better place because this philosophy lived.

What will our tomorrows bring forth? Whether it will be a glamorous career or that of a mother or even a hard worker—a better world can begin right here at St. Mary's with you and me.

P M J

may last many months, and some may only endure for a week or so. In any case, they make life more fun at St. Mary's.

CAMPUSED! WHY?

(Reprinted from Belles, Oct., Box — 1)

St. Mary's Junior College
Raleigh, North Carolina
November 15, 1967

Dear John,

This is the hardest letter I've ever had to write. I don't know how to begin. Oh well, there's no use in my keeping the sad story any longer — I'M CAMPUSED THIS WEEKEND! Yes, I know this weekend of all weekends (It's Duke-Carolina.) If you don't know how hard I had been trying not to get campused again.

I thought surely that I had already everything wrong if I possibly could. I forgot to go out the first Saturday night we were here and had to go to the Council; the next night I was campused again for being in the room at 11:02. I was getting a little after ten o'clock one night and who should I run into but a faculty member! I'm in the house with her now, and she's one of my teachers. Even passing the handbook test, I got in with a heck of a lot of trouble with rules.

I have not only broken dormitory rules, but I have also violated laws. The very first week of classes I got confused about the schedule and went to the wrong class. As if that weren't enough I slept half-way through a game one Saturday morning. I'm beginning to think that St. Mary's made these rules to confuse me.

To top it all off, I just came down last Sunday for chapel. You would know that they're supposed to check. There's another two weeks down the drain. Frankly, John, I don't see how you put up with me! Every time you have called I've been campused and could not date you and to top it all, I'm campused this weekend. I can't remember in my enumeration of offenses I told you what happened to me this time.

Well, it seems that today wasn't made for me. I came through my alarm and missed chapel. Then I raced to assembly at 10:29 and a half to find that everybody else was in the chapel again, so more points. That's enough to campus me for a week right there, but oh no, not Angela—she wasn't satisfied with only two mortal sins in one week! I literally screamed in the hall to my roommate and the classes were going on and were scended upon by no less than teachers.

I'm under the doghouse now. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon, and I'm sitting glued at my desk for fear that I'll do something else wrong.

John, I know how hard you have tried to date me, and I'm sorry about this weekend. I hope you find it in your heart to give me! If you want me to even try to find you another date for the game. Please, please, please hate me—just pity me.

Regretfully, Angela