

MOVE OVER KITTY

By Nancy Smith

In the beginning we were small, fragile and precious. Then some of us grew up and we were called mature, independent and capable. Others of us grew up and we were still called small, fragile and precious.

And we had to be protected and we had to sign out if we wanted to go somewhere and we couldn't go anywhere if we forgot to sign out . . .

And we had to be taken care of and thousands of us lost our lives yearly at the hands of quack abortionists . . .

And we had to be provided for by the others so we weren't allowed to have the same jobs at the same rate of pay.

And we were called nutrient so we nurtured 24 hours a day in the only industrialized nation in the world which has no public day care system . . .

And they said most of us never had it so good because we didn't have to work and most of us went on working 90 hours a week cooking, cleaning, and babysitting . . .

And we weren't supposed to excel and compete with the others so our minds got stale and we learned to rely on what was left — our bodies . . .

And if our minds weren't ours, at least our bodies were, and then we found out they weren't, that the others made harsh laws about sex, contraceptives and pregnancy . . .

And we were called emotional so we took tranquilizers and spent thousands of dollars a year on psychiatrists and we wondered why we were unfulfilled and inferior . . .

And we were called passive so we learned to be silent . . .

And they said don't complain because nobody has it perfect in this society and they said that to the black man too.

A reply to Katherine Carmichael, dean of women at UNC, who said "sign in and sign out is part of the nutrient experience which reflects the parental and social obligation and expectation that a woman is small, fragile, and precious — and I hope the University will always regard her so."



Mrs. Ben Williams aiding in assembling the new picture in the Library.

A TEAR, A SMILE, GRADUATION AND GOOD-BYE

By Anna Andrews

At the risk of sounding trite, it is at least accurate to say that the Senior Class of 1969 will leave St. Mary's with mixed emotions. To assume that every member of the senior class is gung-ho St. Mary's and will remain a loyal alumna is a ridiculous fallacy. However, to assume that every senior has not gained, achieved, and grown while here is equally fallacious. We owe much to St. Mary's in terms of intellectual and emotional development. We are not the college freshmen we were last year, and this is good. Some of us have developed or perhaps changed our religious beliefs while here; some have been introduced to subjects which will absorb our energies in lifelong careers; and some have met future husbands. All of us have made lasting friendships and have benefited from experiences at St. Mary's.

Not only are we not the same individuals, but St. Mary's is in some ways not the same school it

was in the fall of '67. As a class, we learned to evaluate and solve problems which not only affected ourselves, but classes to follow. We changed what we could change, accepted what we could not, and most of the time had the wisdom to know the difference. For these changes we are indebted to our class officers as well as to the faculty and administration.

Last year, as we grew to know St. Mary's better and evolved into "old girls," some of us were disappointed. Some of us left St. Mary's. More of us did not return this year, and still more continued to leave during the year. But those of us who make up the senior class now have remained to find graduation just around the corners. Perhaps some of us thought of transferring before now, however fleetingly or half-seriously. But we have persevered. We have weathered disappointments, disasters, and downright defeating grades. And we are glad, glad that we have stayed and glad that we are leaving, sad to go, yet going with smiles. Perhaps anything that is worth accomplishing is hard to do. At any rate, May 26th will be a day of glory for the seniors, a day of graduation, and good-bye. If we do not leave as ideal, and ideals are rare, we do leave as the Class of '69, and this gives us a head start anywhere.



By Harriet Dill

FUTURE PLANS MADE BY THE SENIORS

The bulk of this year's senior class is going on to some form of higher education. The majority, as usual, seems to be going to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Some of those going are: Jane Aycock, Debbie Ayseue, Nancy Biggs, Debbie Boyd, Mary Burhoe, Susan Braswell, Pridie Clark, Anne Cooper, Ross Davis, Martha Davis, Katie Ellison, Beth Godwin, Virginia Godwin, Sarah Colton, Frances Gilliam, Kathryn Heath, Vera Johnson, Cille Keeland, Patricia Little, Lenna Loveland, Beth McLean, Ann Parrish, Mary Morrison Pennington, Suzy Rapp, Joslin Schwartz, Theresa Rhodes, Ruth Shuping, Sally Thompson, Susan Simpson, Sally Thomason, Ruthie Wooten, Sally Woodroff, and Jo Ross.

Then there are those going to the University of South Carolina who include: Mardy Gray, Debbie Lynch, Anne Holeomb, Bonnie Jones, Ellie Bruno, Ella Davies, Dougie Douglass, and Farley Wallace.

Bonnie Bowen and Cathy Brooks are heading for the University of Georgia. Galye Banner is going to Georgia. Galye Banner is going to the University of Tennessee, while Paula Edmunds is going to finish her education at Hollins. Pam Lokey and Sara Jane Hargrave are transferring to our neighbor Meredith. Mary Olson is going to Randolph Macon, and Susan Ward has enrolled at Duke University.

Some of our seniors will be enjoying jobs next year while glad to be leaving the books behind. Among them are Polly Cozart who

is going to work at an interesting job in France. Wendy Soper will be taking an Atlanta job, and Jeff Cross is to take a job as well.

Three girls, Mathilde Duffy, Retta Carr, and Betsy Burleson, are going to be far from home next year. Mathilde and Retta are going to continue their education in Sarasota, Florida, at the Ringling School of Art, while Betsy will live in New York and go to Tobe Coburn Fashion Institute.

Of course, there are those girls whom we all envy. These are the girls who are getting married. Some of these girls are; Suzanne Ellis, Susan Foltz, Beth Holder, Joan MacNair, Susan Summers, and Kay Wetmore.

The senior class has a lot to look forward to next year!

PICTURE PRESENTED TO LIBRARY

On May 13, the North Carolina State Art Society presented St. Mary's Sarah Graham Kenan Library with a picture by Marshall Wyatt. The picture, *Hex*, was first purchased by the State Art Museum, and then given to the library.

The picture which hangs in the upstairs foyer of the library is painted in various shades of gray. It is actually nine different canvasses, three dimensional, and 80 inches by 80 inches.

The eighteen-year-old artist, a Raleigh native, is presently studying at the Rhode Island School of Design. He has been experimenting with new film techniques as well as different types of paintings and has won numerous awards.

THE KICKING POST SAYS GOOD-BYE

By Tibba Edgerton

I guess you all are anxious to leave for the summer. Oh, I can understand. I've heard your complaints and problems as you passed by — makes me glad I'm just a kicking post sometimes. I watched many of your mothers walk by too. They had the same fears, hopes, joys. They looked forward to leaving just like you. They seemed always in a hurry walking out the gate, taking short cuts, forgetting to come by and kick me on the way out. It makes me really happy when they come back to visit. Some never do though. I see familiar faces every day, a little more aged and no longer in a hurry. There's something missing from those faces. They aren't like yours.

Well, I'll be lonely this summer. But I'll see that things are kept in order for those coming back. I'll make new friends next September. But if you won't be here, please come back to visit. The faculty, staff, students, and even the buildings may be changed — but I'll be here, the same old kicking post though maybe another color.



"FAREWELL."

ELECTION HELD

(Continued from Page 1)

Keeping the sparks from flying next year will be the duty of fire captain Walker Holmes. A Fayettevillian, Walker was on the annual staff, the Tri Hi Y club, and a member of the Scottish dancers.

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