



The Sphinx, Cheops Pyramid, Carol, and Miriam.

## EGYPT VISITED ON SUMMER TOUR

By Harriett Dill

Carole Beasley, a senior at St. Mary's, and Miriam Manning, a former sophomore here, took an exciting trip to Egypt and the Holy Land last summer. They also made quick stops in Rome, Paris, Athens, and Germany.

In Egypt they took camel rides to the pyramids and the Sphinx. Carole said that she liked camel riding so much that she rode them everywhere after that. While there they also rode in a typical Egyptian sailboat on the Nile and had the chance to ride some Arabian horses on the Sahara Desert. Their guide was a young bachelor from the university in Cairo. Of course, both girls had a crush on him. When they left Egypt Carole cut off two inches of her hair, an Egyptian symbol of goodwill and friendship.

The girls later went to Israel and Lebanon. There they went

motorboating on the Sea of Galilee. They toured the old city of Jerusalem; one of their excursion trips just missed a clash between Israel and Arab soldiers.

While in Germany the girls were able to go into East Berlin. Carole reflected on the fact that the young people under twenty who had never known another way of life instead of communism were completely indoctrinated. Their parents, however, did not totally accept it.

Both girls had a wonderful time and an exciting summer. True to form, the girls unexpectedly ran into Sealy Cross and Mary Burhoe, former St. Mary's students, on the Acropolis. You just can't get away from St. Mary's.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A MILLION DOLLARS?

By Lou Latham

What Would You Do With a Million Dollars?

1. Lillian Rudolph—Clean out the stores.
2. Fleas Brown—Buy a ticket to Ireland.
3. Betsy Wharton—Get everything I want.
4. Catherine Hill—Buy two Baccardis' Rum factories.
5. Veleda Sledge—Keep it.
6. Flubby Smith—Buy a farm and lots of animals.
7. Carol Redding—Invest it in stock.
8. Sweetie Seifart—Use it to stay in Switzerland and ski.
9. Sallie Lee—Buy a fraternity house and be the housemother.
10. Sara Frances Walters—Grab John and get married.
11. Baxter Hutchinson—Buy elevators and food machines for Smedes.
12. Dell Parker—Buy a college so I can get in somewhere.
13. Trish Potter—Give it to the Peace Corps.
14. Janet Burhoe—Buy a good-looking husband.
15. Lou Latham—Buy two hot pink Jaguar XKEs.
16. Debbie Cline—Buy herself into Broadway.
17. Christie Bishop—I'd be wicked.
18. Ann Reesman—Give most of it to charity.
19. Gail Wickham—Buy houses all over the world.
20. Margaret Ambrose—Buy all kinds of things.

## BELLES AND BEAUS

Lavaliered:

- Debby Stephenson and John Hunter—Pi Kappa Phi—State.
- Sandra Walser and Tom Skeen—Sigma Pi—State.
- Jane Moore and Robert Benson—Kappa Sig—Wake Forest.
- Pat Pollard and Charlie Kistler—Sigma Nu—State.
- Gine Potter and Rick Phillips—Sigma Nu—UNC.
- Helen Cowper and Charles Coppage—Pi Gamma Delta—Emory.

Pinned:

- Carol Woods and Neal Hunter—Sigma Chi—State.
  - Diane Joffrion and Wade Moser—Alpha Chi Sigma—UNC.
  - Sybil Brooke and Buddy Hooper—Kappa Alpha—State.
  - Kitty Wilkinson and Bob Anders—Chi Phi—UNC.
  - Billie Mace and Jim Bodie—Pi Lambda Phi—UNC.
- Engaged:
- Fran Suthers and Frank McVeigh.
  - Becky Tuttle and Doug Mounteer.
  - Billie Holdings and John Thornton.
  - Betty Ragland and Mike Hannon.

## "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"

Editor's Note: Reprinted from the May 12, 1967 issue of The Belles.

By Margaret Burgwyn

"Hi . . . I'm so-in-so, your counselor for this year. So nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Doe. No, I'm sorry but no room changes can be made until after Orientation Week is over. It is a rather small room but underclassmen are not allowed to have T.V.'s, he . . . she has to use that iron because it's especially made for left-handed people? Well . . . I-uh-guess we'll have to talk to Miss R. about that . . . Miss R . . . Miss Richardson, the dean of students . . . that's just a nickname. Oh yes—she knows we call her that; she wants us to. I assure you it's not being impudent . . . Good-bye, please don't worry; if anything happens she'll be sure to call you . . . It's her first time away from home? She'll miss you as much as you'll miss her. I'll get

her to write you tonight . . . call collect?"

That Night: "Hall party! Come on in, everybody. . . . You're not hungry? You don't even want some potato chips? Y'all please eat this stuff because we certainly can't eat it all. Please help yourself. You just want one pretzel? Please don't get upset. I'm sorry that your roommate won't talk to you but she's just a little shy. Yes, I've heard her drawl, but you'll get used to it after a while. Yes, I'll talk to Miss R. as soon as I can about a switch in roommates; I'm afraid you'll have to sleep there tonight; just try to make the best of it. . . . You can't sleep because what? Your roommate is reading 'True Trash' with her flashlight and eating apples?"

Time Marches on: "Quiet hour! This time I really mean it. . . . Jane, you've been campused for three weekends now and you're working on your fourth. . . . No, I haven't heard that gross record by the 'Cool Seeds,' but if you put it on I'm sure the people in Cruikshank will be able to hear it, too. . . . Three-minute limit on phone calls, Judy. You've talked to him four times today already. Oh, that was three other boys? But I thought you were going steady? . . . all right, who set these alarm clocks for 4:30 a.m. and hid them in our room while we were at Hall Council? Just wait; you'll get yours. . . . Hall party! Hold it; at least save a few 'scraps' for the house mother! Oh, Look! I can't believe it. This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Y'all have got to be the best hall in the whole school and we wouldn't be on another hall for anything.

"You have biology and history quarterlies tomorrow and you went to the P. R. ? . . . That's just wonderful that you passed math. . . . I'm sorry but I don't have an outline for that; maybe there are still some downstairs. . . . No, you may not have an extended late light; the last time I gave you one you read dirty books the whole time. . . . Well, if you have to practice your tap dancing do you have to do it in front of my door? . . . How many times do I have to tell you about those water fights? Somebody is going to get hurt and I'll get the blame. . . . Quiet hour."

## MORATORIUM

(Continued from Page 1)

black market, and a high crime rate."

Mr. Noel: "How has the war affected the American soldiers concerning their use of drugs?"

Mr. Nichols: "Marijuana is very easy to obtain; most people have at least tried it. Many needless lives have been lost while men have been under its influence, but it is the only drug with widespread use."

St. Mary's also observed the Moratorium with a peace service in Wednesday chapel, a "hawk-dove" debate in a s s e m b l y on Thursday, and an open discussion of the war Thursday night in the library.

## CAMPUS BLUES CONVERSATION

Editor's Note: Reprinted from the November 4, 1966 issue of The Belles.

By Sally Cruikshank

—That's right, Mother. I won't be coming home this weekend, or next weekend, or any weekend until Christmas at least. I'm campused.

—I can't do anything about it. I used up my petitions ages ago.

—No, Mother, you can't write any letter to help the situation. It's hopeless! Besides, I still have so many points on record that they're having trouble tabulating the campuses!

—You must be kidding! What are points? They're the cute little demerit stars they stick next to your name when you do something like slam your prayer book shut, or laugh at the wrong jokes in assembly, or run to supper on Sunday nights. If you collect enough of them, you get a campus.

—I think I may take up point collecting as a hobby. It's sort of like trading stamps—if you get enough of them you can cash them in on a campus.

—You know, I'm beginning to look forward to Wednesday nights and hall meetings, because then the counselors let us in on the secret of the rule of the week. It's funny, though. No matter how hard we try, we can never out-guess them. They always manage to come up with a rule we didn't know we'd been breaking.

—No, don't feel sorry for me and my campuses. Think of my roommate who hasn't seen the sidewalks of Hillsboro Street since the handbook test.

—Of course I'm coming home Thanksgiving. That is, I don't think campuses apply to vacations. . . .

—Listen, Mother, I've got to hang up. My three point-free minutes are used up. Call me back tomorrow—you know the telephone hours.

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