

The Belles OF SAINT MARY'S

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Opportunity, Come In

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.—Shakespeare.

Life is offering us a new challenge. For the first time many of us are dependent only on ourselves. We are being given an opportunity to develop. What we develop into will be our own doing.

No one is going to stand over us and try to make us work. Nor is anyone going to try to turn us into model Saint Mary's girls. We will become exactly what we choose.

Getting an education is hard work. It requires effort in class as well as OUT of class. Education isn't something we learn in a classroom. It is the something that enables us to adapt ourselves to circumstances, to get along with people, and to know what to do, and when to do it.

So let's make the most of what has been offered us at Saint Mary's and absorb all the knowledge we can. Let us accept the challenge we have received and "take all the swift advantage of the hours."

Saint Mary's—Home

Home is where the heart is, some say . . . but others emphatically declare, no sir, it's the place where you hang your hat. In either case we cannot escape the fact that Saint Mary's is our home nine-twelfths of the year. Seventy-five per cent of the year we spend at Saint Mary's, and of that seventy-five per cent, approximately seventy per cent is spent in our rooms.

Most of us have a sort of sentimental feeling about the four walls within which we study European History, translate Spanish, or puzzle over geometry. Why, this place is home!

We love to have company . . . "come see MY room, 317 Smedes." For people to feel at home in our

Personality Previews

LUCK FLANDERS

Home—Swainsboro, Ga.
Age—17.
Hair 'n' eyes—both brown.
Ambition—to learn some brand new imitations.
Pet hate—onion sandwich parties in MY room.
Spends spare time—doesn't have any.
Always heard—in West Rock.
Always seen—looking for Miss Jones.
Hobby—doing monologues.
Favorite article of clothing—hats.
Favorite food—steaks.
Favorite song—"Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week."
Is looking forward to—another houseparty like the last ones.
Odd likes—a five-girl room.
Pet passion—camping.
Worst fault—can't be printed.
Is wild about—the wide open spaces.
Offices, clubs, etc.—vice-president Y. W. C. A., Circle, BELLES, Stage Coach, Dramatics club, Legislative body, vice-president student body, Hall council.
Remarks: Generally liked by all whom she meets, Luck's the girl with the sweet smile and friendly word for everyone. As much a part of Saint Mary's as the cornerstone in West Rock, she is a good-all-round, fun-loving gal who gets nearly as much out of life as she puts in . . . and that's plenty!

SADIE WALSTON

Home—Wilson.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown.
Ambition—to teach kindergarten.
Pet hate—dieting.
Spends spare time—studying Spanish.
Always heard—singing "Beautiful Wilson."
Always seen—eating.
Hobby—sleeping.
Favorite article of clothing—shoes.
Favorite perfume—Chanel No. 5.
Favorite food—peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.
Favorite song—"Clair de Lune."

room is a compliment. But entering the room, what should we see . . . tacks all over the walls, dirty handprints, scuffed walls, lipstick smears, carved initials, and everything imaginable!

Imagine "Suzie loves Johnnie" carved on the dining room table at home, lipstick smears on the living room mirror, or handprints on the mantle? Mother would have fits! And so would we.

This summer our home, Saint Mary's, has been painted. We have newly sanded floors, washed windows, repaired screens, and replaced window panes. The school has spent a large amount of money on cleaning alone. What with the spic and span walls and floors, our rooms can be as comfortable and attractive as we choose to make them. For US the school has been cleaned, that we will be more comfortable.

Considering that, and remembering that this is our home, let's take pride in keeping it clean.

Is looking forward to—graduating.
Odd likes—Corneille.
Pet passion—Wilson.
Worst fault—talking always.
Is wild about—football games.
Offices, clubs, etc.—president senior class, hall president, member of Y. W. C. A., Mu.
Remarks: With laughing eyes, Sadie is always in the middle of everything talking and laughing. Mighty proud of Wilson and North Carolina, she plans to attend U. N. C. after graduation.

JUNE FLEENOR

Home—Charlotte.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown and blue.
Ambition—to graduate from Saint Mary's.
Pet hate—boys wearing black shoes.
Spends spare time—What! Spare time?
Always heard—period.
Hobby—knitting Mack a sweater.
Favorite article of clothing—cashmere sweaters.
Favorite perfume—Wood Hue.
Favorite food—frog legs.
Favorite song—"Body and Soul."
Is looking forward to—June 7th.
Odd likes—studying in the library for hours and hours.
Pet passion—gym!! especially those beginning swimming classes.
Worst fault—horse laugh.
Is wild about—Mack.
Offices, clubs, etc.—chairman Hall Council, choir.
Remarks: A rare combination of personality and good lucks, "Flee" can always be found dashing around the school, and nine times out of ten, spouting Spanish. Dividing her time between mischievous girls and Mack, she plans to settle down and spend the rest of her life in Charlotte.

Did You Ever See A Spoon Walking?

Do spoons walk, or did someone take a big bite of that wonderful ice cream and let the spoon slip down too? I don't think so, but two spoons walked out of the Old Girl-New Girl party.

For a foolish second the mystery was solved. Perhaps someone who was serving had thrown paper plate, napkin, spoon and all into the big boxes of trash. In evening dresses, plumes, and bangle bracelets, the girls began the search.

One spoon was found, but the other two have escaped, either with or without the help of human beings. So, if you see two Saint Mary's spoons walking around campus or socializing on the hall, please put them on their right track back to the dining room.

Girl Break October 4

The first Saint Mary's girl-break of the year will be held in the gymnasium October 4 at 8:00 o'clock, Gene Hines, chief dance marshal, announced recently.

SAINTS' SALLIES

I've been told that there passes between May and September only three months, but judging by the number of summer happenings, I'd say three summer months equal a whole school year of changes. Take Buddy and that Rawlings girl. Both switched from Wilson boys to Duke ones. Buddy gained a nice pin in the deal.

Speaking of dealing, Jean Dickerson cut high when she drew that Sigma Nu pin. Charlotte Wallin is proud of her hand, too, with that frat ring on her finger.

Speaking of frat jewelry, summer school at Wake Forest introduced into Frances Long's life a SPE with matching pin.

Speaking of "Reynolda U.," several girls are going to the Wake Forest-Georgetown game. Among them is Betsy (cutest girl) Harris.

Speaking of football, Willingham seems to like a Citadel varsity player, or were her fountain pens worn out on homework instead of letters to him?

Speaking of games again, Edith seems awfully excited about some thing.

Speaking of excitement, Anne Bradley's telegram must have been quite an event. I guess Ruth Morrisett's letter from V. P. I. was received with rejoicing, too, but neither can brag of having caused a stampede as McGurk's call on East Rock did!

Speaking of stampedes, Anne Aderson made her own to the radio she was so eager to hear the Lynchburg game. Also, Gene's red roses had everybody running to smell them.

Speaking of The Beautiful, how about blue eyes, Peggy R?

Speaking of delicate shades, Jean Allen Price might be in the pink if she were nearer Hendersonville. I guess Tiny Hobart would have felt better too if she had known that fell low was waiting in the parlor while she, unpaged, played West Rock Bridge.

Speaking of bridges, know that one near State? Well, not far from it live some KA's (ask Luck) and some PiKA's (ask Jo Darden). Shall we ask Waddle where the Sigma Nu's are?

Oh, now I've crossed the bridge before I got to it. Well—

Speaking of crossing, Bee Douglas hopes her Dutch boy will be doing that to the Atlantic before long.

Speaking of the Atlantic, Nellie spent a part of the summer in Cuba. That's the place where one jumps into the Sea of Love, according to a legend found in a flour sack.

Speaking of jumping into seas, I guess Maggie would have liked to when she found those two conflicting dates in the parlor.

Speaking of conflicts, this is going to run into the next column if I don't stop. (Carolina isn't dead—in fact, this semester isn't even born yet.)