

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

Published every two weeks during school year by the student body of Saint Mary's School.

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N. C. HUGHES

The faculty and student body wish to extend their sympathy to the Rev. Mr. I. Harding Hughes on the death of his father, N. C. Hughes.

Boycott "Life With Father"

"Minimum admission prices as required by the producers of this picture: matinee, 90c; night, \$1.25."

Once more the public is being put upon and robbed by producers, in this case Warner Bros., and as usual the local exhibitors or theatres are being forced to carry out the actual extortion work. No excuse or explanation is given the public for the necessity of thus increasing the present war-time admission prices 150% and thus adding greatly to the already dangerous inflationary spiral of prices. It had been suggested that producers have observed cynically that they had better "get theirs" while the public still has some extra moneys which can be extorted. However true this may be, it is still in the rumor stage.

What we are concerned about is the tendency the producers have developed of bleeding the public unmercifully simply because a good movie has been produced, though it isn't always a good one. *Duel in the Sun* was damned by critics and the public alike until the producers were forced to lure the public into theatres by frankly boasting of the picture's sleazy barnyard morals. When *Gone With the Wind* was shown for the first time, the producers cried maudlin tears about terrific expenses (not just inefficient waste of money), and doubled their prices. As the public now well knows, the producers have made enough money on that picture to finance two more like it and still have a tidy profit. Since then several double and triple-admission pictures have been thrust down the raw throat of a long suffering public that has for several years complained (merely) of the low quality of movies in general.

The public is going to rebel sometime, and the BELLES thinks that now is a good time to start. Therefore the BELLES advises and exhorts the 300 members of its student body and the 45 faculty and staff members to boycott *Life With Father* which is now being shown at a local theatre at exorbitant admis-

sion prices, and it begs that everyone connected with Saint Mary's will join in a spontaneous campaign to persuade as many people as possible not to pay extortionate admission prices.

Cute? No

Carolina, Duke, State, Wake Forest Editors—Please copy.

Last Sunday morning—wasn't it a beautiful one?—we walked out on our campus to enjoy it, frankly. The turning leaves lent a soft glow everywhere as we sauntered down to our new and splendid entranceway for to admire. But when we arrived there, we couldn't admire because crudely splashed down one of the brick posts in blue paint for all Raleigh to see and not admire were some silly words. Frankly, we were angry that anyone who was familiar with our school and campus should treat us so. But our anger was turned into seething resentment as we went up the brick walk onto the plaza and saw huge, crude letters in blue paint splashed across the brick walls supporting the porch. Also letters in blue paint across the freshly painted doors to the Day Students' Room. Also letters in blue paint sprawled across the top of the cement stairs leading to the porch.

We know that college "boys" perpetrate these outrages on the buildings of their athletic opponents and that they expect the favor to be returned, vandalous as those acts are. But we don't understand why friends and acquaintances want to do such things to our campus and buildings. If this is what we have to expect from some of the students at neighboring men's colleges, then matters have reached a new low.

It's stupid and idiotic, and we don't like it.

Now You Can Tell Us All About It

Do you have the desire to "tell the world" about your praise for someone or something here at Saint Mary's? Or do you have a complaint you must get off your chest? Here is your opportunity!

The BELLES is giving each student a chance to speak for herself through the paper. Write letters similar to the one in this issue, and place them in the BELLES copy box between the mail boxes and the coke machine. Perhaps other students will back your suggestions.

To be a progressive newspaper for a progressive school we must have suggestions. Whether you wish to criticize or praise the BELLES, the pages, the concerts, student government, organizations, athletics, or something else, tell us about it in the BELLES. An active, alert student body, focusing its mind on school improvements, can create a spirited school with a better student government.

So let us know your peevs and praises. All letters must be signed.

" " " " BELLES " " "

NANCY HOLLAND

Home—Franklin, Va.
 Hair 'n' eyes—betwixt 'n' green?
 Gray? Blue?
 Ambition—to finish the *Iliad*.
 Pet hate—getting up in the morning.
 Spends spare time—planning how to get to Rugby Road.
 Always heard—"Ahh, drop dead!"
 Hobby—losing things.
 Favorite article of clothing—"Salty Jeans."
 Favorite perfume—Intoxication.
 Favorite song—"The Wiffenpoof Song."
 Always seen—with Pegge.
 Is looking forward to—New York, bright lights, with Pegge.
 Favorite food—lobster meat.
 Odd likes—Camp.
 Pet passion—coffee.
 Worst fault—peroxide.
 Wild about—Med. students.

Offices, clubs, etc.—Marshal, Hall Council, Y. W. C. A., Woman's Auxiliary, Dramatics Club, Belles, Stage Coach, Bulletin.

Remarks—Friendly 'n' lovable, always smiling, Nancy can probably be found reading the *Iliad* or talking to U. V. A.

PEGGE MISENHEIMER

Home—Concord, N. C.
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—blonde 'n' green.
 Ambition—New York with Nancy.
 Pet hate—dateless Saturday nights.
 Spends spare time—in bed.
 Always heard—"I jest you not."
 Always seen—with Nancy.
 Hobby—drinking coffee.
 Favorite article of clothing—beaver coat.
 Favorite food—clams.
 Favorite song—"As Time Goes By."
 Favorite perfume—Mitsuoko.
 Looking forward to—summertime.
 Odd likes—Regent cigarettes.
 Pet passion—Deb Ball.
 Worst fault—falling in love.
 Wild about—Chapel Hill.

Offices, clubs, etc.—Marshal, Hall Council, vice-president Doctors' Daughters' Club, Woman's Auxiliary, Sigma, Stage Coach.

Remarks—You'll see Pegge marshaling in the front of a line of girls, or standing in the phone booth. Extra tall, and extra good looking. Pegge's the "Vogue Model" of Saint Mary's.

Dear Editor,

It would be a great improvement at Saint Mary's if the page on duty were required to obtain the name of the person calling. Several times we have had to go down to the parlor without knowing who was there.

We suggest that the page obtain the person's name, and if the girl is not in, leave a written note of the call, stating name of the caller and message, if there is one. Small white cards should be placed in the parlor for this purpose.

We would also like to have a pad by the phone on every hall for phone messages.

Hopefully,

Mary Giles Stewart.
 Leah Rigsbee.

ROSE POTTER

Home—Winston-Salem, N. C.
 Age—17.
 Hair 'n' eyes—red 'n' neutral.
 Ambition—to get married.
 Pet hate—conversation before 9 a.m.
 Spends spare time—talking.
 Always heard.
 Always seen.
 Hobby—fish.
 Favorite article of clothing—sweaters.
 Favorite food—pork chops.
 Favorite song—"Always."
 Favorite perfume—"Blue Grass."
 Looking forward to—being of age "18."
 Odd likes—Ebo.
 Pet passion—yellow sweaters boys.
 Worst fault—my mouth.
 Wild about—weddings.

Offices, clubs, etc.—Mu, Y. W. C. A., chairman of Assembly, Hall president.

Remarks—The carrot-topped girl who is always in the middle of everything, Rose is the life of any gathering, be it an economics class or a party. Saint Mary's would not be the same without her. Rose, however, prefers Winston-Salem, especially after last week-end!

Sophomore Susie

Can't I have any luck?

As unfortunate as it seems, Dr. Haywood seems to think that my health is such that I will be able to make it through the year—I couldn't even work up a good case of "something" to get out of gym—oh, that isn't what I wanted to talk about anyway.

In order not to be late to this important conference concerning my health at Nurse Naylor's, I was tearing down the hall, dropping my biology specimens and tripping over my tennis shoes, when I collided with the congregation that was assembled around Mr. Moore's sanctuary. All seventy seniors were attempting to get an eye to the keyhole. The summer reading conferences had started. It seems that "Tut" got "eager" and inquired as to when they would begin. In order not to disappoint her, Mr. Moore started scheduling them for 12:00 (she asked at 11:59).

Well, anyway, there they stood rather stooped, trying to get Achilles Hector, Ruth Butler, Beowulf and the prioress all catalogued in the proper place.

Kalevas looked most distracted as she attempted to settle for once and for all whether she had read *Moby Dick*, *Twain* or the *Tale of Two Cities*.

As for Sadie Waddell, her case was hopeless. She was wandering around through the crowd muttering "What's it all about, what summer reading, I just don't understand."

After a tremendous amount of effort on my part I managed to crowd through the jam and kick open the door. As I staggered through the door I passed Jo Hoyt murmuring "Dessertation on a Roast Pig," "Dessertation on a Roast Pig," "Dessertation on a Roast Pig."

How can I ever pass all that sort of work?