

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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FUTURE CITIZENS OR BACKSLIDERS?

Saint Mary's girls will make good future citizens. It is the duty of each one of us to ask ourselves if this statement is true. Our answer should be based on the result of the searching and probing for the facts and evidence which are now present.

Are we aware of what is going on in the world this week? Were we aware of what went on in the world last week? If so, why were the majority of us silent when Mr. Moore asked in assembly if there were any questions we wanted answered on current events? Was it that we knew everything? That is doubtful because at our ages we cannot possibly understand thoroughly the nation's economic policy, defense program, or labor problems. As good citizens we should not have been ashamed to ask aid from one who was better informed than we were. Instead we should have welcomed the opportunity to increase our understanding of the happenings in our world today.

Do we consider the hydrogen bomb equally as important as our new spring outfit? If so, why do some of us know far more about the new colors, fabrics, and styles than we know about the underlying principles, dangers, and problems of the hydrogen bomb? Why is it that there are more conversations about clothes than about subjects of world-wide interest? Is this a desirable state of affairs? The obvious answer is no, but are we doing anything about it?

There have been few student elections in which every student voted. This is good evidence that we will not make good use of our privilege to vote later. We shudder at the thought of the United States being a communistic nation, yet if we do not use those privileges upon which democracy is based, can we expect to keep a good democratic government?

We have faith enough in our potentialities to think that we will make good future citizens. However, the evidence that we will is

Leonabelle McLamb Spins Witty Tale Of Life As SMS Switchboard Operator

"Brrrrrrrrrr!" The harsh jangle of the buzzer aroused Leonabelle with a jerk from her intense pre-occupation with *True Confessions*. Frantically she yanked and pulled cords and turned switches. Then in a calm and supposedly sophisticated voice she said, "Saint Mary's School."

"Are you listening to your radio?"
"Why . . . yes," Leonabelle answered not wanting to miss a trick. "What program are you listening to?"

Leonabelle decided she'd better admit the truth. "I'm really not listening to the radio. I'm just working on the switchboard."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. You just missed winning two cases of Hadacol."

"That just couldn't be. I'm never lucky about such things."

"This was your chance of a lifetime. What is your name, please?"

"Leonabelle McLamb."

"Where are you from?"

"Sulphur Springs."

"Oh, do you know Sue Johnson?"

"Why yes, she's one of my best friends. Are we really on the radio?"

"No, I didn't have anything to do, so I decided to find someone to talk to. I figured that if I called Saint Mary's someone had to answer. Are you working hard?"

"I'm just waiting for calls and feeling rather bored. Who are you anyway?"

"The name's Bill Baxter. Mind if I talk to you for a while, or would you rather be bored?"

"Not at all, provided you're sure you won't be boring."

"I'll do my best. I can usually keep talking for quite a while given a little encouragement. Tell me what you look like. You sound like a blond."

"I am, but how could . . . excuse me a moment; I have a call. Saint Mary's School."

Ode to Mr. S. Agonistes

Oh! Samson Agonistes,
What made you be so dumb?
What did you have to rely
On that dog-gone skunk Delila?

As big a boy as you are
Sure ought to know by now,
That a woman ain't been met yet
That can keep any sort of secret.

You must read about the style
That's all that I can see,
Or else you wouldn't have dare
Let them cut off your hair.

Oh! Samson Agonistes!
You really flubbed the dub!
But it ain't no use to blow your lid
'Cause what's did is did.

We all do forgive you, though,
'Cause you sho' did repent.
And the way you used that pillar
Was really a killer-diller.

very poor and slim now.

We owe it to ourselves, our school, our community, our state, our nation, and our world to do a better job. We are capable of it.

"Gimme third Smedes," a gruff voice answered.

"I'm sorry, we can't ring the halls until nine-thirty."

"Well, that's fine, that's mighty fine. Thanks a lot. I really appreciate that." An abrupt click ended the conversation.

Two more lights flashed on and Leonabelle went to work. "Operator."

"Outside, please. This is a senior."

The cords were plugged in. Leonabelle answered the next call, "Saint Mary's School."

"May I speak to Charlotte Jones?"

"I'm sorry, I can't ring her until nine-thirty."

"How about Sara Cabell?"

"We can't call any of the girls."

"Well, it's about a quarter to nine now. I ought to be able to talk to you until nine-thirty. Do you think you can stand me for forty-five minutes?"

"I'm sure I could, but I'm already talking to someone else."

"She sure is," Bill broke in. "Now you just get off the line and let me talk to this girl."

"You've been talking to her. Give me a chance now. After all it's only fair to take turns and give the other fellow a chance."

"All's fair in love and war, and this might turn out to be love. Be a good boy and hang up."

"Hey, is that Bill Baxter?"

"Sure! Now don't tell me . . . I've got it, that's Stan Carlisle. How are ya doin'? Haven't seen you since that big brawl we had New Year's Eve. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, I've been spending most of my time down at the house with the fellows. Say, what ever happened to that blond that was hanging on to you at the party?"

"I haven't seen Lulubelle since. You know, she passed out on me that night."

"I wasn't there when she did, but I was expecting it any minute."

"Well, boys, don't mind me, but why don't you two call each other up and talk instead of using Saint to get the feel of it. One or two begin to get the feel of it eventually, while their poor partners grow red in the face."

Future Ballerinas Look Forward To Breath-Taking Thursday Classes

Neatly dressed in clean blue suits and dainty black felt shoes, the girls in the Thursday morning class rush happily to the gym. Impatient for action, they practice jumping ropes or playing ping-pong until Mrs. Guess comes out of hiding with her little black roll book. Then, of course, a hush falls over the room and the class is silent as the instructor calls the roll.

Then, raring to go, they quickly form lines and do calisthenics to the exotic beat of a tom-tom or the slow, delicate tunes floating from the piano. After about ten minutes of this, they listen with rapt attention as Mrs. Guess explains the funda-

SMS Finds New Love In Love Magazines

Visiting in Sarah Anne Proctor's room can be a very enlightening experience. For instance, the other day she gave a group of second Holt girls some highly interesting material on love magazines. She told them that the magazines come in ten and fifteen cent sizes, but she added that only seniors were experienced enough to read the fifteen cent size without having their pure, maiden thoughts affected. She said that the language and vividly described scenes used in the more expensive magazine were not suitable for freshmen, sophomores, and juniors. Sarah Anne prefers the ten cent size herself because they specialize in tender words and thoughts which are accompanied by very illustrative, cozy pictures.

The names of some of these absorbing magazines are: *Lovers' Lane*, *Love Lessons*, *Girls' Romances*, *Love Tales*, *Love Scandals*, and *Dairy Loves*. The latter's further alluring title is "Glimpses into the Intimate Secrets of Girls in Love." None the less interesting are the titles of the stories: "Heartbreak for Two," "How I Lost the Man I Love," "My False Happiness," "He Stole My Heart," "He Hypnotized My Heart!" and "House of Tears."

Sarah Anne suggests this type of reading for relaxation or for comfort when one is having love problems of her own. She said that there are always problems similar to her own in them but the difference lies in the fact that the man in the story is always easier to snare than the man in real life!

Mary's to make your contacts?" Leonabelle was beginning to feel neglected.

"That's right, I was going to talk to you, wasn't I?" Stan replied.

"You did say something of the sort, but I'll just hook you all up to each other and take care of this call from the faculty house."

"Thanks, that will be fine. Call me back at nine-thirty and let me talk to Charlotte."

"Sure, sure," Leonabelle said with a sigh. One thing about switchboard work, something interesting always happens.

mentals of the latest dance step. It is the hop-gallop. "Very easy, very easy," she assures her awed pupils. "You merely hop up into the air and gallop a few moments. It will be much more graceful if you land in the leaping position." Spirited by their brisk exercise, the girls can hardly wait to try this step. Mrs. Farmer demonstrates it to the "Happy Farmer," and indeed it does look easy. First they practice the high hop. Naturally Liz twists her ankle and is unable to try the suspended gallop. She hates to gallop anyway. She doesn't think it is suited to the

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