

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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MEMBER OF  
N. C. C. P. A.

## THOSE WONDERFUL PETITIONS . . . . .

The Legislative Body and Dr. Stone are to be congratulated for their discrimination in selecting and passing, from the recently submitted petitions, those which would be most beneficial to the students and the school, and in rejecting those which were obviously unsound and injurious. In this action they have placed a new confidence in the ability of the student body to follow rules.

We must justify this confidence by upholding these new regulations to the best of our ability. We are now on trial; we can succeed or fail this judgment. Our position depends on all of us, not our next-door neighbors or the class leaders. If we do not follow these new rules, they easily may be revoked. We must stay within their limits and show that we can use a new privilege wisely before we will be granted any more relaxations of rules. Let us make such a final decision that the Legislative Body and Dr. Stone will be able to congratulate us on our choice as we have congratulated them on theirs.

## CONGRATULATIONS TO OFFICERS . . . . .

The BELLES would like to take this opportunity to say congratulations both to the new officers and to the student body for having made such commendable choices in their major leaders for the coming year.

We willingly confess ourselves to be of that group of students who believe that an officer is a person worthy of awe; now by *awe* we don't mean absolute reverence, just respect. We grant you that every one of us who receives an office is not necessarily a person of awe inspiring presence, but we do think that those girls who fill the posts of leading student government officers should command the respect and friendship of every student at Saint Mary's. This year's officers have done a wonderful job with their duties, and we feel that their success is due not only to their own executive abilities, but to the respect and support which they were able to obtain from the student body as a whole.

It is the hope of this paper that next year's officers and student body will do a job equal to, if not surpassing, this year's example.

## Belles of Saint Mary's

HELEN YOUNG

JOAN ("SHADY") STIEBER

Home—Henderson, N. C.

Home—Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Age—19.

Age—20.

Hair 'n' eyes—blonde and green.

Hair 'n' eyes—brown.

Pet hate—sarcasm.

Pet hate—insincerity.

Always heard—"I've got so much to do!"

Always heard—"Just one more cigarette and I'm off to the library."

Always seen—in the bathroom after 10:15.

Always seen—at the bridge table.

Hobby—skating.

Hobby—tennis.

Favorite food—seafood.

Favorite food—steak.

Favorite song—*Oh Johnny*.

Favorite song—*There's No Tomorrow*.

Favorite perfume—"Tigress."

Favorite perfume—"Channel No. 5."

Odd likes—roommate.

Odd likes—"Abie."

Looking forward to—Carolina.

Looking forward to—Carolina.

Pet passion—movies.

Pet passion—men.

Ambition—to pass senior English.

Ambition—to fall in love.

Wild about—weekends.

Wild about—coffee.

Offices: Canterbury Club, Sigma.

Offices: Dramatic Club; Granddaughter's Club; Sigma.

Remarks: Artistic; obliging; irreplaceable!

Remarks: Witty; friendly; "reformed Yankee."

## Aunt Maud Finds Student Life At Saint Mary's Complicated

One sunny day at Saint Mary's Melissa Mae rushed from her dormitory room, down the hall and over to the parlor to meet her guest. It was the first caller that she had had during the entire six months that she had been at school.

'Lissa Mae was so excited she could hardly contain herself. She tried to imagine who it could be. Maybe some tall, dark, handsome State boy had noticed her when she visited the Toddle House last Saturday and had been captivated by her innocent beauty; maybe one of those darling boys that she had met at the last meeting of the Lonely Hearts Club had recognized her as the friend that he had been searching for! Oh, there were so many exciting prospects rushing through her empty brain!

At that moment, 'Lissa Mae reached the parlor door. Bracing

herself and putting on her very best smile, she entered the parlor, quite ready to confront her ardent admirer. Poor 'Lissa Mae! Her smile faded to a grimace when she beheld the stern, but patient countenance of her Aunt Maud from near-by Creeking Stream. All of her dreams crashed to the earth as she prepared herself for the ordeal of carrying on a conversation with her old-maid aunt. Why did things like this always have to happen to her?

The two relatives remained in the parlor for a few minutes inquiring politely about each other's health and about the rest of the relatives. Then Aunt Maud expressed her desire to see the school and campus. 'Lissa Mae consented to conduct a tour, but vowed to herself that she would steer clear of her own dormitory hall where the girls were all under the misapprehension that their own Melissa Mae had a date at last.

Aunt Maud wished first of all to meet the dean of girls. She had a special purpose in this wish, because she just had to know how one woman could manage so many, many girls, especially if they all had as many new-fangled ideas as 'Lissa Mae did. After this interview, which 'Lissa Mae thoroughly enjoyed, Aunt Maud was puzzled to notice as they made their way back through the covered way that no less than twenty girls were gathered around a little scrap of paper on the wall with the letters MDJ written on the bottom. Aunt Maud just couldn't understand what could be so fascinating about this little scrap of paper. It couldn't be very important, she was sure. Didn't all of these girls have something better to do to occupy their valuable time? 'Lissa Mae tried her best to explain the significance of this little scrap of paper, but gave it up as a bad try when Aunt Maud became so upset about it that the two of them were screaming at each other at the top of their lungs right there in the covered way.

Aunt Maud had just regained her composure when the sound of stampeding saddle shoes was heard coming down the hall in front of them. 'Lissa Mae barely succeeded in pulling her aunt safely to the side for the mob to pass. As they came within hearing distance, the only vocal sounds to be heard over the roar of feet on the floor were gasps about a book and the reserve shelf. When 'Lissa Mae explained that they were racing for first choice on a reserve book, Aunt Maud couldn't understand what difference one little book would make anyway.

So far the visit hadn't involved any serious calamity, but all of 'Lissa Mae's hopes were shattered when Aunt Maud declared that she must see 'Lissa's room before her visit ended. Now she must face the knowing looks of her friends when they realized that there was still no male to be con-

## Kitty Pharaoh Cries To Students For Aid

Dear Saints,

I have been at Saint Mary's School for almost four weeks now, and so far I haven't been treated with very much respect. Maybe if you girls here understood me better, you would treat me with more courtesy.

In order to explain my character so that you girls will understand it, I must go back about three years to a cold and windy night in the friendly little city of Ahoskie. On this particular night in a coal bin, I saw the world for the first time and shuddered. Even then I somehow knew that I wasn't wanted. (Isn't that sad?)

After a few months, I left my mother and brothers and began my roaming career. There is nothing that I hate worse than roaming; so many times I tried to settle down, but each time somebody would chase me away.

Finally I decided to come to Saint Mary's, because I thought maybe the girls here would like me; I thought that Saint Mary's would be the ideal place to settle down and raise a family.

I have tried to be as sweet and friendly as I could since I have been here, but the girls just don't appreciate me. I always try to keep myself clean and neat, too. I even go around to visit some of the girls here, but I certainly don't feel very welcome. When they see me coming, they run screaming and yelling down the hall. This really does hurt my feelings. There are a few kind, loving souls in this school, however, and they are the only people who make my life tolerable.

Please have pity on me, and if you see me roaming around out in the halls, pat me on the head and say, "Nice girl, Pharaoh." It would make me feel so good!

Hopefully,

Katherine Pharaoh.

considered. Gritting her teeth, she led the way up the unending flights of stairs to her room. There was one hope left. Possibly all of the girls on her hall had gone out. She closed her eyes and offered a solemn prayer.

When they reached the top stair, 'Lissa Mae thought for a minute that all of her prayers had been answered for not a sound was to be heard on the hall. Her relief did not last long, however. When she opened the door to her room, the first thing in sight was her bed, absolutely loaded to the floor with every one of the girls that she had left there when she departed to meet her lover. And on the bed with them was the photograph of her distant cousin, Hezekiah, whom she had named Charles van Dyke and had introduced to her school friends as her best boy friend who was too far away to come to visit often. Poor 'Lissa Mae knew then that all of her dreams had ended. Not only had Aunt Maud built up her hopes but now she would surely betray the fact that she didn't even have a boy friend.

(See P. 3, Col. 4)