

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

☆ Personality ☆

ANNE RIXEY

Town: Norfolk.

Hair: Brown.

Age: 18.

Eyes: Baby blue.

Pet peeve: Infirmary.

Always heard: "Listen y'awl!"

Always seen: Happy.

Hobby: Being campused and writing Bill.

Favorite food: Virginia ham.

Favorite song: *You'll Never Walk Alone*.

Favorite perfume: Tabu.

Looking forward to: V.M.I. Homecoming.

Ambition: Housewife (Bill).

Wild about: Bill.

Offices: Vice-president of student body, Dramatics Club, Canterbury Club, *Stage Coach* staff.

Remarks: Cheerful, neat, cute, little.

Studying? What On Earth Is That? Some SMS Girls Honestly Don't Know

When I first came to Saint Mary's I expected a quiet hour to be quiet! How wrong can one be! At the beginning of the year, during Orientation Week, anyway, I was pleasantly surprised, but now that classes have started, my roommate and I are about to go crazy.

There seem to be three types of "brains" at Saint Mary's who find it totally unnecessary to waste time studying. They are the ukelele players, the girls who are forever dropping around to bum a cigarette, and the bebop fiends. Of these three, the first are by far the worst. The "bummers" merely sit around and talk for hours on end while your cigarettes disappear. The bebop fans only cause the plaster to fall a little more, but those ukeleles—plus telephones

and three or four radios tuned to different stations—are ruining my life. From four to eight we hear a medley of what sounds like original compositions. The rest of the evening is devoted to such good old stand-bys as the *Hadacol Boogie*. The mornings are filled with screeches and discords which faintly resemble *Sunny Tennessee* and *Play a Simple Melody*.

But, after all, there is the brighter side. I can always write my English theme about the noise on the halls. Maybe ukeleles will go out of style during the next five years I'll spend trying to concentrate on my history. But perhaps I might even become a famous ukelele player. Yes, I've decided to learn how—in self-defense.

AT THE THEATERS

(October 1-14)

STATE

1- 7 *Caribou Trail*.
8-14 *Our Very Own*.

AMBASSADOR

1- 3 *The Damned Don't Cry*.
Joan Crawford, David Brian.
4- 7 *The Black Rose*.
Tyronne Power, Orson Wells.
8-10 *The Furies*.
Barbara Stanwyck,
Wendell Corey.
11-14 *My Blue Heaven*.
Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

WAKE

1- 3 *Fireball*.
4- 7 *One Night in the Tropics*.
8-10 *The Nevadan*.
11-12 *Champion*.
13-14 *Pistol-Packing Mama*.

VARSITY

1- 3 *The Eagle*.
4- 6 *Bright Leaf*.
7 *Western Union*.
8-11 *Undecided*.
12-13 *Riding High*.
14 *Boomerang*.

COLONY

1 *Treasure Island* for an extended engagement

THREE CHEERS FOR STUNT NIGHT

Most girls, if asked, would readily agree that the annual stunt night at Saint Mary's this year included an unusual number of original and well-planned skits. Certainly all girls from first East Wing deserve three encores on their originality, the factor which largely determined their skit as a winner. As the mistress of ceremonies calmly assumed her position, models who displayed hats resembling everything from sewing kits to mail boxes passed before an astonished audience.

Stunt night is a very important event of Orientation Week. This program usually brings a climax to the previous events of the week and, therefore, should be a well-planned program. This year almost every student did her part in planning and working on the stunts. The two minstrel skits from East third Smedes and second West Wing certainly proved that the girls on these halls spent a great deal of time working for perfection in their stunts. The costumes in *The Things We Did Last Summer* displayed the interest of the girls from first Holt in making their skit a success.

Originality, planning, and work all went hand in hand to make this year's stunt night a presentation which everyone will long remember. Each Saint Mary's girl deserves credit for her part in the successful entertainment.

BE AN ATHLETIC ENTHUSIAST, PLEASE

There are so many things to do! Life here at Saint Mary's is full of rushing, studying, and little sleep. How could one possibly crowd anything else into these busy days?

Don't take that attitude! We are busy; we do have to study. After all, that is basically what we're here for. But we are not so busy that we can't take time out for fun. Not ever!

Every Saint Mary's girl has been named either a *Sigma* or a *Mu*. That means that every one of us has become a member of an organization which requires activity from its members. Don't just settle for saying, "I'm a *Sigma*," or "I'm a *Mu*," and never doing anything about it. Make yourself so active and well known in your athletic society that no one will have to ask whether you are a *Sigma* or a *Mu*.

The way to be well known is to go out for sports. Of course you may not like some games as well as others. That's understood. But pick your games and work at them.

Even if you aren't particularly athletically inclined, there are things for you to do. Be a cheerleader, maybe, and be at all of the *Sigma-Mu* contests to back your team. Enthusiasm and team spirit play an important part in every game, and even a spectator can contribute these.

Honest, girls! School life will be a lot more fun if you take part in things and make yourself a well-rounded Saint Mary's girl. One good way to achieve this aim is by being an active *Sigma* or *Mu*.

CHOOSE YOUR LEADERS CAREFULLY

The first few weeks at school are spent in electing the class officers and club officers who will lead the classes and clubs through the year. In order to lead any organization an officer needs co-operation in all projects and duties.

Each girl in school has responsibilities. Being a good follower is often harder than being a good leader. Attending all class meetings and organization meetings is the first step in living up to her responsibilities as a member. All meetings are announced in assembly, in the dining hall, in the covered way, or on the Smedes bulletin board. Some groups meet at a set time each week. Familiarizing herself with the time and place of all meetings is not, therefore, a difficult task for any girl.

Other responsibilities which a girl has in regard to her membership in organizations are also important. Doing her share in all projects which are undertaken, voting in all elections, and offering any helpful suggestions to her class and organization officers constitute the greater part of these responsibilities.

All persons in authority appreciate co-operation, for without it authority is powerless. Leaders expect it. Co-operation is not a difficult aspect of school life. The officers of each club in which a girl is a member need her co-operation to make it an organization of which to be proud.

Don't Worry New Girls. Next Year Someone Else Will Blush, Not You

I stood in the hall amid all the confusion trying desperately to find East Wing 043. After about three trips back and forth from one end of the hall to the other, I stopped and asked the ever faithful Annie May where the room was. Finally arriving at my destination about ten minutes late, I gathered all the poise I had left and walked sedately through the door.

As I stepped into the room a dead silence seemed to settle over the class. Mustering my courage I started toward the back of the room where I saw the only vacant seat. I settled myself quietly into the chair and waited for the class to begin. When the teacher came into the room I stood up as the other girls did and felt very pleased with myself for catching on that quickly. By this time I was feeling practically like an experienced old girl.

In the midst of a very complicated discussion about the Norman Conquest the bell rang, so I picked up my books and proceeded toward the door. Someone kindly informed me that the bell meant that only half the period

was over. I tried to get back to my seat as inconspicuously as possible and sat there the rest of the period with my pride completely shattered. When the final bell rang, I was the last student to creep out of the room.

I then wandered into my next class hoping for better luck. Our teacher came into the room and began talking in some foreign tongue called Spanish. I sat and tried to look intelligent. When she asked me a question in Spanish I just sat and looked. Understanding my blank expression, she went on and asked another new girl the same question. I felt a little better when she, too, failed to answer.

Near the end of the class I glanced around the room and saw a few girls who looked almost as lost and confused as I. Then I began to hope that some day I could look back and laugh at my mistakes. Maybe that day I won't make such mistakes as calling Miss Bason Miss Brown and strolling into senior English instead of freshman Bible. I hope so, anyway!