

Students and Faculty Recognize Lack of Small Meeting Places

When students and faculty have need for small meeting places on campus, where do they go? The parlor is too large for most meetings. Its spacious atmosphere detracts from the unity and formality meetings frequently require. The study hall is similarly too spacious and often difficult to engage if a club has reason to schedule afternoon or night meetings. For a large class like the Junior Class, the parlor and study hall may prove acceptable, but as Ann Wallace, next term's vice-president of student government observes, "These places are simply not meeting places. They provide no privacy for meetings; neither are they conducive to formal procedure in small groups."

Teachers seldom have reason to call meetings large enough to engage either the study hall or parlor. Faculty house was originally intended solely for the faculty and its activities, but students now occupy the second floor and in various ways interfere with teachers' freedom there. Miss Morrison admits that the faculty's privilege to hold meetings in faculty house parlor is inconvenient from the faculty's standpoint as well as from the students'. She has noticed the noise guests quite naturally make as well as the noise students are bound to make. Of course class rooms are available, but why should St. Mary's students be limited to these bare facilities?

What about the hut? It's small; it's conveniently located; it's private; and it's cozy. The hut is an ideal place for student and faculty gatherings.

Actually, the hut represents quite an investment on the part of the faculty, students, and school; yet for years, it has been practically unusable in winter and hardly better during spring and summer because its furnishings, which were never adequate, are now practically non-existent. With a few hundred additional dollars, the now almost unused hut could become the focal point for student and faculty group activity.

Hardly a week goes by that some group does not bewail a lack of such facilities on St. Mary's campus. Obviously, there is some reason the hut has been a white elephant for so long. BELLES suggests that the reason is a lack of money. For this reason it suggests the possibility of canvassing student groups with the idea of contributing "their part" to complete the hut as they did in the original building. To BELLES' unskilled eyes the hut seems to need steam heat, tile flooring, and some furniture. These needs should not be so difficult to achieve if "everybody" applies the shoulder to the wheel.

Again BELLES Reminds Students To Beware the Follies of Spring

*Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.*

HENRY TIMROD.

For the past two months spring has been descending by fits and starts upon St. Mary's campus until, with startling rapidity, it has now become an ever present reality. Warm weather is here to stay. And with it comes that "nameless pathos in the air" which not only "dwells in all things fair," but also brings a feeling of irresponsibility to all.

With the advent of spring, apathy permeates the campus atmosphere, and grades and activity of any sort drop to the lowest ebb. This apathy, more commonly termed "spring fever," is dangerous to every student. No student, no matter how diligent she may be, is unsusceptible to its charms.

The sun calls them; the whole out-of-doors calls; and they answer. But most of all do students answer the call of weekends. There are two open weekends during the months of April and May. One, just passed, has already proved what BELLES predicts will be the case on May 8—a general exodus of the major part of the student body from campus. Thrown aside are books and all thoughts of higher learning in the scurry to get away from school. Students rush away, not realizing the serious consequences of leaving unopened books behind them.

Exams are only a matter of weeks away, and now is the time to start preparing for them. BELLES would like to warn students against taking spring's call too much to heart and to ask them, for their own sakes, to go back to their books at a time when they really need to study. After all, spring is a season to be enjoyed, not exploited.

St. Mary's Possesses Future Dress Designer

by ANNE WALLACE

WHILE walking through the campus I noticed a red pony tail bobbing up and down in front of me. I knew at once that this attractive redhead belonged only to Doris Ann Sherrill. Doris Ann is such a busy sophomore that I grabbed the chance to chat with her.

The fact is wide-spread that Doris Ann is one of the most original and talented students in St. Mary's. She is an avid art student who intends to make a career of her artistic talents. Her chosen field is fashion designing. Doris Ann volunteered the information that she has been interested in this work ever since she can remember. She started painting at an early age, and it is still her favorite pastime.

High Ambitions

In talking over her plans for the future, Doris Ann told me that she plans to enter Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, next fall. There she will begin a four-year major in fashion designing. From Statesville, Doris Ann has the required ambition to be a success, for she told me she hopes someday to be listed among the top ten fashion designers in the country.

Those of you who admire Doris Ann's style and taste in clothes will be interested to know that she designs most of her wardrobe. Her favorite creation is a tailored brown wool dress with gold cashmere stripes. Sounds like a knock-out!

Decoration Chairman

Doris Ann believes that she has obtained invaluable instruction in art during her two years at St. Mary's. Her artistic knowledge found expression in the beautiful effects she created as decoration chairman of the Freshman-Sophomore Dance.

This year she submitted a dress design to the Scholastic Awards Contest for the first time. As I said goodbye to Doris Ann, I could not help but feel I might be wearing one of her creations in the future.

The Belles

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Happy Birthday

May 1.....Elizabeth Martin
May 2.....Dillon Dawson
May 2.....Sumner Parham
May 4.....Frances Spain
May 8.....Jane Best
May 8.....Bitty Dent
May 11.....Charlotte Lilly
May 11.....Gretchen Mullen
May 11.....Ann Bynum

Acid-Mixers Witness Weekly Hair-Raising Chemistry Lab

Have you ever noticed a slightly unpleasant odor in Cheshire Hall? Well, if it smells slightly spoiled, that's the biology lab; but if it's an absolutely rotten odor, that's the chemistry lab. The ruler of this foul-smelling domain is slender, bustling Dr. Owen Browne, who probably knows better how to get rid of a class than any other teacher.

The acid mixers meet once a week for three hair-raising hours. The demonstration witnesses hold tight to their chairs while Dr. Browne produces all sorts of asphyxiating smoke clouds and mixes clear liquids until they turn every color of the spectroscope. (For all you underprivileged, that last word means rainbow.)

The class begins. At two minutes past the time to be there, half the

class strolls in. Five minutes later the back row is asleep. Ten minutes later the inevitable test question is on the board, and at the same moment the last student darkens the doorway. Of course, no one has ever heard of the test question, and angry grumblings can be heard asking Dr. Browne how in the world they're supposed to know that. After the test, the lecture begins. One student gets out her knitting. The rest of the class tries to look intelligent while asking dumb questions.

We read in our lab manuals, "Warning: Such-and-such a gas is poisonous and if inhaled in too large amounts produces death. Inhale such-and-such another gas as an antidote." Oh, oh, Alma's hand is up. We might get out in time for supper.