

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Entered as Second Class Matter December 7, 1944, at Post Office, Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription.....\$1.00 a year
Address all subscriptions to Alumnae Office.

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Stoughton Improves

Eliot Stoughton, Saint Mary's business manager, is reported recovering from his illness. He has been confined for quite some time with typhoid fever, and the absence of his familiar figure on the campus has been very much realized by faculty and students.

All Saint Mary's is encouraged to hear of his improvement and is looking forward to his rapid and complete recovery.

Full Speed Ahead

"The bells of St. Mary's, I hear they are calling . . ."—so goes the old song which perhaps was written especially for our own Saint Mary's. Yes, the "belles" of Saint Mary's are calling, and they're sincerely calling for an education, an education which will mean something in the future, an education on which to build a future.

Every year when school starts, people are determined to study. Our brains have been idle long enough, and this year *study* is the motto. Like many promises, this determined pledge is often broken. However, this year everything is for us. The staff employs many capable teachers, who are offering us their best. But their best is still not enough unless we sincerely apply ourselves, and put determination, "elbow grease," and "brain work" into the course. In public school, we were allowed to "take it or leave it." Here at Saint Mary's, we take it or leave—and by leaving, we may destroy our future lives.

Along with this preparatory education, one learns to live, in the full sense of the word. One discovers through the chapel services that God is an essential, a very definite part of Saint Mary's and our personal lives. Would we dare not heed this challenge, this education in living which is offered us? No, we must put "full speed ahead"; we must study, think of others, and learn to live with the world in which each of us must play a vital part.

Hollywood Is Not For Sally Ann; She Prefers College and Marriage

How would you like to attend school with Butch Jenkins, Elizabeth Taylor, and Margaret O'Brien? Or meet Van Johnson and Gregory Peck? Although this may seem like just a daydream to you, it really happened to one Saint Mary's girl. The lucky person was Sally Ann Borthwick, the junior who won such great applause with the selection "Smilin' Through" at the Old Girl-New Girl Party.

Two years ago when Sally Ann's music teacher in Winston-Salem learned that the Borthwick family was going to New York, he asked them to look up a friend of his, Estelle Liebling. Having met Sally Ann and having decided that she had possibilities, Miss Liebling, a very influential person, arranged for several auditions with Hollywood talent seekers. The outcome of these was a \$125 a week contract with MGM for Sally Ann.

After spending six months in Hollywood, Sally Ann decided that the movie city was no place for a sixteen-year-old girl, because, she says, "The material forces there could easily be ruinous to a person's spiritual instincts."

Leaving Hollywood did not end her numerous appearances as a singer and an actress. Prior to entering Saint Mary's, she starred in a Little Theatre production which was acclaimed a huge success.

The first question asked of anyone who has been to Hollywood is, "Did you meet any movie stars?" Among the ones Sally Ann knew were Janie Powell, Marshall Thompson, Van Johnson, Gloria DeHaven, June Allyson, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams, Lana Turner, Kathryn Hepburn, Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, Marsha Hunt, Gregory Peck, and Butch Jenkins.

Surprisingly enough, Sally Ann's plans for the future do not include Hollywood. "I want to lead the happy, sincere, normal life of an American girl," she says. "This includes four years of college, a man, and children."

Sally Ann's biggest worry is that people here will tend to set her apart because of her experience, and that is one thing she does not want. All the girls on her hall, however, agree that she is tops not only as a celebrity but as a typical Saint Mary's girl.

Saints' Sallies

The belles of Saint Mary's back again hard at work after wonderful times at Nags Head, Myrtle Beach, Virginia Beach, and other vacation spots. Before they set down, though, there was much ranging and rearranging of all new pictures acquired this summer. Some of the old ones had to be moved out!

Margaret Norfleet and Beasley are two of the most prominent of those who moved out the old pictures, 'cause Saint Mary's was so accustomed to seeing the Carolina boys around. We're glad to see, though, that they aren't staying away completely.

But there are some of the faithfuls still on the walls and drawers in Margaret Lee's, Cindy Bookie's, and Chubby's rooms. Good to see the familiar faces in their new rooms.

Fripp has the best selection of new pictures we've seen around. There is every size and description taken during June Week at Annapolis. We hope you'll be as "true" to your roommate, Fripp.

And then all the new girls, with their new pictures, have added quite a lot of masculinity to Saint Mary's "halls of men"—before long, maybe we'll be as familiar with their faces as we are with our old steadies!

Going from pictures to the real thing, wasn't Iris beaming last Sunday when her Marine from Cherry Point was here? And Nancy Hill, land, "Butch," Jean, and Luck in some mighty exciting company from V. P. I. last week-end!

Emmy Rowland really gets steady mail from the Citadel—every day that is! Sandy's telephone calls have kept the phone on Smedes ringing constantly. Peggy Swinson has a new interest at Wake Forest—speaking of phone calls, several from Camille Lejeune kept Clara Justice excited last week.

We hear that Sandy and Ann Watkins now have something in common. It seems that the mother has something to do with signaling! And Lake Allsbrook wants to live in Wilson. Why, Lake Allsbrook last Saturday Gene Rose certainly was being particular with his hair. You would think that she had been expecting company. That's all right, Gene; he would be here to come much longer.

Lizzie Hancock dropped by the other day and showed me a darling new pair of socks that she had ordered from Macy's. She just loves them for football game. Flash! Martha Conger was seen with a very attractive young gentleman last week-end and it is more than probable that he has a hand in politics! Careful, Martha; he will have you campaigning soon.

Tarboro had a wonderful baseball team this summer. Just ask Ruth Clark and she will give you the score! By the way, Ann Wick, how did you get poison oak in the football game?

Have you seen that 8 by 10 picture of Page's room? It is really beautiful.

(See P. 3, Col. 4)

Do You Like Poetry?

NEWS ITEM

Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.
DOROTHY PARKER.

A BOSTON TOAST

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk only to
Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God.
JOHN C. BOSSIDY.

EPITAPH FOR HIS WIFE

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.
JOHN DRYDEN.

HAPPINESS

In short years I have lived,
There's one thing I have found.
You'll never find a star
By looking on the ground.
DOROTHY J. ELLIOTT.

Dear Valentine . . .
If ou wuves me
Tay toe
If ou don't wuve me
Tay toe
If ou wuves me
And tant tay toe
Tiss me twick
'Cause I wuves dis tave man stuff!

Roses are fushia
Violets are chartreuse . . .
My father owns a lawn-mower,
Can you swim?

A Little Something for the Seniors

Whan that Aprille with his shoures
soote
The droghte of March hath perced
to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich
licour
Of which vertu engendred is the
flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete
breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and
heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge
sonne
Hath in the Ram his halve cours
yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open
ye
(So pricketh hem nature in hir
corages);
Thanne longen folk to goon on pil-
gramages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge
strondes,
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry
londes;
And specially from every shires ende
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they
wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that
they were seeke.

CHAUCER(!)

LE PRINTEMPS

Spring is here,
The bird is on the wing . . .
Me woid! How absoid!
I thought the wing was on the
boird . . .

ANON (Fortunately).