

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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## Rumor Must Be Stopped!

"Stuffing the ears of men with false reports."

Mr. Shakespeare has done it again. Up he comes with a perfect definition of that tempting demon, Rumor. If there were a poll to decide who gets around most at Saint Mary's I'd wager my bottom dollar for Rumor, who manages not to creep around silently, but showingly stalks into every conversation. She makes things interesting enough, always at the expense of some innocent victim.

When A tells B something that C said, B is usually anxious for X to share the choice bit, so she rushes to tell X, whose creative imagination makes the tale even better than it was when it started. Several weeks ago at Saint Mary's rumor had it that Miss Morrison had sprung a loooooong research paper to be done over the weekend! And according to rumor, Mr. Moore's assignments get worse every hearing.

Not only is academic rumor demoralizing, but whispered rumors about students do not make for a happy student body. **Rumor is rife. Don't believe it unless you hear it from the person concerned herself. Not even if A swears B is correct about what C did should we believe it.**

Shakespeare says "rumor is a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures . . . the multitude can play upon. On rumor's tongues continual slanders ride."

**Instead of licking up every bit of gossip and exaggerating it so that it actually oozes with untruths, let's practice stopping rumors when they reach us . . . just to see what will happen.**

## TINKLES

And did you hear about the day Mr. Guess was talking about the man who had *shocks* and bonds in the General Electric Company?

On an Ec test, one student wrote a lengthy discussion on stock and blond holders. My! My!

## Forgotten Class Makes A Plea For Tradition

Are you a member of Saint Mary's forgotten class? The long slighted sophomore class will this year as in the past, unless certain changes are made, graduate from the high school course in a short and completely unfitting ceremony, with little significance. Is this the impression they are to carry away of the last important event of their high school careers?

Saint Mary's is founded on tradition. Tradition, when based on sound reasoning, is an important part of the spirit of a school, but it can become dangerous if it is used as an excuse to block desirable changes.

A high school graduation is as important as graduation from a junior college, which is not actually graduation from either high school or college.

After four years work, the graduating student deserves more than merely having a diploma thrust at her, with machine-like precision. She has earned, and is entitled to an appropriate ceremony, with the added dignity of caps and gowns; an exercise that can be remembered as a fitting climax to an important period in her life.

## Featrice Barefax

Dear Miss Barefax,  
 Friday afternoon I dashed back from the Little Store where I had purchased cookies, candy, potato chips, crackers, peanut butter, raisins, fruit juice, apples, oranges, and relish—all in preparation for a birthday party for my roommate. I prepared the food in the most delicate and tasteful manner, called my roommate, showed her what I had done, and explained the time and effort I had spent in preparation.

But, Miss Barefax, I had neglected the one essential thing necessary to Saint Mary's parties. How could I forget the onion sandwiches! I was forced to resign from the O. S. C. (Onion Sandwich Club) and now I spend my waking hours with human beings. I can bear anything but this! What can I do to redeem myself?

FRANTIC

Dear Frantic,  
 I realize the seriousness of your mistake, but if you heartily repent of your misdeeds I feel that you may petition to the members of the O. S. C. for re-admission, if you promise to peel and prepare all the onions of the members.

MISS BAREFAX

Mr. Guess: "Who instigated the unicameral system in Nebraska?"  
 (Silence)

Mr. Guess: "He's a leader in the T.V.A. Who is he?"  
 (Silence)

Mr. Guess (desperately): "Who is the Norris dam named for?"

Did you know Lucy of dining room fame claims she was forty-five on her last birthday?

## Belles

FRANCES ISBELL

Age—18 and eleven twelfths.  
 Home—Greenville, S. C.  
 Hair 'n' eyes—blond and blue.  
 Ambition—to get married.  
 Pet hate—garters on boys.  
 Always heard—on 1st floor W. Wing.  
 Always seen—in a fog.  
 Hobby—sleeping.  
 Favorite food—chocolate pie.  
 Favorite song—*How Soon*.  
 Favorite perfume—"White Shoulders."  
 Looking forward to—June 7.  
 Odd likes—baby faced boys.  
 Pet passion—Pawley's Island.  
 Worst fault—laziness.  
 Wild about—being wild.  
 Offices—Secretary of Senior Class, May Court, Mu, Orchesis.  
 Remarks—If you see a goodlooking blond girl with a good figure, it's more than likely Fran. Her friendliness makes her loved by everyone.

NELLIE TRUSLOW

Age—18.  
 Home—Chestertown, Md.  
 Hair 'n' eyes—brunette and green.  
 Ambition—to achieve a southern drawl.  
 Pet hate—concentrating.  
 Always heard—true!  
 Always seen—in the "Blue Goose."  
 Hobby—don't believe in them.  
 Favorite food—Maryland biscuits.  
 Favorite song—*Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens*.  
 Favorite perfume—Indiscreet.  
 Looking forward to—June 7.  
 Odd likes—Chestertown.  
 Pet passions—Kappa Sigs.  
 Worst fault—indecision.  
 Wild about—North Carolina.  
 Offices—Dance Marshal, Vice-President, Senior Class; Vice-President, Mu's; Hall Council, May Court, Granddaughters' Club, Woman's Auxiliary, Dramatic Club, Choir, Hall President, Mu.  
 Remarks—Vivacity, charm, and personality make Nellie Nellie. That winning smile captivates everyone, including a Certain Blond Kappa Sig.

EMMIE ROWLAND

Age—19.  
 Home—Sumter, S. C.  
 Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' brown.  
 Ambition—to own a farm.  
 Pet hate—popping chewing gum.  
 Always heard—"Look here a minute."  
 Always seen—taking exercises.  
 Hobby—"Is one necessary?"  
 Favorite food—corn.  
 Favorite song—*I'm Through With Love*.  
 Favorite perfume—Aphrodesia.  
 Looking forward to—graduation.  
 Odd likes—to go to bed early.  
 Pet passion—cashmere sweaters.  
 Worst fault—worrying.  
 Wild about—Pawley's Island.  
 Offices—Treasurer, senior class; Hall President, Altar Guild, Swimming Club, Mu.  
 Remarks—Emmie of the dark hair and eyes is typically from S. C. complete with accent, disposition and "shagging." That's something any state could boast of!

## Poll Reveals Student Opinion of Dining Room

The poll conducted this week among Saint Mary's students was based on the question, "What is your opinion of the attractiveness of our dining room, the walls, windows, light fixtures, the small foyer, the unsoundproofness of the floors?" Here is what the following girls thought about the matter:

**Vee Smith:** Saint Mary's dining room in comparison with other schools' dining rooms is dull and drab. No food could taste good in such surroundings.

**Meredith Plant:** I think the food would taste better if we had something pretty to look at while eating.

**Evelyn Oettinger:** The dining room looks just like another class room. I think we need variety when we eat.

**Janice Edgar:** I think the dining room has possibilities with such nice windows, but it could definitely be improved with better lighting and draperies.

**Anna Garrison:** We couldn't possibly enjoy a meal looking at such drab walls. I think our dining room surroundings should definitely be improved.

**Caro Davis:** I think curtains would help the appearance of the dining room. If the walls were a more pleasant color, I think the meals would be more enjoyable.

(From P. 1, Col. 2)

party, at which eight thousand children were given a present.

Among Annette's most interesting experiences was her work with the German Youth Association, established by the army to help German children. She especially enjoyed working with her Girl Scout troop.

As a special activity this group presented *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which not only thrilled the girls, but the whole village. For beards the girls used wool from the village sheep, and for lanterns they used the old timey lanterns the villagers still use in their barns. To make the production even more unique, the town crier, the village "human newspaper," went about announcing the play.

From Raleigh Annette and her parents have gone to Dallas, Texas, where Annette hopes either to continue her education at the University of Texas, or write radio scripts.

At Saint Mary's Annette was valedictorian of her class, in spite of the fact that she has very little eyesight, and can read very little. She was president of the Dramatic Club, a member of E.A.P. Literary Society, and a member of the Circle.

One of our belles, in her younger days, came to visit her older sister at Saint Mary's and to see the school about which she had heard so much. Entering the parlor and seeing the decidedly angelic figure of Mrs. McLeod seated in a corner, she wandered over and asked with childish sincerity, "Daddy, is that Saint Mary?"