

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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Belles Send "Invite" To MM

The Belles takes this opportunity to deny emphatically that the Masked Marvel has ever had dinner in the dining room, attended chapel, or given a program in the auditorium, undetected.

However, the Belles has a suggestion. Let's 'invite' the MM to commencement week-end, since he insists on coming uninvited, and maybe while he's deep in conversation with someone, we can interview him.

Load Gets Lift

The heavy load is being lifted, and from now on the weight is going to be more evenly distributed. The constitution committee has recently made several adjustments in the constitution, and as a result more students will have a chance to display their executive abilities. Heretofore, too much responsibility has been placed on too few girls. Too few horses have been pulling too heavy a cart. Now, however, the points given for hall presidency have been "upped," and only girls who do not already hold a high office are eligible. This position has been changed from a one-semester to a two-semester job, decreasing the number of hall presidents from sixty to thirty. This avoids the confusion of "switching horses in the middle of the stream," and gives more girls a more direct voice in the student government. And incidentally, the name hall president will be changed to counselor to indicate more clearly the function of the office.

Wanted! Open-Air Class Day

The controversial question has arisen: "Should the seniors' class day be held inside or out?" The main argument against the outside seems to be that the hearing system is bad. Otherwise, the arrangement seems to be ideal. It does seem a shame that everyone has to be cooped up in semi-darkness and merely peep at the shining, alive, outside world through half-closed windows when she could be outside really enjoying life herself. Class day isn't simply another program. It's a celebration, a happy celebration, and it should be held in an atmosphere of beauty and gladness. Where?

From Florida To New York Damp-Eyed Seniors Plan To Continue Studies

Lately there have been several little pieces submitted by damp-eyed seniors. We've a feeling they just want to get their two-cents worth in before they leave. But anyway, here's what some of the dignified seniors intend to do with the next few best years of their lives. . .

Jacq insists that she's going to the Academic Moderne in Boston. More power to her! "Ebo" is starting early with summer school and winter school at the University of West Virginia. Rose, Frances Long, and Lib Burns are going to W. C. Jerry Ann hopes to go, too. It seems as if Salem is running a close second to Chapel Hill, 'cause Logan, Jo Hoyt, Sadie, Sue Stowers, Lucy, Maggie, and Betsy Evans are goin' to finish their readin', writin', and 'rithmetic there. "Kalevas" and "Sandy" are going to practice their big-city manners in New York, and Anita is departing for other quarters—the University of Florida. Jo Howell is taking her "Rastus act" to Brenau, and Wiltingham and Corneille are going

to co-ed at the University of Georgia.

"Bones" may go to Queens, and Jeannette is going to settle down in California—temporarily. "Waddle" is going to South Carolina—to Converse? Margaret Rawlings, "Aydlett," and "Linehan" have visions of becoming career women. Nellie might as well expect a good time. She's going to R. P. I. No doubt, "Vee" will still love Ursinus.

'Course, the biggest crowd will be at Chapel Hill. Those we've "heard tell of" are "Eppes," Eleanor Hope, "Tut," Edith Winslow, "Mecia," Jackie Burke, Preston, Musette, Lenoir, Pegge, "Buddy," Jane Gower, and "Ibby."

Duke'll get Luck, Lucinda, "Holland," Gene, and "Butch." To be sure, "Hannah" won't be worrying much about books next year—it's our belief that she's the luckiest senior of all.

To all those seniors whose schools we haven't heard about, best of luck on your future Ph.D's.

New Brand Of Stardust Creates Much Fun For Beach Lovers' Clan

The most popular brand of stardust these days is called sand. You know, s-a-n-d, that good old white stuff that gets in your hair, in your shoes, and in your bed.

Debaters discuss the merits of Nag's Head versus Ocean Drive, or Wrightsville, or Virginia, or Carolina Beach sand. There are endless possibilities.

The after study hall play-parties are devoted to a swift game of "beach." To play, one dons her oldest party hat, rolls her jeans to her knees, places a fag behind her ear in the approved "bum" fashion, and turns on the juke box. It's not a bad game.

More enterprising or fanatic members of the beach lovers' clan have developed the pretend art to the "nth." They are the ones who stroll by Walgreen's barefooted to ogle the display of peroxidized locks found there almost every afternoon.

Outside, of course—not in the auditorium. The hearing system is good. Everyone can hear. And four or five years ago class day was often held outdoors. It does require more effort and planning, but it's cooler and prettier and different. After all, God's world is here to enjoy. Why not do so?

Raleigh's Little Theater will present Paul Osborne's *On Borrowed Time* in its amphitheater May 27, 28, 29. This play, under the direction of Ainslie Pryor, is not included on the regular membership ticket.

Anyone interested in lessons from professionals can report for a short course on second Holt or third Smedes.

Do You Ever See A Cell Walking? We Do!

If you are not the unfortunate owner of two h-u-g-e blue books—the contents nothing but l-o-n-g unpronounceable words—you will not understand or appreciate this story, nor will you sympathize with those of us who are future scientists—or so we think!

Cellular structure—and we are not referring to Saint Mary's—is our topic. After microscopic observation, how could we think of anything else?

Even the brick walk from the lab is an entirely different sight to the biology student. The thick-walled cells which are stomped daily by unknowing feet lead into the xylem, or conducting tissue (better known as the covered way), which takes girls to or from their doom, the office, which is a dead cell itself. Back through the xylem which winds its way to the hall where the SMS belles are seen, not as humans, but as loosely packed cells or spongy layers. These spongy cells work their way to the vacuoles where no protoplasm is present. In other words, no male mail.

Finally stepping from the epidermal layer to the stomata, we sneak by the guard cells—no reflection on the hostesses on duty! Out to the fresh air we go, cross-eyed and bat-brained, unhappily on our way wondering why the source of life is an innocent cell.

Off The Record

Many New Records Step Into Limelight of Music World

Records these days, regardless of Mr. Petrillo's order, are coming fast and good.

You Sinatra fans may be interested in Frankie's recording of *Beautiful, What'll I Do*, and *I'll Make Up For Everything*. The last one is his newest, and is really tops.

Claude Thornhill (remember him at Davidson?) has released *I Remember Mama* and *Tell Me Why*. They are songs from *Bananza Bound* as recorded by Columbia.

Harry James seems to be coming to the top again with his smooth trumpet in his recording of *Forever Amber* and *I Understand*. He has also recorded *I Still Get Jealous*, which is well worth the fifty-cents to those of you who like to shag. (Who doesn't!)

We now turn to Hazel Scott's new album. She has that "great Scott" rhythm in *Soon, Mary Lou*, and many others. Jo Stafford's newest are *Clabberin up for Rain* and the lively tune, *Flo from St. Jo*. Quite a tongue twister, isn't it?

Old favorites include Benny Goodman's re-release of *Jersey Bounce* and *A String of Pearls*, and David Rose's *Stardust* and *Sentimental Journey*.

Nat "King" Cole has featured the enchanting story of *Nature Boy*, a song that has thrilled thousands and even rated a write-up in *LIFE*. *April*, a song from *The Bishop's Wife*, is on the back.

Exams Bring Little Hope For Pleasure

With the bleak prospect of exams staring you in the face, you think it time for a little sisterly advice on the subject, unpleasant though it may be.

First and foremost, it is necessary to put up a brave front. Assure your instructor that you know everything about the course. She may remain unconvinced, but she'll admire your spirit. Make it understood that you consider the whole thing child's play, and not in the least perturbed, and furthermore have been such a model of studiousness that you don't need to study anyway. Try to bluff your way out of it.

Don't be upset by the shrieks and groans resounding among the old ivy-covered walls, and don't succumb to battle fatigue. When you find yourself screaming at small children and old ladies, it's time for a change.

As for the age-old custom of sleeping over books, we consider it rank superstition; however, it helps bring you peace of mind. But try a pocket-size edition, it's a lot more comfortable.

If you don't come out high among the intellectual set, you can always go back to the farm and lead a peaceful life with the boys. Book learnin' ain't everything!