

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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ORCHIDS TO YOU, MRS.

MARRIOTT

We, who only know the dining room as a place where we can "socialize" and enjoy one of the necessities of life, don't realize the trouble, efforts, and work involved to keep such a necessary "business" running in perfect order and on perfect schedule. Every day when we walk in to eat a meal we never think of thanking anyone, for it is simply something we take for granted. *But think of all the fuss we'd make if one day the little bell didn't ring and there were no meal?*

This year Mrs. Marriott and her staff have worked doubly hard to make Saint Mary's dining room an even more enjoyable place for everyone. And in the face of high prices for food and help, this isn't too easy! The meals have been well-balanced, and that plum-pudding and ice cream just can't be beat. For everything you've done, we'll just say: "Orchids to you, Mrs. Marriott!"

WHY? RULES ARE RULES!

"We just don't understand why business students can't have senior privileges? Why?"

Two years ago, Saint Mary's had a two-year business course, and at that time second-year students were considered seniors and had senior privileges. Last year, it was decided that the course could be completed in one year; as a result, there are no senior business students.

Still, there seems to be a misunderstanding. Some business students still expect senior privileges, even though they are not actually seniors. We should remember that Saint Mary's now has five distinct classes: freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, and business. To keep them distinct, the business class had to be given a certain standing and rating as well as the others. According to the Catalogue, "In order to be well prepared to take the one-year course to advantage, students before entering the Commercial Education Department must have completed high school." Therefore, they are considered juniors and are given junior privileges.

On page 29 of the Catalogue are found the requirements to be a Senior. "The student must present credits for 26 semester hours of standard college work and 26 quality points; she must have removed all conditions; she must take sufficient work to give her, by the end of the

Heaven Ends When The Routine Begins

Have you noticed the girls walking around the halls smiling happily—or how excitement seems to echo from one dormitory to the other? Well, it's all because of a trip to that spot every girl loves—home. Whether it be a short week-end or a long one, it's still a wonderful week-end at home.

As the last bell brings classes to an end, there is a mad stampede. The girl going to a football game or dance is smiling, but the one going home is glowing. There's a dash for a taxi, a reckless run to the terminal, and finally she's on her way.

Whether home be near or far, it's an endless trip; but somehow time does creep away and the homeward bound finds herself in another terminal. There's something special about this one, though, for it's the old home town. The traveler steps out of the conveyance, and there is the family. Even little brother looks sweet. And mom and dad!—How did the Saint ever get along without them.

Into the car with bags and hat boxes she goes, under that familiar wheel. She never realized she'd missed driving so much. Out through town down familiar streets, each one with its own particular memory, she drives. Finally she turns into a driveway and there it is—home! She dashes up the stairs to her room and flops across the soft, soft mattress. Heaven—what could be better. And sniff!—that luscious odor drifting up from the kitchen—real food that actually has different tastes.

An hour has passed and she's still too full to move. The phone has been one endless buzz—and she didn't even have to wait for an outside line or climb up to the third floor for someone who wasn't there. It's almost time to dress for her date—and believe it or not—she doesn't have to sign in or out.

The night has flown, utterly. How can time be so cruel! She tells her date good-night and closes the door. Once more she ascends to her room and gets ready for bed. Hungry? Well—she might just see what's in the ice box.

After stuffing herself, she climbs into bed and falls into a deep slumber. She opens her eyes and sunlight is streaming through the curtains—and no cowbell is ringing. The morning is already half gone and she has so much to do.

Funny that the trip back never takes half as long as the trip home. She arrives at dear S.M.S. and once more falls into what is pleasantly called routine.

year, a total of 64 semester hours of credit." There should be no question then. Business students simply do not have these requirements. Rules are rules, and what the Catalogue says goes.

« « « BELLES » » »

TOODIE SIKES

Home—Monroe, N. C.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—black.
Pet hate—name like Toodie.
Always heard—period.
Always seen—talking to Mrs. Hornback.
Hobby—eating.
Favortie food—Toddle House pie.
Favorite song—*Until*.
Favorite perfume—White Shoulders.
Odd likes—Will.
Looking forward to—giving Barbara Miller a campus slip.
Pet passion—Ocean Drive.
Ambition—to go to Lynchburg.
Wild about—2nd Holt.
Favorite article of clothing—shoes.
Offices: President of the Senior Class, Circle, Hall Council, Canterbury Club, Mu.
Remarks: Toodie's wit and winning personality endear her to all. As the Senior Class President she has added much spirit to the school.

SUSAN JENKINS

Home—Goldsboro.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' green.
Pet hate—breakfast at 7:30.
Always heard—in the library.
Always seen—in a petticoat.
Hobby—eating.
Favorite food—onion sandwiches.
Favorite song—*Laura*.
Favorite perfume—Tigress.
Odd likes—cold, cloudy days.
Pet passion—crazy hats.
Looking forward to—my next week-end.
Ambition—to sing in the choir.
Wild about—D. A. (District Attorney).
Favorite article of clothing—man's white shirt.
Offices: Secretary of Student Government, Circle, Hall Council, Y. W. C. A., Dramatic Club, Sigma.
Remarks: Susan's charm and sincerity have drawn us close to her. We admire her as one of our most outstanding seniors.

Expert Exterminators Offer Tried and True Methods Of Ridding Pests

TO BID OR NOT TO BID

(As heard in the Day Students' room.)

Adele Hicks: "Well, partner, I don't have 2½ honor count, but I'll say 'spades' just for fun. And for pete's sake, don't bid hearts."

Ann Dewey: "I bid 2 clubs, period."

Shirley Fox: "You said 2 clubs? Hmm. I say 2 hearts. Somebody hand me a cigarette, please."

Betty Morgan: "Huh? Well, when you gotta, you gotta. I PASS."

According to unofficial S.M.S. rules, all is fair in love, war, and bridge. Libba Dorris, Martha Cone, and Katherine Creighton just don't believe in those old Culbertson rules. However, Ann McKenzie actually made a grand slam; Marguerite Burton, Betty Louis Battle, and Berta Allen Russ use their brains also. "Mary Marr" and Eliza Chipley claim their bridge-table slump comes from poring over studies. Peggy Johnson and "Tut" Combs are freshmen that go all out for "just one hand after lunch." The funniest bridge table quartet so far are: Phyllis Kelly with her witty wisecracks; Jane Clendenin with her uproarious jokes; Ann Badger Smith with her dry wit; and Joan Stieber with her imitations of the famous S.M.S. characters.

If a woman attracts men, she has sex appeal; if she attracts women, she has style; if she attracts everybody, she has charm.
—*Readers' Digest*.

I have often thought what a heaven the world would be if only we behaved to our fellow men as we do to our dogs.—Al Guerard.

According to the general consensus, determined by the Gallup Poll, roommates are here to stay. We are here to tell you exactly how to get rid of that troublesome creature who complicates your housekeeping and your love life. Several tried and true methods are recommended by leading roommate exterminators throughout the South.

There are numberless insidious devices for driving your roommate slightly insane; for instance, whistling softly under your breath during study hall, or being disgustingly cheerful before breakfast.

Disregard what the handbook says. Go ahead and make a maid out of your roommate. What do you think you're paying her tuition for?

In this power age, it is greatly to your advantage to be bigger and brawnier than she is. Under these conditions, it is quite easy to set up a small dictatorship. Might means right! You will also have no difficulty in persuading her that there is no reason why anyone with her superior brain power should not do the work of two, and this includes odd jobs and all manual labor.

Any symptoms of rebellion should be immediately squelched. For this purpose, you must disregard the latest fashions. Top running speed cannot be attained in a hobble skirt.

Post these rules immediately in a prominent place in your room.

1. Small loans may be arranged for on Wednesdays and Fridays at a fair rate of interest, say seventy-five per cent.

2. Order breakfast sent up seven-thirty sharp. Room service may be reached on the house telephone.

3. Always remember, mine is mine, and what's yours is mine.