

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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Moral: Worry Less; Work More.

Christmas at Saint Mary's is a time when, seemingly, more so than before, a good deal of time is put on extracurricular activities. Naturally, with the Christmas holidays so very close, everyone is filled with a spirit of excitement, restlessness, and anticipation. This spirit alone is enough to curb a student's desire and enthusiasm to do good work, not counting all the extracurricular that seem to demand so many hours of extra efforts. However, since the amount of time between Thanksgiving and Christmas is very brief, a few short, compact weeks to be exact, there is much work assigned that must be done.

Now perhaps you wonder what this is all about. The BELLES thinks that maybe too much time is spent worrying about what *must* be done, instead of getting right down and *doing it!* We are all under a strain, thinking about our work, the forthcoming holiday, and outside interests; but the best and *only* thing we can do is to spend our time *wisely*, concentrating even *harder* on the books before us so that we may have some time left over for the extracurricular activities that are also important to us. It won't be long till Christmas, but, in the meantime, *give up day-dreaming, and spend every minute to a good advantage.*

"My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there."

Charles K. Kettering.

"Gentleman's agreement" sounds all right, but alas! neither party knows, until too late, whether the other is a gentleman."

Robert Quillen.

"An optimist expects to find a pearl in his oyster soup; a pessimist is surprised to find an oyster."

Robert Quillen.

"The romantic dreamer suffers most, for his life is ruined before he realizes that she was not worth it."

Robert Quillen.

THOSE CLARK GIRLS

FRANCES CLARK

Home—Asheville.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' brown.
Pet hate—getting up at 7:25.
Always heard—"You don't know, do you?"
Always seen—in the library.
Hobby—deep sea fishing.
Favorite food—T-bone steaks.
Favorite song—*You Keep Coming Back Like a Song.*
Favorite perfume—Chantilly.
Odd likes—English.
Looking forward to—the early part of June.
Pet passion—houseparties.
Ambition—getting back to the mountains.
Wild about—DeWitt.
Favorite article of clothing—loafers.

Offices: Hall Counselor, Canterbury Club, Swimming Club, Dramatic Club, Sigma, Black Square.

Remarks: Frances' vivacity and friendliness make her one of Saint Mary's favorite girls. Her love of Asheville and life will surely make anything she does a jam-up success.

I Didn't Know, Did I?!

"Oh, mother, how could you accept the invitation to that party for me? Golly, the gang is having a weiner roast that night, and I just have to go. Please, mother, don't make me go to that stuffy old party."

Haven't you felt this way many times when you've already planned something special, and mother tells you several days before-hand that you have to go to the party that Mrs. Dooflop is giving for the new family that moved next door. Your whole world sinks in gloom; and you sulk around the house hoping your mother will give in, but no such luck. You wrangle every possible excuse from the recesses of your brain, but mother holds to her decision.

The fatal day is fast at hand. The hour has arrived. You put on the new dress that your mother has bought you for the occasion, but it might as well be an old rag to match your mood. How much more fun you could have with the crowd. Well, it's time to go.

You walk slowly up the steps and ring the bell. Here comes the old bat grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Hello, Mrs. Dooflop. So nice of you to invite me to your lovely party" you manage to say with a sick smile. She ushers you in to meet "the lovely new boy and girl." The girl is right cute, but who cares. Wonder what the crowd is doing now?

Mrs. Dooflop drags you across the floor to meet the boy. You stumble after her looking down at the floor, your heart heavy with misery. She utters your name and it is acknowledged by a deep bass voice which makes you look up hastily. Your eyes pop open and you're speechless. He's adorable, a true prince charming, with black wavy hair, twinkling brown eyes,

NELLE CLARK

Home—Beautiful, Beautiful Wilson.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' green.
Pet hate—waiting.
Always heard—"I'll give you the gripe."
Always seen—in assembly.
Hobby—fishing.
Favorite food—anything to eat.
Favorite song—*Zeta Lady.*
Favorite perfume—"don't use it."
Odd likes—"my roommate."
Looking forward to—getting married.
Pet passion—going to the beach.
Ambition—to get a man.
Wild about—Carolina.
Favorite article of clothing—shoes.
Offices: Assembly Chairman, Sigma, Y. W. C. A., Choir Secretary.

Remarks: Nelle is another one of our Carolinians who adds zest to Saint Mary's campus. Her popularity rating is at least 100, and her willingness to be always on the job make us all love her.

a good foot taller than you, and a smile on his face that just makes you melt. Well, maybe this party isn't going to be so bad after all.

"Some food? Oh yes, I'd love some. I'm hungry enough to eat a—er—just a sandwich and a cup of punch, please. Thank you so-oo much." He smiles down at you and winks. Golly, heart, please stand still.

"After the party? Why not a thing. I'd love to go dancing with you. It would be simply divine." This boy is not only good looking, but he's smooth. What more could you want?

The time has flown. You bid your hostess good-by and thank her for such a lovely time, with a genuine smile, or more likely, beam on your face. You two walk out and get into his good looking convertible. Gee whiz, can this really be happening to you.

He takes you to the new night club of which you've been dying to see the inside. The orchestra is marvelous, and you have the coziest table.

You dance away the night, and then it's time to go home. You arrive at your house, and as he opens the door of the car you smile your most alluring smile. "Tomorrow night? That would be wonderful. See you at eight."

You close the door and smile to yourself. Seems as though mother is always right.

Birthdays

December—

- 3—Jean West
- 4—Jane Clendenin
- 4—Nancy McKinnon
- 6—Franky Allen
- 6—Anne Cahoon
- 6—Bennie Chew
- 9—Nancy Nash
- 10—Grace Norsworthy
- 10—Pat Ambrose

"Write Me A Letter, Send It By Mail"

Lover,

Am I Blue! Since you've been gone, *I Miss You Night and Day* and *I See You in My Dreams.* My *Happiness* would be complete if we could only be *Together.* 'Twas *Not So Long Ago*, but the last time I saw you seems very *Long Ago* and *Far Away.* I'm sure that *The Stars Will Remember* how we sat beneath the *Carolina Moon* and how I felt *The Touch of Your Hand on My Cheek.* You told me that *The Night Was Made for Love* and that *If I Loved You*, you would *Always Be True* to me. However, I'm afraid *You Can't Be True* and you were just telling me some of those *Little White Lies.* I've heard that *You Call Everybody Darling* and that you have been letting the *Cigarettes Rye Whiskey, and Wild Wild Women of Salt Pork, West Virginia,* lead you astray. Oh well, *What's the Use of Wondering,* I just hope you'll write me one of those sweet *Love Letters* and *Say That We're Sweethearts Again.*

I have certainly said enough about myself so I'll tell you something of the doings of *The Bells of Saint Mary's.* My *Buddie, Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair,* is *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* since she got *Danny Boy's* pin. *Louise* was going to *Flat River, Missouri,* for Thanksgiving and *Mimi* was going to take that *Chattanooga Choo-choo,* but they had to stay here because of the *Stormy Weather.* Oh, *Johnny and Charmaine* have started "*Feudin', Fussin', and Fightin'*" and it looks like they're going to break up.

Now Is the Hour for me to put out my light so I must stop. Remember that *As Long as I Live I'll Always Love You.*

Laura.

Mr. Turkey Returns To Coop To Wait For Xmas

Mr. Turkey was really a sad bird Sunday night, literally a picked chicken! No longer did he utter vibrant "gobbles"; no longer did he strut about showing his flustered array of feathers. Thanksgiving holidays were over, and Mr. Turkey realized that his ego would have to be curbed somewhat for another year. The inevitable "Back to the coop" resounded over and over in his mind. Why was this his fate? It shouldn't happen to a turkey!

Suddenly it hit him—(no, not the axe!) his spirits were lifted. His plumage again took on its original elegance. Christmas was coming and they would certainly let him out of the coop then. The thought alone was enough to restore in him complete contentment. There would be no more "squabble-squabbles" for Mr. Turkey now; only his usual cheery "gobbles."

- 12—Connie Newton
- 12—Amelia Townsend
- 15—Barbara Ann Dixon
- 16—Joanne Bailey