

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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Gripping Causes Discontent

Since Christmas vacation there had been a feeling of dissatisfaction and an unnecessary amount of gripping among the students. However, all this unpleasantness actually proved to be a "tempest in a teapot."

Several incidents which took on the appearance of having untold importance for the students have occurred recently causing general discontent.

The spirit that all this year has been laudatory and has created such a high type of school life, had reached the point of being destroyed. Considering this fact, a group of girls brought the situation to the attention of the dean. All causes for bitter feeling were discussed and explained to the immediate satisfaction of the group.

The *BELLES* suggests that if other occasions for misunderstanding should arise the students take up the matter with the dean directly. It is far better that students who are ignorant of the causes for school regulations consult the authorities rather than stir up contention among fellow students.

Dear *BELLES*,

The girls at Saint Mary's have allowed themselves to lapse into a disgraceful habit, the habit of whispering, talking, of even giggling during chapel. We know that the constant buzz that is heard during all parts of the service must shock and impress visitors. Our chapel is *not* the place for such conduct.

It is ridiculous that we should have to rely on a rule requiring that students be penalized for making unnecessary noise in chapel. This courtesy is something that we should have learned in early childhood. To disregard it is a reflection on our background and upbringing.

This practice is not only discourteous; it is above all irreverent. Along that line we feel that nothing more need be said—reverence to God should be something that comes natural to us.

Sincerely,

Disgusted Student

Belles of Saint Mary's

This curly-headed gal is everywhere at once, skipping from the Sigma Pi Alpha, of which she is president, to Dramatic Club, of which she is president also. Since her father is a doctor, she spends part of her time at Doctors Daughters' Club acting as secretary-treasurer. Then too she belongs to the Canterbury Club, the worthy Mu society, and is one of the chosen 16—the Hall Council.

CAROLINA AND MEN!

She is ambitious, looking forward to graduation here in June (that is ambition!) and going to Carolina next year. Of course one of her ambitions is to get married, but then one doesn't have to have much ambition for that.

There is only one thing she can say is her pet hate and that is wishing on the Ace, two, three, four in a bridge game. But her pet passion is good-looking men—now that isn't so strange is it? And speaking on this subject, she says that she's wild about Mr. Moore.

FAVORITES & ODD LIKES

Her favorite articles of clothing are shoes and ear bobs. (I think they're her hobby too from the collection she has of them.) Her favorite food is butter, and her favorite perfume is Bond Street. (Speaking of favorites, she's one at Saint Mary's.) Her favorite song is "Mountain Gal" though she likes "How Deep is the Ocean" too.

When asked how she spends her spare time she answered, "You don't know, do you?" Well, I don't, but I can guess. Maybe she spends part of it trying to remember what meetings she is supposed to attend. I guessed this 'cause she says her worst fault is forgetting meetings.

This brown-headed mountain gal from Lincolnton has one odd like and that is her roommate Jo. I imagine that she has many minor odd likes 'cause she seems to enjoy everything she does, and that is one of the things which makes **Phyllis Costner** one of the girls which we are proud to say is a Saint Mary's girl.

In What Climate Does This Species Thrive

Symbol: Male.

Atomic weight: 175 lbs.

Physical properties:

1. Boils when jealous; freezes when chased.
2. Bitter if not properly treated.
3. Bubbles around to keep uniform likeness.

Chemical properties:

1. Possesses great affinity for argyles, Tabu, and jug shapes.
2. Violent reaction if stood up.
3. Able to absorb stupendous amount of alimentary matter.
4. Turns green when placed beside a more handsome specimen.

Occurrence: Saint Mary's (on week days, 5-6, and week-ends).

Uses:

1. Excellent as a morale booster.
2. Probably the best known agent for reinstatement purposes.
3. Source for coveted hunk of gold for sweater ornament.

There she goes down the aisle of church, shiny brown hair bobbing as she walks, sedate, dignified, leading the crowd of girls. She is one of our SMS marshals, the one who is friendly, witty, and has a good head on her straight shoulders—a Will of her own.

Her pet hate is waiting, so I guess she's in for it 'cause she says she's looking forward to 1950. She likes to spend her spare time talking to Betty Boop, who is her favorite odd like, and the other people she happens to find around her in second Smedes, where she is always seen. Of course she's seen there lots 'cause she's their hall counselor. She is also seen in the parlor frequently meeting with the Doctors Daughters' of SMS—reason—she's their president. And why is she seen flying over to glee club rehearsal? Well, it's 'cause she's their president, too. This girl is also a member of the Altar Guild, Dramatic Club, Canterbury Club, and she's a worthy Sigma.

TYPICAL GEORGIA PEACH!

With this list, it's easy to see why she says, when asked what her hobby is, "Hobby?—I haven't time for one." But this busy girl is quite easy-going and typical of the Georgia peach that she is. She is proud of her home, Hartwell, Georgia; as a matter of fact, she's wild about it.

We all have our faults and so does our subject, but she can't decide what her worst one is—procrastinating or forgetfulness. She also has a weakness for a few things such as Surrender perfume, "Begin the Beguine," steak, and picnics.

Her ambition is to be an interior decorator and she'll more than likely succeed in that and other things she attempts. Anyway, with all she has in her favor, **Jean Craft Jenkins** should go far because it is through the fore-mentioned qualities that she has become an outstanding SMS girl.

English Class Changes Study Course For Day

It was research paper time, and everyone was busy in English classes. In fact everyone was so busy that they did not even bother to pass note and bibliography cards from the teacher's desk back to the respective owners, but threw them instead. Miss McLaurin's English class looked more like a warm-up of pitchers and catchers before a World Series game.

If there is ever time to be attentive in a class it should be when the note cards are being passed or rather thrown back. Poor Carol Mahon had to learn that the hard way. Miss McLaurin usually has a very good aim, but even the best miss at times. Such was the case when a pack of note cards and Carol's head met! After seeing a few stars floating around in front of her eyes, Carol resolved then and there to learn either to catch better or to duck faster.

Horror Week Draws Nigh; Start To Work

Time Grows Short Before That Week of Terror, Sleeplessness

There is a certain little week that comes twice a year of which the saint lives in horror, you know, exam week. The book worms have a blank expression and the average students a half-perturbed look, but the procrastinators stare in wide-eyed fright.

The time is nigh. The sleepless mental-deflating, heart-crushing week is halfway past. The library is jammed with students cramming in that reading which was to have been done months ago. Two seniors rushing through the door simultaneously making a mad dash for the reserve shelf are greeted with a host of "Shhs!" Now of course there are very few of these so-called procrastinators; so there should be a plentiful supply of English books, but—eh gad!—there's only one. Well, the old saying "first come, first served" doesn't hold true for these knowledge-thirsty girls. The situation proceeds:

"It's mine; I was here first."

"You're crazy; it's mine. Leg go."

"Be quiet, can't you see every one's looking at us. Now let go. I've got my exam in the morning."

"Well so have I, Miss Smarty—so there."

About this time another senior gropes toward the shelf with half-closed, puffy eyes. She puts out her hand to the two girls; they hand her the book; she thanks them and proceeds to a table to read.

The two girls, realizing what has happened, look at each other aghast. Finally they decide to leave. They are halfway out of the door when a scream pierces the silence. "No! I just can't leave it. I refuse." One of the girls makes a flying leap to the table from which the scream emerged, picks up the English book, pats the girl on the back, and proceeds to a chair in order to read.

Heartless? Cruel? Perhaps, but when you have to have that book, you have to. If you don't pass English, you might just as well leave. So, saint, cram—seram!

DuBose: "When I graduate I'm gonna' buy the car I can afford."

Wallace: "I'm gonna' buy the best car I can—a Ford."

* * *

Miss Ellington: "Will you give me in the rear stop passing notes?"

Rosalie: "We're not passing notes. We're playing bridge."

Miss Ellington: "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Pointer (with changes)

* * *

Madame Smith: "Young lady, how many times have I told you to get to class on time?"

Anne Dewey: "I don't know, thought you were keeping score."