

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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IT'S A DULL FUTURE FOR A BLIND WORLD

How smart can Sophomores get, we wonder? And it's congratulations to them for coming out on top in the recently held TIME tests.

This is all well and good, but we wonder how the mighty Seniors feel about being run out of first place. And the Juniors didn't make too good a showing, either. Surely somebody has to win, but the older we get, the smarter we're supposed to get. Something must have happened.

It all goes to show there's been a general neglect of newspapers, radio, and a lack of interest in recent happenings. This isn't good. There's no sense in going through life simply buried and blind to what's going on around us. So let's try a little harder and keep a good eye open on world affairs.

INDIVIDUAL OR CONVENTIONAL

And the herd moves on, thinking, doing, acting in much the same way, made up of a mass of so-called individuals. Yet are they really individuals? After so long a time the herd becomes conformed to the ideas of the group. The group is the driving force and individual opinions don't seem to matter. So, as a result, individuals simply quit thinking for themselves. Instead, day-in and day-out, they spend their time listening to malicious gossip of idlers, prejudiced ideas and opinions of politicians, gullibly accepting their beliefs as true, too lazy to give their own minds a chance to ponder over questions and analyze them for their worth.

We all have minds and the power of thinking; then why not use them? People should have a sense of individuality, a feeling of self-confidence, and the idea that their opinions are important to the group. They should not be merely followers in a herd, living and echoing the beliefs of others. They should use those minds and use them wisely.

Belles of Saint Mary's

BARBARA MILLER

Home—Greensboro, N. C.
Age—19—almost 20.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' brown.
Pet hate—slide, leap, skip, collapse.
Always seen—with Moore, Yowell, and Turner.
Hobby—procrastination.
Favorite food—shrimp cocktail.
Favorite song—I've Got the Blues for Someone to Love.
Favorite perfume—Wood Violet.
Odd likes—B. A., E. E., and L. L. Bean.

Pet passion—Ya' dunno', do ya'?
Ambition—to obtain my "pet passion."

Wild about—Carolina, camellias, and Vade Mecum.
Favorite article of clothing—old gray skirt with the blue insert.
Looking forward to—new gray skirt.

Offices: Dance marshal; vice-president, Sigma Pi Alpha; chief copyreader, BELLES; Stage Coach; Bulletin; choir; Altar Guild; committee chairman, Canterbury Club; Dramatic Club; Sigma.

Remarks: Vivacious, personality, wit, "sheer ecstasy."

ANNE DEWEY HEARTT

Home—Raleigh, N. C.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' brown.
Pet hate—getting up in the morning.
Always seen—coming in late to classes.
Hobby—sleeping.
Favorite food—lemon pie.
Favorite song—Little White Lies.
Favorite perfume—Chanel No. 5.
Odd likes—Fanny V. and Nancy M.
Looking forward to—graduation.
Pet passion—parties.
Ambition—to graduate.
Wild about—sleeping.
Favorite article of clothing—gold bracelet.

Offices: President of day students, Legislative body, and advertisement staff of Stage Coach.

Remarks: Fine leader, very popular, capable president—with her wit and pleasing personality, Anne Dewey has captured the heart of not only every day student, but of every Saint Mary's girl.

"There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics."—Benjamin Disraeli.

Philosophy of Cockroach and Cat Forms Basis For Unusual Novel

We've been reading a delightful book by Don Marquis called *the lives and times of archy and mehitabel*, which has resulted in a slight neglect of more intellectual pursuits but a new slant on life as seen from the under side. It's about a cockroach, but don't turn up your nose. Archy is far from being any run-of-the-mill cockroach. The soul of a poet has transmigrated into the lowly body of said scion of the insect world. Archy supposedly leaps on the keys of the newspaper office typewriter at night but is not strong enough to depress the shift key; hence all his copy is in lower case type.

MARIE: FROM SUE

Dear Marie,

Thank you ever so much for those Golden Earrings. I wore them Saturday Night when I dated Bill. I'm So In Love with him, but I'm afraid that *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place*. I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good as I feel that he is two-timing me. If I could only know Who it is that he likes.

I do so wish to be *Where You Are* fooling around *Like We Used To Do*. I wonder *How Soon I'll Be Seeing You* in *Those Far Away Places*. At least *Till Then* I can *Dream*. Maybe in the *Summertime* I'll make it there.

Speaking of summertime, it's been just like *Indian Summer* here, at least until today. It's raining now and if it matches my mood, it certainly is *Blue Rain*.

Well, I suppose this will have to be all *This Time*. *The Lamp Is Low* and I'm sleepy.

Goodbye, Sue,

For he lives twice who can at once employ

The present well and e'en the past enjoy.—POPE.

DEAR FEATRICE BAREFAX

Dear Miss Barefax,

I arise at 7:29 every morning. I take it slow and easy getting dressed, but just as I start into the dining room, Willie slams the door in my face. My problem is this: does he have a grievance against me or in other words, why am I always late? Please help me with your advice. Not only am I campused all week, but my nose is out of joint.

Miss Squashed-Nose

Dear Miss S-N,

The best thing I can tell you to do is either to get up at 7:28 or wear a nose guard.

Dear Miss Barefax,

My fortune was told by Miss Gyp last night. Miss Gyp said that would marry a tall, dark handsome man. My problem is how can I marry this man when I'm engaged to a short blond drip. Please help me.

Miss Love-lorn

Dear Miss L-L,

Tell Miss Gyp about your lover and have her retell your fortune.

Helpful Suggestions Change Modern Living

Valentine's day in the not so distant past, we are all still clinging to various memories and mementos: dead flowers, tattered valentines, cryptic telegrams, and half-filled candy boxes. The latter will be the subject of our first bi-weekly suggestion of *Something to Do for the Common Good*. Half-filled candy boxes, please note! A box with battered, wounded creams and half-chewed indescribable brown things resides in every room. Doesn't anybody like anything? Our first suggestion is that candy makers quit making candy people don't like but eat eventually anyway.

Our second suggestion concerns an interesting labor saving device we read about in a magazine. It seems that we waste energy and steps making up beds. Therefore, if every one sewed hooks and eyes on their sheets, think how easy it would be to make a bed. That's what the book said, but consider the process of sewing the hooks and eyes on the sheets. Suggestion two: Don't read magazines.

Suggestion three: Don't read any other line of this article because I promise you that whatever else I said will be even less entertaining or informative than what has been said before, which wasn't so helpful anyway. Was it? But you have no character, will power, strength of mind or what have you and will continue reading even though it's fruitless. Aren't you? Sucker! The only way we can make you quit is to end it absolutely.

"Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained."—Arthur Somers Roche.