

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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STUDY HALL LIGHTS BAD

Everyone who has tried to study in the study hall knows how blinding the lights are. The fluorescent lights used cause a glare that makes it impossible to read for any length of time.

The study hall should be the best place to study in school, but actually it is the worst. This is caused for the most part by the lights. Besides glare, the lights buzz and make it hard to concentrate. Numerous students who are in supervised study hall have been complaining about the lights among themselves, but no one has done anything about it. We are tired of hearing the gripes and hope someone will do something to correct the situation.

DO WORK RIGHT AND PROMPTLY

February is a pretty dismal month for school, isn't it? We've got our first semester grades jabbing us in the back and four more months of blood, sweat, and tears staring us in the face. In February, school spirit seems to hit a new low, and all of us seem to be more concerned with griping about our problems than doing something about the situation.

There really is no good reason behind all this dejection, but there is a fairly logical explanation for it. We left school after exams feeling as though the weight of the world had been lifted from our shoulders. We thoroughly enjoyed a week end of fun and relaxation, and returned to school ready, if not willing, to start studying again.

We just half tried to get the second semester started on the right foot. We wanted to keep things on an even keel and up to date, but somehow when the time came we let little things slip by; probably three-fourths of us are already weighted down with work which we've let slide by hoping we wouldn't get caught.

Let's turn over a new leaf.

Saints' Sallies

THE BELLES AT THE BALLS

... Saint Mary's swarmed the Memorial Auditorium Saturday night for the State Midwinters ... *Stew McKee, Connie Edwards, Carolyn Harris, Mickie Shannon, Ginger Mowery, Spooner Harrison, Lynn Boykin, Sally Dalton, Libba Dorris, Margaret Pearson, Sarah Garvey, Evelyn Oettinger, Margaret Ann Sasser, Margaret Gaston, Marnie Polk, and Suzie Dell* are but a few of the numerous ones who were there ... State also had the honor to have at their Lint Dodger's Ball, *Lou Byram, Elise Feimster, Robin Arrington, Barbara Dixon, Babbs Wooten, Mary Ann Guthrie, Juliette Fulghum, Elizabeth Nooe, and Eunice Bizzell* ... *Olivia Lynch* is anxiously awaiting the Midwinters at Davidson ... The Washington and Lee Fancy Dress Ball was the destination of *Jean Lang* ... The Freshmen and Sophomores are up to their heads with plans and thrills about their dance. ...

RIOTOUS RECUPERATIONS

... Pat Stonham enjoyed her visit with *Virginia Gilliam* following exams ... *Sara Ann Proctor* and *Cynthia Davis* were *Heilig Harney's* guests ... What's this about too many eggs? ... *Scotty Kent, Monty Redd, Nancy Harp* and *Liz Everage* recuperated on 3rd Holt ... *Jean Gould* and *Martha Nash* took Goldsboro over while they visited *La Nelle Edwards* ... *Ginny Ann Landis* even had a good time returning, and who wouldn't with five damyankees? ... *Jean Acker* and "*Bumps*" *Swink* are now in love with the Navy, after spending their freedom at Annapolis ... *Nancy Bernhardt* went to the Emory University Dances and thinks that it was a very good cure ... *Shirley Austin* is still recovering from her wild-goose chase with *John Law* ... *Barbara Fulton* is smoking the peace pipe again ... *Louise Bonin* acquired a definite interest for basketball while at home.

Lulu Bell, Belle Of Ball, Really Was No Belle At All

It was a balmy night in May, and Lulu Bell and her beau, Elmer, were rattling down the street in a decrepit Model A bound for the annual spring prom. Both were dressed in smart evening clothes, and the picture they presented was an attractive one except for one small blemish. Lulu Bell was industriously applying a second layer of make-up and combing her golden tresses for the hundredth time that evening for fear that she wouldn't look her best for the stag line. Furthermore, the deprecating glances which Elmer cast at her from time to time did nothing to dampen her spirits. A few minutes later, well assured that his date had finished her detailed beauty treatment, Elmer helped Lulu Bell laboriously emerge from the vehicle, and arm in arm they entered the dance.

Confident that Lulu Bell would be placed in the capable hands of her cronies in the powder room, Elmer started in search of his bosom buddies for a quick bull session before the next dance. After a half hour of exchanged confidences and rehashed memories of past dances, when Lulu Bell had not put in an appearance, Elmer came to the decision that the United Nations was holding assembly in the powder room. It was when he was passing a noisy group of stags standing around a certain pretty center of attraction that he noticed a powder blue creation of a dress which unmistakably belonged to the person of Lulu Bell.

With all the gusto he could muster up Elmer marched over to the laughing circle, and only by From now on let's try to get everything done right and done on time.

Procrastination has been called the thief of time; please let's not be known as one who aids and abets a thief!

sheer breath-taking commando tactics managed to drag the protesting Lulu Bell to the dance floor. Ah! but little did Elmer know of the danger which lurked in the form of a long black and white line extending along one side of the floor. This proved to be poor Elmer's downfall, for no sooner had they begun to dance than did Lulu Bell's lacy hanky start to flutter amid the urgent beckonings of her carefully polished forefinger. Much to his chagrin, Elmer found himself being roughly propelled out of the arms of his beloved, and shoved rudely against a greatly surprised and indignant couple. When he finally regained his rather bedraggled composure, he limped forlornly off in the direction of the bar to drown his sorrows in a good stiff shot of bourbon.

While Elmer was doing his best to get fried in the bar, Lulu Bell, using her womanly charms to their best advantage, was making a desperate attempt to trap every available male on the floor, stag or otherwise. Each time a stag broke on her, she would plunge immediately into a detailed account of her strenuous love life, barely pausing long enough for her partner to say as much as "Oh, really," or "I see." Every one of Lulu Bell's gestures was accompanied by a violent fluttering of the eyelashes and a soulful stare into her victim's eyes, making him turn a vivid shade of crimson and lose step. It must also be mentioned that Lulu Bell was anything but the epitome of sweet, demure womanhood. She had to have her whiskey and in strong doses. Though after two cups of the mildly spiked punch, it was all she could do to keep her equilibrium in order to dance.

Two hours later, it was a slightly tipsy, lipstick smeared Lulu Bell who was weaving her way through the crowd at the bar in

Happy Birthday

Jean McGhee
Sarah Ann Proctor
Ann Fitzgerald
Juliet Fulghum
Elizabeth Randolph
Margaret Dunn
Bebe Myers
Joan Stieber
Louise McCann
Betty Bowles
Madge Hooker

Martha DeHart and *Alice May* have Boykin fever (This can be taken in several ways!) ... *Mary Sutton* wants to know what happened to Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer while at home ... *Betty Bevan* and *Grace Woodson* had um heap big time in Salisbury. ...

LOST AND FOUND ... *Frances Williams* has found a brand new interest ... *Tina McNulty* has lost her heartbeat, so she says ... *Harriet Tew* is fishing around since *Clemson* fell off the hook ... *Shep Rustin* has at last found peace ... *Laura Matheson* is trying to unearth an extra weekend for that special A. T. O. ... *Margaret Stewart* finds goldmines of letters in her mailbox ... *Louise Milliken* and *M. I. T.* have found a way to see eye to eye ... *Jean Wranek* was pleased to find that Philadelphia could make it home ... A new man was discovered by *Jane Ward* ... *Jean Summerlin* has a new collection of the male of the species ... *Mary Ruth Ruble* has yet to lose that glow in her eyes ... *Toni Rowe* lost a chance for a date to State's Midwinters in favor of another lesson on that ukelele ...

COMMERCIAL ... Do you feel left out, dateless? Try *Grace Gordon's* date bureau for splendid results ... if that doesn't work see *May & deHart* insurers for a loan to buy a bottle of Hadacol.

search of her now thoroughly stewed date. Elmer, in the throes of dejection, had slightly exceeded his capacity for 100 proof bourbon, and was now perched atop a stool before the bar talking in low, amorous tones to a gorgeous brunette. In this condition Lulu Bell found him, and in a loud, hiccupping voice berated him soundly before she turned and fled to the powder room.

The ride home seemed interminable to Lulu Bell, but when they finally arrived at her house, Elmer's date looked as if she might do well as understudy for *Raggedy Ann*. Yes—the inevitable had happened—Lulu Bell had passed out. So, girls, take a timely tip and ...

Don't ditch your date when at the dance,
Don't pitch woo with stags for romance,
Drinking whiskey will make you frisky,
Coke or milk is not so risky.

Brains are not mere decoration.
And bitter are the pangs of inebriation,
So heed a kindly word or two.
And don't indulge in booze or brew.