

## Our Helen Hopeful, Calm And Sure Solves Problems, You Can't Endure

Dear Helen Hopeful,

I was a very attractive, popular, eighteen year old girl. My problem is this: I go to Saint Mary's School and Junior College. . . . Yes, this is my problem. Before I came to St. Mary's I had lots of dates and was what you might call, "The Belle of the Ball." But since Saint Mary's, no one will date me; don't get me wrong; it's not the reputation of the school; it's just that I have to be in at 11:30 p.m. Whenever there's a good party or some fun going on, I'm always the first to leave. Everybody points at me as though I have a horrible disease and says, "Saint Mary's."

Oh, what must I do?

DESPERATE.

Dear Desperate,

My advice to you is: get Mrs. Hornback to double date with you. Since it is her responsibility to shut the doors, you would at least not be locked out.

HELEN HOPEFUL.

Dear Miss Hopeful,

I am six years old, and all my teachers say that I am very smart. My problem is this: I never have any fun. All the rest of my friends date and have "steady beaux," but I never get asked to dances and parties because I have to wear braces and my eyes are crossed. My mother says I am pretty, but my girl friends make fun of me because boys never ask me for dates. Please, can you help me?

MYRTLE.

Dear Myrtle,

Things aren't as bad as they seem. Remember, you're only six; most girls don't start dating until they're seven, much less worry about their looks! By next year you'll probably be able to remove your braces. But heaven only knows what you can do about crossed eyes. Concentrate on your hair; see your stylist. I'm sure she can fix you up. If this does not work, write to me again and I'll give you more advice.

HELEN HOPEFUL.

Dear H. Hopeful,

Although I am only in my early teens, I have already found the man I intend to marry. He is quite a bit older than I am. He is a gentle, handsome, distinguished man and is retired. But all of this is unimportant. My main problem is that my mother thinks I am too young to know what love really is. Do you think fourteen is too young to love? I don't; and the man with whom I am in love has already filed for a divorce. How can I prove to my mother that I'm not really a child?

TOO YOUNG.

Dear "Too Young," I hate to side with anyone against her parents. But in this case, I feel as though I should. Since I was married at thirteen and have since had three successful marriages, I'd advise you to elope.

HELEN HOPEFUL.

## Frantic Struggle Precedes Week End

Have you ever tried to take a week-end away from Saint Mary's? Getting ready on Thursday made the whole week-end seem hardly worth the struggle, didn't it?

Thursday's classes were all crammed together from the first period until the last. Then you run up the stairs to get in forty-five minutes of make-up study hall. The bell rings and it is time for Physical Ed. The gym suit is thrown on, and away you go to the baseball field. After one hour of chasing balls you crawl up the steps, exhausted, to finish that hour and fifteen minutes of study hall. The supper bell rings and you have to rush to the dining hall. By the time you get there you have no desire for anything, and it's just as well anyway; they're having asparagus and liver.

Back to the room only to remember that you have a BELLES article to write before seven-thirty, then a dress to press, a trigonometry test to study for, your hair to wash, bag to pack, and nails to polish. How can it all be done before ten thirty? The answer is, it can't!

Five-thirty the next morning finds you up and at your desk struggling over sines and cosines, and between each problem your thoughts are still trying to decide what to wear. Before the rising bell rings you jump in the tub to get the dirt off and then to get that head of hair clean. Thirty minutes later you're off to breakfast with wet hair straggling down your back and in your face.

The morning goes well between naps during class until that last period—math. At the end of the class, after looking at numbers and figures which mean absolutely nothing to you, you close your paper, grab your suitcase, and out the door of Smedes you run, as far away as you can get, so that you can relax and get rested up after the confusion.

Dear Reader,

Whoever you are—wherever you are, I know that you must have problems such as those read in this column and so sympathize with the poor, distressed souls who have come to me with their problems. And if you have any, just send them to me:

Helen Hopeful  
BELLES  
Saint Mary's School  
Raleigh, N. C.

And now I'll leave you with this little poem:

Are you in love  
My turtledove?  
Do you have problems  
My little gems?  
If you do  
Here's a clue:  
Helen Hopeful—  
Also helpful! !

## Belles of Saint Mary's

KAY BAKER

Town: Timmonsville, South Carolina.  
Age: 19.  
Hair: Blond.  
Eyes: Blue.  
Pet Peeve: Biology lab.  
Always Seen: Answering the telephone.  
Always Heard: "I'm so snowed."  
Hobby: Going to movies and dancing.  
Favorite Food: Steak.  
Favorite Song: *It Was Just One of Those Things*.  
Looking Forward To: Going to New Orleans.  
Ambition: To get girls to go to Girl-Break Dances.  
Offices and Clubs: Chief dance marshal-elect, marshal-elect, Vice-counselor-elect, *Orchesis*, Altar Guild, YWCA, *Sigma*.

CONNIE SHANER

Town: Lynchburg, Virginia.  
Age: 19.  
Hair: Blond.  
Eyes: Blue.  
Pet Peeve: People talking in bathroom before breakfast.  
Always Seen: Studying.  
Always Heard: "You Know. . ."  
Hobby: Tennis.  
Favorite Food: Steak.  
Favorite Song: *Oh, My Wonderful One*.  
Looking Forward To: Thanksgiving.  
Ambition: To get married.  
Offices and Clubs: Secretary of junior class, Altar Guild, *Orchesis*, Circle, *Sigma*.

MYRA THAYER

Town: Louisburg, N. C.  
Age: 18.  
Hair: Brown.  
Eyes: Green.  
Pet Peeve: Radios on upstairs after 10:30.  
Always Seen: Cutting hair.  
Hobby: Animals.  
Favorite Food: Watermelon.  
Favorite Song: *Don't Fence Me In*.  
Looking Forward To: Washington, D. C., this summer.  
Ambition: To own a horse ranch in Arizona.  
Offices and Clubs: Chief Marshal-elect, counselor-elect, Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Choir, Legislative Body, *Orchesis*, *Sigma*.

HARRIET CONGER

Town: Edenton.  
Age: 18.  
Hair: Brown.  
Eyes: Blue.  
Pet Peeve: Sarcasm.  
Always Seen: Playing.  
Always Heard: Everywhere, all the time.  
Hobby: Taking rest periods.  
Favorite Food: Shrimp cocktail.  
Favorite Song: *Where Is Your Heart?*  
Looking Forward To: Nags Head.  
Ambition: To see an ant stick his tongue out.  
Offices and Clubs: Assembly chairman-elect, BELLES feature editor, vice-counselor-elect, Altar Guild, Canterbury Club, Granddaughter's Club, *Bulletin* staff, *Mu*.

## Saint Sallies

Instead of leaving campus the week end of May 2 many, or I should say all (since it was a closed week end) of the SMS Belles stayed right here to see Sara Fair, May Queen, crowned by the Maid of Honor, Nancy Bowles. Also that night many beaux were attracted to Saint Mary's for the annual Junior-Senior dance. Even though all of us had a little trouble with the sun and the clouds, everyone agreed it was the best May Day festivities ever to be put on at Saint Mary's.

The week before May Day, State College had its annual Junior-Senior dance in the Reynolds Coliseum. During the dance they had their Ring ceremonies. The sponsors and their dates stood in a ring in the center and the rest of the juniors stood in a ring on the outside. After the leader and his date kissed and the girl placed the ring on her date's finger, the rest of the sponsors did the same; then the couples standing on the outside followed suit. Harriet Ann Barham and Jeanette Uz-zell were sponsors for the dance.

Other SMS girls who attended the dance were Barbara Brown, Anna Mac Perry, Killian Middleton, Ann Peoples, Mary Bern Wolfe, Margaret Mansfield-Jones, and Biddie Dent.

The same week-end quite a few SMS Belles went to the "Joe College" week end at Duke. Sally

Hodges, Laura Dean Matheson, Cindy Ward, and Peggy Williams were among the many girls there. Friday afternoon they were entertained by a parade with each sorority and fraternity displaying floats and other amusements. That night before the dance some went on picnics and others went to the Hoof 'n' Horn dramatic production. Then all the gals and their dates gathered in the gym to hear the wonderful music of Ray Anthony. Not only did they hear the music; all did the "Bunny Hop" and the "Hokey Pokey" until their feet dropped right off their legs. The next day at the concert Ray Anthony and his orchestra had visitors from the Carolina Germans, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey! The three of them stood up and put on some of the best Dixieland jive you'll ever hear. It seemed that practically all the people from Carolina Germans were over at Duke to hear the orchestra that all North Carolina loves best, Ray Anthony. After the lawn concert both the students from Duke and Carolina journeyed over to Chapel Hill because it was heard that Ray Anthony, Kay Kyser, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey would all get together at the concert there. It turned out to be one of the best concerts Carolina has had, and to hear everyone talk about it, they certainly must have enjoyed it. That night Carolina had its dance and afterward everyone went fraternity hopping.