

SMC Nostalgia

by Kira Harris and Sidney Jessup

What do you think of moneymaking projects? At St. Mary's in 1974 we have numerous clubs selling everything ranging from candy and other edibles to clothes. In 1944 there were also fund raising projects, but most of them were geared towards the benefit of the war efforts and the St. Mary's girls came up with some very original, if not rather humorous ways to procure money.

In an article from *The Belles* in October, 1944, the girls published an idea for the purpose of getting those needed funds.

Because the G.I. Joe's had their "pin-up girls," St. Mary's girls decided it would be exciting to create their own gallery of "pin-up boys." This contest was sponsored by the Publications Staff and each girl was instructed to contribute a picture of their boy-friend.

"All entries will be classified as snapshots and portraits of servicemen and civilians. From these the cutest will be chosen. The handsomest serviceman will automatically become pin-up boy. There will be a charge of ten cents per entry and proceeds will go to SMC Centennial Fund."

In the next issue of *The Belles*, the pin-up boy was chosen and described in such a way:

He is from Clayton, Missouri, and is now stationed in the Philippine war zone and has been overseas since last December. The picture was taken some time last year. He is 6 feet and 1 inch tall and has wavy brown hair (but it's a crew-cut) and brown eyes. He attended Vanderbilt University and intends to go back there after the war. He is 22, likes Scotch and soda, hates jitter-bugging, and is, according to his girl, the Smooth Type.

Times have certainly reformed since 1944 since we no longer devise such methods for raising money, we no longer frantically await the return of "our man" from the Philippines, and he surely neither jitter bugs, nor appears before us with a crew-cut. As for the "Smooth Type," he is still anxiously awaiting our naivety.

Is Academic Apathy Still Chic?

by Sally Little

The "weaker" sex is now beginning to obtain recognition in the heretofore masculine domains of science, industry, and political affairs. The female is now seen as an individual who possesses a brain equal in size to that of the male. Yet many females do not utilize their brain power; furthermore, they hinder the development of their sisters' minds by subtly ostracizing the serious student—not the student who remains silent in class, but the one who actively partici-

pates. And this happens at St. Mary's, which should be an ideal learning situation because the absence of males in the classroom removes the danger of appearing "brighter" to the male and thereby damaging hopes of marriage.

For the highly motivated girl, SMC has various committees, clubs and teams. But for those who do not know or only need to be reminded, we are also attending school to educate our minds. Help us keep the serious student instead of suggesting that "Harvard would be a better place for her."

Photography and Henson Go Together

by Neal Johnson

Perhaps one of the most frequently seen faces on the St. Mary's campus is that of Ellen Henson. Not only is she the Senior class President and actively involved with all aspects of St. Mary's life but Ellen also happens to be the renown photographer to whom so many students



SAY CHEESE . . . Ellen Henson was able to take this picture of herself through use of the timer on her camera.

smile, and say "cheese" (and some other choice words!).

Ellen's avid enthusiasm for photography came about one summer when she was counselor at Camp Cheerio, where photography was a new interest. At 16 she took charge of this phase of camp life and has continued teaching photography there for the past four years. Until Ellen reached St. Mary's her only equipment was an instamatic camera, although through practicing at home she mastered developing her own pictures. The great deal Ellen now knows about photography was learned simply through experience; she has never had any sort of formal instruction.

When Ellen arrived at St. Mary's there was no dark room whatsoever for the school newspaper. Mrs. Barnhart took a major role in acquiring one with the assistance of Ellen who recommended the equipment for it. Last year for Christmas Ellen received a new camera from Santa and it has served as a constant companion ever since. She began using it for the *Belles* but by the end of the year she had pictures in all of the publications sent out by the school.

Ellen's work has demanded a great deal of time and sacrifice on her part but has proved beneficial as well. Not only has the *Belles* come out more often this school year but there are more pictures than in the past. The pictures which Ellen takes go also to Laura Grimes, editor of this year's *Stagecoach*. In fact, Ellen has been "hired" by the annual staff to take organizational pictures. At one time Ellen obligingly missed classes for two days to take pictures of various St. Mary's groups. Ellen expresses great appreciation to everyone for being so cooperative and helpful in giving ideas. Even the Seniors on Ellen's hall pitched in and helped her a great deal. This type of spirit made the long hours worth her time.

Next fall Ellen hopes to go to "the Promised Land" (Carolina) and major in zoology. Naturally, photography has to fit into the picture and it does—Ellen plans to go into wildlife photography as a profession. She has already won high acclaim for an outstanding picture of a "wild boar" she took on a recent camping trip in the mountains of North Carolina!

Urquhart Quizes Hammond

by Barbara Urquhart

John Hammond first became interesting to me for two reasons. First of all, his singing kept interrupting me when I

Library Needs You

by Becky Davis

Due to a shortage of funds this year, the St. Mary's College library has been forced to shorten its hours. At present the library closes at 10 p.m. Sun.-Thurs. Because there is little money to pay a staff member to work extra hours each week, plans are now underway to keep the library open on a voluntary basis until 11 p.m., Sun.-Thurs. However, for this to be accomplished, there must be full support from the student body.

For the library to remain open there must be an adequate number of students using the library at this time. There must also be enough students to serve on a voluntary staff for this remaining hour each night. If any student wishes to help in this way or offer other suggestions concerning the library they are strongly urged to contact a member of the Library Committee, the librarian, or Mr. Tate. A list of the committee is posted in the covered way of Smedes. Your help would be greatly appreciated and would render a great service to the school.

was trying to read *The Brothers Karamasov* between orders as a waitress at the Pier. Secondly, some friendly girl who evidently knew me walked up and told me I should be listening because John was a close friend of one of my favorite musicians—Bob Dylan. As I later learned, his father is credited with having discovered the young Dylan when he first came to New York.

This was enough to make me listen for a moment, which in turn revealed why people were willing to pay \$8 a couple to hear him perform.

After listening to him play for about an hour, I went to talk to him and told him I adored wailing harmonica music (especially his)—whereupon he obligingly gave me a short, impressive rendition (before I had to get back to carrying pitchers of beer) which reminds me why I enjoyed his style so much; he has sort of a harmonica-voice mournfully suited to the blues he sings. Finally, I decided an interview for the *Belles*, would provide a great excuse to really talk to him.

Therefore, I arranged an interview (I must add that he was very pleasant about the arrangements, especially considering I woke him up twice Saturday with my phone calls) and proceeded to his room at the Holiday Inn (unchaperoned, I blush to admit—but I've already turned myself in). I then began to ask embarrassingly inane questions like "Who's your favorite performer?" which received his polite answers, "I admire too many to choose just one." However, I did glean enough information for a short biographical sketch.

Hammond began his musical career in 1961 which he held the typical bellhop-busboy positions in Florida. From there he traveled to the West Coast and bigger clubs, and has since released over 10 albums with various record companies. However, he has kept his first guitar, a 1910 National Duo which he calls "Tin Lizzie."

The Hammer

by Laurie Sherrill

This article is directed toward the conscience of those girls on this campus who are inconsiderate to the other members of the community in one specific way: their trash. Not only do they litter all over campus with cracker papers and coke bottles, but they manage to leave a trail in bathrooms, dorm lobbies, dorm halls, the cafeteria, auditorium, library and laundry room. Please understand, I am not talking about mess. I mean filth. There is a difference between picking up a few books and straightening chairs as compared to cleaning an ashtray which has bubblegum and cigarette butts floating in melted jello. The popcorn I see ground into rugs leads me to sometimes wonder if the popper was left in the middle of the floor with the lid off to pop away. Dirty dishes are left in the sink, on counters, food drips down the stove and the cabinet doors. Paper packages of sugar and other whatnots are left strewn across counters with used tea bags, thriving amidst the stains of coffee and sticky food crumbs. The workers in the cafeteria have seen numerous expressions of distaste for particular foods. For instance, some girls apparently do not like pepper, so at meals they get rid of it by pouring it under the central placemat.

What do you think of this? Or more important, what do the people who have to clean it up think?

From the cafeteria come these comments:

"They're worse than pigs."

"It's disgusting!"

"I can't believe it."

From the dorms come these anonymous statements from various maintenance employees.

Concerning wet towels left in the hall:

"I don't know what to do with em . . . I got to do somethin cause if they stay up there they'll turn sour and start smellin."

Concerning bottles:

"They don't try to put them down in the crate . . . they leave em in the hall in the doorway, on the tables . . ."

Concerning bathrooms:

"I hate to go in them but I know I have to."

Concerning attitudes:

"The girls are not as friendly . . . some of em will speak to you, some of em won't say nothin to you."

What a considerate, caring, and loving community we are. The problem lies not in the filth but in the attitudes of those who make it. People who expect someone to clean for them, to pick up the broken glass, to mop up the spill, are not only inconsiderate but are irresponsible. They are saying to others, "I don't care about you because I don't care about the trouble I put you through. I'll leave whatever I want in a mess because I don't care how hard it is for you to get rid of it." Caring does not begin somewhere in the distant future when you fall in love or when you go into social work, it starts right now in this real and immediate world with the people you know.

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