

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

Published every two weeks by the student body of Saint Mary's School.

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QUIET!

Ssh! Here is that little hiss again, trying to silence the thoughtless racket. One girl told me that if she heard one more "ssh" she would scream. But before you start to scream let us have our say.

Everyone here knows how annoying it is to be disturbed in an occasional serious endeavor to study. Quiet hour is the time which we ought to be able to count on for work which requires hard concentration. The "person who forgets that it is quiet hour" herself often needs this time desperately, yet she can hardly expect other people to remember when she could not.

Teachers find it hard to hold classes during the afternoon periods because inconsiderate students gather around the post office and locker room talking, laughing, and making noise that seriously disturbs the near-by classes.

The library should be a haven of silence; indeed, its most important rule is "quietness at all times." Talking, tramping around, and the noisy handling of books and papers, however, make concentration often nigh impossible.

Refusing others the quietness that we wish for ourselves could only be caused by thoughtlessness.

Now, if you still feel like it, scream! But please do it where nobody will be disturbed in finishing that "tough assignment."

ANGELUS TIME

Angelus Time is a period that we students have set apart from our daily routine. It is a time of prayer.

At 6:15 every afternoon a bugle is blown on the campus. A student, who has volunteered, enters the chapel and there prays. Our cam-

pus life is stilled as we all have prayers for our armed forces, wherever they may be, in training or in actual combat. Every girl pauses at this time and observes our Angelus. Another day is ending, another prayer is added; the potent breath of faith comforts us all.

Take part in the Angelus. Every afternoon contribute your prayer. Angelus Time is short, but it is a time vibrating with the fierce hopes of us all.

BELLES

EMILY YANDELL WILLIAMSON

Home, Memphis, Tenn.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—mouse 'n' green.
Ambition—to pass English . . . of course.
Pet hate—reading extracurricular.
Spends spare time—talking about all my studies.
Always heard—yes.
Always seen—across the hall.
Hobby—"I've never had one."
Favorite article of clothing—my sweater.
Favorite perfume—"Shocking."
Favorite food—steak.
Favorite song—"For the First Time."
Is looking forward to—that Tennessee air.
Odd likes—ignorant people.
Worst fault—"What fault?"
Is wild about—intelligent people.

Emily has that personality that makes one positively olive-green with envy, as she makes friends with everyone who knows her. Dashing madly from looking after the business of the Doctors' Daughters' Club to attending to important meetings of the Honor Council, Emily really rates as an outstanding member of the Senior Class. Her versatility and generosity add to her popularity, and her many other capabilities are shown in her varied activities. Besides being president of the Doctors' Daughters' Club and Senior Honor Council representative, Emily is a member of the Altar Guild, the Political Science Club, and the Publications Staff.

VIDETTE SAVAGE BASS

Home—Wilson.
Age—almost 19.
Hair 'n' eyes—blonde (after a fashion) and blue.
Ambition—to get enough sleep just once.
Pet hate—that . . . bell.
Spends spare time—writing R. J.
Always heard—popping corn.
Always seen—sewing.
Hobby—sleeping. (I don't have much time for my hobby.)
Favorite article of clothing—not a tank suit.
Favorite perfume—Inhale No. 2.
Favorite food—anything edible.
Favorite song—Mr. Broughton's composition, "In My Brain."
Is looking forward to—Christmas (like everybody else).
Odd likes—throwing pie in people's faces.
Worst fault—losing.
Is wild about—Greenville, S. C.

During those few minutes in each twenty-four hours that she isn't asleep or in class, Vidette ranks as morale builder No. 1 in West Rock or wherever she happens to be at the time. In addition to displaying

a keen wit and sense of humor, Vidette does a whale of a job as secretary of the Hall Council, which job includes keeping minutes of meetings, keeping everybody informed of the number of points they have, and attending to a million and one other jobs. Vidette is also a member of the Altar Guild, the Political Science Club, and the Publications Staff.

ELIZABETH WOOD GAITHER

Home—Elizabeth City.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown.
Ambition—to be understood.
Pet hate—Yankees.
Spends spare time—inventing excuses.
Always heard—talking double talk.
Always seen—running for classes.
Hobby—knitting.
Favorite article of clothing—white Braemer.
Favorite perfume—"Secrets of Suzanne."
Favorite food—raw cauliflower.
Favorite song—"We'll Meet Again."
Is looking forward to—New York in June.
Odd likes—apprentice seamen.
Worst fault—talking.
Is wild about—houseparties at Nags Head.

Betty is another one of those well-known seniors who seems to find an unbelievable amount of time in which to take part in all types of school activities, whether it happens to be a literary society meeting or a girl-break dance. Her friendliness and vivacity make her rate high while her brains and efficiency account for her success as a student. Betty holds the important offices of Senior Class Honor Council representative and president of the Granddaughters' Club, and is a member of the Political Science Club, the Altar Guild, and the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

Letters to the Editor

Saint Mary's School,
Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Editor:

Due to the fact that we are required to swim the minimum of five hours a semester, I wonder if it would be possible to heat the pool?

Frigidly yours,
WATER LOG.

November 21, 1943.

Dear Editor:

In spite of the fact that Saint Mary's new "building up" or "tearing down" process (whichever you prefer to call it) has been more rigid than new or former Saint Mary's girls thought it would be, why gripe about it all the time? I doubt very seriously that the frequent remarks about it in the *Belles* and the constant moaning of the student body will do much to moderate it because this "toughening process" is being given in accordance with government requests. Here's one member of the student body that is getting sick and tired of hearing about it.

Hopefully,
Gym.

Dear Editor:

I accidentally overheard the following conversation between several day students recently.

1st girl: "Have you done all of your swimming?"

2nd girl: "No. I don't have to. I got an excuse."

1st: "You did? How in the world did you do it?"

2nd: "Oh, I just went up to my doctor's office and I said, 'See here, Dr. . . . I want an excuse from swimming at Saint Mary's School.'"

1st: "What did he say?"

2nd: "He said, 'Why?' and I said, 'Oh, I think I got a cold from going in the pool!' So he wrote me an excuse and now I don't have to go."

1st: "Gee, I'm going to try that."

Question: Who is losing?
MRS. GUESS.

SAINT'S SALLIES

And did we sally forth last week . . . most of us dashed off as soon as classes were over Wednesday and had a marvelous time. In fact, most of us seemed to have gone to Rocky Mount. Was that bus crowded? Transportation presented various problems and amusing incidents. "Not two but a couple of us—," according to Mary Holmes, were just a little confused by a mysteriously long word concerning the South and the North and starting with con—. Of course we didn't overstuff or get tired or anything, but the infirmary was slightly occupied Friday. Holt was pretty deserted except for a few juniors and Wednesday night a "man" was peeping in windows, but Miss Scott scared him off with a milk bottle. Then Thursday night Caroline Long was still scared so she promised Betty Barnes that she wouldn't snore (that's rather pointless since she doesn't snore anyway) if Betty would let her sleep in Mary Virginia's bed. Sunday night the seniors came in, pretty tired too; most of them had been home but Betsy Long went to West Point and the Legg twins and their roommates, Hannah and Harriett, went to Annapolis. . . . There is a new frat pin in our midst—chances are that if you see a Phi Gam pin pinned on pajamas, Sallie Robertson is wearing both. . . . And what about those long distance telephone calls that came in on Thanksgiving; "because you're what I'm thankful for" and others. . . . Nancy Wood got a box of red roses, Frances Shackelford sported an orchid, and Lucy Hancock a Thanksgiving corsage, all from their "men." Wasn't the food good Thanksgiving? Wherever you were. And Have YOU written a letter to the editor yet? Go ahead and do it, NOW.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Dec. 7—Miss Haig's recital.
Dec. 11—Senior Dance.
Dec. 12—Senior Pageant.

BIRTHDAYS

Dec. 4—Nancy Carter
Dec. 5—Mary Dickey
 Lorraine Hillyer
 Jean Rickenbaker
Dec. 6—Lucy Hancock
 Mary Marshall Murphy
Dec. 7—Lib Shaw
 Sarah Stewart
Dec. 8—Luzette Callum
Dec. 9—Margaret Louise Goold
Dec. 11—Foxie Clark
Dec. 13—Amy Warner
Dec. 14—Vidette Bass