

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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Letters to the Editor

Saint Mary's School
 Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Editor,

It is rumored that there are quite a few poetesses in our midst. Could this be true? If so, why couldn't we see some of their work in the column "Like Poetry?"

We all like good poetry, so if this local talent is good, why can't the whole student body profit by it? I'm sure there are a few girls in school, who, with a little persuasion, would be glad to contribute their "creations of genius." The poems submitted might be judged and perhaps the best be printed. How about it?

Sincerely,
 SONNET.

ED. — "The Belles" welcomes original poetry, and will gladly print any good poetry submitted.

BELLES

REBECCA WOOD DRANE

Home—Monroe.
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—dust brown and blue.
 Ambition—to get an ambition.
 Pet hate—being told to hurry.
 Spends spare time—can't remember.
 Always heard—"Don't you want to give me 10?"
 Always seen—dashing around hugging a notebook and pencil.
 Hobby—painting green-haired imps.
 Favorite article of clothing—my black coat.
 Favorite perfume—Heaven Sent. (My roommate's.)
 Favorite food—soft shell crabs.
 Favorite song—"Stardust."
 Is looking forward to—Christmas.
 Odd likes—storms and raw clams.
 Worst fault—decided indecision.
 Is wild about—vacations.

A unique personality, an I.Q. way out in front of everybody else's, and an unsurpassed sense of humor are characteristics which classify Rebecca as one of the girls that Saint Mary's is proudest to claim. Whether looking after the Canterbury Club's plans or submitting compositions to the literary society, she exhibits her own quaint manner which has endeared her to everyone. In addition to directing the Canterbury Club, Rebecca is a member of the E. A. P. Literary Society, the Granddaughters' Club, the French Club, the Political Science Club, the Altar Guild, the Publications Staff, and the Circle.

MARILYN MARIE MITCHELL

Home—Roanoke, Va.
 Age—17 (Shhh!)
 Hair 'n' eyes—brown 'n' brown.
 Ambition—to get in the Navy(?).
 Pet hate—breakfast.
 Spends spare time—day-dreaming.
 Always heard—"sompin' 'bout."
 Always seen—with Rylander.
 Hobby—writing post cards.
 Favorite article of clothing—my tan sport jacket.
 Favorite perfume—Suivez-moi.
 Favorite food—chocolate ice cream.
 Favorite song—"The Dreamer."
 Is looking forward to—going back to Georgia.
 Odd likes—gold wings.
 Worst fault—keeping people waiting.
 Is wild about—the Navy Air Corps.

"Molly" quietly accomplishes an amazing amount of work while the rest of the seniors scream about all they have to do and accomplish nothing. Her sincerity and competence have made her rank as one of the most valuable members of her class, while her poise and friendliness account for her popularity. Besides acting as student chairman of the Legislative Body, Molly is treasurer of the French Club, vice-president of the Political Science Club, and a member of the Doctors' Daughters' Club and the Altar Guild.

MARGARET PENELOPE WINSLOW

Home—Rocky Mount.
 Age—19.
 Hair 'n' eyes—blonde (after a fashion) and blue.
 Ambition—to be through school.
 Pet hate—getting up.
 Spends spare time—going to the movies. (I'd rather go than eat.)
 Always heard—"What's that?"
 Always seen—late, but there.
 Hobby—buying records.
 Favorite article of clothing—blue shoes.
 Favorite perfume—April Showers. (You know—they bring May flowers. I love flowers.)
 Favorite food—spareribs.
 Favorite song—"I'm Lovely to Look At."
 Is looking forward to—Nag's Head after the war.
 Odd likes—the Navy . . . where every man's a king.
 Worst fault—buying records.
 Is wild about—houseparties at Nag's Head and the Navy.

"We have several announcements this morning; the first . . . etc." and the student body launches into one of those well-planned assembly programs arranged by Margaret. Besides taking care of this all time

job and looking after the Navy, she finds time to attend a surprising number of movies, get in a little extra sleep now and then, and indulge in various extracurricular activities. In her own intelligent and enthusiastic manner Margaret acts as president of the French Club and takes part in the activities of the Granddaughters' Club, the E. A. P. Literary Society, the Political Science Club, the Altar Guild, the Choir, and the Glee Club.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CAROLS

The fire rages and shows its power, hiding its charm. It feeds on bitter stuff and, as he looks down on it, the boy sees not the fire that it is, but he remembers that it is December 25th—Christmas Day. This is not Christmas! But there had been others and there would be more.

Yes, he did associate fire with Christmas; that was all he had now that was tangible. But the intangible things—

He remembered when he'd found a little shining, prankish cocker puppy one Christmas morning and had spent the entire day with him, playing in front of the fire.

—the yule log, the carols, the bells—

Then the fire spread its friendly light over his electric train and this time was even more wonderful because it also shone on a baby sister, playing with a soft fuzzy teddy bear at her own newly added stocking.

—the stockings, the candy, the nuts, cheer—

And the day he got a bicycle and a new sled. That day he left the fire.

—the snow, the cold, the wind, the fun of living—

The fire was just as bright when he got his first gun—a rifle—and he laughed at his sister's dolls.

—lovely dolls, doll carriages, doll clothes, doll houses, frills and ruffles—

Next came his radio and the thrill of taking it all to pieces and then putting it back together again, near the pointing fingers of the fire and under the Christmas tree.

—green limbs, red balls, silver tinsel, blue lights—

Later, much later it seemed, he'd stood near another bedecked fir and watched a girl's twinkling eyes as she ripped the paper from a crystal bottle that enclosed one of those elegant scents that we usually know only through sumptuous advertisements. Of course, his mother had selected it, and the little sister, she now liked bikes and things like that, thought it was all too silly. But it was the girl now that stood under the mistletoe and whose lips he kissed and whose eyes his laughed with.

—the mistletoe, the holly, the candles—

Another Christmas, when he was in college, he'd again left that fire for the sleek new convertible that first gave him that wonderful sense of freedom and power that he was later to know so well.

—snow, ice, stars—

Then still another Christmas, another fire. This time it shone on that single gold stripe against the dark navy of his sleeve and on the new goldness of his wings. It shone on his sister's glistening hair, and he

realized that she was now growing up in her own right. His girl's eyes sparkled in the firelight, too, and his reflected their light. But most of all, he saw his father's grim smile of pride and his mother's tear-stained eyes.

Yes, every one of these Christmases was a memory worth any price. A memory that comes flashing back to him as he dips his wings for a final look at the burning ship below.

He realized that this was the Christmas that could give the most to his world. This was the Christmas that he and his friends in the wet coldness of the Aleutians and the stinking heat of the Solomons and the opaque quagmire of Italy and the bleak solitude of the sea and the vast greatness of the air would recall most often.

For it was this Christmas that made them want to give Christmases like they had known to their children and the children of the world. Only then, they, the men who'd seen a torn world, would realize that freedom and liberty and peace are far more a part of Christmas than all the snow, stockings, and traditions.

The plane moves away into the setting sun—there is more work to be done.

I WON'T BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

The letter lay in her lap. "I won't be home for Christmas, dear. Planes are moving out constantly. I know you'll understand. After all, there will be other Christmases." She bit her lip. Other Christmases? Yes, there had been others. She stared into the fire as carols drifted in through the window. Even the snow was there, to remind her of those other Christmases.

There was the Christmas dance, two years ago, when she had first met Bob. She had danced with him only once, when he told her she was going to marry him. He had given her a wonderful rush, but even she had been surprised when they were married, three weeks later.

The next Christmas had been spent here at home. They had gone to few parties. It had been enough to sit here before the fire, opening the presents together. They knew then that he would go into the air corps, but no plans had been made.

Tears were coming now. It just wasn't fair. The gay little tree, loaded with trimmings, looked just a little gaudy. The brightly wrapped presents piled below it, had lost their interest and the holly on the mantle was beginning to wither. The carolers were back again, crunching through the snow, singing their songs of joy and peace. Joy? Peace?

The drone of planes checked her sobs as she stopped to listen. A motor cut out, then in, out, in. She rushed to the window. Bob, it might be. She remembered the last of his letter. "I'll be with you, my love, in everything you do. Keep a smile on that sweet face." Yes, he had been with her, but all the work she had done—it was all for nothing.

She wiped away the last tear from her cheek, and even managed a smile for the departing plane. The turkey and tree didn't have to go to waste, there was the USO.