

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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## TO HELP OUR GOVERNMENT

We all want to do our part to win this war. But before any of us can be of real assistance to our country, we must know what is needed of us and how to go about fulfilling those needs. For if we do our war work just when the spirit moves us, or when some fad catches our fancy, the results will not be satisfactory.

Our part of the war effort, as do production lines and the armed forces, requires investigation, thought, and organization, too. Instead of listening to hearsay, we must get our information from more reliable sources: from articles of authoritative origin, from statements given out by the Government, and from the President himself. Then we can be sure that what we do will be of real use to our country. From such reliable information, we can each pick out that task which is best suited to us as individuals. The artistic minded can do war posters; others, more domestic, can knit and sew. All of us can be more careful of our usage of scarce materials; all of us can save metals and other goods needed by the Government; and all of us can buy war stamps and bonds.

In addition to finding out what is needed of us and picking out those things which we as individuals can do best, we must find out how the Government wants these things done. For there are special Government regulations and directions for the posters we paint, the sweaters we knit, and the metals we save.

Once we have decided what we are going to do and how our Government wants us to do it, we must organize into groups. This will take quite a bit of time and effort at first, but when everything is organized, we may find things running smoothly and with the desired results. For just as in the large defense factories of today, we must spend a great deal of time, energy, and hard work on organization.

We should get into the habit of looking out for ideas when we are

reading newspapers and magazines and listening to the radio. For this is everybody's war, and the way we go about doing our part may mean the difference between victory and defeat.

## BELLES

### MARY BROOKS POPKINS

Home—Leesburg, Virginia.  
 Age—18.  
 Hair and eyes—"Kind of a peculiar gray, sorta green (finally compromised on gray-green) and brown, definitely.  
 Ambition—To use the direct approach!  
 Pet hate—the pronunciation of "on" as "own."  
 Spends spare time—working on *The Belles*.  
 Always heard—from one end of the campus to the other.  
 Always seen—"I'm just not spectacular, and I'm never seen."  
 Hobby—knitting for Bobby.  
 Favorite expression—Crominy (we can't even guess what it means).  
 Favorite article of clothing—worn-out moccasins.  
 Favorite perfume—Yardley's Lotus.  
 Favorite food—anything fattening.  
 Is wild about—Bobby.  
 Is looking for—that month at Christmas.  
 Odd likes—her braces.  
 Worst fault—not gaining weight.

Here we have a constantly busy worker—busy all week, every week. A favorite on the campus, Brooksie owes her success to a wonderful disposition, soft Virginia voice, and true loyalty to her *Belles*. Brooksie inspires members of her various organizations, the Publications, E. A. P. Literary Society, and the Circle. She carries a big load, that bi-monthly edition of the paper, and still claims that "only a miracle gets *The Belles* published." Yes, Brooksie's a miracle worker.

### BETTY PENDER

Home—Norfolk, Virginia.  
 Age—19.  
 Hair and eyes—definitely black and brown.  
 Ambition—to enter Sweet Briar.  
 Pet hate—listening to others gargle.  
 Spends spare time—dyeing gray hairs with black shoe polish.  
 Always heard—"Darlin' . . ."  
 Always seen—at Mr. Moore's table.  
 Hobby—Ensigns.  
 Favorite expression—You devil!  
 Favorite article of clothing—night-shirts.  
 Favorite perfume—Nuit de Noel.  
 Favorite food—yeast cakes.  
 Is wild about—everybody.  
 Is looking for—six feet four.  
 Odd likes—Bugs Bunny.  
 Worst fault—letting her bangs grow too long.

Another soft, Virginia voice says, "Hey, doll baby," and there's beautiful little Betty. Always a little serious, Betty's the shining light of Sigma Lambda. Don't let her fool you, though, for the next minute she'll ruffle her bangs and do a perfect imitation of Bugs Bunny's, "What's cookin', doc?" Her ability not to only write, but also to edit will come forth with her first issue of the *Bulletin*. Wait 'n' see . . .

### LILLIAN JENKINS

Home—Goldsboro, N. C.  
 Age—18.  
 Hair and eyes—green and yellow ("lovely combination").  
 Ambition—Marriage? Oh, of course!  
 Pet hate—empty mail boxes.  
 Spends spare time—talking to Mr. Moore.  
 Always heard—talking to Mr. Moore.  
 Always seen—talking to Mr. Moore.  
 Hobby—falling in love.  
 Favorite expression—"I kinda like that."  
 Favorite article of clothing—Girl Scout playsuit.  
 Favorite perfume—Tweed.  
 Favorite food—everything.  
 Is wild about—talking to Mr. Moore.  
 Is looking for—the day the *Stage Coach* comes out.  
 Odd likes—everything . . . definitely odd.  
 Worst fault—eating.  
 Pictures, pictures, and more pictures! Lillian, able editor of the *Stage Coach*, has already started doing work, which takes all year long. Besides this, she edited the *Handbook*—fine job—and holds the Presidency of the French Club. So, we see in Miss Jenkins a very capable young lady handling several large jobs and doing them splendidly. *Snooks!*

## SZIGETI TO PERFORM

(From P. 1)

noted for his fastidious and intellectual conceptions of great music.

At an invitation from Leopold Stokowski, then the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Szigeti visited this country and appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra. At first he was not received with much enthusiasm, for he had neither the wealth of tone nor the charm that American audiences were accustomed to. However, a few recognized him as an individual who, as Paul Stefan pointed out, "represented with equal completeness the classic greatness and the modern spirit of violin playing."

Last year Szigeti was heard regularly for the first time on the air. He performed in a series of Sunday afternoon concerts with an orchestra under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein.

## Like Poetry?

### SONG

Gather Kittens while you may,  
 Time brings only Sorrow;  
 And the Kittens of To-day  
 Will be Old Cats To-morrow.  
 OLIVER HERFORD.

### LUCY LAKE

Poor Lucy Lake was overgrown,  
 But somewhat underbrained.  
 She did not know enough, I own,  
 To go in when it rained.

Yet Lucy was constrained to go;  
 Green bedding,—you infer.  
 Few people knew she died, but oh!  
 The difference to her!

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Room-changing day and more confusion! What a day to look for clever interior decorators. Nevertheless—

Caroline Long and Louise Gower must have a mania for strawberries, if their room proves anything. Luscious red berries blossom from their curtains and bedspreads, and appliques of the same strawberries decorate white oilcloth covering their desk and a small table.

Over on second floor East Wing the girls have matching Bates bedspreads and draperies. In one room a smooth blue and white striped set catches the eye, while across the hall a green flowered one does the trick. On the same hall "Pinkie" Butler has her "men's" pictures (four of them) lined around the room just underneath the moulding in natural frames trimmed in red.

Of course everyone in Holt has seen the chair Joan Stell covered. The material is percale with bunches of red cherries on a white background. Wonder whose petticoat she got the white eyelet ruffle from? She added a finishing touch by making a matching bow for a white lampshade. It's worth the time to drop by and see.

Peggy Williams and Ellen Oast have done their room handsomely. They've done wonders with maroon trimmings; for instance, white lampshades with dark red braiding and pictures in ten cent store frames hung with maroon ribbon bows.

That comfortable looking chair in Neva Whitaker's and Lillian Jenkins' room should be guarded. It's priceless. Brooksie and Sally Tucker have varnished and are contemplating recovering the traditional editor's chair.

Pat Hassler and Fanny Lee Brooke have decorated their room fit for a king—queens in this case. It took thirty yards to make the white net curtains which start at the ceiling and touch the floor. Instead of a desk they have an oval mahogany table with chairs around it in the center of the room. A chair, good for curling up in, and a reading lamp occupy one corner; and in another the beds are decked with blue flowered chintz spreads.

Up on third floor Holt the green color scheme has afforded the girls many different variations. Mary Burns and Cora Lucas' green pin-striped bedspreads and curtains are scrumptious. Same goes for Daphne Richardson and Jane Council's plain green set. Margie Shackelford and Beverley Broun's green checked room is amply strewn with pillows, and the green rocking chair has the wildest red and yellow cover! Jane Evans' Bugs Bunny occupies the place of honor on her wall. She and Betty Suiter struggled for two weeks trying to make their bedspreads, but ended up by taking them to the dress-makers.

Eleanor Redwood believes in washing clothes on a large scale. Just the other day she calmly strung a clothes line across first floor West Wing in order to dry her laundry.