

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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1941 Member 1942
 Associated Collegiate Press
 N. C. Collegiate Press Association

DON'T TELEPHONE—WRITE!

Most of us realize that we are not doing a very efficient job of winning this war. We say we are willing, even anxious, to do our part to speed up the war effort. Yet we completely ignore one very important war issue which has been brought to our attention time and again—that is to cut down on our long distance telephone calls.

Only three factors prompt the majority of our long distance calls. They are:

We just want to call our family or friends to talk awhile about things in general. Of course we all get a good deal of enjoyment out of calls such as these, and in peacetime they would be perfectly all right. But we must remember that this is war, and that we have to give up some of the peacetime pleasures in order to secure our very life and liberty for the future. Also, it is a sure thing that our families would appreciate a long letter a great deal more than a collect telephone call.

We are in trouble, or we are worried about our grades and feel as if we must call home and talk things over with the family. Sometimes it does help a great deal just hearing our mother's or father's voice telling us not to worry, but usually we get so wrought up over the phone that we accomplish very little. Besides, sooner or later we must learn how to think for ourselves and solve our problems without the aid of our parents. We might as well start learning now.

We either change our plans suddenly or wait until the last minute to decide on them. We must do away with this last factor by giving up the luxury of changing our minds and by making our plans far enough ahead of time to dispense with the necessity of straightening things out by long distance calls.

In order to keep the lines free for really urgent calls of our own and for those of our government, we should eliminate all the unnecessary calls with which we pamper ourselves. We can do this.

BELLES

MARGUERITE HARVEY LaROQUE

Home—Kinston, N. C.

Age—18.

Hair 'n' eyes—light brown and blue.

Ambition—to get to California for Christmas.

Pet hate—taking a light cut.

Spends spare time—thinking about Harry.

Always heard—talking about Harry.

Always seen—pinning on wings.

Hobby—saving letters from Harry.

Favorite expression—talk me into it!

Favorite article of clothing—wings.

Favorite perfume—Chanel No. 5.

Favorite food—spaghetti.

Favorite song—"California, Here I Come."

Is wild about—Harry.

Is looking forward to—Christmas.

Odd likes—writing Harry.

Worst fault—talking about Harry (all the time).

"Ticky" would like to talk about Harry all day, but for once Miss LaRoque is our subject. Another of our four marshals, Ticky leads lines in a steadfast, solemn manner all her own. Ticky also makes an effective hall president and *quietly* succeeds in maintaining quiet! The next time that hazy, pink cloud floats by just peek in at Ticky and remember that she's very much in love.

JANE COLE COUNCIL

Home—Lake Waccamaw, N. C.

Age—18.

Hair 'n' eyes—blonde and green (another Helen of Troy?).

Ambition—everybody knows!

Pet hate—being hurried.

Spends spare time—knitting for the Navy.

Always heard—"At the lake . . ."

Always seen—writing letters.

Hobby—collecting pink elephants (real, glass ones).

Favorite expression—"You can't have everything."

Favorite article of clothing—blue sweaters.

Favorite perfume—Blue Horizon (I've never had any, but it smells wonderful!).

Favorite foods—lemon cokes and strawberries.

Favorite song—"Night and Day."

Is wild about—blue and gold.

Is looking forward to—Dec. 2nd.

Odd likes—crunching ice.

Worst fault—doodling.

"Well, you all . . ." and Jane's off again. A perfect example of Southern blonde beauty, Saint Mary's is proud of this marshal. She's a grand girl both on and off the campus, and her high scholastic standard only goes to prove that beauty and brains do go together, and well too. Jane is a member of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, Dramatic Club, and Political Science Club.

ROBENA ELLEN OAST

Home—Portsmouth, Va.

Age—19.

Hair 'n' eyes—blonde (very) and blue.

Ambition—to graduate.

Pet hate—messy rooms.

Spends spare time—in the Library.

Always heard—"Any mail, Peg?"

Always seen—standing up for Virginia.

Hobby—sports.

Favorite expression—"No doubt about it."

Favorite article of clothing—wide-striped pajamas.

Favorite perfume—Tussy's Eau de Cologne.

Favorite food—cherry pie.

Favorite song—"Stardust."

Is wild about—Annapolis.

Is looking forward to—Christmas vacation.

Odd likes—writing letters.

Worst fault—not getting quality points.

Blonde, little Ellen goes quietly on her way. One of our most ardent Virginians, Ellen comes from Portsmouth (Navy town). As an outstanding marshal, especially for her posture, Ellen is active in sports, and vice-president of the Sigma team. She is what we'd call the "typical Saint Mary's girl!"

GUARDIAN OF SAINT MARY'S BELLES

You seldom see him. You probably haven't seen him at all unless you've been near the office at six o'clock before supper or around the post office at 9:45 some night. But you know he's here. Just the thought that there's someone awake in the wee hours of the night carefully watching for any fire or danger that might threaten Saint Mary's makes you sleep with more peace of mind.

For twelve years Mr. Brooks has been guarding the property of Saint Mary's. Ever since the lean days of the depression in 1929 when he applied for the job of night watchman, he has been making the rounds nightly. In all that time he has taken off only three days for sickness. Except for one week's vacation Mr. Brooks works every night of the year. However, he says that he much prefers working when the girls are here, for "it isn't so lonely."

Mr. Brooks, whose full name is Lemuel Preston, was born in Union County, North Carolina. Before coming to Saint Mary's, he worked in fifteen states and Canada as a carpenter. He married again after the death of his first wife and now has five children.

The duties of Mr. Brooks are mainly to watch the buildings for fire and guard them during the night. He is on duty for a twelve-hour stretch from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Every hour he makes a complete survey of the grounds and then returns to the laundry to spend the rest of the hour reading and listening to the radio. Among his minor problems are the State College boys, whom he says he "just can't handle."

"There's been quite an improvement in the school since I first started working here," Mr. Brooks replied when asked what changes had occurred while he has been at Saint Mary's. He thinks Saint Mary's is a "fine school" and enjoys the work. In fact, his only bone of contention is that the eleven o'clock bell he has to ring every night "interferes with the regularity of my schedule and causes me to miss my eleven o'clock news broadcast."

SPOOKS AND WITCHES

Saint Mary's girls celebrated All Hallows' Eve in a truly hilarious manner. The Junior Class, under the leadership of Class President Betty Barnes, sponsored a Halloween party in the gym.

Jack-o'-lanterns sat around with witches and ghosts. Since prizes

were offered, everyone came in costume. The judges had to choose from a great variety of subjects, but the final decision gave first place to the chain-gang composed of Joan Stell, Marian Castellow, Mary Louise Thompson, Sally Tucker, Lillian Bellamy, and guard, Brooksie Popkins. Second prize went to Miss Bason and her kittens, Sally McKinley, Betty Suiter, Jane Evans, Daphne Richardson, and Mary Burns; and third place to Eleanor Redwood and Mary Tom Gilman for their portrayal of a negro mammy and boy.

On the entertaining program were Patty Weaver, who gave impersonations; Mrs. Guess, who did both a solo dance and a tango with Miss Harvey; the Castellow-Thompson dance team gave pure samples of hot jitterbugging.

After the entertainment dancing became general and hostesses passed around candy favors, together with bowls of popcorn and peanuts. Apple bobbing, games, and "fishing" furnished popular diversion.

CLOTHES LINE

Hand in hand with this cold weather go any-color-of-the-rainbow sweaters and plaid skirts,—the bigger and bolder the plaid the better. Try a red plaid skirt with a matching red sweater—a long one, of course.

And no wardrobe is complete without at least one suit. Bold plaids in brown, blue, or black with long cut jackets and skirts pleated in front and in back are always handy. They, together with a harmonizing shirt and a couple of sweaters, make up the backbone of a week-end wardrobe.

If you go in for color, try a bright red or blue soft wool dress with quarter-length sleeves and a studded belt. Rather plain but definitely good-looking.

A Lady Chesterfield coat, white scarf and string gloves, black derby, and black suede pumps make a perfect picture for any girl. The versatile coat can be used also as an evening wrap.

For shimmering evening dresses—yards and yards of swishing black taffeta make up skirts and bands of pink reflect the pink bodice trimmed in black. On the up and up, it's formal enough for any sophisticated young girl.

Like Poetry?

THE FLIGHT

We are two eagles
 Flying together,
 Under the heavens,
 Over the mountains,
 Stretched on the wind.
 Sunlight heartens us,
 Blind snow baffles us,
 Clouds wheel after us,
 Raveled and thinned.

We are like eagles;
 But when Death harries us,
 Human and humbled
 When one of us goes,
 Let the other follow—
 Let the flight be ended,
 Let the fire blacken,
 Let the book close.

SARA TEASDALE.