

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Editor . . . MARY BROOKS POPKINS
 Managing Editors . . . BETTY LOU BRITT
 SALLY SANBORN
 Exchange Editors . . . LIB HACKNEY
 MEG STONE
 Faculty Adviser . . . C. A. P. MOORE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Betty Bassett	Clara Leigh Kemper
Lillian Bellamy	Katherine Legg
Adelaide Butler	Betsy Long
Marian Castellow	Hannah Lyon
Peggy Cates	Frenchie McCann
Betty Clark	Frances McDavid
Mary Coons	Sallie McKinley
Charlotte Crawford	Mary Louise Martin
Martha Crook	Nancy Norton
Rebecca Drane	Jeanette Parker
Betty Edwards	Betty Pender
Essie Bryce Evans	Dardie Quinerly
Pat Gwyn	Margaret Rodwell
Virginia Hart	Sara Stockton
Pat Hassler	Mary Louise Thomson
Lillian Jenkins	Patty Weaver
Alice Kain	Alma Young
Martha Kinsey	

Member

Associated Collegiate Press
 N. C. Collegiate Press Association

WHICH?

Just mentioning the Red Cross brings to mind any one of its limitless activities, for practically everyone has at some time or other either done Red Cross work, contributed to the organization, or taken one of the various courses which it has offered.

Although the work done by the organization during peace time was very extensive, the war has caused the demands to be more than doubled. With added responsibilities has naturally come the demand for more resources. This year the Red Cross is trying to raise more than twice as much as they did last year just to carry on their invaluable work among the armed forces.

Saint Mary's has been asked to raise \$562.50. This sum amounts to approximately \$1.85 per person. One dollar and eighty-five cents—the cost of a shake-a-plenty, two movies, a cheeseburger, a piece of pie at the Toddle House, a bus trip downtown and back, and a meal at the S & W; or the wool for a soldier's sweater, hundreds of bandages, or several weeks' food for a starving child in suffering Europe or valiant China. Which? The choice is yours. No one can compel you to contribute; it is only up to the individual.

The fact that the American Red Cross as a voluntary organization has existed for so many years manifests the faith and respect people have for its integrity. It stands as a symbol of the unselfish best that is in the American people. Now more than ever is the time to support it, not by just giving, but by giving enough to force us to sacrifice until it hurts.

The feminine of bachelor is lady in waiting.

Poetry is a thing you make prose of.

—Book of Boners.

BELLES

NANCY REED NORTON

Home—not Brooklyn!
 Age—19.
 Hair 'n' eyes—brown and hazel.
 Ambition—"I wanna go back to old Virginia."
 Pet hate—galoshes.
 Spends spare time—doing what she should have done before.
 Always heard—"Please bring maps to Assembly."
 Always seen—taking her time.
 Hobby—her colorful family.
 Favorite expression—"Goldoggit."
 Favorite article of clothing—ear-rings.
 Favorite perfume—A Bientot.
 Favorite food—thought.
 Favorite song—"Violets for Your Furs."
 Is wild about—fixing gadgets.
 Is looking forward to—"The time when I have time . . ."
 Odd likes—Hicks.
 Worst fault—"I just don't do nuttin'."

One of the most capable, versatile seniors, Nancy Reed can do anything from drawing a beautiful donkey to converting her room into the most adorable one in school (ask Miss Lator about W. W. last year). The Assembly programs are ably directed by her, and she also manages the financial end of the Senior Class as treasurer. Her "spare time" is devoted to Orchesis, Political Science Club, Altar Guild, and Publications Staff.

PAULINE NETHORN McENENY

Home—Henderson.
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—brown and hazel.
 Ambition—to be able to fly.
 Pet hate—waiting.
 Spends spare time—day dreaming.
 Always heard—talking about Henderson.
 Always seen—looking immaculate.
 Hobby—collecting records.
 Favorite expression—"Come on . . ."
 Favorite article of clothing—little gold beads (courtesy of Mary Ann Dixon).
 Favorite perfume—Mais Oui.
 Favorite food—fried chicken.
 Favorite song—"This Love of Mine."
 Is wild about—gardenias.
 Is looking forward to—spring vacation (!!!)
 Odd likes—walking in the rain.
 Worst fault—impatience.

The new marshal, Pauline, could be no better suited for this particular job. Her immaculate appearance and willingness to help anyone anytime are her real characteristics. Pauline is president of the Senior Class and of her hall. She participates in activities of the Dramatic Club, Orchesis, Political Science Club, and Altar Guild. Pauline's interests lie not in Saint Mary's, but more specifically in the true Saint Mary's . . . the girls.

JANE ALLENSWORTH TAYLOR

Home—Henderson.
 Age—19.
 Hair 'n' eyes—light brown and dark green.
 Ambition—to be really ambitious.
 Pet hate—pink slips.
 Spends spare time—"Fixing our poor, little radio."

Always heard—(in her nicest voice) "I'm sorry, I don't know how many points you have."
 Always seen—fixing pink slips.
 Hobby—"Portia."
 Favorite expression—"Don't 'cha know?"
 Favorite article of clothing—Well . . .
 Favorite perfume—Jet.
 Favorite food—Virginia Ham.
 Favorite song—"Cherokee."
 Is wild about—broad shoulders.
 Is looking forward to—laughing at next year's Hall Council Secretary.
 Odd likes—kumquats.
 Worst fault—doodling.

The very busy secretary of the Hall Council is always (obviously, judging by the above) running around with those famous pink slips. Although this little job takes time (at least 48 hours a week), Jane's name is always on the Honorable Mention list. Her activities also include work in the French Club, Glee Club, E. A. P. Literary Society, Altar Guild, and Dramatic Club.

ARE YOUR EYES OPEN?

Every time you sign out on the town sheet in Smedes' Hall, a beautifully dressed lady looks to see whether or not you're wearing your stockings and carrying your gloves. A gentleman standing beside this lady observes you when you file your special permission slip in the parlor. Three more gentlemen watch you as you walk down the hall and out the front door.

"Really?" you interrupt, "I had no idea there were that many men at Saint Mary's! Who on earth are they?"

We must admit that these men, as well as the lady, are merely portraits. To begin with, the gentleman nearest the door is Dr. Aldert Smedes, the school's founder. He and his sideburns are quite handsome. The gracious lady beside him is his wife. If you observe her as closely as she observes you, you will admire her dark blue dress, white embroidered shawl, and becoming white bonnet. Both these portraits, painted by an unknown artist, are copies of ones owned by the Smedes family.

On Mrs. Smedes' right is another picture of her husband, painted when he was older. Across the hall hangs the portrait of another head of the school, the Reverend Bennett Smedes, Dr. Aldert Smedes' son. The canvas in one corner of this picture was injured by a fall. It is said that a Negro man posed in Mr. Smedes' place while Jack Busby, the artist, was working on the surplice. Mr. Smedes' companion is William S. Stone, who taught history at Saint Mary's for 25 years. The passer-by is attracted to Mr. Stone by his direct gaze, his striking white hair, and his bright red tie. Clem Strudwick painted this picture.

Portraits hang in the parlor as well as in the hall. One of these is William Hart's full-length painting of Bishop Levi Silliman Ives confirming one of four Saint Mary's girls kneeling at the altar rail. It was painted in 1846. The signature of a famous early American artist, Jacob Eicholtz, was written on the next portrait in 1831. The portrait

shows the first Bishop of North Carolina, Bishop John Stark Ravenscroft, standing at the altar. It is interesting to note the Bishop's spectacles pushed back on his forehead and the colorful carpet at his feet.

The last portrait, that of the late Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, is very much alive. He, like the other bishops, stands before the altar. Since much of the portrait was painted in New Orleans, the artist Clem Strudwick, hired a Jewish man to pose, wearing the Bishop's vestments. Of all the people in the portraits, Bishop Cheshire holds the greatest interest for the girls. He not only watches over their dates, but he keeps an eye on them as they run up and down first floor East Wing in their petticoats.

BIRTHDAYS

March 1—Sara Stockton
 4—Sue Everett
 5—Sally Ramsey
 6—Pat Pagen
 8—Betty Harwell
 9—Mildred Denny
 10—Julia Perry
 11—Christine Krusen
 11—Jane Maultsby
 12—Mary Darden Quinerly

Like Poetry?

I'LL BE UP IN A MINUTE

Oh some men want their vanished youth,

And some a million dollars,
 And expensive cars and big cigars,
 And shirts with silken collars.
 Some wish to paint the beautifulest,
 Some wish to paint the oddest;
 But never have I aspired so high;
 My dream is meek and modest.

It's ten more minutes in bed
 With a yaw and a yawn and a yaw,
 Yes, ten more minutes in bed,
 When the sunlight's bright and brow;
 To swoon like a weeping willow
 With a ho and a hum and a ho,
 Once more across my pillow,
 And to roll from to to fro,
 To thwart the meddlesome rising
 bell

With a blanket o'er my head;
 To yawn at the dawn and carry on
 For ten more minutes in bed.

Oh, sleep at eve is a blessed thing,
 And sleep at night is blesseder,
 And poets leap to write of sleep,
 Death's brother and ambassador.
 I welcome sleep at any hour,
 I have, since I was born;
 But the sleep I love all sleep above
 Is a little more sleep at morn.

Oh, ten more minutes in bed,
 With a yaw and a yawn and a yaw,
 Just ten more minutes in bed,
 For aged muscles to thaw.
 To stretch like a drowsy feline,
 With a ho and a hum and a ho,
 To follow a flowery beeline
 To the land where the good dreams
 go.

Let robots listen to the rising bell
 And spring to earn their bread;
 I'll yawn at the dawn and carry on
 For ten more minutes in bed.

OGDEN NASH.