

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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LENT

Lent, which began Wednesday, holds deep meaning and significance to most Saint Mary's girls and can mean much to girls of other denominations. By tradition, it is a period during which we are supposed to discontinue or give up undesirable habits and thoughts we have fallen into—not just candy or desserts—for 46 days in the hope that thereafter we won't return to them.

But Lent is also a period of spiritual re-examination and consecration, the church's call to us to look deeply and estimate ourselves realistically. With a chaotic world falling around our ears, we would do well to fix our eyes steadfastly upon the Christian Creed and lash ourselves to it more firmly. A few moments on our knees every day thanking God for His mercies and asking His protection for those fighting our battles will help us toward our redemption.

The chapel stands to receive us.

EDUCATION?

During the last few months there has been a lot of talk among the intellectuals of the country about women being to a great extent the reservoirs of culture during this period of world-wide war. Obviously they are needed to take the teaching positions of men who have gone into the armed forces, but, these people assert, women, especially girls in college, have a still more important undertaking. They will be the wives of the boys who today are fighting in the fox holes of New Guinea or on the desert wastes of North Africa—the boys who weren't able to finish college. They will be the wives of boys who will come home men with a very changed outlook on life. Perhaps they will be bitter and disillusioned; perhaps they will be physically wrecked and mentally distorted. It will be up to their wives to point out that there are still

beautiful things in life, to help them fit themselves into the groove of ordinary life.

With the creation of the WAVES, WAACS, and other similar organizations, women are being drafted into work that will release men for more important duties. They are also being urged to apply for jobs in defense factories. All this tends to make the college girl feel as if she is not doing her part to win the war. She feels restless and discontented when she hears of the death of a friend in battle or sees a movie about some heroic nurse attached to the armed services working under fire.

Most of the girls at Saint Mary's are mentally capable of earning a college degree, and their families can afford to send them on to school. There is a great responsibility, for if the men in the armed services are to feel that there is something to come home to, it is up to them to keep aloft the torch of learning, and this means finishing one's college education.

It's always easy to follow the crowd, but it's tough to stay in college and do the unspectacular.

BELLES

SARAH ELIZABETH SANBORN

Home—Goldsboro.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—very blonde and blue.
Ambition—to get her weight into the teens again.
Pet hate—having people mad at her.
Spends spare time—she doesn't!
Always heard—talking.
Always seen—blushing.
Hobby—just playin'.
Favorite expression—"Really!"
Favorite article of clothing—shirts.
Favorite perfume—Channel No. 5.
Favorite food—anything.
Favorite song—anything . . . sweet and simple.
Is wild about—people.
Is looking forward to—"The day I'll have a Mrs. tacked on my name."
Odd likes—onion sandwiches.
Worst fault—talking too much.

Yes, Sandy loves people and gets along with them like no one else. With that gay laugh and those familiar blushes (especially in English class) she's one of Saint Mary's favorites. Her offices are numerous, such as President of her hall, co-managing editor of the *Belles*, treasurer of the Dramatic Club, co-manager of the L'il Store, and Senior Dance Marshal.

MARGARET ANDREWS STONE

Home—Greensboro.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—very black and brown.
Ambition—to learn to cook.
Pet hate—refer to Ellen Oast.
Spends spare time—behind the Little Store counter.
Always heard—on the telephone.
Always seen—Publications room.
Hobby—saving stamps (only certain ones).
Favorite expression—"Fine" (calm yourself, Meg).
Favorite article of clothing—Braemar sweaters.
Favorite perfume—Channel No. 5.
Favorite food—peach milk shakes.
Favorite song—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

Is wild about—John.

Is looking forward to—wearing a cap and gown.

Odd likes—just berries.

Worst fault—yelling.

There's a shout, there's a joke, there's a laugh and down the hall roars Meg! She's always in a good humor, always nice to everybody, and always rushing around like mad. Her jobs as co-exchange Editor of the *Belles*, co-manager of the L'il Store, and Senior Dance Marshal certainly make a tremendous task for anyone. Yet Meg never complains, but goes right on joining Orchesis, Political Science, Dramatic Club, and any other organizations handy.

LILLIAN MAXWELL BELLAMY

Home—Wilmington.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—brown and hazel.
Ambition—to be a career woman.
Pet hate—empty mail boxes.
Spends spare time—listening to her roommate read poetry.
Always heard—"I'm going somewhere to study."
Always seen—rushing . . . three hours late.
Hobby—reading . . . not English parallel.
Favorite expression—"Darling."
Favorite articles of clothing—earrings and hats.
Favorite perfume—My Sin.
Favorite food—pineapple.
Favorite song—"Smoke Gets in Yours Eyes."
Is wild about—lieutenants.
Is looking forward to—next summer.
Odd likes—"My roommate."
Worst fault—always being late.
Soft-spoken, easy-going Lillian can usually be caught getting ready to study, playing bridge, or practicing voice. She was this year elected vice-president of the Granddaughters' Club, and is a member of the E. A. P. Literary Society, French Club, Publications staff, Orchesis, and Glee Club. Her time is certainly well-spent although she is always in a nonchalant and "never very busy" state of mind.

"A Cultivated Southerner"

When asked for an interview, Miss Peggy Hopkins laughingly declared, "Nothing exciting has ever happened to me, but I've had a mighty good time." Being tall and slender with large brown eyes and well-groomed hair, this new addition to Saint Mary's staff makes an attractive appearance. Her spontaneous laugh, always accompanied by a fascinating lift of one shoulder, is an unrated pleasure. Pulling the tweed coat around her shoulders, in her low voice Miss Hopkins began to tell something of her, as she describes it, "dull life."

Born in Bel Air, Maryland, for years she has been called a Yankee but insists, "I'm a cultivated Southerner." From Westtown School in Pennsylvania she came to Saint Mary's where she was president of her senior class. Incidentally, she thinks Saint Mary's girls are the best she has ever known. In 1941 she graduated from Hollins' College. Last summer, after deciding to become a working girl, she attended a business school in Baltimore, Maryland. Today she enjoys a private office in West Rock.

She spent one summer at Camp Red Wing in northern Pennsylvania. Boat trips to Lakes Seneca and Kayuga were her favorite phases of camp life. Once she went on a six-day yacht trip down the Hudson River from Albany to New York City; every night the boat docked at a different town, and the passengers had a grand time patronizing its amusement parks and night clubs. She finished the account with "That's about all the traveling I've done. I'm sorry I haven't been abroad."

When asked what her favorite sport is, Miss Hopkins replied, "Well, I like the beach," then more specifically, "mainly to sit and get sunburned. You can tell I'm the lazy type."

Her favorite pastimes are knitting, having a good time, and reading the *New Yorker*. But her taste in hobbies runs in strange channels—"washing dishes after Mr. Moore's coffee on Sunday."

Miss Peggy Hopkins' love of living and sense of humor have made her an outstanding personality here at Saint Mary's.

Like Poetry?

LIBRARY

Time clock to the moral prim-mouth female marking the date due with the ruler-rapping look, and dictionary to the briefcase-laden student clerking for fact in fiction's carelessness file.
Musty to many, a smell like attic trunk; for girls and eyeglass weaklings, athlete scorns; to the bored matron hostile hours to kill, and punishment like church to vivid running child.
Enemy, roars the Fascist, burn it down!
Escape from what is real, romantic sighs . . .
Surely among a billion words, the liberal pleads,
Answer, emblazoned in gold, will leap like melody?
But only to the writer is it all: powerful as a boss, books are his bowing bank; refugee outside, this is his waiting wife to talk with in his own known tongue;
iodine smarting the wound, bread to his furious want,
his January sun, his August cool green shade;
within these walls he lives as hermit hero, and (self-deluding) here is his ticking monument when dead.

EVE MERRIAM.

BIRTHDAYS

March 13—Mary West Paul
14—Beverley Broun
18—Peggy Osborne
19—Emily Williamson
20—Jane Clark Cheshire
20—Jody Flanagan
22—Anne Cooper Russell
23—Barbara Ann Ray
24—Martha Stoney
25—Dorothy Ruffin