

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Editor FRENCHIE McCANN
 Managing Editors..... { KATHERINE LEGG
 { PAT GWYN
 Exchange Editor . . . SARA STOCKTON
 Faculty Adviser . . . C. A. P. MOORE

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TODAY IS TOMORROW

In the waring world of today where life is cheap and death is commonplace, we students are inclined to belittle the gravity of our positions and to minimize the importance of education. We anticipate an end of hostilities but seldom look beyond that point. All of us would like to be doing something more vital and more glorious to hasten eventual victory. Yet few of us realize that in this democracy we are the leaders of tomorrow, that every subject we study is giving us a better foundation for the future enactment of this role.

It will be our duty to maintain the peace which the present leaders of the country will establish. We must build a world of tomorrow, and we are here to learn how to live in accord with our fellow-men, how to use the knowledge we acquire to the very best of our ability. A heavier responsibility has been placed upon each of us because of the relative reduction in the size of our group. Thus at present our job may not be glorious, but it is important. We must therefore expend a maximum amount of effort in an attempt to complete it satisfactorily. Let us take every possible advantage of the education afforded us and in this way fulfill our responsibilities as the youth of America.

A MERE QUARTER'S WORTH

We have all been asked to give—we have been asked so many times that we sometimes feel like turning our backs until we remember that a war is on. Sometimes we give because we have been deeply touched and feel that we really should buy that one more stamp, or a bond, with the money we were going to spend on that hat we didn't need. Maybe we buy because we are patriotic. Whatever the reason, we should buy . . . and continue to buy until our world has been made our own again.

In our coin purse there is a quarter. That quarter we were going to spend at the Little Store to get a Shake-a-Plenty, a package of nabs and some peanuts, or maybe get a sandwich. But spending this quarter on a war stamp instead will add to the big total we are piling up against Germany and Japan. What

could a measly quarter buy? A quarter will buy exactly four bullets. Think of this picture:

The marine was separated from his company, wounded and lost. He had a gun, but was too weak to see whether his last bullet was gone. He knew he was somewhere near the ocean. He was tired; after a short, quick attack on the Jap camp, he with two of his buddies had run back towards the beach. Headed off by a couple of Jap snipers, he was hit in the shoulder, and his two comrades were killed. He went on; the sound of the tide reached him much more clearly now. Soon the jungle thinned and he found himself on the beach. Sounds of a skirmish came from up the beach. Cautiously he approached. In front of him behind a pile of sand he saw one dirty little Jap with a machine gun preparing to cut down a group of marines who were back from their job and climbing onto the barge. Here was his chance to save the whole company. Only, his gun didn't fire, only snapped. No more bullets. The Jap swung around, fired, and then greedily turned to finish off the marines below not yet aware of his position. Was that the marine we told good-bye?

Bullets are important. Let's remember our soldiers, sailors or marines; and then remember ourselves.

Let's deny ourselves.

BELLES

ELLEN FRENCH McCANN

Home—Franklin, Va.
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—black 'n' brown.
 Ambition—to get enough sleep.
 Pet hate—alarm clocks.
 Spends spare time—eating and sleeping.
 Always heard—Snoring (see roommate).
 Always seen—sleeping.
 Hobby—sleeping.
 Favorite article of clothing—my slinky black evening dress.
 Favorite perfume—Sinful Soul.
 Favorite food—almost any kind of pie.
 Favorite song—"I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep."
 Is looking forward to—seeing Clarence.
 Odd likes—our ruffled mirror.
 Worst fault—forgetting (huh, Olive?).
 Is wild about—the Country Club on a moonlight night.

"Frenchie" has already become a by-word with the members of the Publications Staff as she efficiently collects, rewrites, and sorts copy for *The Belles*. As soon as the first edition was presented to the student body, everyone became aware of the new editor's capabilities. Her sincerity and generosity also account for her large number of friends among both the old and new students. Besides being editor of *The Belles*, "Frenchie" is also vice-president of the Senior Class, and a member of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, Altar Guild, and the Political Science Club.

STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

C. A. P. M.: "For what is Cornwall noted?"

B. Barnes: "For the Cornish people!"

PATRICIA EXUM WEAVER

Home—Asheville.
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—black and brown.
 Ambition—to live on 24 hours a day.
 Pet hate—one-ball tennis serves.
 Spends spare time—trying to ignore overdue assignments.
 Always heard—"What happened?"
 Always seen—going for mail.
 Hobby—being "humanitarian."
 Favorite article of clothing—"cute black dancing shoes."
 Favorite perfume—Woodhue.
 Favorite food—raw oysters.
 Favorite song—"Dancing in the Dark."
 Is looking forward to—summer in Havana.
 Odd likes—Spanish.
 Worst fault—keeping Bettie awake with nightmares.
 Is wild about—going on "sprees."

Patty will make her debut as editor of the *Bulletin* when the first of the three issues comes out later in the fall. Since she excels in almost everything from literary creations to imitations, one never knows just what is going to result from her never ceasing thoughts. Her vivacity and sense of humor are some of her admirable qualities. Taking time off from her job, Patty takes part in the activities of the Sigma Lambdas, the Altar Guild, the Political Science Club, the Granddaughters' Club, the Doctors' Daughters' Club, the Dramatic Club, and is also a member of the Circle.

ADELAIDE CALDWELL BUTLER

Home—Charlotte (for the duration).
 Age—18.
 Hair 'n' eyes—blonde 'n' blue.
 Ambition—to go to the University of Havana with Patty next summer.
 Pet hate—snooty and grippy people.
 Spends spare time—looking up people's schedule for annual pictures.
 Always heard—"Ree-ally."
 Always seen—reading letters from Annapolis.
 Hobby—painting (no, not houses, Betty).
 Favorite article of clothing—the red suit I bought from Carol.
 Favorite perfume—Lentherie's "Shanghai."
 Favorite food—'most anything edible.
 Favorite song—"My Heart Stood Still."
 Is looking forward to—getting a man.
 Odd likes—Saint Mary's, rules 'n' all.
 Worst fault—leaving my belongings from one end of Holt to the other.
 Is wild about—uniforms and contents thereof.

"Pinky" has begun to show signs of an excellent *Stage Coach* editor this year as she attends to the many details connected with editing the annual. Her dignity and friendliness escape few who come in contact with her, and her intelligence impresses both faculty and students. Famous for knowing somebody in practically every corner of the globe, "Pinky" is definitely an outstanding member of the Senior Class. In addition to editing the *Stage Coach*, "Pinky" is a great asset to the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, the Altar Guild, and the Political Science Club.

SAINTS' SALLIES

"Whose fraternity pin or pins are you wearing?" This seems to be quite a general question around the campus, for although some girls have always been pinned, this year they seem to be super-pinned. Among the seniors Ruth Hayes is pinned to a Beta, Cornelia Knott to a Phi Delt, Betsy Long to a Kappa Sig, Henrietta Ragland to a D. K. E., Betty Ruth Windes to a K. A., Michelle Telfair to a Kappa Sig, Pat Gwyn to a K. A. and Dot Ruffin to a S. A. E. Rumor says one of our seniors is engaged. Virginia Harrington is pinned to a Pika and several other juniors have pins or the equivalent, but they say it is strictly "unofficial" and would not have it publicized because "he might not think it was that way yet." . . . Fifteen days 'til October 25 . . . forty-seven more days 'til Thanksgiving . . . sixty-nine more days 'til Christmas Vacation, oh happy day! . . . Even if Betty Clark does have two real dead bear skins, that's no reason for her going around in 'em scaring people; Fokie, how is it? . . . Bernie White should live in the telephone booth instead of on the third floor. . . . The red eyes after "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Seniors are already beginning to complain about "that slave-driver." . . . How long will Maria Gregory be clipping items about the Princeton team from the *New York Times*? . . . And Betty Clark is clipping accounts of the Virginia team. . . . A lot of girls are admiring a very few boys these days. . . . Sarah S. says callers and telephone calls don't mix. . . . Oceans of "Free" letters in the mail boxes this year. Also overseas letters and V-Mails. . . . Fanny Cooper is sporting a new Air Corps miniature, Dekes and Zetes please note. . . . And that junior who wears cufflinks around her neck. . . . Betty Winslow finally got the overseas letter she's been expecting and it seems as if it's the beginning of a l-o-n-g series. . . . Will Carolina beat Duke? Oh, but we do hope so! . . . Betsy Long and Mary C. Bowers will go to West Point in the near future and "Pinky" Butler is going up to Annapolis next week-end. . . . Lucy Hancock got two pairs of Navy wings in one day. How's that? . . . Harriet Whitaker has "so much on her mind," who wouldn't with wings and a telephone call from Houston? Jane Peete has finished her sweater. . . . Which is it to be, Betty Lou, John or Hartwell? . . . When will the juniors ever get through the "process" themes? Frightfully monotonous, Mr. M. . . . Quite a number of paratroopers and navy ROTC boys have been seen about the campus lately. You'd hardly know there's supposed to be a man-shortage.

BIRTHDAYS

Oct. 10—Louise Carr
 Nancy Hobbs
 Pat James
 13—Betty Barnes
 Mary Cleaves Stenhouse
 15—Betty Lokey
 16—Nancy Norton
 20—Margaret Johnson
 22—Ann Cutts
 Elise Ferguson