

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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## Member

Associated Collegiate Press

## LET'S STEW ISABELLA!

Do you know Isabella? No? Are you quite sure you don't know her?

Isabella munches gum, at table, in town. Isabella giggles in chapel. If she speaks to anyone in passing, her greeting is a yawnish nod. Studying for Isabella—don't be dumb! Only stupes study and after all Isabella must keep up daily with "Love Besmirched." No extra sport activities for Isabella; she's afraid she'll overdevelop that beautiful figure. Respect for her teachers, a pride in her school, and interest in world affairs, *i.e.*, other than write-ups of Donald (that "handsome hunk" of pin-up fame) O'Tweeke—none of this for Isabella. She is absolutely too busy, too busy being Isabella.

Know her? No? How lucky you are!

## ARE OUR MINDS ON COLD STORAGE?

We carelessly turn on the radio expecting to hear Harry James' trumpet blare forth, and then sit silently for a few minutes while we listen to the news of the Greek invasion. We listen respectfully to the cold mathematical figures that show the increase in the casualty lists. The news of the present battle of Dunkirk and the fierce fighting in the Pacific causes us to shudder just a little and murmur some trite phrase about the horrors of war. And then we trot off for a carefree afternoon at the movies or little store.

The movie's fine, even if the uniforms do remind us of *him*. The news reel leaves us a little blank, but we do manage to cheer and boo the presidential candidates. Of course we consider that we're authorities on politics, little realizing that we are merely "mirrors." We close our eyes to pictures of dead Germans and Japs and more tightly to views of our own wounded and dead. We clap our hands over our ears to silence the gun-fire. We look pathetic for a moment in respect for the starving and desolate civilians in other countries. And then we leave to get that coffee ice-cream with marshmallow sauce, please, and glance at a pretty dress in Taylor's, and put a nickel in a slot machine to hear Frank Sinatra sing.

But do we ever stop to think?

## BELLES

### MARGARET JEFFRESS RODWELL

Home—Slop Bottom, Warrenton, N. C.

Age—18 (not 16, contrary to popular belief).

Hair 'n' eyes—plaid and pin-striped. Ambition—to be two inches taller. Pet hate—the *Bulletin's* competitors. Spends spare time—stooging.

Always heard—"Oh, no! You're tea-sing me!"

Always seen—with Mary Arden.

Hobby—sweeping floors (especially those of 211 Holt and the Publication's room).

Favorite article of clothing—my *corduroy* jacket like Mr. Moore's.

Favorite perfume—*Whirlwind*.

Favorite food—milk.

Favorite song—*Straighten Up and Fly Right*.

Is looking forward to—polishing silver.

Odd likes—Tuck, Ridy, and Wood. Worst fault—giggling.

Is wild about—servicemen (all branches).

Offices, clubs, etc.—Editor of the *Bulletin*, Sigma Lambda Literary Society, Glee Club, Political Science Club, Altar Guild, *Belle's* Staff.

Remarks: Mag is responsible for half of the noise and debris of 211 Holt, but she takes time out to clean occasionally—there is no maid shortage in Holt—work by appointment only. Her questions are famous—"Is 2344, A.D. or B.C.?" In spite of a seemingly limited mental capacity, "Henry Luce" Rodwell's brain child, the *Bulletin*, is second only to *Life* magazine. (Dominic, please note—she's still waiting for the field jacket.)

### SUSAN ELIZABETH MOORE

Home—Winston Salem.

Age—18.

Hair 'n' eyes—blonde 'n' brown.

Ambition—to cure my day-dreamingness.

Pet hate—those ants in 308 Holt.

Spends spare time—trying to jitterbug.

Always heard—"Where's Martha?"

Always seen—shuffling to the library.

Hobby—painting.

Favorite article of clothing—my coonskin hat.

Favorite perfume—*Woodhue*.

Favorite food—Angel food cake.

Favorite song—*Little Man With a Candy Cigar*.

Is looking forward to—Christmas.

Odd likes—friendly people.

Pet passion—lollipops.

Worst fault—buying wacky hats.

Is wild about—red-headed men.

Offices, clubs, etc.—Editor *Stage Coach*, Editorial Editor *Belles*, Sigma Lambda, Political Science Club, French Club, Canterbury Club, Altar Guild.

Remarks: A pile of books, some modern art, and Sue—all are to be found in 308 Holt. And have you seen the angelic screen? Right about now Sue is learning how to jitterbug, with the Pawley's Islandish advice of roommate Martha Parker, and of course with the faithful "*Dig Me Blues*." Sue writes daily to "someone" in Nevada . . . she's planning on Las Vegas, not Reno!

## MARIA BROWN GREGORY

Home—Richmond and "Hickory Lodge," temporarily the Staff Room.

Age—three more years 'til I vote.

Hair 'n' eyes—straight and weakening.

Ambition—to be a foreign correspondent.

Pet hate—not getting to Princeton. Spends spare time—involuntarily reading classics.

Always heard—"ya-as."

Always seen—looking for Wood or Tuck and Rodwell.

Hobby—photography and art.

Favorite article of clothing—my slinky fringe dress.

Favorite perfume—*Shalimar*.

Favorite food—Hershey bars.

Favorite song—*Begin the Beguine* (with memories attached).

Is looking forward to—no more war or gin rummy.

Odd likes—knitting on my tattle-tale gray sweater.

Worst fault—exaggerating.

Is wild about—"Saint Mary's Pre-Flight School for Angels."

Offices, clubs, etc.—Editor of the *Belles*, photography editor of *Stage Coach*, E. A. P. Literary Society, Letter Club, French Club, Dramatic Club, Altar Guild, Canterbury Club, Political Science Club.

Remarks: Ridy is the gal in the fringe and furs, but contrary to the wide-eyed innocence she usually displays, her ways and wiles can be worked on wolves and women—either in gathering material for the *Belles* or gathering—material. She has quite a passion for peanuts, so Nancy can go to college next year. Be sure to look for the "Aluminum Sayings of M.B.G." or "Poet, And Don't Know It (Rhyme Every Time)" soon to be published in the blankety-blank *Bulletin* despite the combined efforts of Rodwell and C.A.P. against it.

## SAINTS' SALLIES

Actually school's been open three weeks—seems like years, doesn't it? All the summer cavorting just can't seem to be forgotten!

Judging from all the men on campus the first week-end of school, uniforms are holding their own in spite of peace rumors. In fact, uniforms seem to be holding their own all week—have you ever seen quite so many field jackets, jumpers, and service hats?

Eleanor Thomas' ship finally came in and she took off for home last week-end. By the way, Sarah Bain's "Jeep" came in, too. . . . Have you noticed the new additions to the S. M. S. rogue galleries? Quite a profitable summer evidently. . . . Sue Tuck Eason had a sunny time last week-end. Note the new gleam in her eye. . . . Old flames burst forth with mail simultaneously Tuesday for Ann Edmunds, Nancy Wood and Mary Holmes. There's nothing deader than a dead love (?) . . . Mary Valentine's another one of our engaged Juniors—are the Seniors so terribly unattractive? . . . Flee thinks it's a one-man war. She dashed in yesterday with the news that "he" had conquered a new island! . . . When spare time's abundant, drop in 111 Holt and hear the new addition to Roberta's autobiog-

raphy. . . . Ask Coe where she got the wings she's sporting—but don't believe her. . . . Oh, if anyone has an extra P. O. box, please lend it to Ella Meadows—she's having trouble finding room for all of her correspondence. . . . Margaret Norfleet is one of the girls in uniform during the week. . . . Was it Estelle's Lt. or his car that created all the commotion that week-end? . . . Ask Cat about the Beta she met at the beach this summer. . . . Athalia Allgood has started counting days till Christmas—she's already receiving Christmas cards!

Rejoice! Mary Dickey and Betty Sue Tayloe have finally received letters from their respective oceans (A & P).

Phyllis Cowdery has the newest frat-pin addition here. It's a K.A. sweetheart pin and *he's* at Wake Forest.

Didn't Caroline Myers' pair of wings and Mercury convertible create a commotion last week-end? . . . Betty Goodwyn missed the girl-an-break last week-end, but she had a very good reason, and then *he* got transferred a couple of days before. Maybe she'll tell you about it. . . . Pud Tudor has a secret, too. . . . Benning has trouble *sans Diego*, *n'est-ce pas?* . . . Betty Griffin's in a daze. Don't bother her—she has second Lieutenants on the brain.

At present the infirmary has a roomer, Jane Peete. She's really enjoying clean sheets every night until she gets her double-decker for 205 Holt. . . . The Senior's are having a catty time in Holt—the four-legged kind!

Saint Mary's now has a new tradition to vie with the very old one of the kicking post. Betty Lou instigated it on second floor Holt by draping a certain individual's picture in black when he didn't come across with the desired mail. It worked wonderfully. Tucker and Maria soon followed suit. And the unveilings after mail delivery were really something. . . . Speaking of mail—Flee is still arguing the virtues of V-mail.

Did we understand that Peete and Sallie had a hard time convincing those Carolina V-12 football players on a certain issue? . . . Of course, you saw May Taylor with her Navy fiance last week-end. . . . Frances Avera ran into a Carolina "acquaintance" in Durham when she went over to see her father. . . . Several underclassmen are already planning for the Army-Navy game (mainly Lena)—we repeat, are the seniors so terribly unattractive?

Kitty Quintard's weekly orchid arrived yesterday. . . . Kate and "Bones" went to Fayetteville to see Kate's brother—Sarah Stewart went South at the same time.

Did you day-dream over that "copper-penny" moon too?

"Bobby S." Rodwell's use of the *all-purpose* filing system in Mr. Moore's classroom has at last been discovered. Ask today's eleven o'clock senior English class to tell you about it.

Incidentally, Sallie Robertson is going home to Washington this week-end. . . . Did you know that week-ends will be open for old girls on October 20 and for new girls on October 28?