

/// The BELLES /// OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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OUR TRIAL

Many years ago, there was a certain Major Powell who stood on the brink of the Grand Canyon, looked, and was moved. He could but wonder what the passage of the tiny stream was—that tempestuous water that had eaten into the marrow of the earth. And so he and nine companions put their boats at the source of the stream, some miles away. Soon the quiet water became turbulent; and for six days, every minute of those six days, the men fought against the rapids of the stream.

On the seventh day, three men were insane with the desire to feel earth under their feet. They landed, and were lost.

The remaining seven men continued the struggle. On the eighth day, they came to the Canyon—to the quiet waters.

We have come back to school. We have left the pleasures, love, and freedom of home. We are about to enter upon the difficult task of examinations. The essential thing is to keep in the struggle. The fight can never be so hard as the losing. It is our trial.

DON'T CRAWL

Shakespeare has opined in "Venus and Adonis": "The grass stoops not; she treads on it so light." Unfortunately, Saint Mary's girls have evidence in the dying grass by the covered-way leading to the library that they can claim no such sylph-like quality.

The classroom desk arms have borne the attacks of the misdirected energy of nervous, thoughtless students, and now the newly planted grass where the old practice rooms were, is rapidly disappearing because the same hurrying horde is in too big a rush to follow the path. It *should* hurt a student's sense of beauty, if not her ideal of conserving, protecting, and developing the good things given her, to see somebody cut the corners on this plot of grass or cross to East Wing before she reaches the brick walk.

As a reflection on the Saint Mary's mentality, however, this is only one incidence of the repeated tendency of Saint Mary's students to forget that they are grown-up; for, as a result of their carelessness in this respect, the students of a senior English section are suffering this week a childish punishment for a childish offense.

Writing on desks, walking on the new grass, talking on class, laughing rowdily—we are all thoughtless and inconsiderate. Remember that we grow mentally as well as physically, and should act our age!

THE WOULD-BE INDIVIDUALIST

Our point might be made clearer by consideration of the recent history of Chicago. In the nineteen-twenties it was a city with a population exceeding three millions, and with the reputation of being the world's worst crime center. Facetious people wrote the police department for escorts when having to cross town. Men were machine-gunned in the streets; store-fronts were wrecked by gangsters, but all this defiance of the law was carried on by a handful of people. A few hundred gangsters, at best, gave this city of over three million people a deplorable reputation for gangsterism because the few hundred gangsters as "individuals" refused to live and abide by the ideals of a cooperative community.

A similar situation, though not necessarily as regards gangsterism, seems to exist in our student body. These are individualists, who seem to enjoy a trite, though damaging, role in school activities. This category includes a group who seem to derive "ego compensation" from opposing the majority, merely because it sets them apart. And it does! It sets them apart as narrow, selfish gallery-players who want to have the main say-so, but won't even cooperate enough to accept the decision of the majority. They only complicate the job of the earnest leaders who are attempting to unite the students into a really sound cooperative body.

The success of our student government depends entirely upon the support and cooperation it receives from all students, but no satisfactory success can be achieved as long as some remain unintelligent individualists.

DEAR CHIPS:

Every time the "Belles" is published some member of the student body writes a "chip," but so far nothing has been done about them. What are they for—to fill up space?

One dealt with the "punk" telephone service Saint Mary's has, and nothing has been done so far to improve that service. Right now I wish to condemn the reception of everyday visitors. People do not like to sit in the parlor for 30 minutes and then leave because no one would find the person asked for.

"Chips" will continue to be printed until that proposed legislative body is formed. I am sure the student body would appreciate the immediate formation of some such body.

DISGUSTED.

Dedicated to Saturday morning English N.:

Silence is learned by the many misfortunes of life.—Seneca.