

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

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LEST WE REMINISCE

We wish that we could announce another holiday, a second Christmas, perhaps. There is nothing everyone enjoys as much as a vacation. But we all know, just as well as we know we must come to the end of a lollipop, that a vacation must stop *some* time. Playing can't go on forever. And, after all, the purpose of a vacation is to make the work following it easier and more pleasurable. Vacations are re-creations in a very real sense and the very word re-creation itself implies creation for a purpose.

We have just come back from the best Christmas in our lives. At home, banishing all thought of study, we directed our entire energies to play. That was our purpose, our aim, our direction. We intended to enjoy ourselves and we did. Now that we have returned to school, we have a different aim. This time our direction is towards an education in the broadest sense. If we are consistent, we will direct our energies to work with the same singleness of purpose with which we directed them to play.

There is no point in wandering around aimlessly from day to day, dreaming about last Christmas; for the most vivid dreams, whether of work or play, contribute nothing to our advancement at school or our pleasure at home. They can be recommended only for those who have worlds of time to kill and no interests. For the rest of us they are worthless. 1939 is still almost brand new and resolutions are yet in order. Take from the wisdom of Mother Goose, this simple piece of advice,

"To work while you work,
To play while you play,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy and gay."

IN MEMORIAM

This week seventy-five years ago there died in the charity ward of a New York hospital a man who gave more to his country than a soldier who dies on the battlefield, a millionaire who leaves a fortune to the Government, or a diplomat who faces foreign powers.

He gave to his country music, music that instilled courage in the frontiersmen, that consoled those who were far from home on foreign soil, and that cheered soldiers to survive in dreary circumstances of war. Yet this patriot, this man who loved his home and fellowmen almost beyond belief, died friendless from brutal wounds inflicted by some unknown person.

This great man whose life was ended in poverty and lonesomeness was Stephen Foster. Everywhere today his songs are sung and loved by those people who live in and love, as he loved, America. Even though his name may be forgotten, though many years may pass, his songs will always live in the heart of the American people.

PLEASURE

A glance at the title of this editorial would probably suggest that such a subject is hardly suitable for a group of girls who are in school presumably for the purpose of study, and would probably draw in her mind a picture of someone dancing, "bulling," or playing Chinese checkers as best illustrating the subject. Yet such need not be the case. Pleasure, of course, includes those light forms of recreation which young people usually associate with the word. But it should not end there. When one considers the length of the average life, she will undoubtedly realize that the major portion of that time is spent, not in youth, but in middle and old age. Would it not then be wise to indulge now, not only in youth's pleasures, but also in those that can be carried on into the later years when there is more time and ability to enjoy life?

A list of the old people whom an individual enjoys being with will include those whose worlds of experience and intelligence have kept them from growing old mentally. The self-centered old maid who talks about herself because she knows of nothing else is yawned into obscurity, whereas the "dear old lady" who has read everything Dickens wrote, can remember Jenny Lind's appearance in America, and still keeps her mind alert enough to discuss intelligently world affairs is surrounded by admiring friends.

And such a personality is not difficult to achieve. Surely it does not involve giving up the pleasures of youth, which are a part of every girl's heritage. It only means an apportionment of one's spare time so that a part of it at least is not wasted upon things that in another year, if not another day, will mean nothing. Yes, have a glorious youth, but do not forget that the glorious old age that follows is based on that glorious youth.

THAT SCHOOL GIRL HEALTH

To one who desires good looks, a sparkling personality, and a constant feeling of happiness and buoyancy, nothing is more important than good health. When away from parental supervision it is easy for one to slip into careless habits of health. It is easy to assert one's independence by keeping irregular hours and eating improper food. It is easy, too, to convince oneself that it is noble practically to starve for the sake of losing a few pounds and to go without a good night's sleep in order to cram for a test.

But are a haggard appearance and an exhausted mind worth the results? It is far better to be a little overweight or to miss a question in class than to impair seriously one's health and consequently, happiness.