

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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THIS BUSINESS OF GRADES

And then there is the story of a young student who memorized his law book and made such exceptional marks that he was honored at graduation, but who came to find that grades were all he had retained from his four years of college.

Four years to a young person is a long time; yet when later life is enriched and colored by the results of those four years, they no longer seem an empty space, but a short period crowded with dear and cherished hours.

One of the main things to be considered in this business of education is emphasis: Whether we shall put it on outward signs of studying or whether we shall stress learning for the sake of knowledge. This debate is purely a personal one. On the other hand it is a useless shame to spend our years in college in such a manner that they will be of no use in later years. It is also disgraceful to cheat oneself of such a reservoir of wealth and knowledge that learning can bring. Yes, four years is a long time to spend for such a fair weather thing as a grade but too little to pay for a lifetime of true, comprehending knowledge.

DIAL OF SUN AND SHADE

On a Saint Mary's sun dial is carved the inscription, "I showe youre bright houres only." It might be compared with the development of our lives here. Are they products of "bright houres only," reflecting the lighthearted moments of our existence? Or do they portray some depth achieved through the shadowed ones?

To most of us a year away from home is a new experience by which we expect to be rather generally benefited. We are "on our own" perhaps for the first time. We have long wanted independence and through it we expect our characters to develop. Now what qualities of Saint Mary's are going to strengthen a character? Our brightest hours are, perhaps, football games, Carolina dances, week-ends home. But can we found character on things so flimsy? The darkest hours must have their place, for it is through them that we attain maturity.

Meeting our mountains courageously and climbing them with the perserverance of Pilgrims, we will have all unknowingly fitted indestructible supports into the building of the abstract thing called character. This year, while away from home, depend upon ourselves alone, let us find ourselves in surmounting our difficulties, and in finding ourselves alone, let us build a character that reflects not only the sunniness of our bright hours, but the strength of our sober ones.

DEAR MISS X.

What shall I do? I have a dreadful case of fall fever. Every time I sit at my desk with conscientious intentions of studying, whispers of autumn blow in through the open window, tempting me out of doors where I can walk on the rustling red and yellow leaves and drink gallons of clear, fresh air. Sometimes I feel that if I could only do that, my work would no more be monotonous, my room an ugly prison, and my attitude toward life in general grumpy. Indeed, studying as many hours as I do now, I seldom completely finish my work. My grades are not satisfying; I've been working my head off. I am becoming discouraged and indifferent. Please give me some cheer and encouragement.

SORROWFUL SALLY.

* * *

DEAR SALLY,

You poor dear. I do understand how you feel. I've been in a rut, too, but at last I've worked out a solution to my worries. Nobody can grind all year at school without relaxation and make that year a success.

No wonder we want to play some in the afternoon. It's natural and necessary. Those gallons of fresh air that you and I thirst for will satisfy us much more than the cakes and candies we nibble on, while vague gloom of future work depresses our spirits. The time taken to buy food, to eat it, and to talk insipidly about nothing in somebody's stuffy room could easily be changed into an hour of fast tennis, a long, brisk walk, or a tingling dip in the pool.

Last year I made a schedule for each day, and saved otherwise wasted minutes for an hour of worth-while recreation in the afternoon. I stuck to it with great persistence, and soon found more time for lessons and more time for fun.

Why don't we train ourselves to add to our days by not wasting our time. It is certainly worth the effort.

Sincerely,

MISS X.

GONG IX

(This is the ninth in a series of articles intended to familiarize the students with the members of the faculty.)

MR. KLOMAN

Mr. Kloman was born in Warrenton, Virginia. He grew up on a farm, and when he was not quite sixteen, he went to New York where he worked for three years. Then he went to the Virginia Theological Seminary where he took "the whole course"; he remarked rather wistfully that now most of the young men manage to avoid Hebrew and Greek. His first Parish was Old Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon. It was George Washington's church, and is very beautiful. Mr. Kloman has had various churches in Baltimore, Maryland; Portland, Maine; Farge, North Dakota; and Cumberland, Maryland. During the World War he was overseas, from whence he brought home an amazing collection of helmets, shell-cases, and anecdotes. Probably the most entertaining of his stories concerns his being able to sleep during air raids, yet lay awake all night when faced with the prospect of teaching his first class at Saint Mary's.

For five years now Mr. Kloman has been at Saint Mary's and thinks, as do others, that the best thing about Saint Mary's is the girls. He says he knows a good deal about schools and that the girls here are the happiest he has ever seen. Once he played football, but now he thinks tennis is the best game of all. He plays frequently, and says he would like to see some new courts at Saint Mary's. Quite naturally, too, coming as he does from Warrenton, he loves horseback riding. Mr. Kloman's friendliness, his kindness, helpfulness, and understanding have made him one of Saint Mary's most beloved people.

OUR BELLES

GERTRUDE RANDOLPH CARTER

Home—Shirley (neither has anyone else).
Face—Prospectively May Queenish.
Ambition—To go abroad and study art and lots of limeade.
Favorite food—Anything but vanilla.
Favorite song—"Night and Day."
Spends spare time—"WHAT spare time?"
Pastime—Procrastinating.
Biggest worry—No limeade.
Worst fault—Procrastinating.
Favorite hook—Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.
Just loves—limeades.

Gertrude has a sort of Grecian beauty. She is tall, slender, and blonde. She has just enough dignity to make her the queenly type, but it doesn't take long to discover that "G. C." has a sense of humor. She is both artistic and intellectual; the former is proved by her drawings (her portraits are ideal likenesses, and her roommate is probably the only girl in school who has the same artistic talent). The latter we know by the fact that she is president of the EAP Literary Society. Gertrude divides the rest of her time among the Dramatic Club and Political Science Club, the Altar Guild, and the Publications Staff. Versatility and graciousness are but two of her most charming qualities.

REBECCA ARRINGTON BARNHILL (BECKY)

From—Rocky Mount.
Weight—103.
Complexion—Brown hair and eyes.
Ambition—To be a jitterbug.
Spends spare time—Polishing shoes.
Odd like—Polishing shoes.
Hobby—Collecting cute poetry.
Favorite food—Chocolate pie (preferably Toddle House).
Favorite article of clothing—Glasses and hair curlers.
Current worry—The Aeneid.
Favorite books—Lewis Carroll's.
Favorite song—"Sunrise Serenade."
What Saint Mary's needs most—More time, less English.
Biggest mistake in school—"My roommate."

Becky is one of those people that you'd love to see lose her temper. But you never will; nobody has caught her in a bad humor yet. With such a sunny disposition Beck is irresistible. Her popularity already has a head start, for Becky's classmates showed their opinion of her trustworthiness by electing her to the Honor Council. She also handles the presidency of Sigma Lambda Literary Society with admirable executive ability and is an energetic member of the Dramatic Club, Political Science Club, and the Publication Staff.

SAINT SALLIES

Rally, m'deah, the week-end of the fourth had all of 38 girls from our Alma Mater at Carolina for Homecomings. Seen in Chapel Hill at the Saturday night dance: Margaret Jordan Young in a stunning red velvet; Hak Kendrick and Mary Helen Rodman pretty worried about their late-date problems; everybody's hair was down from sitting in the rain all afternoon. And heard: Teedie McKenzie's "Yes suh, can't you tell Ahs from the Nawth?" (Ed. note: We sho' can, honey chile!) And after the dance: (censored) . . . And speaking of first impressions, we have to hand it to Hortense Miller who, in two hours time, got two bids to Fall Germans and one to State Pledge dances. The next day she got two long distance phone calls. That really is a record. . . . And then in the parade that State College had on Armistice Day, one of our girls points to the street and says, "Oh look, here comes a spittoon!" . . . Which all reminds me of Trotter who, at a very noisy Senior Class meeting, yelled out, "I appeal to you. . ." And a voice from the back of the room, "Oh, yeah!" . . .