

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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## A WORLD GONE MAD?

Dazed, the small boy tried to turn on his side, but the pain stabbed like a thousand flaming pin points, causing him to sink back quickly into the shell hole where he strove desperately to believe this was a nightmare and that by calling, Mother would come and wipe his damp brow and pull the covers closer around him. It did no good, for as his hand sought to find the source of the throbbing in his head, the bloody tangle of his hair was too much a reality. Lying still a moment, he summoned all his energy and staggered to his feet. His small hands passed back and forth across his eyes to wipe away the mist. Slowly his gaze fell on the spot which had been home and now was a mass of broken timbers. Stumbling among the boards, he found a thimble of his mother's, the shattered frame which held the last picture of his father. He constantly kept up a mumbled prayer for his mother, and his eyes, filled with hurt and wonderment, vainly searched the ruins. Finally, where the kitchen had been, he saw an arm protruding from under a pile of heavy boards. Making his way to the place he stared in dumb horror at the mangled body of his mother, and then he sank in a pitiful heap beside the outstretched arm.

Thus the two soldiers found him and took him back to the hospital where, though he soon grew well, the shadow of the interlude of horror remained stamped on his face. And why had he been saved? There was no place for him to go, no one to take care of him. Perhaps it would have been better if he had died in that shell hole, for what aid could one small boy expect from a world gone mad with war?

## TURK AND THE SPIRIT OF KNOWLEDGE

Turk has ears, long, fan-shaped, floppy ears which normally hang gracefully towards the nearby ground. On only two occasions does Turk seemingly change their position. Case one has, of course, no human interest. After all, human ears have never dangled in animal soup. But case two has much heart-felt importance. Before Turk trots

proudly through the Saint Mary's Library, he always takes a deep breath and draws his ears close to his pear-shaped head. Even this method is not always effective and shrill sounds of "Hi ya, monkey, whatcha doin'," and "Where's Catherine de Medici and the Lost Revolution?" leap through his intended oblivion.

Turk often feels sad. He likes the library. He likes to slide on its slippery green linoleum. Once a week he likes to feel the spirit of knowledge surge through his sensitive body. Turk would like other people to feel the magnitude of this spirit. But he is almost sure they do not—not even once a week. The library impresses Turk, but only when he presses his ears tightly to his head.

## "... And All That!"

We were just about to impress our readers with a profound analysis of the European situation when crash—bang—boom! They're off and this time in the direction of Norway. For relaxation we trotted off to see Bing Crosby romancing in "Road to Singapore." This convinced us—for more than one reason—that the East Indies was our long anticipated field of influence. Unfortunately the Indies have a European as well as an Asiatic function—which will probably be our downfall. In a newspaper we noticed that the Netherlands has expressed a fear for her wealthy East Indian Colonies and has timidly reminded the world that Japan and the United States have guaranteed their territorial integrity. In the light of present developments, we consider this a bit futile, although Mr. Hull rose to the bait and dispatched to the Japanese government a note which its receivers termed both forceful and unexpected. Because of the uncertainty of Sino-American trade relations, this note may prevent a further spread of Japanese influence in the Far East. "Nothing could be more logical than that Japan should wish to take over regions which financially weak or timid Holland has held dog-in-the-manger style for centuries." Japan cannot afford to wait until the United States move out of the Philippines six years hence. Americans are on the alert, for Holland is worried at home by Germany and cannot defend her East Indian colonies. Although both the United States and Japan have guaranteed their territorial integrity, the Dutch do not trust the Japanese Militarists and look upon the United States as a possible protector in the event of an eventuality.

This last year has witnessed a change of American policy toward Japan. The greatest blow dealt by Americans was the refusal to renew the trade treaty. While this has had no immediate effect on Japo-American trade, it leaves it in an uncertain condition, wherein trade may be stopped at any time. This completely guarantees the United States the whip hand, since American trade is more important to the Japanese than is Japanese trade to Americans.

In the Indies themselves the moderate nationalists fear Japan, but the extremists (conceitedly feeling secure) want to break and stand alone as an independent nation. The Dutch interfere very little with the native Sultans, rulers of Sumatra, for they feel that Sumatra will be their last line of defense against the Japanese. Java they might lose, but they hope to hold Sumatra. An important policy of the Dutch is the fact that no foreigner, Dutch included, may buy or sell land, which fact gives the Dutch as colonists no actual hold upon the country, but a deep-rooted influence based on time. The Dutch (along with Americans and Britishers) lease large tracts of rubber and tobacco land from native rulers. Another important factor in Dutch government is that the Governor-General has the power to outlaw any political party, making him virtually a political dictator. "The Dutch do not fully trust their own natives and do not permit native troops to train with machine guns, nor do they invite them aboard their fleet." The Japanese were quick to take advantage of this situation by inviting them to go aboard a cruiser visiting in those waters.

Contrary to our usual method, we will not "dream about" the outcome of this situation. We seem to have lost our first optimistic enthusiasm and will, with not a little regret, return to factual reporting.

## PERILOUS ADVENTURE

Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male* is an absorbing adventure story told in the first person and begun just after the narrator, whose name you never learn, has attempted to assassinate a dictator (Hitler supposedly, something we've all wanted to do) for the mere sport of the thing. He is captured, questioned, and after he can give no real reason for his action, his captors beat him brutally and stage an accident, leaving him for dead. By a superhuman effort he escapes and flees to England. There, learning that foreign secret agents have been put on his trail, he is forced to go into hiding. The story of his flight from place to place, culminating in one of the spies trapping him in a tunnel, how he escapes, killing his captor in the process, and how he finally realizes the motive behind his attempted murder make up the body of the story. Adventure? Yes. Improbable? Yes, but once you've begun it you won't want to put it down.

## A SYNOPSIS OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"

"Katherine Scarlett O'Hara was our shero. A winsome wench with a figger like a marble statue and a head as hard. Gerald O'Hara was her pa. By nature he was most animal-like. Proud as a peacock, he roared like a lion, and rode like a dog-and-pony show. After Sherman came he was as crazy as a bedbug. Anyhow, Scarlett was in love with Ashley Wilkes, who was in love with his cousin Melanie, who was in love with Ashley, and so they were married. (Ashley and Melanie, in case you are getting confused.) This irritated Scarlett no end and so, in quick

succession, she married for spite and cash, respectively, a couple of fellers, whose names we didn't get. But then neither did Scarlett, for long.

The other major characters were Rhett Butler, Belle Watling, and a colored lady exactly like the one on the flapjack box. Rhett, who was somehow strangely reminiscent of Clark Gable, was a cross between Jesse James and Little Boy Blue. If Rhett had joined the Lost Cause in the second reel instead of after intermission, the Confederacy would have won the war. . . . And Belle, you'd have loved Belle. Everybody did. During the siege of Atlanta only three things were running: Belle's place, Prissy's nose, and the laundry that kept Rhett's white suits snow-white.

Melanie's baby arrived about the time Sherman did. Both were equally welcome to Scarlett. It was, so far as painstaking search revealed, the first baby ever born in Technicolor.

Anyway, the South lost the war again in the picture. (What could you expect with a lot of Yankee producers?) And Scarlett married Rhett to get even with him. Their married life was just like sitting in the fire and listening to the heavenly choir. Finally, after Melanie died Scarlett realized that she didn't love Ashley, but Rhett. However, Rhett had had enough of her foolishness, and when she told him, he said, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Neither, by this time, did the audience. — *Toombs County (Georgia) Newspaper.*

## DIETING?

For the comfort of those who feel guilty when they eat that second roll, the fact is that Saint Mary's consumes per day 42 loaves of bread for breakfast, 70 loaves for lunch, and the hot rolls that 37 pounds of flour will make (which is approximately 900). From these illuminating figures glance at the farmyard food. When Mrs. Marriott has boiled eggs for breakfast she supplies around 28 dozen. This, however, is a mere beginning. Saint Mary's devours 76 two and a half pound chickens every Sunday which amounts to 160 or 170 pounds of roast fowl minus its feathers. And on turkey day 145 pounds of turkey are eaten. Imagine what this does to the Raleigh chicken population.

For breakfast on ordinary days Saint Mary's needs 36 pounds of sliced bacon; 40 or 50 pounds of link or bulk sausage; Sunday's pancakes are made with 22 pounds of meal and 4 dozen eggs and are cooked on 8 of the largest griddles to be bought.

In addition, Saint Mary's drinks 30 gallons of sweet milk a day, 16 gallons of buttermilk a week; 4 pounds of coffee at breakfast and a pound at dinner; eats approximately 33 pounds of sugar a day; 65 pounds of roast beef and 70 to 80 pounds of lamb a meal; 65 pounds of ham a meal; 2 bushels of sweet potatoes; 9 pounds of butter each meal, and 140 oranges.

All of which makes even that third roll look rather insignificant, doesn't it?