

The BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S

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"THE WORLD ISN'T FINISHED"

For some four years after the depression, chances of the average college graduate for cutting a niche for himself in the world of affairs seemed anything but likely. Such an attitude felt by four successive years of college graduates naturally stamped itself upon the collective mind of their undergraduate fellows. For the present college graduates this attitude certainly is more inherited than justifiable or real, according to Dorothy Thompson in one of her recent lectures at Chapel Hill.

What is needed, she continued, is not a hard skepticism or sense of frustration on the part of young people, but rather a strong, definite belief that, with their acquired charm and God-given intelligence and strong hands, they can hopefully, optimistically believe that happiness can be achieved if the desire to work is commensurate with their common-sense visions and ideals.

The *Belles* does not believe in blind faith or wishful thinking as regards the achievement of the individual's aims of happiness and the fulfillment of living, but it does strongly agree with Miss Thompson that the pessimistic, what's-the-use attitude which youth often likes to assume is unhealthy, unwarranted, and melodramatic.

The world may be out of joint, nations may be at sixes and sevens with each other, and your neighbor may not like your hat, but there is still reason for youth to believe that it can carve itself a place in this turbulent and seemingly fateful world. QUINCUS.

CONGRATULATIONS

To create is the ambition of all mankind. From early childhood all of us yearn to make something with our own hands, to formulate a new idea in our minds. One of the aims of a college education is to enlarge our creative ability, to strengthen our powers of developing beauty. Elbert Hubbard said of creative work, "The delight of creative work lies in self discovery—you are mining nuggets of power out of your own cosmos and the find comes as a great and glad surprise."

At Saint Mary's great stress is laid on creative ability in all departments, but we have in music, art, and expression courses particularly designed to increase this ability. In these departments we seek creativeness through different mediums, but in each case the goal is the same. In these we work to start our creative energy in the right direction instead of allowing it to remain in a state of stagnation.

This year we have forged ahead in the effort to create, and have brought to our school and our girls honors in the field of creative endeavor. As our school year draws to a close, we can look back upon it with great satisfaction in regard to work in this field. Our plays, musical concerts, and art exhibits have all been outstanding successes. We can review this year with the knowledge that we have made great strides in the field of creative endeavor.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHAPEL CAP

Take it from me, life at Saint Mary's is no bed of roses. But let me tell you, if you reach the height to which I climbed, it's worth it all.

I began life at Saint Mary's as one among many in the post office. I stayed there with Miss Sutton until Miss Goss was kind enough to offer me a home, and fold me in respectable creases for chapel. How they have been changed! Well, life with Miss Goss was easy and uneventful, except for occasional visits on the hall, but I was burning with a desire to become sophisticated, to have a past, to see life. So one day when she had gone to teach a tap class, I stole quietly off the shelf and into the hall. Horrors! There comes Corinne, sweeping dust merrily down the hall to save the trouble of picking it up. I relaxed and remained motionless as I was swept ungracefully, suddenly and without warning instead of dashing my stitches on the floor, I fell plop upon Vivian Gillespie's head as she raced hatless to chapel. Utter despair. Fate denied me even the release of death.

But stay. What looked like my undoing was really my making. Vivian in her hurry to leave the infirmary (after drinking a glass of milk and cramming four graham crackers) forgot and left me there all alone. Before I had time to be scared, Mrs. Naylor entered, all dressed up and looking very fine in her Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, but she was indeed downcast because she couldn't find the right hat to wear with her costume. Might I? Would she consider me? Would the gods favor me? I closed my eyes and hoped and hoped. "Just the thing!" cried she, seeing me so beautiful. Sorrow along with trash and dust. Surely my end has come. But suddenly—"Stop," cried one Mary Gault. "Don't you sweep out that chapel cap. I need one," and she snatched me, almost asphyxiated, from the rubbish and took me home with her.

Third Floor Smedes! Oh, the life I led up there. Honestly, lying in a mass of tennis balls, and baseball bats, and gym suits and Ferdinands I never got a minute's rest. And if it wasn't a party it was a herd of girls going out to change color on the roof. I featured in several messy rooms and then one day I got restricted! That was the last straw and I decided that since I plainly didn't like the game I had best take the open door. When the last girl had gone to chapel, I crept to the steps, bent on suicide. I held my breath and jumped into space. Steps, bannisters, light whirled by at comet speed when it was turned to joy.