

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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1939 Member 1940

Associated Collegiate Press
N. C. Collegiate Press Association

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, and something
blue."

We old girls wish to welcome each new girl and lend her our Saint Mary's spirit until she naturally gets her own. New surroundings and new faces are not always comforting, but soon neither the faces nor the surroundings will be new, nor, for long, will the girls. We hope that this period of uncertainty will pass quickly into one of happiness in the fun and routine, which is life at Saint Mary's.

"Here may we find life at its best.
Here may we find comfort and
rest."

Ideas come, memories of the past, thoughts of the present, and dreamy conceptions of the future. Still, one idea remains to act as a magnetic force drawing our minds from the insignificant to the vital.

Basic principles are too often not only intangible but also inadequate. We believe the basic principle of Saint Mary's to be the spirit of living together, a spirit which reaches its highest point in the fellowship of our chapel services. *The Belles* hopes the realization of this fellowship will bring into all our lives comfort and rest, peace and quiet, and a still closer relationship with the true Founder of Saint Mary's.

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

"All work and no play," says the old proverb, and perhaps you agree. Just now you are confused. Assignments are impossible; teachers strict; classes are endless; school is harder than you even imagined. You don't know where to begin.

But you came to school to do more than study and tear your hair at the ridiculous task of doing twelve hours work in two hours. School—and particularly Saint Mary's—is a place to be happy, to find friends and fun and to discover a new life from the one you left at senior high.

So before you even begin that four hundred word theme, sit down and take a look about you. Take time to notice that the "atmosphere" your

grandmother told you about really exists at Saint Mary's. Calm down long enough to realize that the girls here are different and, somehow, as a group, nicer than any you have ever known. In a week or so lessons should be less maddening and more routine tasks that finally do get straightened out. Look for the beauty of Saint Mary's. Talk to the old girls. And you will know the loyalty that they feel, *your* "heritage pure."

NEW DRESS

There we were again, ready for the yearly rush for seats in Study Hall. First we'd have to untangle the chairs; then make a sudden, desperate dash to sit down without being crushed between two sharp wooden arms. First day assembly was always an ordeal. So we gathered our wits for the fray, clasped our chapel caps grimly to our curls, and dashed blindly into the Study Hall. Midway down the room we realized that something was amiss. *This* was not Saint Mary's—this was the new country club. Tables laughed glossily up at sleek new indirect lights. The smooth curves of chairs caught the reflection of newly painted walls. And *everyone* sat down; and we were almost ready to ask for menus, but Anna said, "Go to Chapel," so we went.

Two old girls were shrieking at each other from opposite ends of Smedes. One had lost the post office. The other was hungry and couldn't find the Little Store. They met in the middle, the one to flatten her nose against her post office box, with a mental note to the effect that now she would only have to run from the dining-room straight to Smedes instead of all the way to East Rock; the other to peer into last year's photo-developing room at her beloved Little Store and telephones.

While sharpening a pencil we heard someone say, "Well, I'm lucky. You ought to see Miss Johnson's." We continued the sharpening, though the pencil was obviously already too pointed to use. It seems that the sprinkling system in one classroom is less conspicuous than in others. The point is to avoid letting anything around get 160° hot—or else! Now the teachers can sit comfortably in their rooms and take shower baths while we have fire drills.

We lost the belts to our gym suits, but Miss Brown was not in her office. "Wonder where Miss Brown is," we muttered. "In the Book Store," said a cute new junior. "Book Store?" said we with an amused smile. "Book Store," she stated with finality, and left us gasping. Miss Brown was in the Book Store, the very new, efficient, glassed-in Book Store. We were impressed. We bought *Eleven British Writers* and staggered home.

That pretty surrealist effect achieved last year on the wall and ceiling the day we painted end-sheets for Cuddie and tried Erwin's tech-

nique of slinging water-colors is gone. In fact, every spot in school has been painted.

We sigh for the new girls who will never know what is to stand in line for little eternities at East Rock's post office, who will never see the half-crazed expressions of girls trying to hear over telephones in competition with the Little Store, the water cooler, the bells, classes dismissing, and people rushing downstairs. But we love this efficient, glistening Saint Mary's.

OUR BELLES

ADELAIDE RODMAN CURTIS

Home town—Norfolk, Virginia.

Weight—"Let's not say anything about that."

Hair and eyes—blond and blue.

Ambition—to be a glamour girl.

Hobby—collecting writing paper, and she "just loves to sail."

Favorite song—"I'll Never Smile Again."

Favorite food—most anything.

Spends spare time—trying to win Monte Carlo solitaire. (Incidentally she's \$311 ahead.)

Odd like—Math.

First impression of the new girls—"They are the prettiest I've ever seen."

Worst fault—can't carry a tune.

Adelaide, the President of the Student Body, has started off the new year with more than her share of enthusiasm. She might be described as a "natural born" leader, for during her three years at Saint Mary's she has been president of both her Sophomore and Junior classes, positions of considerable responsibility. She is a member of the Dramatic Club and the Y. P. S. L. Council, and has found time to win letters in kickball, swimming, and life-saving. Her kindness and understanding have won her many friends.

ELVIRA YOUNG CHEATHAM

Home town—Henderson, North Carolina.

Weight—"I just don't know."

Hair—short (typical of Elvira).

Eyes—big and brown.

Ambition—to be five feet tall.

Favorite song—"I Concentrate on You." (She said it as if she meant it.)

Hobby—collecting records for Anna. (Can't you help them out?)

Spends spare time—thinking up something to do.

Pet hate—colors that clash.

First impression of the new girls—"Heavens! There are so many of them."

Best thing about Saint Mary's—being a Senior.

Elvira is that vivacious little girl who flits around Saint Mary's in the guise of the President of the Senior Class. She has a talent for drawing and is a member of the Art staff of the *Stage Coach*. Elvira also sings in the Choir and Glee Club. She has planned a busy year, and we wish her the best of success.

"... And All That!"

We are young, intelligent, and to a certain degree, conscious of world events including blitzkreigs, subversive activities and propaganda. In the past year in reference to world crises we have heard our elders switch from the credulous chant, "It can't happen here," to the fearful, "It's going to happen here." As part of our youthful skepticism we ask, "Why?"

The sudden fall of France came as a surprise to most Americans. Had we not heard that the Maginot Line was invulnerable, that the French troops were the crack troops of the world, and that French youth were possessed with an almost fanatical love of country? How then could this catastrophe occur?

What we had heard concerning the powers and strength of France were just as much propaganda as that circulated among the German peoples by Goebbels, though of a less insidious type.

France was torn from within by internal strife. The people were not united behind one leader. That country underwent so many radical changes of personnel and government in so short a space of time that it could not be but weakened.

The position of the British, however, is so firmly united behind Winston Churchill and their king that they are able to meet repeated attacks with a stamina and fortitude which is amazing both to Germany and America. Being of one mind and heart, and of unquenchable spirit, they may withstand the German onslaught for many weeks to come.

In contrasting the positions of France and Britain and in consideration of the results, it seems highly probable that a country can be saved or beaten merely by its internal attitude. There is no reason why America should permit itself to remain in the position which Ambassador Bullitt recently described as the same as that of France a year ago. America should indeed take warning and profit by the bitter experience of France.

The Fascist party, labor organizations, Communist party and American Bund are the more openly used tools of foreign propagandists who can, and will, if given the opportunity, wreck America from within and expose her to the approaching conflict with Germany unprepared. It is the contention of some that many German refugees now entering America are in the employ of the German Government which has placed them here to engage in fifth column activities.

It is common knowledge in America that where there is democracy, there shall be no restrictions on religion, speech and press. And yet two of these three typically American privileges may be the actual weapons which may cause the downfall or disintegration of the American Government. As the youth of America which will in time inherit the government and principles of our country, it is our duty to guard our heritage jealously.