

# 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

## HOW DEAR A FRIEND

In our selfish pursuit of life we often fail to realize how provoking and importunate we sometimes make the plight of our friends. Without a confidant who will generously concern herself with many of our petty affairs, the lives of most of us would be characteristically void. Yet few appreciate the constant efforts our closest friends make to avoid feelings of impatience and annoyance as they listen to our endless harangues, for we actually expect them to solace our troubled hearts or champion our forgotten cause though the case we present is often distorted. And so we are led to say rather, too melodramatically, perhaps—shame on all us selfish downtrodden ones who never consider that other people have cares too.

For if we are to judge the value of a friend, let us consider first her feelings, attitudes, and understanding, and last of all, our own inherent need for a friend. Let us recognize that selfishness and thoughtlessness will not keep for us a "mutual friend."

## CHATTERING CHEETAHS

All Saint Mary's girls have had the opportunity in their homes of learning the fundamentals of good manners. Then why is it that these lessons sometimes slip our minds? No one is rude intentionally, yet it amounts to rudeness when we constantly chatter in assembly while teachers or speakers attempt to gain our attention.

Assembly is held for the good of all students, and if they only would cease their talking and studying during the few minutes that it is in session, they might find much of interest to them, either in announcements or programs. If we picture ourselves in the leader's place as she tries to deliver her say over the din arising from the four corners of the auditorium, we can well sympathize with her task. An honest effort to keep the tongue in the cheek would improve this situation immeasurably.

## HOW NOT TO STUDY

Everybody is running around contributing to the already motley collection of ideas on the subject of "How to Study." Not knowing anything about that, I have to limit myself to that side of the problem with which I am most familiar, and that is "How Not to Study."

The best way yet found not to study is to stretch back on a pile of pillows (probably borrowed), and place a picture of your O. A. O. at a vantage point where, when you get to the top of a page of *Economic Principles, Problems and Policies*, you can't miss the opportunity of looking into *his* eyes, whether they be blue, brown, or grey. I can guarantee that once you do, you will never get to the bottom of the page.

The radio is the second best distractor because it leads to a murmur of "Mmmm, my favorite. Christmas vacation I always danced that with him. That was *our* piece." This short remark leads to a lengthy discussion of Christmas vacation, and it is so much more interesting a topic than exams that the discussion may be prolonged until midnight. Listening to the radio also gives that feeling of luxury which in turn leads to fixing fingernails and eyebrows, and if you are really bored, just try screwing your face into the latest poses of Hedy Lamarr in a recent movie mag. (Boredom guaranteed to vanish.)

Comfort is a password in the art of how not to study. Get undressed and thoroughly comfortable, and then crawl on the bed and pull up that satin quilt and relax. Wait about six-and-a-half minutes (Bulova Watch Time), and you will be well on the way to the land of Nod.

If you don't like solitude go into a three-girl room and make up a foursome for a brilliant game of bridge. You may never hold anything higher than a nine, but it's a very good way to waste time because one game always leads to another.

In conclusion: don't pick up a single book, don't seek solitude, and don't be quiet. Play all of the bridge you can because it's an excellent way to improve your game, if not your grades. Answer all of the letters you owe, and write to people you don't even like, and *don't* make the mistake of concentrating, because if you do, all is undone. You might learn something if you aren't careful.

## LILY PONS, MET SOPRANO, IN CONCERT, FEB. 7

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*Regiment*, an opera which has not been presented at the Met since 1919.

Mlle. Pons is very small and has to eat quantities of potatoes to keep her weight up to 105 pounds. She is pert, naive-looking, with brown eyes, reddish hair and wears a number two shoe size. Her voice has a trilling, bird-like quality that keeps the audience both entranced and amazed that so small a person can sing with such ease.

Seven years ago Lily Pons divorced her husband, and is now married to Andre Kostelanetz, the orchestra leader. Her home is in Norwalk, Connecticut.

## IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

This business of not knowing how to study becomes foremost in the minds of all students at Saint Mary's when examination time approaches. Going down the hall one often hears girls lamenting the fact that they "simply cannot get down to some real, sure-enough concentrated studying." They say they do not know how to go about studying for this and that subject, that they do not know what to study.

It seems as though the main trouble with most people is that they do not know how to use their time effectively, and here at Saint Mary's, with so many extracurricular activities, time is an all-important factor. With work piled high on them, many girls work intensely for hours at a stretch without letting up, they skim over their studies hurriedly in order to start on another subject, and they worry so much about passing the day's work that they become nervous and unable to concentrate at all.

The result of all this is that one becomes too tired out and nervous to absorb the material she went over, and instead of profiting by the long hours of study, her efficiency and good work is greatly decreased.

The necessity for planning one's work in advance cannot be over-emphasized. Ample time should be allowed for play and rest as well as work, for it has been proved many times that a person's best work is done when her mind is clear and she is not tired. Staying up until the wee hours of the night to do an assignment is, in the long run, useless, because the fatigue caused by loss of sleep greatly reduces a person's efficiency and ability to do a job well.

In order that one may work quickly and well, it is essential that she learn to concentrate. How many priceless minutes must be wasted every day when Anne glances up every time the library door opens, and when Nancy gets up every five minutes to sharpen her pencil or get a glass of water! Although it is extremely difficult to acquire the habit of concentration, it may be done with long practice and a strong will.

A study of the biographies of successful men and women of the world would probably show that they all make schedules of their work and go by them! They all make their working conditions as favorable as possible (good lights and a quiet place), and they all find out the quickest way to do things. We would do well to follow their example.

## A GIRL-BREAK DANCE

The Order of the Circle invites you to forget the butterflies and pigeons which flutter below your heart and for a few moments be comforted with the prospect of a return to normalcy. A **Girl-Break Dance** awaits those who have not succumbed to flu or flunking on the Saturday night after exams, to be more exact, January 25. Come on chillun, ye's dance!

"... And All That!"

The way that the world has gone haywire in the last sixteen months has just about ruined the old get-up run annually in the newspapers under the heading of "Predictions for the Coming Year." After all of the upsets that have occurred, it is doubtful whether anyone would even make so bold as to venture to predict what day Thanksgiving comes on.

From what we've seen in the last year or so we ought to realize that we're lucky to keep up with the events of the past year without borrowing trouble and worrying about what's going to happen in the year to come.

Any far-sighted individual who had predicted even a few of the world-shaking events that occurred last year would have found himself lodged over in Dix Hill with some of his contemporaries who may not be as crazy as they seem to be. When people start hearing about things that they don't want to face, a wild rush is made to throttle the source. Perhaps the best, though certainly the most pro-British of the radio commentators of the last five years was Boake Carter, who figuratively slapped America's face and told her what was going to happen to the world. His voice was throttled, first by the words that the "opinions of this commentator are not necessarily the opinions of the sponsors of the broadcast," and then by the cancellation of his contract.

Not being a Boake Carter, either by inclination or desire, we deal momentarily with the past year.

Roosevelt upset party equilibrium by running for a third term and set all America on its ear by polling enough votes to retain the office of Chief Executive for a third session.

France clung desperately to the shreds of her self-respect among the great powers of the world for a few months, but as though sapped and shriveled within, she collapsed before many blows were struck.

David and Goliath were at it again in the personages of Greece and Italy. Cock-like Premier "Little John" Metaxas mustered his inadequate forces under General Alexander Papagos, and to everyone's amazement the Greeks hurled stones while a thwarted and temperamental Mussolini stuck out his aggressive chin, stamped his foot in rage, and bellowed for Adolf.

The national event of the past year was the first national peacetime Conscription Act which may yet have a telling effect on the history of the world.

That's only a flickering backward glance, but it's enough to show the futility of prediction and all the untold changes of local, national, and universal importance may occur in the short space of days, of weeks, or months.