

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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A POETIC APPROACH TO THE PRACTICAL

Deeply hidden in rocks and sand lie many of the precious gems of today. Some diamonds are near or on the surface of the stones that shelter them, whereas others are covered from sight by many hard layers of rock. So it is with the fine jewels of human character. Too often they remain forever hidden in the remote, forgotten depths of a person's mind.

The most fundamentally important gift a school can pass on to its students is a mind that has learned the lesson of living a happy life with others. Everything in the school strives toward that accomplishment, but above all else the student government is the most important factor in developing fine character.

Our new student government is striving to bring to the surface the honest virtue that lies hidden in us and to train us in making these virtues a permanent part of our lives. Each time we obey our school rules, unconsciously, we will be polishing and smoothing each rough spot on the imperfect gems of our character.

THIS MATTER OF HATS

April showers
March winds
Call for
Hat pins.

Gather around, all you students. Rake your hats up off the ground and find a pin or string or stick to anchor the cumbersome things. That wind-blown effect which is so becoming to the modern glamour girl has its place only on a picnic. And of course going to town may be our picnic, but nevertheless, we would never see Brenda Frazier on the streets of New York without her chapeau. It may be true she can afford attractive hats, but come, come, girls, you know you'd never buy a bonnet unless it did things for you. The Saint Mary's girl of 1850 would no more leave off her hat than we would leave off our lipstick. Manufacturers no longer list hats as protective clothing, but they do protect the school from criticism. Even if we as individuals are playing the devil-may-care type and are anxious to make an anti-etiquette move, we must remember the criticism which will arise.

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

By Associated Collegiate Press

One of the well-liked professors at the University of Richmond felt lazy one day and wrote on the board, "The professor will not meet his classes today." One cute little co-ed got cuter, erased the "c" from the word "classes," leaving "lasses." When the professor returned to the classroom next day, he saw what had happened, went to the board, and, calmly erasing the "l" took another day off.

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Northwestern's *Purple Parrot* told of a student who turned in a 20-year-old term paper from his fraternity's files. He got an A-minus, and a note from the prof which, roughly, ran like this: "This was an A paper when I wrote it, and by golly it's still worth an A minus."

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The Niagara *Index* relates the sad story of the lad who had exceeded his allowance and wrote home for money to go to a tea-dance, of all things. It seems that his parents had a perverse sense of humor or maybe they knew their tea-dances but, anyway, they sent by return mail—a pound of tea.

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Then there's the Otterbein College student who has proved that he believes honesty is the best policy. While a "patient" at the college health center, the student registered his ailment in the guest book as follows: "No money to eat uptown."

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And over at Providence College in Rhode Island, members of the Rev. Paul C. Perrotta's class in logic wrote their own examination. Eight per cent of them flunked.

BALLET RUSSE TO BE LAST CIVIC CONCERT OF 1940-41 SERIES

(Continued from page 1)

performs the latest of Massine's symphonic ballets: "Beethoven's Seventh," and "Rouge de Noire" to Shostakovitch's First Symphony.

As interpretive artists for these creations, Massine has surrounded himself with ballerinas and male soloists difficult to match. Alexandra Danilova nobly carries on the great tradition of the ballet. There is no other dancer who possesses the classic style to the same degree of perfection as Danilova, and there are few roles in which she is surpassed. She shares honors as ballerina in the company with Alicia Markova and Mia Slavenska. Markova is the perfect lyric dancer—light, lithesome, poetic. Slavenska is technically the strongest dancer; there is not a thing she cannot do.

Of the male soloists of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Igor Yousekevitch interprets best the classic parts, which demand a highly developed technique. The musical direction is in the hands of Efrem Kurtz, who has been associated with Massine since 1932.

This internationally famous star-studded company, built by Leonide Massine, has helped make ballet a compelling part of the nation's entertainment.

OUR BELLES

JANICE BENNETT FITZGERALD

Age—18.
Home—Smithfield, N. C.
Hair and eyes—dark brown, hazel.
Height—5 ft. 3in.
Pet hate—bells, cold water.
Odd likes—Gypsy music.
Ambition—Bachelor of Music degree.
Spends spare time—practicing.
Is looking for—extra time.
Is wild about—Chopin and Debussy.
Favorite book—*GWTW*.
Favorite article of clothing—fur coat.
Favorite piece of music—all of them.

With fingers still tingling from applause, we present Miss Fitzgerald, pianist, who, as the first of the certificate recitalists, is certainly first in the hearts of the musical world of Saint Mary's. Library addicts can now read of Milton unaccompanied by the compelling rhythm of *Polonaise Americaine*. Now—though it is cruel to mention it—all Janice has to worry about is surviving Harmony II, which fact accomplished, she will have a music certificate. If ever you pass the music building on a Tuesday night and hear French floating fluently (mind you, we said *if*) about, remember that all the fluency is under Janice's direction, for she is the newly elected president of the newly organized French Club. Rather than say she has no time of her own, we will simply prove that she hasn't by pointing out that Janice is also a member of the Order of the Circle, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior class, the Treasurer of the Doctors' Daughters' Club, and a member of the Choir and the Glee Club.

ELIZABETH CORBITT TOEPLERMAN

Age—not what you think.
Home—Henderson, N. C.
Hair and eyes—blond, blue.
Height—5 ft. 6 in.
Pet hate—green suits, chocolate sodas.
Odd likes—Roquefort cheese, lobsters, track meets.
Worst fault—always late.
Ambition—to get in Sweet Briar.
Spends spare time—going to the movies.
Is looking for—a man with a million dollars.
Is wild about—food, any kind.
Favorite book—nothing I have to read for English N.
Favorite article of clothing—brown tweed coat.
Favorite piece of music—"Ritual Fire Dance" or Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" . . . undecided.

This week we present our speaker *par excellence*, our blond orator Biz, who takes little things such as presenting Governor Hoey with dignity and originality as just one more item in the career of a busy senior. Biz is often described as the typical Saint Mary's girl—if such a person exists—and in purely complimentary terms this means that she combines prom-trotting, popularity and political science in the smoothest manner imaginable. Even if Biz was a bit astonished at her sudden oratorical career, she has no cause for astonishment at her list of achievements: she is the President of the Political

"... And All That!"

Turkey was known for years as the "sick man of Europe" and with good reason. Patched up and supported by European nations who wished it to continue for reasons of their own, Turkey was a country from which came a thousand stories of brigands and harems, sultans and bad roads, graft, intrigue, and miserable living conditions, all with sound basis.

The Turkey of today is a far cry from the scenes of a Pierre Loti novel. It has made tremendous strides in the last twenty years. Credit for this advance goes mainly to Kamal Ataturk. It is said of him that: "He took a nation that was centuries deep in rot, pulled it to its feet, wiped its face, re clothed it, transformed it, made it work."

Kamal Ataturk, who died in 1938, was a tremendously interesting figure. He was an officer of ability in the Turkish Army. It has been said that Kamal was traitorous to all masters except Turkey. He was sent to put down a revolt, but instead put himself at the head of the revolt and became Turkey's first president.

Kamal's innovations were on a heroic scale. He abolished the fez and harems; he improved roads; he set up a splendid educational system. Kamal also set up a Parliament and paid his officials regularly and so well that graft and bribery were unnecessary.

Kamal is dead, and Ismet is President now, but Turkey continues, energetic, proud of its achievements, and full of hope.

Today Turkey holds a key position in the Balkans. But despite good defenses, its army equipment is outmoded, and *Time* magazine states that "unless the British were prepared to participate generously in a Turkish effort, the greatest hope the Greeks could have—a Turkish stroke at the German flank in Bulgaria—was not probable."

In any evaluation of the Turkish position in international affairs, Russia must be considered. Turkey holds the Dardanelles, Russia's outlet to the Mediterranean, and Russia is in the position to exert great pressure to keep these Straits open. A hopeful, but unofficial, announcement was made in Moscow last week that Stalin intends to keep hands off Turkey and let it go its own way.

Both German and English diplomats are very active in Ankara, Turkey's Capital. Turkey is keeping very quiet and neutral these days.

Science Club, the Chairman of the assembly committee, Vice-President of her hall, a Dance Marshal, a Sigma Lambda, a member of the Publications Staff, the Glee Club, the Dramatic Club, the Letter Club, and the Altar Guild.