

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

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## AN APPRECIATION

Old Faithful Geyser acts for the benefit of tourists every thirty minutes. But Old Faithful himself couldn't be more dependable than the publications staff typist, who slaves every other week for the benefit of *The Belles* and its readers.

Two harassed editors dash madly down the hall to the typing room, once on Sundays, twice on Mondays, and ten times on Tuesdays, shouting for Virginia Pell. Virginia takes copy that resembles a cross between hen scratches and Egyptian hieroglyphics and converts it into straight rows of black type on clean, white paper. Always willing to help and always cheerful, she has worked without recognition on the staff this winter. When we despair of getting the paper out on time, our Old Faithful puts aside her own problems and solves ours. She has won our admiration and appreciation.

## IGNORANCE IS BLISS

The world is not waiting for the sun to rise, but for the supposedly intelligent youth of the nation to awaken to the rapidly moving world events. As Miss Lewis says, "This STRUGGLE will greatly affect your children; it is downright ignorant not to know." Of course, it is. The newspapers are printed for something besides the Comic Strips and the Personal column. Current events classes have to some extent aroused the interest of the students in world affairs, but there is still an appalling majority of disinterested onlookers who live in their own narrow world of the little store, movies, Hygiene, and Davidson, who do not know or care whether it was Austria or Yugoslavia that last fell to the Nazi onslaught. Yes, we live in a sheltered life at Saint Mary's, and it is hard to believe that such death-dealing events are happening across that wide expanse of water. National Politics as well as the Battle of Britain require daily knowledge. This war is striking home. *Don't be ignorant!*

## CLOUDS OF DUST

Have you seen flurries of dust from hidden cracks? Clean-up week, instigated by the Legislative Body, has begun at Saint Mary's, to give the hall with the most industrious workers a supper party at the hut! A word of praise to the individuals who began the week by cleaning up with fervor. A word of sympathy to the individuals who suffered from hay fever when the clouds of dust were flying. Each board in the floor is minus all stains except those left by our predecessors. Each article on the dresser is precisely in place. (Pity those gals who "economically" share one bureau.) Shoes are lined up straight as soldiers on closet floors. Neatness! That coveted habit has descended upon us. Keep up the good work! Only two more days for the habit to take root.

## THE DEATH OF SIDNEY

Sidney, the Snake, encountered death last Monday on the covered passageway leading to the library. Sidney couldn't have been old. In fact, he must have been very, very young, for he deliberately seated himself right in the pathway to destruction.

What his goal was will never be known. It's hardly probable that he wanted to venture into the terrible realm of library lessons, or even to glide into the Junior's gay Parisian "sidewalk cafe" in the gym. At any rate, he posed his slender figure in a very conspicuous place and calmly proceeded to build snake castles in the air. But as fate would have it, Sidney's hopes and joys for the future were lost forever. Two brave "farmers" from State, dressed in red shirts and overalls, and carrying hoes in their hands, advanced too near for Sidney's happiness.

One must not think for a moment that Sidney was lacking in courage. Having resolved not to be snooty, he tried his best to convince the "farmers" that he was their brother in disguise, but the boys resented his attempts at friendship. Not to be outdone, Sidney then threw off his friendly outer skin and began a skillful fight for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Undoubtedly he would have outwitted the "statesmen" if size had not put him at such a disadvantage. But as it was, the mighty forces rolled along, and the tragedy was completed.

Had Sidney lived, he might have become a beloved member of our school. He might have glided into the little store every afternoon for a coke. He might have grown to love the thick green carpet of grass and the sheltering oaks of the campus. He might have become friends with the robins and bluebirds that sing from among the clusters of wisteria. He might have climbed the ivy-covered walls, and in his beady eyes there might have glowed the light of love. But Sidney died.

## OUR BELLES

MARY FRANCES WILSON

Age—17.  
Height—5 ft. 4 in.  
Hair and eyes—blonde and blue.  
Home—Charlottesville, Virginia.  
Pet hate—boredom, mobs, hypocrisy.  
Odd likes—onions, perfume bottles.  
Ambition—to have an ambition.  
Is wild about—thunderstorms, modern art, pointless jokes.  
Is looking for—a school that won't turn me down.  
Spends spare time—extravagantly.  
Favorite book—*Tale of Two Cities* (with Ronald Colman).  
Favorite music—South American.  
Favorite color—green.  
Worst fault—spring fever the year 'round.

Past master at the art of making impossible assertions and arguing Mr. Moore down about them, Mary Frances is Saint Mary's biggest contradiction. You never can tell what she is thinking: you usually decide that she isn't, until all of a sudden you open a *Belles* or a *Bulletin* and see that our wide-eyed child has won the 1940 short story prize and the 1941 poetry contest. She never hesitates to express an opinion, and she will back it up through a whole hour of English N . . . which, gentle reader, is no small feat. Besides this, Mary Frances is a Sigma Lambda, a member of the Publications Staff, the Granddaughters' Club, the Dramatic Club, and the Altar Guild.

## MARY WHITE

Age—18.  
Hair and eyes—brown and hazel.  
Home—Edenton, N. C.  
Height—5 ft. 2½ in.  
Pet hate—"Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" and my middle name.  
Odd likes—noisy people, Marx Brothers, frankness.  
Ambition—to have a convertible, three sons, and two dogs.  
Is wild about—these spring nights (darn it!).  
Is looking for—a quick way to make a million.  
Worst fault—hasty criticism and indifference.  
Favorite food—celery and peanut butter.  
Favorite music—The Nutcracker Suite and the Woodchopper's Ball.  
Spends spare time—putting up mail.  
Having now achieved the exclusive distinction of being the only Mary White in school, Mary recalls with a shudder her "Mary D. White" days, and threatens to kill the first person who calls her Doyle. It only took the school a year to grow accustomed to her accent and to decide that her sense of humor and her talent for snappy comebacks were not only delightful but positively uncanny. Mary has the happy faculty of being able to see practically everything from a humorous point of view, and the few things that just aren't funny, she accepts with resignation. She is one of the few people who does not prove her popularity by intangibles, for she is a dance marshal, an E. A. P., and a member of the Choir, the Altar Guild, and the Dance Club.

## "... And All That!"

As wave after wave of German planes flew over England last week, London received the worst bombing of the war. Losses in life and property were high. Berlin said the raid was in retaliation for severe R. A. F. raids on Berlin. But the heavy raids over England are only a part of the dark news for the democracies.

In the Balkans the Yugoslavs have been reduced to guerilla fighting with ill-equipped forces. British and Greek lines, though reported unbroken, have been pushed back. Salonika was taken, and Germany claims that all Thrace has fallen, too.

In Libya, German troops in ten days have retaken the territory that the British conquered in eight weeks. The Suez Canal is again threatened by the enemy. These advances, together with the fall of Salonika, have shaken British control of the Eastern Mediterranean.

British shipping losses have mounted. The seriousness of these losses cannot be underrated, for if England is to survive, she must have food and supplies.

In the United States, "the arsenal of the democracies," strikes are delaying work on national defense and foreign war orders. Several strikes have been settled, but others, including the serious strike of the soft coal miners, continue. Official government requests and attempts at mediation have brought little action. Public opinion is swinging against strikes and a bill is to be brought before Congress limiting the privilege of striking. But strikes continue and defense is delayed.

From the Far East comes the announcement of a pact between Russia and Japan. This will free Japan's hands in case she decides to make a drive southward toward the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. In Iraq, important for its oil fields, a change of government has put a pro-Nazi regime in power.

The British Navy is spread very thinly over the oceans and seas. It must do convoy service and keep the lifelines of the Empire open. It must back up the armies in Africa and on the Balkan front. It must protect the British Isles from invasion. The question is: How long can the British navy continue its control and will the United States give the necessary aid in time?

In this dark picture there are a few bright spots. In East Africa, British troops have conquered Ethiopia and the other Italian possessions. The Red Sea has been opened to American ships. The United States has received the right to establish a base on Greenland. British warships are being repaired in American shipyards.

But the situation is extremely serious. Not only the fate of England and her Empire, but of democracies, the United States, and every Saint Mary's girl is hanging in the balance.