

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Editor . . . . . MARY-GENE KELLY  
Exchange Editor . . OLIVIA ANNE SMITH  
Faculty Adviser . . . C. A. P. MOORE

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1939 Member 1940

Associated Collegiate Press

N. C. Collegiate Press Association

## DO YOU KNOW?

There is a hospital in Raleigh, Saint Agnes Hospital, where new babies come into a world that doesn't want them and can't prepare for them. Saint Agnes even has to furnish clothing for its babies to wear to their poverty-stricken homes.

Yes, behind all the conspicuous fineness of Raleigh there is one quiet charity hospital for Negroes which is doing a work so fine and so big that it made the girls from Saint Mary's who saw it Monday want to roll up their sleeves and help relieve a few of the needs of its workers.

Let us tell you a little of what we saw on our tour of inspection. Of course, like most girls, we wanted to see the "new babies"; so the Superintendent, Miss Feider, conducted us to the second floor of the dingy old building.

A tiny, tiny baby lay in an outmoded incubator. It was not an enclosed steel incubator, but merely a crib with a heating system underneath. Blankets rose in a mound on top of the baby, and a gauze covering lay over the entire crib. He weighs three pounds and is wrapped in cotton. His parents probably didn't want the child, for many, many children born here are not wanted. Now that he is here and will need careful, expert care for weeks, what are his immediate prospects? His mother had no money for an elaborate layette. In fact, the baby won't have a single bit of clothing of his own when he is ready to leave the hospital.

What does the hospital do in cases like this? Why, it furnishes clothing for the child out of its own small supply. That supply of baby clothes depends on the generosity of women and girls who make them in their spare time.

Miss Feider will tell us more about "her babies" at the Y. P. S. L. meeting this Sunday night.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[EDITOR'S NOTE: All Letters to the Editor must be signed.]

September 29, 1941.

DEAR EDITOR:

I've heard several girls say, and I agree with them, that they didn't think it would be such a practical idea to have our own "little store" on campus, for we like to go off campus once in a while. But why not install one of those nickel Coca-Cola machines? I have inquired about this and found that the school would get a grand profit of twenty-five cents per case of cokes, which could be used for the many things that we need around here.

I have heard many girls say they would like to have one, and I think it would be wonderful if we could work this out.

BETTY THOMPSON.

P.S.—When the date room is completed, it would be especially nice to have the cooler in there. That would also provide a place to sit while drinking your coke; then the girls wouldn't carry the bottles all over the school.

## OUR BELLES

CAROL COBB

Home—Chapel Hill.

Age—18.

Hair and eyes—rolled up and green.

Ambition—to dissect an amoeba.

Pet hate—apple cores in waste baskets.

Spends spare time—waiting to see Mr. Moore.

Is wild about—Dan.

Worst fault—wasting time.

Hobby—horse.

Always seen—smiling.

Favorite expression—Oh, dingle!

Favorite article of clothing—toeless pumps.

Is looking forward to—next Saturday night.

Odd likes—short blonds with straight hair.

Bushels of smiles, pecks of even temper, quarts of friendliness, pints of thoughtfulness, a spoonful of spice, and just a dash of old-fashionedness—that's Carol. The perky bow in her short blond hair seems to be all over the campus at the same time, bending over a book, hurrying to the library, leaning over a hand of bridge, or dashing to see Mr. Moore about the annual. But no matter what she's doing, she is never too busy to smile and speak.

Carol is editor of the *Stage Coach* and belongs to the Circle, Political Science Club, Dramatic Club, Altar Guild, and the Granddaughters' Club.

## MARY-GENE KELLY

Home—Ottawa, Kansas.

Age—19.

Hair and eyes—wet (when interviewed) and blue.

Ambition—to go down town three times a week just once.

Pet hate—"Washing my hair and sour apples."

Spends spare time—sleeping.

Is wild about—sleeping.

Worst fault—being a keptomaniac.

Hobby—sleeping.

Always seen—sleeping.

Favorite expression—"I'm so sleepy."

Favorite article of clothing—pink socks.

Is looking for—more time to sleep!

Odd likes—woolly bathrobes, ripe olives.

"Buzz-buzz" went the hair drier (yawn) as Mary-Gene (yawn) lazily pushed it over her (yawn) very wet hair which she hates (yawn) to wash. Besides sleeping, which is really her chief occupation, Miss Kelly spends her energy in "borrowing" all the precious possessions of her neighbors across the hall and fighting everybody. After expending all of her energy, she goes back to bed.

Mary-Gene is editor of *The Belles*, president of the Circle, a member of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, the Deutscher Verein, and the Altar Guild.

## KATHRYN (JONNY) NORMAN

Home—Raleigh, North Carolina.

Age—19.

Hair and eyes—brown.

Ambition—to win an argument with Mr. Moore.

Pet hate—alarm clocks.

Spends spare time—writing to Johnny.

Is wild about—wading (practically anywhere).

Worst fault—PROCRASTINATION, late to Sunday School.

Hobby—collecting teddy bears.

Always seen—loping along with glasses on top of head.

Favorite expression—Raucous!

Favorite article of clothing—"My specs."

Favorite piece of music—Wagner—all of him.

Is looking for—"I'm not looking for anything."

Odd likes—revolving doors, going barefooted, tomatoes—oh, lovely, lovely tomatoes, and Japanese chestnuts—American ones are no good.

"Now, Norton," to serious Jonny who has her glasses perched on top of her head, "you must get the THOUGHT behind the line." Five minutes later "Norton" bravely faces the notorious English professor who is gradually "warping her personality." Aside from the horrible fact that she is always late to Sunday School (which is next door), "she makes our sad hearts jump with joy, and when she's near we just can't keep still a minute—Oh, Jonny." Jonny is the editor of the *Bulletin*, president of the Dramatic Club, a member of the Circle, and the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

## NEGRO CONTRALTO TO PRESENT CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

her audiences so that they feel it almost a sacrilege to applaud.

Toscanini's remark about her is famous: "What I have heard today is not heard once in a hundred years," or as Jean Sibelius said to her, "The roof of my house is too low for you."

Marian Anderson is a great singer—and a great soul.

## "... And All That!"

TO THE READERS:

If you ask an inhabitant of Holt what she thinks of the progress of the war, she will probably reply, "Oh, somebody told me that Achilles comes in the nick of time, and the Greeks beat the Trojans." But in spite of the high walls of education that seem to excuse most of us from having a clearer recognition of the struggle going on in distant China, Russia, the Near East, and in the Atlantic, that struggle concerns us deeply. Every shell that falls on Leningrad and every plane that falls over France has its effect on our lives. Perhaps we cannot feel the effect at this moment, and our studies, our friends, football games, and club activities seem more important. In the future, however, no matter who is victorious, we will see and feel the results of the present conflict.

It is only sensible to know what is going on and to be informed not only of events but also of their possible significance. It is only sensible to know something of the personalities in the news and the part they play in the scheme of things.

This column is limited in that it appears only twice a month, but the aim of *And All That* is to bring before the student body of Saint Mary's topics of current interest and endeavor to present a little background and, in a small way, interpret the events of world-wide importance. The columnist relies heavily on the material published in various newspapers, magazines and other columns. The success of *And All That* is measured by the aid and understanding it gives its readers.

## The Battle of the Carolinas

War is raging in the Carolinas. Fighting is going on in a 14,000-square-mile territory covering 16 counties in the two states. Infantry, artillery, armored forces, and air corps units have been thrown into combat. The Eighth Division's "Red Army" moving up from the south, and the "Blue Army" of the Thirtieth and Ninth Divisions clashed along a front in Chester and Fairfield Counties, South Carolina. A communique states that the Red Army has advanced one and a half miles against the Blues. Both sides report many prisoners and equipment taken. This phase of the battle is merely the prelude to fighting that will cover more territory and involve more equipment and men. By November, 400,000 to 600,000 troops will be engaged in the conflict.

But happily for us, the war will be waged according to strict rules. Civilian life will go on very much as usual, and almost 600 military police have been brought in to keep order and prevent as many accidents as possible. There will be none of the ruthless bombing of open cities and strafing of farmers in the fields that has characterized the European war and especially the German army's tactics.

The Battle of the Carolinas will be First Army Corps maneuvers under Major General Chas. F. Thompson.