

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Editor . . . MARY BROOKS POPKINS
 Managing Editors . . . BETTY LOU BRITT
 SALLY SANBORN
 Exchange Editors . . . LIB HACKNEY
 MEG STONE
 Faculty Adviser . . . C. A. P. MOORE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Betty Bassett	Clara Leigh Kemper
Lillian Bellamy	Katherine Legg
Adelaide Butler	Betsy Long
Marian Castellow	Hannah Lyon
Peggy Cates	Frenchie McCann
Betty Clark	Frances McDavid
Mary Coons	Sallie McKinley
Charlotte Crawford	Mary Louise Martin
Martha Crook	Nancy Norton
Rebecca Drane	Jeanette Parker
Betty Edwards	Betty Pender
Essie Bryce Evans	Dardie Quinerly
Pat Gwyn	Margaret Rodwell
Virginia Hart	Sara Stockton
Pat Hassler	Mary Louise
Lillian Jenkins	Thomson
Alice Kain	Patty Weaver
Martha Kinsey	Alma Young

Member

Associated Collegiate Press
 N. C. Collegiate Press Association

FEMININE FITNESS TOO

Over the radio, in magazines and papers, and at the movie theaters we constantly hear about a person's patriotic duty to "keep fit." Housewives are advised how to prepare well-balanced, appetizing meals for their families. Workers in war factories are impressed with the necessity of giving their bodies enough sleep. Middle-aged business men are urged to get out and walk to work.

In spite of the fact that the English-speaking nations have the highest standard of living in the world, they are not extraordinarily healthy. The number of deferred draftees has made that fact quite obvious. The Germans like to think that America's luxuries have made her people "soft."

Undoubtedly we Americans are spoiled, but we are not "soft" as the Germans would have it. We are rather indolent and careless of our health. The government realizes this and is, therefore, with the aid of industry, putting on a great advertising campaign for "Keeping Fit." They realize that our bodies must be hardened and strengthened if we are to go through the perils and want and self-sacrifice that winning this war will demand.

Here at Saint Mary's we have an excellent opportunity to keep ourselves healthy. Our meals are well-balanced and nutritious, provision is made for the adequate number of sleeping hours, and there is an excellent physical education program.

Most of us do not get the full benefit from these opportunities. We eat unwisely between meals and take all too little exercise. Buying fruit to keep in our rooms is far more advisable than pecan pie at the Toddle House; walking downtown and back some sunny afternoon is much better than crowding onto a stuffy bus. Going out for volleyball is superior to seeing "Casablanca" for

the second time. Playing tennis or taking a sun bath and getting a little pre-summer suntan or even practicing up on our swimming strokes in the pool is much to be preferred to wasting the afternoon doing nothing.

There are numerous golden opportunities for healthful recreation that the majority of us are ignoring in preference to the easier, "softer" ones.

The time has come when we must harden ourselves mentally and physically, else we lose the right to our way of life.

BELLES

ESSIE BRYCE EVANS

Home—'Tween Raleigh and Richmond, Virginia.

Age—19.

Hair 'n' eyes—brown and browner.

Ambition—"My first pay check" (real ambition!).

Pet hate—things that go bang.

Spends spare time—changing her room around.

Always heard—"What next?"

Always seen—library-bound.

Hobby—collecting postal cards.

Favorite expression—"Really!"

Favorite article of clothing—cotton dresses.

Favorite perfume—Bond Street.

Favorite food—fried chicken.

Favorite song—"Who?"

Is wild about—old white moccasins.

Is looking forward to—the good ol' summertime.

Odd likes—little Virginia towns.

Worst fault—"Making Mary clean up," says Mary.

Essie Bryce holds offices in several organizations: secretary of the Dramatic Club, secretary of the Altar Guild, treasurer of the Political Science Club, vice-president of her hall, and member of the Constitution Committee. It's amazing what one girl can do! To top it off she takes everything efficiently in her stride. Everyone knows, admires, and likes her tremendously.

MARGARET ANDREWS OSBORNE

Home—Welch, West Virginia.

Age—20.

Hair 'n' eyes—just soft brown.

Ambition—to graduate.

Pet hate—things in a mess.

Spends spare time—writing letters.

Always heard—"Now, Virginia."

Always seen—marching!

Hobby—keeping a scrap book.

Favorite expression—"How 'bout that?"

Favorite article of clothing—evening dresses.

Favorite perfume—Blue Grass.

Favorite food—strawberry shortcake.

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

Is wild about—Jimmy.

Is looking forward to—June 7th.

Odd likes—onions and West Virginia.

Worst fault—eating too much.

"Well, now, I'm just going to tell you . . ." and before she can keep that serious expression a minute

Peggy breaks into a smile, practically angelic. Here's one girl who's just never unhappy, upset, or worried. She must have a wonderful philosophy of life because she seems bent on making others happy. As a member of Political Science Club, Orchestra, Altar Guild, and Glee Club she finds plenty to do. Get her to talk about Jimmy, those beautiful West Virginia hills, or graduation, and she'll practically burst into song.

VALERIA VIRGINIA OLIVE

Home—Lexington.

Age—19.

Hair 'n' eyes—brown and blue.

Ambition—to graduate.

Pet hate—over-silly people.

Spends spare time—wasting and enjoying it.

Always heard—"C'mon, Peggy."

Always seen—marching!

Hobby—reading the "Disgrace."

Favorite expression—"Daisy!"

Favorite article of clothing—suits.

Favorite perfume—Houbigant's

Presence.

Favorite food—onion sandwiches.

Favorite songs—"Night and Day" and "It Can't Be Wrong."

Is wild about—that "cute, stupe Peggy."

Is looking forward to—a long, lazy summer.

Odd likes—blow-gum.

Worst fault—stubbornness!

Typically Virginia, always full of fun and jokes, she vows she has the most fun of any Belle. With no responsibility and lots of gaiety she flits through school, finding time somehow to get her lessons, go to town, join the Altar Guild, Political Science Club, and be a dependable worker. "Now, Daisy," and she's off again.

HELEN CRUIKSHANK RILEY

Home—Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

Age—18.

Hair 'n' eyes—brown and blue (plus very long lashes).

Ambition—to get out of school.

Pet hate—ice cream.

Spends spare time—studying.

Always heard—never.

Always seen—going to town.

Hobby—horseback riding.

Favorite expression—"Oh, hurry up."

Favorite article of clothing—striped pajamas.

Favorite perfume—Channel No. 5.

Favorite foods—steak and French fries.

Favorite song—"The Doors Swing In, the Doors Swing Out."

Is wild about—school.

Is looking forward to—Christmas.

Odd likes—teachers.

Worst fault—frowning.

As for very dry wit, a priceless sense of humor, and one of Holt's best Seniors, here's Helen. She can always make one enjoy living . . . simply by talking. In her quiet, seemingly serious-minded manner she goes her own way looking immaculate in smart, tailored clothes. Probably a very efficient Secretary of the Doctors' Daughters' Club, she also belongs to the Altar Guild and Political Science Club. A typical Army brat, she's more than worldly-wise and dying to settle down at home next year . . . and keep house. She is tops when it comes to sincerity.

PENDER LOOKS AT THE NEWS

Field Marshal Rommel, who nine months ago had the laurels of Alexander the Great almost in his grasp as his Afrika Korps thrust to the gates of Egypt, is fighting desperately to stop the Allied armies from destroying his forces in Tunisia and driving him across the sea back into Europe. Rommel's evacuation from North Africa would win two of the greatest goals in the global strategy of the United Nations: a European invasion through France, Italy, or the Balkans, and the opening of the Mediterranean to Allied shipping, which must now travel around Africa to reach India and the Middle East. To forestall this, it is evident, from the reinforcements of men and munitions arriving daily from Italy and the strong forces at his command, that Rommel is planning a stiff battle, and, Allied commanders warn, a long siege, before relinquishing the Axis Tunisian bridgehead. One thing is certain—to both sides the end appears near.

R.A.F. bombers and American Flying Fortresses continue to raid relentlessly Hitler's Fortress Europe. From Munich to Berlin, from northern Italy to Copenhagen, the file of R.A.F. aerial photographs show proof of devastation. French and German industrial centers are not being spared. The Allied High Command is convinced the toll the bombers are taking is worth the cost.

Both the Nazi drives on the Donets line and the Soviet drive toward Smolensk, key base of the Russian central front, have been slowed considerably by the mud

and melting snows of spring. The problem of logistics for the Russians and Germans will have to solve before any decisive blow can be dealt. However, during this lull, both the Red Army and the Wehemaacht have the opportunity to mass reserves for crucial future battles. The extent of these preparations now may determine the outcome of events in Eastern Europe next summer. In the South the fighting is intense. The Soviet capture of Temrynk on the Sea of Azov is being followed up by an attempt to encircle the Black Sea base of Novorossisk, whose eastern gates are already being attacked by a sector of the Red Army.

From bases in Australia, New Guinea, and the Solomons, American and Australian bombers are hammering Japanese bases along the fringe of the ocean empire conquered last year and the convoys linking them. In the air, American pilots are shooting down seven Japanese planes to every one they lose. On the ground in New Guinea, American troops battle through jungles to catch up with an enemy fading before them. Near the Aleutians, American and Japanese warships are skirmishing, and our bombers have been punishing Attu and Kiska mercilessly.

The advancing British Eighth Army is nearing a junction with an American column in the area between Mezzouna and Graiba, more than 50 miles north of Gabes. Anderson's First Army in the Medjez-el-Bab region has reached a point only 27 airline miles from (See P. 3)