

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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

Entered as Second Class Matter December 7, 1944, at Post Office, Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription.....\$1.00 a Year

Editor.....BERTA ALLEN RUSS
Associate Editors.....SYLVIA NEWSON
ELIZABETH KENT
News Editor.....FRANKIE ALLEN
Feature Editor.....MARTHA NASH
Exchange Editor.....EVELYN OETTINGER
Circulation Manager.....STELLA COBBS
Faculty Adviser.....C. A. P. MOORE

STAFF

Caroline Cobey, Cynthia Davis, Martha deHart, Elizabeth Everage, Susan Friday, Heilig Harney, Mary Ann Hartzog, Mimi Lynch, Mary Jane McDowell, Virginia Mowery, Julie Nolan, Betty Ray, Mary Ann Rose, Tonia Rowe, Eunice Saunders, Mickie Shannon, Allein White, Alice Wilson, Barbara Wooten, Eliza Chipley, Alice May, Cecile Bickett, Barbara Clark, Shirley Crenshaw, Jean Lang, Ann McKenzie.

MEMBER OF
N. C. C. P. A.

DOES YOU B' LIEVE IN SANTIE CLAWS?

Which one ob you chillun did Ah hear say dat dere warn't no Santie Claws? Was dat you, Miz Liza? Why lawsy, Missy, Ah'm ashamed ob you. You jest listen to your ole Uncle Mose; dere's a Santie Claws jest as sho as Ah'm standin' here atalkin' to you, and Ah'm gonna tell you jest who he am.

Ah kin tell by de way you is talkin' dat you bin list'nin' to dem smart-alecky younguns who uses dere moufs more dan dey uses dere haids. Ef dey was as smart as dey thinks dey is, why dey would hab kept dere moufs shet, an' not let dere Ma an' Pa know dat dey warn't gonna set by dat chimley an' wait fer dat good man to cum a-zoomin' down.

Santie Claws? Yes, ma'm, dere's a Santie Claws! Mebbe he ain't jest lak dem pitchers show, but he am here; yes, ma'm, he am here. Who all does you think watches out fer you all through de year, an' makes you mind your Ma and Pa, an' makes you be a good girl? Now Ah ain't sayin' dat you is bin a extrie good girl, 'cause you is had your share ob de spankin's dis year; all little chillun gotta have some spankin's, though, 'cause dat's how dey grow: dere Ma an' Pa has to spank dem so dere skin will stretch an' dey kin grow. No, ma'm, you ain't bin no bad girl; dat's why Ah think you kin understand what Ah'm tryin' to tell you about dis here man named Santie Claws.

Miz Liza, Ah thinks dat Santie Claws is our own Lord Jesus. Now de Holy Bible don't say dat; Ah says dat. Course de people who wrote de Good Book didn't know 'bout de place called de North Pole, so dey couldn't ver' well think up a story 'bout de man comin' out ob de snow. But we made up de story so all de little chillun could understand why de day ob de Little Lord Jesus' birth should be a happy day. Dey couldn't see why de Little Jesus

OUR GIVING MEANS LIVING

Looks as though Christmas is just around the corner. Already, girls have started returning from town with armloads of colorfully wrapped packages. Everyone is groaning about how broke they are, or how broke they are going to be after they buy that special present for that certain someone. "And that little jeweled pin at Taylor's is just the thing for my roommate."

All of this is natural; we enjoy giving nice presents to people that we like. We are very generous in our gifts to them, but do we stop to think of the people who are so dependent on our generosity at Christmas? Are we truly generous in our gifts to those unfortunate people afflicted with tuberculosis whose cure depends largely upon our purchase of Christmas seals?

The tuberculosis seals have been on sale in the book store for several days and will be on sale until school closes for the holidays. The people who are aided by the sale of Christmas Seals are people dependent on our generosity. What better Christmas present could we give them than recovery from this menacing disease?

made folks so happy when He came, 'cause dey's too young, but dey can sho understand de reason for being good an' de reason fer being happy when dey sees dere stockings jest cram full ob good things on Christmas mawnin'. Yes, ma'm, dey kin see dat, an' dat's why dey tries so hard to be good—specially de few weeks befo' Christmas. Later on dey's gwine learn mo' 'bout what Christmas really means, lak you is done.

Yes, ma'm, Santie Claws ain't nobody but de Lord hisself, all dressed up in dat red suit to make de little chillun happy. You can't see Him lak dat 'cause you is old enuff to know de Lord lak He is, but dat don't mean dat you don't believe in Him, do it?

Now look here, Miz Liza, you believe in Santie Claws jest lak you allus has, only now you kin understand Him, an' don't you never let me ketch you sayin' agin dat dere ain't no Santie Claws!

Belles of Saint Mary's

KATHRYN HOLMES

Home—Washington, D. C.
Age—18.
Hair 'n' eyes—Brown 'n blue.
Pet hate—studying.
Always heard—"Did I get any mail?"
Always seen—Playing bridge.
Hobby—"Party-ing."
Favorite food—Napoleons.
Favorite song—Some Enchanted Evening.
Favorite perfume—"MaGriffe"
Odd likes—Follies Bergère.
Looking forward to—Paris.
Pet passion—Joe.
Ambition—To grow successful squash.
Wild about—dark blue cashmere.
Offices: Sigma Pi Alpha; YWCA; Mu.
Remarks: Dry-wit; entertaining; cosmopolitan.

BROOKIE CRAFT

Home—Wadesboro.
Age—19.
Hair 'n' eyes—Brown.
Pet hate—"I. C. C."
Always heard—"Uh!"
Always seen—taking bath.
Hobby—Chewing gum in public.
Favorite food—biscuit tortoni.
Favorite song—Begin The Beguine.
Favorite perfume—"Nostalgia."
Odd likes—Loco. and G. A.
Looking forward to — summer reading test.
Pet passion—Movies
Ambition—to take merchandising.
Wild about—Cigarette cases.
Offices — Granddaughters Club;

Saint Mary's Fads Fifty Years Ago Seem Odd To 49-50 Students

Saint Mary's, in the earlier part of the century, was unbelievably different from what it is today. At that time the typical Saint Mary's girl was looked upon as the epitome of religious, modest, charming womanhood, although she fell far behind the average American woman in political and economical education. They considered their college sisters, who attended Vassar and Smith and were fighting for woman's rights, just a little too radical and out of keeping with their sex.

In this period, from 1900 to 1915, some enlargements were made on the school building which later were to prove indispensable. East and West Wings, Smedes front porch, and the building which houses the gym and dining room, Clement Hall, were built in 1900.

Saint Mary's acquired a new minister in 1909, Reverend Mr. George William Lay, who forwarded the school both spiritually and scholastically during his administration.

The session of 1900-01 brought forth four social organizations at Saint Mary's: Alpha Kappa Psi, in 1901, and Gamma Beta Sigma, Upsilon Delta, and Phi Delta in 1902. They remained for a while, but most of them were banished later by Mr. Lay.

Just as we hum our favorite tunes up and down the halls, so did the girls of 1901 have their personal tastes in the popular tunes of the day such as *Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes* and *Hello,*

Central, Give Me Heaven. Pieces such as *Under the Bamboo Tree, Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep,* and *In the Good Old Summer Time* furnished a better portion of the music for dancing, and the girls of 1901 would probably have been shocked to see exhibitions of our modern jitterbuggin' or shaggin'.

The feminine costume of that day seems hideous in comparison to our own "modish" styles, for it was quite the vogue to pinch waists into wasp-like dimensions, pull belts down low in the front, and wear blouses full and loose in a most markedly manner. The hair styles diverted from the modern feather-cuts of today to the higher, fuller pompadours on which one magazine of the day commented, "She's taken a fancy to wear her hair, in a sort of sky-scraper affair."

In 1912, even as today, the girls had their distinctive fads such as wearing "boudoir-caps," pinning pictures of the bathing beauty of the year, *September Morn*, on their walls, and reading risqué novels such as Elinor Glynn's *Three Weeks*. Slang was also popular in those days, and it was no surprise to hear a girl suddenly utter, "Ain't it awful, Mabel," or "Goodnight, Nurse!"

Such were the peculiarities of school life at Saint Mary's in the early nineteen hundreds. The girls of those days may have differed in the details of school life from the girls of our present-day regime, but ancient as their life seems, they were still Saint Mary's girls!

Sophomore Suzie

Dear Sally,

You may think that Christmas isn't coming, but it is. It has just taken 365 days for it to get here. Most of those days are gone and I am beginning to get worried about the seniors. They are all in "hell" and how can they get the Christmas spirit there? Do you know of anything that we underclassmen can do to get them out? Poor little *Anne Cahoon* is in the last circle

next to Satan. I guess we had better pass the hat around for her.

I wonder what Santa is going to bring the seniors. I should think that *Betsy Brown* and *Binny Chew* would like electric elevators considering where they live. *Sara Anne Procter* should get some paper dolls—she's just the type. What I would evermore love to see would be *Olivia Lynch* with an electric train. She could ride around then and tell all of us to be quiet. She has to come so much that I am afraid that she will wear out before the end of the year. There is no telling what Santa might do—he might even give all the seniors "A" on English.

There is one thing that I can't wait to see and that is the seniors walking around singing to us the day we go home; I hope that it is freezing. They do get one advantage, though; they can come to breakfast with their pajamas on. If I could only do that!

Well I had better go work some so that I can go home.

Merry Christmas,
Susie

Psychology: The science that tells you what you already know, in words you can't understand.—*Reader's Digest*.

* * *
Fanatic: onewho can't change his opinion and won't change the subject.—*Reader's Digest*.