

## WELCOME Mrs. Stamey!

The dramatics department of St. Mary's is most fortunate to have Mrs. Nancy Stamey as its director. Mrs. Stamey was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and attended Columbia College of speech and dramatics in Chicago. After graduating, she taught dramatics at Sherwood school for children. Mrs. Stamey started her teaching career in Wisconsin, and from there she went to Georgia, North Carolina, and Houston, Texas.

In Houston Mrs. Stamey was an active member of the Houston Little Theater's studio of speech and dramatics. There she was a personal friend of the late Margo Jones, who was just starting her dramatic career also (Margo Jones progressed from director of the Community Players to Broadway where she directed Ingrid Bergman in her part in *Joan of Lorraine*. Before she died she had a theater in Dallas.) Mrs. Stamey has met many other famous stars of screen and stage.

Mrs. Stamey has attended many drama workshops in the following colleges and universities: Hunter College in New York, Adephe' College in Long Island, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Minnesota, the University of Utah, and Michigan State College. She has had three seasons of professional stage experience playing on college campuses throughout the Midwest. The summer before last she taught acting to the Junior playmakers at the University of North Carolina and at the same time took courses in directing.

Mrs. Stamey has distinguished herself in her work with children's acting groups. She has been a professional story teller and director of children's pageants. She has also served as the children's theater director for nine years in Raleigh. During this time twenty-five major children's programs were produced and the work was written-up in five national magazines. One time four hundred children tried out for the part of Heide. Mrs. Stamey has assisted children's theater groups from Maine to California.

Mrs. Stamey is extremely active in the Raleigh Little Theater, where she is now in charge of casting. She played in the following plays: *Snafier, Years Ago, Two Blind Mice, The Philadelphia Story, Ring Round the Moon, and Harvey*. In the last play she won an Oscar as the best actress of the year in the part Veta Louise. She has just finished acting in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* as the leading lady, Laura Partridge. The role was created by Josephine Hull for Broadway.

Drama has always been in Mrs. Stamey's life. She joined the St. Mary's staff in September. She believes that the theater is in a healthy stage, especially on College and University campuses. The students have such clear wide awake interest in the many facets of the theater.

## L I F E At Saint Mary's

"With its customary decorum and conservatism, Saint Mary's had entered the twentieth century, which during its first half was to bring two world wars, the enfranchisement of American women and a revolution in their dress, the perfection of the automobile, the airplane, the radio, and the motion picture, the apotheosis of the gadget, and a highly accelerated tempo of life." The Confederate flag was "still memorialized in the school annual as the grandest flag that ever waved and paid tribute to the Negro mummies, former slaves, who had reared most of them and who with such admirable faithfulness and devotion after their emancipation had attached themselves to "their white-folks."

"Specializing in the education of daughters of the Southern Quality, Saint Mary's was permeated by the conventional atmosphere surrounding the southern women of the best class, in which she was regarded as primarily the charming, modest, religious home-maker. This was excellent for the development of character, but otherwise in education it left something to be desired. It was a viewpoint, long prevalent in the South, which had produced in this region a breed of women who probably were unsurpassed in charm, grace, personal purity, and moral rectitude by those of any other society in the world, but who in the advance of women in education, economic independence, and political interest lagged behind most of their sisters in the rest of the United States."

"That comparative backwardness, however, was of no real concern at Saint Mary's at the beginning of this century. The young ladies there in their billowing skirts and high-collared, tight-sleeved waists or in evening gowns of modest décolletage wished, properly enough, to be womanly above all else. From afar rumors had reached them of certain unsexed females who wanted the ballot and of still others who had attended those institutions of higher learning which aped the colleges for men, such as those established by Matthew Vassar on the Hudson River and by Sophia Smith in the valley of the Connecticut; but like their mothers, fathers, and brothers, most Saint Mary's girls of that period regarded these peculiar females with pitying scorn and something of horror as displeasing and pathetic anomalies of the gentler sex. In the minds of the majority it was hardly less reprehensible to wish to secure higher education that to be "fast" enough to smoke a cigarette."

This is an expert from the book *Life at Saint Mary's* this excerpt being written by the late Nell Battle Lewis.

Keeper of the castle to knight in shinning amor." Rosamund isn't here anymore  
She was devoured by a dragon"  
The new Yorker

The first man who went to the crusades was Robinson Crusoe.

## I Encountered A She-Monster

I came from the land of Lillwhiteput. I don't know how it all happened, but one morning I woke up and found myself no longer in Lillwhiteput but in a brick building of tremendous size with a white columned porch which had the foreign word Smedes on it. Yow, was I amazed!! The front door suddenly opened and there stood a she-monster twelve times my size. The girl didn't even notice me and I slipped under her feet thru the door. I was quite relieved to have escaped that danger and certainly did hope that I didn't encounter another she-monster like that again. I went into the huge room on the right and quickly jumped with fright. The walls were covered with he-monsters much bigger than the girl I had just encountered. Besides these men didn't move but just stared at me in a most vindictive manner. I ran from the room and up the first steps that I came to. I do believe it took me two hours to climb to the top of those stairs. When I finally did I walked into the first room I came to. I saw a large door at the end of the room so I wandered out the door. Never have I been so surprised at what I saw. Thirty of those she-monsters all stretched out as if they were dead. They were all dressed alike with blue bottoms and strange white tops. Strange noises were coming out of at least five different boxes sitting at various places. None of the she-monsters seemed to be paying any attention to these boxes, however, but just lay in one position with their eyes tightly closed. Some of them had black things on their eyes which made them look very odd. I decided the best thing would be for me to leave these red and brown corpses quickly. I wandered into another room where much activity seemed to be going on. Weird sounds which I guess you might call music was blaring from a box. Two she-monsters were holding hands in the middle of the floor and jerking each other back and forth. Many more she-monsters were sitting on the floor clapping their hands. Two jumping around in the middle of the room where making the funniest contortions of their bodies that I have ever seen. They were both half bent and looked so intent on what they were doing that I thought maybe they were in a trance until all of a sudden one let out a yell of strange words. "Go, go, go." I knew that I wouldn't fit in with this wild bunch so, fearing for my life, I slid down the banister until I came to the very bottom of the stairs. My eyes opened wide. I saw hundreds of she-monsters marching and yelling up and down the halls. All these she-monsters were carrying large square objects in their hands which I heard someone call books. I decided to follow them to see where they were going. We left Smedes building and went into another building called Cheshire. After we entered one room all the she-monsters went to a cabinet and

## T-DAYS

The week of March 10th has two entertaining assembly programs in store. On Tuesday, March 11th Becky Walters will introduce a cellist who will perform for the St. Mary's girls. Thursday, March 13, the students of Mrs. Hague will play various selections on the piano.

## Novel And Biography Are Added To Library

*The Edge of Darkness* by Mary Ellen Chase is a new novel. The story takes place on the coast of Maine and is concerned with a group of fishermen and their families. The story happened on the day that Sarah Holt, the center of the community, was buried. Sarah had lived long and well, and her life had a great effect on the people of the small fishing village. When she died the people saw their own lives in a new light and never again were they the same. The book has much humor, and its setting by the sea gives it the charm that only maritime stories have.

*The Gallant Mrs. Stonewall* by Harnett T. Kane is a biographical novel about Anna Jackson, wife of Stonewall Jackson. Because Anna was faced with much tragedy and sadness during her lifetime and because she met these difficulties gallantly, she is worthy to be called gallant. She stood loyally by her husband and in his times of triumph, she experienced a great fulfillment and happiness. The book is a love story full of faith and honor.

each got out a strange looking black object which I later found out to be called a microscope. They all started staring intently into these black things, so I decided to investigate the room. I bumped into a big round container. I carefully opened it and looked in. I nearly got sick when I saw hundreds of long worms almost as large as I. I ran as fast as I could back to Smedes again. When I got to the foot of the stairs, I noticed many small boxes with white things in them. She-monsters were all around the boxes just staring at them. Once every few minutes a she-monster would jump up when she saw a white thing and scream "He wrote me, he wrote me!" Then some of the other she-monsters would gather around her and hug her— all of them screaming at once. This was enough for me. I ran up the stairs and out the front door. As I was walking out the door I tripped and bumped my head. The next thing I knew I was back in Lillwhiteput. When I tried to tell my people about those huge she-monsters, no one would believe me. I'm beginning to think it was all a bad dream too.

Rags make paper  
Paper makes money  
Money makes banks  
Banks make loans  
Loans make beggars  
Beggars make rags.