

# The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

In this age of the bold and glittering, commercialized Christmas we seem to have gotten away from the utter simplicity and quiet beauty of that first Christmas. This year particularly, since we are at war and since Christmas festivities must be much less elaborate, we should try to gain from the Christmas season a deeper spiritual understanding and a closer contact with God. For God's purpose in that first Christmas was to send His only Son down to show us the way of the perfect life.

In a short Christmas story, "THE HOLY NIGHT" by Selma Lagerlof, all the simple beauty and joy of the first Christmas Eve is portrayed. Perhaps a shore resumé of the story will help us find the true Christmas spirit.

One Christmas a little girl and her grandmother, one too young and the other too old to go to church, were left at home alone. In order to overcome the child's sadness at not being allowed to go to church, the old grandmother told her a story.

Late one night a man went from house to house trying to borrow live coals to start a fire for his wife and new-born child. As it was late, people were asleep wherever he went. He wandered on into the night until he came upon a shepherd and a flock of sheep around a fire. Three dogs who had been asleep at the shepherd's feet leaped at him and tried to bark and bite him. But they could make no sound, and their teeth did not harm him. The man wished to go up to the fire, but the sheep were in his way. So he walked upon their backs; the sheep did not awaken or move. When the shepherd, cross and unfriendly, saw him coming, he threw his staff at the man, but the staff turned off to one side before it reached him. When he got to the fire, he asked the shepherd for some of his coals. The shepherd was afraid to say "no" after the strange happenings, although in his heart he did not want to help the man. In spite of the

fact that he had nothing to carry the fire in, the man picked up some of the burning coals in his hands, and the coals did not hurt him. Upon seeing all this, the cruel shepherd was dumbfounded. He began to wonder and ask questions. But the man replied that he could not answer him if he were unable to see for himself. The shepherd followed the man home, and saw the new-born baby lying in a grotto with no warm covering. Then something softened in the hard heart of the shepherd. He took out his soft sheep skin and gave it to the baby.

Immediately after this act of kindness, his vision cleared, and he was able to see and hear things he had not seen or heard before. He saw angels all around him, and heard them singing jubilantly of the birth of the Saviour who was born that night to free the world of sin. Then he understood why nothing evil could happen that night. He fell to his knees to thank God for opening his eyes.

The grandmother, after finishing her story, went on to explain to the child, saying: "What the shepherd saw, we might see also, for the angels fly down from heaven every Christmas Eve, if we could only see them. You must remember this, for it is as true, as true as that I see you and you see me. It is not revealed by the light of lamps or candles, and it does not depend upon sun and moon; but that which is needful is that we have such eyes as can see God's glory."

## BELLES

### MARJORIE SOAR

Home—Raleigh.  
 Age—18 (at last).  
 Hair 'n' eyes—blonde and blue (almost).  
 Ambition—to be five feet four.  
 Pet hate—Virgil.  
 Spends spare time—Are you kidding?  
 Always heard—"A monk there was, etc., etc."  
 Always seen—going to the library.  
 Hobby—trying new hairdos that never work.  
 Favorite expression—Too bad, you lose.  
 Favorite article of clothing—odd-looking flowers for her hair.  
 Favorite perfume—*Evening in Paris*.  
 Favorite food—anything fattening.  
 Favorite song—"Can't Get Out of This Mood."  
 Is wild about—Christmas vacations.  
 Is looking forward to—a diploma in June.  
 Odd likes—State College.  
 Worst fault—not worrying.

One of Saint Mary's most familiar and busiest scholars, Marjorie is President of the Day Students in this her second year at Saint Mary's. She is a member of the senior class, of E. A. P. Literary Society, and was recently elected Treasurer of the Circle. Marjorie is a favorite of the boarders.

### MARY ELIZABETH BASSETT

Home—Bassett, Virginia.  
 Age—18.  
 Hair 'n' eyes—dark brown.  
 Ambition—to grow tall.  
 Pet hate—being called "little Betty Bassett."

Spends spare time—reading *Good Housekeeping*.

Always heard—"Have you any campus notes?"

Always seen—getting campus notes. Hobby—saving cartoons.

Favorite expression—"Oh, youall."  
 Favorite article of clothing—her feather hat.

Favorite perfume—*Strawhat*.

Favorite food—French fried potatoes.

Favorite song—"White Christmas."  
 Is wild about—Moe.

Is looking forward to—June 6.

Odd likes—pointless jokes.

Worst fault—twisting hair.

In her fourth year at Saint Mary's Betty participates in nearly every school activity. She was recently elected President of the Political Science Club, and can always be seen getting material for her column, *Campus Notes*. She belongs to the Glee Club, Choir, Publications Staff, and Altar Guild. One of the senior favorites, Betty can be depended on to always do her best in her immaculate, earnest manner.

### JANE CARLTON EVANS

Home—Washington, D. C.

Age—19.

Hair 'n' eyes—light brown and green.

Ambition—to lead a completely novel existence.

Pet hate—children.

Spends spare time—fussing about how little spare time she has.

Always heard—"Hey, chief, what're doing with that rope?"

Always seen—looking for air-mail stationery.

Hobby—"Hobbies are so trite!"

Favorite expression—Yipe, that's wild.

Favorite articles of clothing—suits and shoes.

Favorite perfume—"Sorry, I don't use it."

Favorite food—carrots.

Favorite songs—T. Dorsey's "Song of India" and Shaw's "Begin the Beguine."

Is wild about—Bugs Bunny.

Odd likes—*that* rabbit.

Worst fault—hopping out of third floor Holt.

Yes, J. C. does sound a bit wild, but she has her share of responsibilities. As president of the Altar Guild, Jane has the job of seeing that the chapel is always in perfect order. Aside from this presidency she carries another, that of hall president. Between her "shhhh" and her many trips to the library, she finds time to take an active part in student government. She is a busy member of the Legislative Body, E. A. P. Literary Society, Orchesis, Hall Council, and Political Science Club.

## Three Days Left To Shop Here

About that Christmas shopping list—let's get started.

You'll need something extra-special for your man in the Service. Give him a small folding picture frame with two glamor poses of yourself included, or maybe a wallet with cellophane compartments for identification cards, as well as snapshots. Get them at Taylor's for about \$4.00.

If you have a younger sister who loves fuzzy things, you can find angora socks at Taylor's in many colors for only \$2.00. And for your record collecting friends a "Porgy and Bess" album will make them sing your praises forever. You'll find it and other records at Thiem's. The bridge fiends in your crowd will just love those small pencils of sterling silver or gold plate at Hudson-Belk's for only \$1.00. Also a double deck of playing cards is always welcome.

Now for that special one—your roommate! All types of jewelry can be found at Jolly's, any of which would please her. Those big Richard Hudnut compacts at Boon-Iseley's are scrumptious for evening affairs. Or surprise her with a natural leather wallet, good for innumerable purposes, and a matching cigarette case. Maybe a huge leather compact with her initials burned in it would suit her more. If she's a shorthand student, a fine pointed pen would be wonderful.

Mother would love a soft bed jacket for breakfast in bed or a good book, such as *See Here, Pet. Hargrove*, by Cpl. Marion Hargrove. A year's subscription to *Vogue* or *Life* is good, and the entire family will enjoy it. Speaking of magazines, a subscription to *The New Yorker* would give father a year's delight. As for brother, please him with a subscription to *Field and Stream* or *Reader's Digest*.

## LETTERS TO SANTA

DEAR SANTA,

I'd like to see a white Christmas . . . I'm from Georgia.

Thanks,

FRANCES RYLANDER.

\* \* \*

DEAR SANTA,

Please send us some help for our store because the Belles flock down here so much that two of us can't wait on them very well.

We are waiting,

CROMLEY-MELVIN.

\* \* \*

DEAR SANTA,

Please give me anything that looks like Alan Ladd.

Gratefully,

FANNIE COOPER.

\* \* \*

DEAR SUH,

Ah wants a elektrik cleaner of some sort to git mah wuk done in Wes Rock wifout puttin' foth all mah energy. Ah am

Yo' servant,

LUCY.

\* \* \*

DEAR SANTA,

Please bring Oswald the Rat a little brother 'cause he's lonesome in our room.

Lovingly,

MEG STONE and

SALLY SANBORN.

\* \* \*

DEAR SANTA,

Please give all the Seniors good grades on my *Divine Comedy*.

Time marches on,

DANTE.

\* \* \*

DEAR SANTA,

Please don't let all the teachers give us huge assignments over the holidays.

Pleadingly,

ALL THE BELLES.