

now, because he makes his home near Saint Mary's, and also anyone, any city, would be proud to be claimed by one we all call affectionately (and of course behind the backs of the faculty and more particularly of Mr. Guess)—Willie. Well, Willie, I mean Mr. Guess, graduated from Carolina and from Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

He served in the Navy during the war and was successively Professor of History at Trinity College in Texas and Baltimore City College. Since 1928 he has been at Saint Mary's teaching History, Economics, Sociology, and American Government. He is Treasurer of the Church and in charge of the marshals, being in that capacity entirely responsible for the grace and order of the execution of graduation exercises, as well as at auditorium and chapel functions. Mr. Guess greets returning students after holidays and his wonderful smile and his genuine good humor are great aids to easing the pain of returning to school. He is a host at all of our dances and sees to the general smooth-running of those affairs.

Believe-it-or-not, but Mr. Guess was at one time baseball coach and also instructor of tennis at Northeastern State Teachers College in Oklahoma. He is very fond of all kinds of athletics. He keeps up with all phases generally and himself plays tennis and golf. His hobby is his interest in athletics and also in politics from the standpoint of a political scientist, rather than as a very active participant. (He claims he is rather nonpartisan.) He likes a good game of bridge, and enjoys reading.

Mr. Guess has a pet aversion to people who chew cracked ice. Mr. Guess, we're warning you, don't ever visit the "Little Store" during the hours the students are there because those Coca-Cola drinking girls would give you the "Willies" (silly!). Movies are one of his many "Likes" along with riding through the country (except in the winter)—and music the semi-classics. He likes to travel and to see new and interesting places as well as to make contacts with interesting and well-known people. He is devoted to the students and likes his association with the faculty.

If given ways and means for new improvements at Saint Mary's, Mr. Guess would want a new library and the present building to be converted into new classrooms. He also recognizes the need for a paved walk and drive that would improve the appearance of the school, as well as remove the menace and discomfort of dust.

Every girl in school boasts the friendship of Mr. Guess. He is a friend and always has a cheery word for his acquaintances, as well as one of advice or encouragement to struggling students.

OUR BELLES

Wanted—

MARY CONNALLY AND FRANCIS REBECCA COXE,
alias "The Coxie Twins."

Total age—37.

Color—brown (eyes and hair).

Last sentence served in Asheville, N. C.

Francis is wanted for many desperate crimes. She is president of the Letter Club, vice president of the Sigmas, a member of the Dramatic Club, and she confiscated the first prize in the posture contest last year. Caution is necessary in effecting her capture. She has a dangerous temperament—skulks around doing things for other people, and will worm her way into your affec-

tions by an infectious smile and a grand sense of humor. She has an insidious desire to pass French, and becomes violent when Mary Connally is in danger.

No crime is too heinous for Mary Connally. She reveals her extraordinary criminal tendencies by taking a prominent part in the Dramatic Club, Letter Club, and Political Science Club. One of her favorite "hide-outs" is Brown's Place, better known as the library. Indications of her lawless nature are seen in her frequent remark, "There's no future in it," and her favorite song, "I'll See You Again." She influences helpless juniors by giving them professional advice on theme writing. Her vicious disposition is revealed in her qualifications for the ideal call—"A place where dere ain't no noise or jitterbugs; where dere's plenty of magazines to read and people to gab with; and with a separate bath to each cage."

No reward is too high for the capture, very much alive, of these valuable twins. Their friendship and companionship are invaluable assets to Saint Mary's.

TINKLES

Did I hear "Button Up Your Overcoat" the other day on the radio? Phew! I'm gonna get out my organdy dress, hat, and shoes. . . . That makes my cerebral organ remind me that there sure have been a lot of cute new spring outfits floating around this here campus. You know, I think Flossie Daniel's hat and Betty Brandt's shoes would both look some kind of nice on me. . . . Strike two up for Saint Mary's! There were two of our girls on the stage last week and just one Nelson Eddy. Yes sir ree bob tail! Mary Helen Rodman and Jane Harris. And did Jane get her money's worth? Just you ask her. As maybe I shoulda said did she get her ties' worth? And Gertrude Carter heard him that night for the second time in one week. . . . Step right up folks! The small fee of three brass safety pins will permit you to see the girl with the fine blisters. At least I don't guess they've gone yet. I'm sure I don't see how they could, they are simply tremendous. Who was it? Why, my dear, you mean to stand right smack bang in front of me and say you didn't notice Tootie Crow's new tomato complexion! Hm! Wonder if she got it to match that pretty spring coat of hers. . . . The time had come, I always said (with apologies to the walrus) to talk of many things. Meaning that the old order changeth, et cetera. The first old fogies to hobble aside are the marshals. Sad, isn't it? But I can't wait to see how that new ones'll do Easter. Right decent bunch of girls, aren't they? Well, Easter's the time to look pretty! Oh yes! Richie just reminded me that, in addition to what I have just stated as a cheerful platitude, Eastertime's the time for Eggs! and of course the time for Eggs is Eastertime. . . . Boil! (with rage, not heat this time). Do you know what I heard. A boy said that he could tell Saint Mary's girls because they are all so pleasingly plump! How's that for a nervy one! Let's all hate him real hard. . . . Kay seems pretty happy about everything. I think it's that trip to Danville over the holidays that you about Artie Shaw and all the trimmings at Washington, D. C. Then, while you're at it, take a peek at that anchor on her finger. Oh no, she says she doesn't mind its weighing her down so much. . . . And Mary Willis looks kinda hazy when you mention the past vacation—something about Princeton proms, so I hear.