

"Washington," which is worth more than a million dollars. We also saw the renowned Saint Michel's and Saint Phillip's Churches. We saw the restored Dock Street Theatre which was the first theatre in this country, and Pringle House, which was at one time America's finest residence. It is occupied by direct descendants of the original owners. After this we drove through the Citadel campus to see the college in daylight and also the College of Charleston, America's oldest municipal college. Then to the navy yard where we saw several large destroyers, the tremendous cranes for loading, the dry dock, and the homes of Admiral Allen and other naval officers.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and left about an hour later for Raleigh. The weather was beautiful all the while we were away. As a matter of fact, it was all wonderful. I know I've never had four more exciting days. I brought back postcards and snapshots which I will send you. Thanks again, Mother and Daddy, for letting me go on the trip.

Your loving daughter,
JINNY.

ELEGY

Written in a Saint Mary's Schoolroom
(With apologies to Thomas Gray)

The bell rings out the close of Grendel's day.
The laughing horde shove past with figures slim.
The student homeward wends her weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to him.

For him no more her rattling engine churns
Or parts fall out despite his watchful care.
No footboard bends to creak his chance returns
Or worn-out springs refuse the bumps to spare.

Perhaps in some neglected field is laid
The junk of 'Meda's once inflated tires:
Her body lies exposed to weather's blade,
Her battered hood, the pitying tear inspires.

The toast in rivalry, with pomp her dower;
And all that duty, all that thrift could save,
Is now discarded for a car whose power
Has rudely shoved poor 'Meda's in the shade.

Full many a car with newer gloss and sheen
The dark unfathomed rooms of factories bear.
Full many a flivver's doomed to pass unseen
But not Andromeda! (Unheard either.)

One morn we missed her at the 'customed spot,
Along the driveway near her favorite tree.
Another came; a strange car sought the plot
Where Grendel's rusty little bus should be.

The students watched and knew that fateful day
When Grendel drove the black car back alone.
Their dire fears multiplied and came to stay—
They realized Andromeda had gone.

No farther seek her merits to disclose
Or sketch the frailties in their red abode,
For, each and all, her trembling parts repose
Upon the green of someone else's sod.

CAMPUS NOTES

On Saturday, April 9th, in the school auditorium, the Glee Club of Saint Mary's School will present "Iolanthe" by Gilbert and Sullivan.

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Grace Moore will appear in Raleigh on Friday, April 22nd, in the Raleigh Memorial Auditorium. The concert, which is under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will include operatic, classical, and semi-classical numbers.

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On Thursday, March 24th, Trudie Schoop and her Ballet Company appeared in Needham Broughton High School auditorium. The presentation was a tragic-comedy in seven acts, entitled "All For Love." Although the production was humorous and appreciated by an audience quick to see the ridiculous, it was not the ballet in its classical form. It was, however, well executed by a company capable of expressing humor in their dancing and capable of putting this humor across the footlights.

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Now is the time for all good athletes to come to the aid of the party—and play off your badminton tournament games; and, if you can, pass your swimming tests to bring up your individual and team scores. O'mon be a tadpole!

PEALS AND RE-PEALS

With suppressed yawns and gruesome nightmares of completing Senior Essays and writing research papers, we have settled once again into the old routine. Thoughts of the delightful Charleston trip proved to be an incentive to some of us, however and notwithstanding those memories, we didn't mind coming back so very much. . . . So Andromeda has finally been replaced by a streamlined version of that classical maiden! Well we'll miss her chuggings about the campus, but, like martyrs, we will try to take her loss unflinchingly! . . . Did you notice Nancy Taylor's hose last Sunday morning? They looked like Easter Eggs. . . . Orchids to Miss Davis for the grand productions. We were more than sorry the girls didn't take first place, but it would have been much worse if we hadn't had Miss Davis to buoy us up after the defeat. . . . Those of you who went to the "Trudie Schoop" production will surely remember the school teacher. Didn't she act exactly like Ann Hooe Rust? Just exactly! . . . Does anybody know any dirt? If so, please let the staff of the *Belles* have it because we are sadly in lack of material—particularly this columnist. . . . Overheard at the Dramatic Festival: "Let's go look at this place they call the "arbrarium." Sounds more like aquarium than Arboretum! Sounds kindly fishy to me, but maybe he was just another poor sucker. . . . Speaking of the Dramatic Festival, I guess those girls that went had a good time! . . . Congrats in order to Maggie Taylor for being elected to the chief marshalship! Also cheers to the other marshals. . . . How 'bout all these cute girls that have already been asked to Finals! And did you know that T. Dorsey was going to play? . . . Who caught J. P. and E. K. doing what forbidden thing on Sunday? . . .