

land, and to pursue the historical and literary interests which France holds for him.

When asked what one change he would make at Saint Mary's if he were given the opportunity and the means, Mr. Jones said he would like to enlarge the Chapel and to add a large new organ. Finally, as a very pleasant surprise to all, Mr. Jones announced that he is planning to supplement the regular Sunday Night Vesper Service with an organ recital of a half-hour in length once a month.

#### O BOYCE

The Bell rings and Mary Saunders across the Long, Large room.

"Hayes, Charles Albert Petigru," she Crows.

"Harris your mother tonight?" he asked Blountly. "Hunter up 'cause I have Noble news for her."

"I Douthat she's here, but I'll go See. Putney your hat on the Booker shelf and Sutton down."

"Don't bother. Watt you been doing? Harwood you like to go Peekin', although I'm a Lytle Rusty? I'm not Poor tonight—I'm Rich; so I Broughton to you a Rose and a Lilly to wear in Townes tonight."

"Boykin I go for that! You're a Prince, but my dress is all Ragland!"

"It's Rainey and Ruffner outside than you Guess," he replied Gravely.

"By the way," she exclaimed, "I Betts you can't Guess where I Sawyer last night—in the Butcher shop! You were buying Fish, and it smelled Fowle!"

He said, "You are Sauvain."

"Well, man, you needn't get so Hooffy."

"O. Keefe. That Shaw is Legrand dress you have on. I love Brown and White."

"I feel real Blythe tonight beCoff, man, I love you Moore and Moore. You're a Powell House!"

Then he said, "My sister's waiting. I better go Joyner."

"Well, don't Work too Hardison, and Wright me."

As he left, he said, "I'll Kaulback tomorrow."

#### OUR BELLES

##### Laura Gordon

Home—Leaksville, N. C.

Height—5 ft., 8½ in.

Hair—dark brown.

Eyes—brown.

Favorite song—"I Only Want a Buddy, Not a Sweet-heart."

Odd like—telling family tales.

Favorite color—pink.

Ambition—to go to China.

Favorite food—chocolate-covered peppermints.

Pet aversion—taking notes on a lecture.

Most used expression—"My goodness!"

Upon arriving at Saint Mary's Laura at once won the respect and admiration of her classmates, as proven by being elected president of the Junior Class. Due to her previous activities in Y. P. S. L. work, she was appointed to the Saint Mary's Y. P. S. L. Council. In fact, she is an officer in the Diocese of N. C. League, all of which goes to show that we, here at school, are not the only people that recognize her capability, poise, and personality. Outstanding in athletics, a member of the kickball team and out for the basketball team, Laura is the kind of girl that helps Saint Mary's live up to its well founded reputation for outstanding girls.

#### HELEN AYDLETT KENDRICK

Better known as "Hak."

Age—17.

Ambition—to be a magazine photographer.

Usually seen—rushing to a meeting.

Pet hate—grippers.

Favorite food—anything.

Most used expression—"You buzzard."

Pastime—drawing, collecting dogs, singing.

Worst fault—talking too loud ("one of 'em, anyway," she says).

Weight—92 pounds (?).

Whenever there's a Dramatic Club play, everybody knows that Hak will have a leading role. And because she's interested not only in acting but also in make-up and directing as well, she was elected president of the club. That's enough to keep any average person busy. But Hak is hardly average. She loves to piddle with paints (just ask Miss Harris how good she is) and she makes a hobby of singing. This is one pastime that both the Glee Club and the Choir profit by. The Saint Mary's publications use up the rest of her time by demanding examples of her journalistic talent. Then she is in the Letter Club by making varsity teams in kickball and swimming. And as if that weren't enough, treasurer of the Circle and the Doctors' Daughters' Club, and a member of the Constitution Committee. She is one of those "can't do without" people that are absolutely indispensable.

#### CAMPUSING

##### Dramatic Moments

Miss Davis was rehearsing her much-heard-of "trees" and "winds" the other day. To Mary Kistler she announced: "You're a tree." Small Mary walked over to stand with the "forest" group towering way above her. She looked up at them. "I'm a shrub," she said.

\* \* \*

A room in Holt, just any of them. First speaker (last and only, too): "We just wanted to look at your room to see if we'd like to have it next year. Oh, your walls are green, aren't they? OOOH! ooh! I think they're kinder sickly. (Bounce, bounce.) Are your beds better than ours? I heard they are. Does the sun get in your eyes when you sleep in this bed, or does the sun come in here in the morning, or does it come in the afternoon? I'd rather for it to be in the afternoon, I believe. Does it fade your rugs, 'cause my mother had some rugs that faded one time and she swears it was the sun that did it. Your room doesn't look as big as that other one we saw, does it? Can you get to the dining room as quickly from your room as from those right next to the steps? Do people above you keep you awake all night? Somebody told me they could hear the bed over them creak every time the person breathes." And so on far into the night.

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##### Overheard

Sybil: "He goes to State."

Sally W.: "State what?"

Sybil: "State what do you think?"

Sally: "Prison?"