

tife inquiry. One summer at the family place in Maine the investigator cut off the end of her finger while examining a cigar cutter. When, weeping, she went home carrying the end with her, she had to let the sore member heal otherwise when her parents told her that the tiny tip was too dirty to stick back on.

Miss Lalor admits that she enjoyed a childhood checkered with trouble due to that curiosity that she directed later to the study of biology. Another time she and a cohort fell through a candy cabinet when they pushed too anxious noses against the glass. Since the girls' allowances were inadequate to pay for the damage, without telling their parents, went to work in an apple canning factory. Their delighted playmates would crowd around the door to watch. Incidentally, Miss Lalor has never been able to face a canned apple since that time. She pursued those early scientific inquiries, though less disastrously, through high school and her college days at Goucher in Baltimore.

Since she was very little, she has been interested in plant study. She had a little garden of her own when she was very young and one of her pet loves was the care of that garden. That love has continued to grow. She may often be found working in the gardens about school when she is not conducting a class or having a lab. She is particularly interested in herb growing and in books on ancient herbal lore.

Besides her biological pursuits, Miss Lalor loves cooking and *Turkey baby* (uncooked). She is always seen in company with Turc, the Lawrence's little brown spaniel. Miss Lalor is famous for her farmhouse in Maine, her wood stove (that burns birch wood and smells "soooo—sweet"), the so-called "rooster" hat, and the zeros she calls "goose eggs."

Miss Lalor's pet aversion is red finger nails, but she hates rings in the bathtub and the color of cerise, too. And she's also just dreading summer school, because it means missing the lilacs and the apple blossoms on the farmhouse in Maine. On the other hand, she likes tailored clothes, spaniels, tea, and garden catalogues. Her eyes are blue and she's 5 ft., 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. tall.

P.S.—She's a *belligerent* pacifist.

### OUR BELLES

ADELAIDE RODMAN CURTIS

Home—Norfolk, Virginia.

Height—5 ft., 3 in.

Age—17.

Coloring—blonde (in the true sense of the word).

Favorite expression—"I'm embarrassed."

Favorite pastime—sailing.

Pet hate—dieting.

Usually seen—writing letters.

Spends spare time—studying Latin.

Hobby—collecting straight pins.

Superstitions—any known to man.

Favorite flowers—azalias.

Favorite color—blue, and its easy to see why.

Favorite article of dress—shorts.

Place closest to her heart—Virginia Beach.

Odd like—Math—she loves it.

Aversion—wearing make-up.

Ambition—to be an engineer.

Adelaide is one of our most outstanding underclassmen. The fact was proved when she was elected president of the Sophomore class. The Sophomores agree that she has made them a capable leader. She is a

member of the Riding Club, and is an accomplished equestrienne, and a member of the dramatic club. Adelaide's favorite sport is sailing, and there is plenty of opportunity for that at Virginia Beach where she keeps her sailboat. As yet Adelaide hasn't decided about coming back, but we haven't given up hope yet. She is the kind of girl Saint Mary's *wants* to return.

MARIETTE H. (she won't tell me) ALLEN

Only known as—Manette, or "Nettie."

Home—Switzerland, California; oh, well, she's been around.

Age—19.

Eyes—bluish-greyish-brown.

Favorite expression—"Oh heavens!"

Favorite pastime—"Trying to act," she says.

Pet aversion—people who talk before breakfast.

Ambition—to be an actress, dancer, poet, writer.

Spends spare time—rehearsing!

Favorite food—just food.

Worst fault—doing homework while the bell rings for class.

It wasn't till Christmas, when "The School for Scandal" was produced, that everybody sat up to take notice of Manette. And that play really started her career! She was a wonderful "Mrs. Candor," and just wait till you see her in *Twelfth Night*! Seemingly able to take any type of character and put "yumh" into it, she is certainly one of those "can't-do-without" people. Just ask anybody in the Dramatic Club. Plus that, she is not only a talented actress, but she can really write! An E. A. P., her work is as commendable in this society as in the Dramatic Club. Her Junior short story has already made the rounds of the school, and all the Juniors have read it with envy. Manette is one of our most talented belles.

### TINKLES

This seems to be a real prizzy year for Saint Mary's with our artists, actors, and models (or seamstresses, or whatever you call domestic geniuses). . . . Do you realize that in only five weeks Saint Mary's will be extremely empty? Better make the most of them I say to myself, says I. . . . The book of the moment in school is *Rebecca*. Have you read it? My deah! How terrible. . . . Just saw the cutest idea. Sybil Lytle and Betty Youngblood have changed their rooms around to look just like little studios. The beds are against the wall in an "L" shape and pillows are all over the place. It really looks comfy; you can just smell the bull sessions going on. . . . And about fraternity pins; I was right—a KA and a Deke got theirs back last week-end. And have you seen Hallie's and Flossie's new SAE pins? But I haven't stopped yet. Hooffie is proudest of her Beta pin than anyone else. She was kinda worried back there when he hadn't written her for four days straight. Just think of it—four days! . . . Lossie's solved this writing problem, though. And has a regular post card romance. . . . Whew! May Frolics really emptied Saint Mary's. Everybody went and we were most thrilled about Martha Anne, who was in the "figger." . . . Bet I know what's coming tomorrow. Just think of it. Isn't it wonderful? The decorations—the picket fence idea with April showers is most appealing. Well, I'm just as worried as you are, so here's hopin'.