

OUR BELLES

I've been around finding out where everybody will be next year and why. A lot of them say they haven't decided, and quite a few are going home, just "to sit." But far more interesting are the people going to other colleges. First of all, Carolina's getting most of our belles, as it did last year. Ann Flowe, Helen Holt, and Becky Davis are going "to pass the time away." And Tудie's going "to study." (She said "to get married" at first, but she's changed her mind.) Sally Wright's planning to be a "Carolina Playmaker" and she'll continue her good work in dramatics.

Next in order come Sophie Newcombe and Hollins. The former is getting three of our girls, all going for different reasons. Martha Ann is taking up designing, while Terry Anderson wants to study interior decorating. Chappy is going there to get a diploma. As for Hollins, can't you see Teeny Montgomery and Peggy Hopkins as the ideal roommates? Hoppy's decided to get a degree, but Teeny wants to specialize in the Kindergarten course. No! she's going to teach it! Hazel Williams will be there next year too ("If I can get in!" she says).

Lossie and Joanne are enrolling at Sweet Briar together. And I really believe they're going there to work.

Jinny Allison will be near her own home when she goes to the Connecticut College for women to major in Art.

And they're the only places that any Saint Mary's girls will bump into each other at school. Martha Lewis is going to Holten Arms to study Art, and Dot See is going in the opposite direction to the University of Georgia, "just to get a diploma," she says. Shorty is planning "to have a good time" at Furman, while Stuff is going to Duke for the same reason. Sassy has decided on Salem, "To take some art for a while."

Next we have two girls who plan to work in the singing line. Frances Fish will probably be a great opera star after graduating from Eastman, and, no doubt, Libber Ruffin will continue her torch singing career at the Woman's College at Greensboro.

Libby Sauvain will most likely go to Salem or Mary Baldwin or Converse or Duke, and Betsy Rodwell's going there too.

Then I can't leave out the hard working girls, Jane Le Grand and Ernie, who are going to be private secretaries: "If we can't get a job, with the King of England while he's over here, I guess the president of the United States will do." (And Jane will ask him about it, too!)

But before I close, I must tell you about the ONE and ONLY! Beppy Hunter will be back with us next year! Even graduation couldn't make her leave Saint Mary's.

I don't guess it really matters particularly where they'll all go. We'll miss 'em just the same.

TINKLES

Here I sit, pondering over the months in the past year, and there just seems to be no end to everything that has happened to us. Seems like yesterday that we went home for Christmas holidays, and then spring vacation, and NOW! Everybody says they're going to stay home all summer and sleep and make up for lost time (in more ways than one!). I'm pretty sure I'll dream about short stories and research papers constantly. . . . Then, just as we start relaxing, we'll begin it all over again! . . . 'Course we're glad to see the

seniors leave—so we won't have to be bullied any more—but I do wish somebody with Merrie Haynes' hair was coming back. . . . And you know we'll *never* get another Lossie Taylor who manages to make honor roll every single time, and yet go to Carolina every other weekend. . . . Then who'll take the leads in the Dramatic Club plays when Sophie won't be here? . . . Or can anyone *ever* equal Tудie's disposition or Sally Wright's sense of humor? And another thing, I wonder who's going to face the new girls behind the post office window? Nobody as patient as Palmer, I bet. . . . I can't imagine a second Mary Gault. There's just no one who could make all-star team in every major sport. And if there were, they'd never have as much friendliness or school spirit, I know. . . . And, to make matters worse, it isn't only the seniors who are deserting us. Saint Mary's won't be able to gather into its flock any girl as capable for her size as Mary Kistler. . . . There's one particular day student (who's practically a boarder) that we'll kinda wish was back when school opens again next fall: "Watson." What's Bryn Mawr got we haven't? But I'm saving one of the best things till last: Our little student body president did *all right* by us this year, don't you think? I'm sure of it! The very nicest things come in the teeniest packages!

Yes, these are the last tinkles out of these belles and the whole class of '39. What was that I said about being glad they're leaving?

THE NEIGHBORS SAY

A thousand years ago today,
A wilderness was here.
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.
But now times have changed somewhat
Along a different plan;
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man.

—Hyphen.

* * *

I went to a Girl-Break affair,
All the campus big shots were there.
The boys were all mooning
Self-consciously crooning
Or leaving to sit on the stair.

The girls had to dodge and to duck
To dance with each popular cluck;
The music was snappy,
Everybody was happy—
And all of the time I was stuck!

—Reflector (Exchange).

* * *

There was an old man from Calcutta
Who talked with a terrible stutta;
He screwed up his face
When he tried to say grace,
And blew his false teeth in the butta.

* * *

Have a good aim in life, but don't forget to pull the trigger.

* * *

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it sure gets around.

* * *

Another good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.

* * *

The moon affects both the tide and the untied.

—Campus Comments.