

cabinet to bring forth the choicest remembrances of Things He Said and Things He Did. These satisfied Her a bit, but during study hall She almost drove me crazy by trying to think of Him and concentrate on one of those whopping big College algebra problems. Now, I do wish She would remember that I am just an ordinary, untalented little brain who simply can't cope with such vast problems.

She is almost asleep now, but I'm going to stay awake a little over time to concoct a nightmare to pay Her back for that "If I Only Had a Brain" business.

JUST TODDY

This is a bit old, but it's still a good story. It happened, when? On the Friday after our Thanksgiving Holiday. Where? In Miss Wilson's Biology Laboratory. And to whom? To the one and only Toddy Boykin.

Miss Wilson was energetically explaining the whys and wherefores of something too complicated to mention here to her class of eager young Biologists. They stood quietly in a semi-circular group while she worked in the center. Interested? Why, these students appeared so intelligent that any one of them looked as though she could tell you Miss Wilson's next word before it was ever uttered. (In the movies they call it "dead panning.")

No unusual sounds interrupted the steady flow of Miss Wilson's even voice until in one lightning-like second a terrific thud and the squeak of a skidding chair sounded throughout the room. (It also jolted the deep thinkers who at that moment were doing their thinking in the library.) One girl, oh, pardon, we mean the Biologist, giggled, and then another until the whole class was in an uproar. Here's the situation as it appeared from near the door where we were standing. A pair of legs covered in long white socks waved awkwardly above a crumpled body which was wedged between an overturned chair and the leg of a table. By this time the mirthful audience at the opposite end of the room had begun to wonder who this lone person was. No sooner had they expressed their wonder than a head with hair flying in every possible direction slowly rose above the table top—inch by inch. Toddy Boykin—and with a facial expression that can only be described as "sheepish." For alas! Toddy had been asleep, and had fallen out of her chair!

GYM NOTES

The new semester is being initiated at Saint Mary's with a new athletic program. Monday will be used for basketball from four to six o'clock, Tuesday at 4:00 for required posture correctives, 4:30 for those interested in improving their posture, 5:00 for bowling, Wednesday basketball, Thursday at 4:00 for special group of seniors who are assisting Miss Goss in a lecture demonstration to be given February 28 for the Raleigh Chapter of the American Association of University Women, 5:00 for bowling, Friday at 4:00 for regular tap dancing class which has been opened to those interested in more advanced tap, 5:00 for those interested in tumbling.

The swimming pool is closed indefinitely at the suggestion of Dr. Haywood.

Plans are being made for bowling twice a week at Hayes-Barton Alleys at 4:00. If enough students respond to the bowling offer, we will have Sigma and Mu teams for the activity.

CAMPUS NOTES

Several of the girls have not returned to school since Christmas holidays because of influenza. We sincerely hope that they will be back with us before very long.

Virginia Work has decided to attend Auburn-dale High School instead of returning to Saint Mary's.

Mary Helen Rodman has returned to Saint Mary's. She was unable to come back on Janu-

ary 2 because of a dislocated shoulder which was injured when she fell from her horse.

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We are glad to have Miss Morrison back with us and are happy that she is out of the infirmary.

MUSIC NOTES

Miss Mary Ruth Haig, pianist, will give a recital in the school auditorium January 29.

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Kirsten Flagstad, the famous soprano, will appear in Raleigh with the Civic Concert Association in the Raleigh Memorial Auditorium January 22. All of Saint Mary's students will have the privilege of hearing the great Wagnerian opera singer.

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Practice for the Mikado is getting along nicely. Participants in the opera have started practicing in the auditorium.

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A program of Christmas music was presented over station WPTF by several of the faculty members of Saint Mary's on December 13. Miss Wilburta Horn sang famous Christmas songs and hymns accompanied by Miss Scott at the piano and Mr. Bird with his violin.

THE WISHING POST

"Gosh, I wonder if I'll get a letter from Bob tonight. Of course he wrote the other day, but by now it's time for another letter. Maybe a wish will help me." With this thought in mind I dash madly in time for the six o'clock mail, to the northeast corner of the campus where stands the wishing post, a famous old Saint Mary's tradition. When one kicks this post, some freak of luck is supposed to slip a letter into one's mailbox. This is all very simple—if it works. Strangely, the wish has really come true often, and after a few kicks to the pole, a nice fat letter waited in my box. So one just doesn't question the post's efficiency. However true this may be, scars from so much kicking mar the wishing post. Many of Saint Mary's young ladies in doubt about their "mail" question have resorted to its aid. Most of them found their confidence in the post's help profitable.

So here's to the most "kicked-about" object on the campus and here's to successful wishing for you.

ALUMNÆ NEWS

1939

The night before our Christmas holidays Susan Baker, who now attends Penn Hall, stopped by to see friends here at Saint Mary's.

1940

A new session, a new year, and Saint Mary's wishes all her alumnae joy and good luck, and extends a hearty welcome here always!

Arriving with some of the returning students, Mary Kistler, now at Wellesley, visited us for a couple of days, January 2 and 3.

Also the night of the second, Martha Ann Speight was here.

The day students (alumnae) have been well represented by visits from Sarah Sutton, Virginia Smith, and Mary Watson Prince throughout the week of January 2-6.

January 4 brought Mary Frances Hallenbeck for the day.

Sally Wright was here Saturday, January 6, and Jane Harris spent the week-end, sixth through the seventh, with us.

Martha Lewis, gay and glittering, stopped to see everybody on Saturday, the sixth.

GONG XIII

(This is the thirteenth in a series of articles intended to familiarize the student body with the members of the faculty.)

MRS. CASPER

This issue of *The Belles* went to press almost at a moment's notice as far as the staff was concerned, for the assignments were given out with

one day to spare instead of the usual five. So, knowing full well that the faculty is as busy as the student body, we went with apologies for short notice to interview Mrs. Casper, beloved Director of the Business Classes. We left in two minutes flat, completely convinced that Mrs. Casper is the most obliging person imaginable. For she was busy, horribly busy, with a typing class in the next room and sheaves of papers all around. She asked what we'd like to know and we simply bombarded her with a most terrifying list of questions. "Oh, dear," she said, "I know, give me the questions and I'll write out what you want and give it to you in the morning." "Thank you," we gasped, and rushed off to the library to finish the biology we had decided to let go when we went to interview Mrs. Casper.

So, bright and early next morning, we found that Mrs. Casper was born in Franklin, Kentucky, that she went to Vanderbilt, to Western Kentucky Teachers' College, and to the College of Commerce at Bowling Green, Kentucky. We found that good books, interesting movies, and football games, and that like most of us she dislikes getting up on cold mornings. We wish she had told us more about her three-year-old son, John, who, we hear from some of the day students, is "perfectly darling, and he has the biggest brown eyes you've ever seen." Mrs. Casper says, "Sometimes I wish he were a girl so he could be a Saint Mary's Belle." Of the school she says, "I think that Saint Mary's is an outstanding school. She can look back upon years of tradition and inspiration, and can look forward to a future equally as bright.

From her business students we hear glowing accounts of her kindness, and her patience, her good sportsmanship, and her understanding. We found her a perfectly delightful person, and we feel that everyone in school should know Mrs. Casper. We wish the business classes didn't have such a monopoly.

OUR BELLES

CORNELIA JOSEY CLARK

Better known as—"Punks."

Ambition—be able to carry a tune.

Hair and eyes—brown and blue.

Spends spare time—bull sessioning.

Pet worry—Honor Council.

Pet likes—chocolate milkshakes and Sigma Mu's.

Favorite song—"Scatterbrain," 'cause it reminds me of me."

Favorite flowers—plain red roses, 'specially in bouquets.

Cornelia has one of the most impressive lists of offices in school: secretary of the Student Government and Honor Council, president of the Altar Guild, and secretary of the Dramatic Club. And that can mean only one thing—Cornelia has executive ability and leadership. Better mention, too, that she's on the Publications Staff and helps hold down the Political Science Club and the E. A. P.'s. She's not one of those "plenty of spare time" girls (naturally not, being an honor-roll student), but Cornelia's pretty often seen little-storing and Sigma Mu-ing. A lot of vim, vigor, and vitality, always bubbling over—she's a real Saint Mary's belle!

NOVELLA HOWARD POPE

Height—just right.

Hair and eyes—brown.

Ambition—to play more than just "Chopsticks" on the piano.

Hobby—photograph scrapbooks.

Spends spare time—writing letters and thinking.

Pet likes—milkshakes and Pika's.

Pastimes—driving a car and going to movies.

Pet hates—"Oh Johnny," hoops in evening dresses, and baby-talk.

Favorite articles of clothing—her pink and black evening dress with the bustle.

"Nodie" is pretty well known at Saint Mary's and all over the state as well. That's easily explained 'cause she's always week-ending at Carolina, Davidson, or State. Novella is an