

FRESHMAN JANIE

Uh huh, I'm a freshman 'n' they say I *still* don't know whut's whut. But I don't believe a word they say—those seniors don't know as much as they think they do. Why, just the other night I was hangin' out window (wolfin') and whom should I see but that Barnes girl (or is her name Barney?) looking around for something on the walk between Holt and the chapel. A minute later I saw her pick up an ole "beat-up" lookin' shoe and mutter something about number eighteen. I never *have* understood whut she was talking about 'cause I *know* it wasn't *that* big! Anyhow, I don't think she's so awful smart!

I hear that Weaver girl is really dumb! She went to the Little Store the other day and asked the man for some fingernail polish. The man looked at her and said, "What shade, please?" "Why red, of course," said Patty.

I nearly dropped my teeth, I laughed so hard at that "kick-bawl" tournament the other day. All the girls were runnin' around in circles and throwing a ball at each other. They musta been *plenty* mad. Ruth Hayes musta liked it anyhow 'cause she was sittin' on the bank takin' notes on the game. Fanny Lee Brooke got so excited she nearly tripped over her shirrtail. Anyhow, the Sigma's won. (I got paid for that last statement!) "Missenecal" says that the girls are gonna learn to play "hookey" after the "kick-bawl" season is over. Whee!

They say everybody's gettin' worried about gaining too much. It's really gotten to be kinda insulting 'cause Mary Holmes said to her roommate, "Gee, you really were cute twenty pounds ago!"

Everybody's learnin' to knit socks too. (Some people are so smart!) Pat Gwyn just finished makin' an extra large pair for some soldier and said, "Hm, these oughta fit *any* heel!"

Poor Jeanne Eagles looked so disgusted the other day. She's really been workin' awful hard in the library. When some poor girl that didn't know any better said, "Do you have *A Piece of String*?" poor Jeanne staggered back to the office 'n' cut her some twine, and *then* the girl said, "Oh, no, I meant the short story by de Maupassant."

That drillin' these seniors did was really pretty good, I guess. You've gotta hand it to 'em. Those girls in black looked kinda mournful but aside from that all of 'em looked awful good. Barbara Ann Ray was havin' a little trouble with her voice changin' on some of those commands she was giving, though. (Guess she forgot to gargle with Listerine or something.) By the way, have you heard that new song on the radio, "Wake up with that sex appeal . . . crisp Post Toasties"? Anyhow, it's gettin' real (extremely) popular.

They say there's an awfully popular man on the campus (what man wouldn't be). At least I heard he had a waiting list of girls on his door! That girl Frenchie "McCann" seems to be doin' pretty well. It's nine-thirty and I've simply got to go to the Little Store if my folks don't recognize me when I go home.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

(By RUSSELL BROUGHTON, who thinks, etc., about the obvious.)

There's a bell that jangles through the hallways
As I rise, and I shiver, and I yawn:
And it sings "Now you'll be late as always"
While I rush toward the dining-hall at dawn.
O HATEFUL BELL . . . O HATEFUL BELL
When you interrupt my dreams I surely wish you were inaudible
There's a bell that jangles through the hallways:
From my bed I leap and curse that gong
When it sings "Now you'll be late as always"
For its song ain't so very far from wrong.

There's a bell announcing recitations
As I groan with my lessons half prepared:
And it sings "Rehearse your conjugations"
While I try to pretend that I'm not scared.
O BRAZEN BELL . . . O BRAZEN BELL
Well I know that for my efforts teacher's gonna give me zero.
There's a bell announcing recitation.
I repent assignments hurried through,
For it sings "Good-bye to graduation"
And its song ain't so very far from true.

There's a bell that jangles Sunday morning
Calling us to the chapel with the choir.
"Lay aside frivolity" it's warning,
But it sounds more as if there were a fire.
O SUNDAY BELL . . . O SUNDAY BELL
While our tongues intone of heaven your tongue hurls us back to earth
There's a bell that jangles Sunday morning
With our nerves still jangling from last night:
And it warns "Snap back, old girl, with Stanback"
And its song ain't so very far from right.

THE "BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S"

(See Author, above.)

1. The BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S, that virtuous sheet
Is sold on the campus, not hawked on the street
Its headlines are modest: good taste must come first
A policy foreign to William R. Hearst.

Refrain

O BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S
Revered half-pint journal
We all point with pride at
Thy pure policy
Though some may be irked by
Thy rightness eternal
Vox populi proclaims
Thy popularity.

2. The BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S can never print lies
It must be veracious, must not plagiarize,
Must censor all gossip, abjure scandal's lore:
A policy fostered by C. A. P. Moore.
3. Critiques so constructive, designed to please all
Ne'er pan the artiste when she bawls in the hall
Her low A's atrocious—so praise her high C
A policy proffered by maestro R. B.
4. The BELLES OF SAINT MARY'S thinks drinking a sin.
No ads flaunt the merits of whiskey and gin.
It plugs nothing stronger than tenderleaf tea:
A policy sponsored by Josephus D.
5. Mus Musculus stalks us and spies out our plots
He peeps through the keyholes, hides under the cots;
Then spreads all the news that is proper to tell,
A policy featured by Walter Winchell.

HINTS ON HITS

(From P. 3)

I'm Through With Love: Glen Gray is coming up. His arrangement of this and the back, *Just Friends*, is excellent too. Kenny Sargent is entering the swoon race with a bang! Decca.

I Done Found Out: Buddy Johnson sobs this out. A jump tune, *Let's Beat Out Some Love*, is on the opposite side. Decca.

HAVE YA HEARD?

They're Either too Young or too Old (How true!), *Slightly Less Than Wonderful*, *My Ideal*, *They Didn't Believe Me*, *More Than Anything in the World*, *Good Bye Sue*, *My Shining Hour*, *My Heart Tells Me*, *Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There*. They're good 'uns!

At the Theaters

Oct. 23-Nov. 6

AMBASSADOR

- 23-26 Stage Door Canteen.
27-30 Hers to Hold.
J. Cotton, D. Durbin.
31- 2 Adventures of Tartu.
R. Donet.
3- 6 Sweet Rosie O'Grady.
B. Grable.

PALACE

- 22-23 Sunny.
R. Bolger, A. Neagle.
Flying with Music.
W. Marshall, M. Wordworth.
Valley of Vanishing Men.
24-26 Duke of West Point.
L. Hayward, J. Fontaine.
27-28 Stage Door Canteen.
Stage and screen stars.
29-30 Our Town.
W. Holden, M. Scott.
Invaders.
L. Oliver, L. Howard.
31- 2 Hers to Hold.
J. Cotton, D. Durbin.
3- 4 Adventures of Tartu.
R. Donat, V. Hobson.

STATE

- 23-26 Late Show Holy Matrimony.
G. Fields, M. Woolley.
27-28 Hiya Sailor.
D. Woods, E. Knox.
29-30 (Stage) Follies Americana.
(Screen) Brooklyn Orchid.
31- 2 Fired Wife.
L. Albritton, R. Page.
3- 6 So This Is Washington.
Lum 'n' Abner.

CAPITOL

- 23 Water Town Gunfighter.
B. Elliot.
24 Red River Robin Hood.
T. Holt.
25-26 Edge of Darkness.
E. Flynn, A. Sheridan.
27-28 City of Missing Girls.
A. Allwyn.
29-30 Silver Spurs. R. Rogers.
31 Melody Parade.
E. Quillan, M. B. Hughes.
1- 2 DuBarry Was a Lady.
R. Skelton, L. Ball.

VARSITY

- 23 Footlight Serenade.
24-25 Yankee Doodle Dandy.
26 Bachelor Mother.
28-29 Whistling in Dixie.
30 Meanest Man in the World.
31- 1 Hello Frisco Hello
2 Northwest Ranger.
3 Larceny Inc.
4- 5 Young and Willing.
6 Night Plane to Chungking.

WAKE

- 23 Cowboy in Manhattan.
R. Page.
24-26 The Devil with Hitler.
27-28 Air Force. J. Garfield.
29-30 Chatterbox.
J. E. Brown, J. Canova.
31- 2 Crash Dive. T. Power.
3- 4 They Came to Blow Up
America.
G. Sanders, A. Sten.
5- 6 Jitterbugs.
Laurel and Hardy.

OTHER OFFICERS

(From P. 1)

Lalor has been selected as their adviser.

Jane Clark Cheshire has been appointed business manager of the *Stage Coach*. This will be quite a job of organization, for this year the staff is taking over the annual advertising entirely.